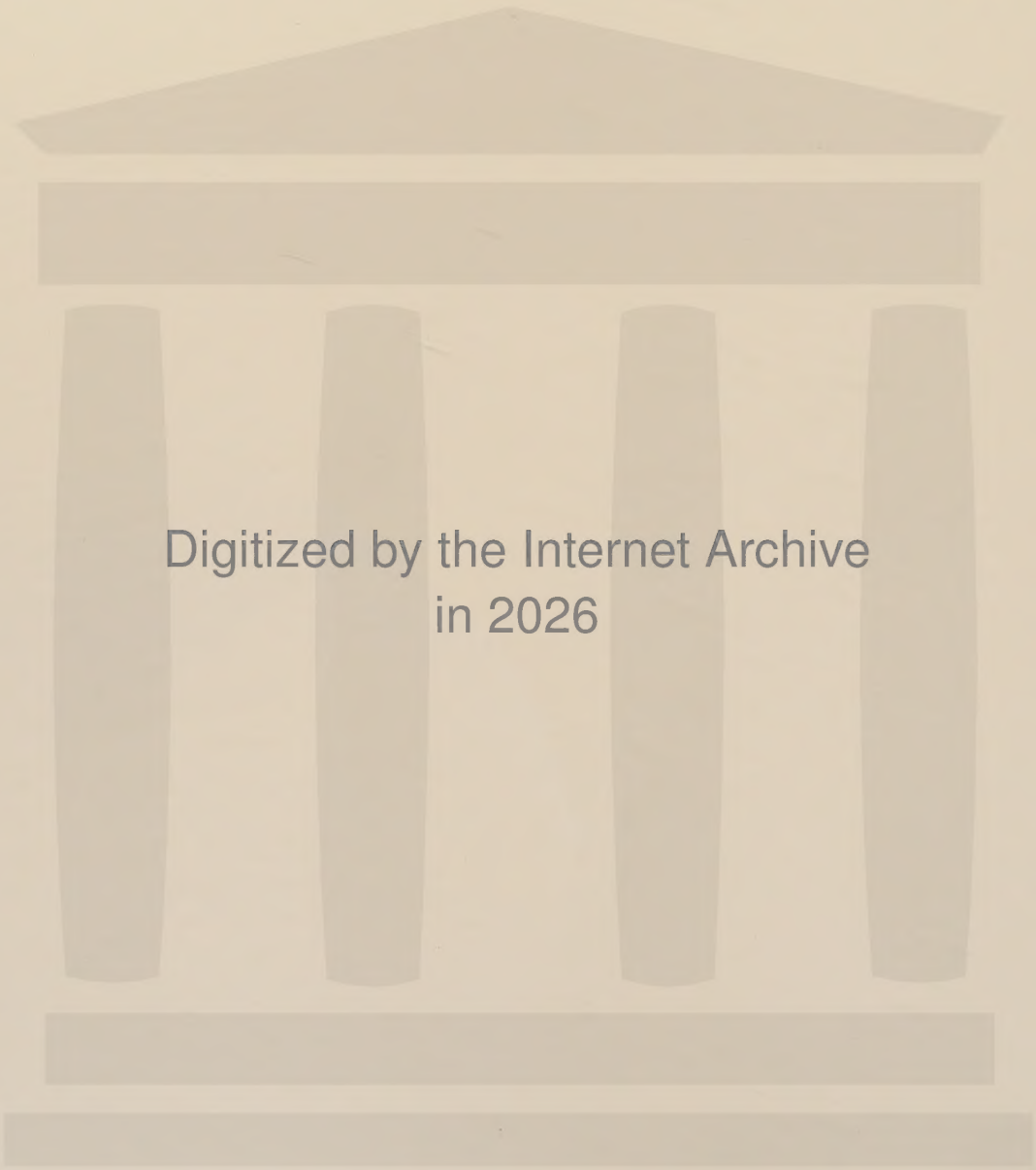

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The Confederate Veteran *Magazine*

Volume IV

January 1896 - December 1896

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

THE NATIONAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
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JANUARY, 1896. PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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United Daughters of the Confederacy,
Sons of Veterans and other Organizations.

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THIS picture is taken from down the abrupt slope in front of the residence, directly towards the National Capitol. It was a charming place as a home—an ideal spot in itself, and overlooks Washington City, the National Capitol and the Washington Monument being prominent in the picture. Arlington is one of the most noted places in America.

The extensive grounds are used now as a National Cemetery. A half dozen Confederates are buried in one corner of the grounds. Nothing about the premises indicates that Gen. Lee ever lived, or that any other Southern man ever performed a patriotic deed. The South has long suffered but continues strong for the general welfare.

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Nashville, Tenn.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JANUARY, 1896. | No. 1. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

ADVERTISING IN THE VETERAN.

The VETERAN has, in its career of three full years, had a steady, solid growth. It has been the best general advertising medium that was ever printed, doubtless, with a circulation from 5,000 to 12,000.

It has been courageous for truth regardless of policy, but it has not been duly diligent in excluding unworthy advertisements. The most positive resolve for the new year by its management is that its advertising pages hereafter shall be as diligently considered as the editorial. Friends who are zealous will kindly give notice when they may happen to know of advertisers being unreliable or unworthy. In this connection, appeal is again made to friends of the VETERAN, in order that this improvement be carried out without loss, that they commend the VETERAN as a worthy medium for reaching the best people in the entire South—the capitalist in the city and his equally worthy fellow citizen who labors with his hands in the country. When favors of this kind are rendered, notice would be appreciated.

In this connection, business reference is made to subscriptions. It occasionally happens when the time has been extended, the smart fellow gives notice through the postmaster to discontinue. If a faithful Confederate Veteran has ever done this, it is not known at this office, and it is never continued on assurance of ability to pay, or likewise discontinued through knowledge of inability. It is nearly nine times in ten that upon renewing an apology is made for the delay. In answer to many who feel obliged to discontinue for utter lack of ability, the rule is to offer such concession as must be satisfactory.

OF YOU request is made. Please look to YOUR name on the VETERAN and see whether the date is in '96 or beyond, and let us know what to expect about its renewal.

The VETERAN has been published so far from patriotic motives, but its bills must be paid, and if you are its friend, give attention to the above request. Write when you can renew, and do not delay it.

LAST WORDS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

(BY D. S. MORRISON.)

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

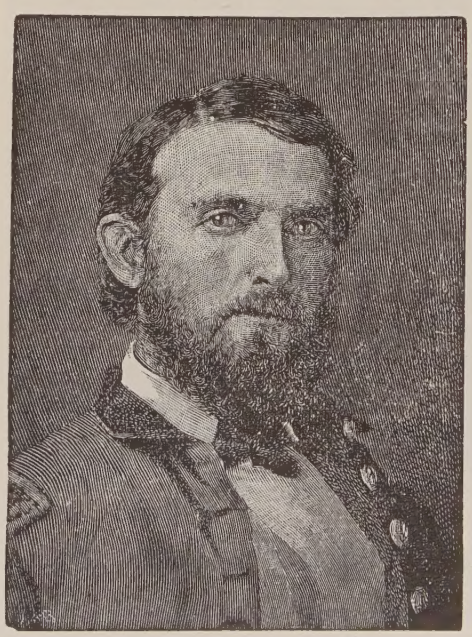
"Over the river," a voice meekly said,
Whose clarion tones had thousands obeyed,
As in ranks upon ranks they grandly rushed on,
To battle for liberty, country and home.

"Over the river," immortality's plains,
In verdure eternal, where peace ever reigns,
Rejoice with their beauty his vision of faith,
As his spirit approaches the river of death.

"Over the river," Oh! glorious sight,
An escort celestial awaits with delight.
In the glittering armor of glory arrayed,
They welcome him over to rest in the shade.

"Over the river," no more to command
The drum-beat to arms in a war-stricken land;
No bugle call summons the brave to the fray,
Nor squadrons leap forth in battle array.

"Over the river," now a heavenly guest,
'Neath the shades of the trees forever at rest.
His memory and fame to ages belong,
And his lofty deeds live in story and song.



This poem is a revision by the author of the original, published in the Richmond Enquirer in 1865. It was set to music in New Orleans, and sung at the unveiling of the Jackson monument at Chancellorsville, Va.

Mrs. Jackson's Life of her husband has all been sold.

SONGS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

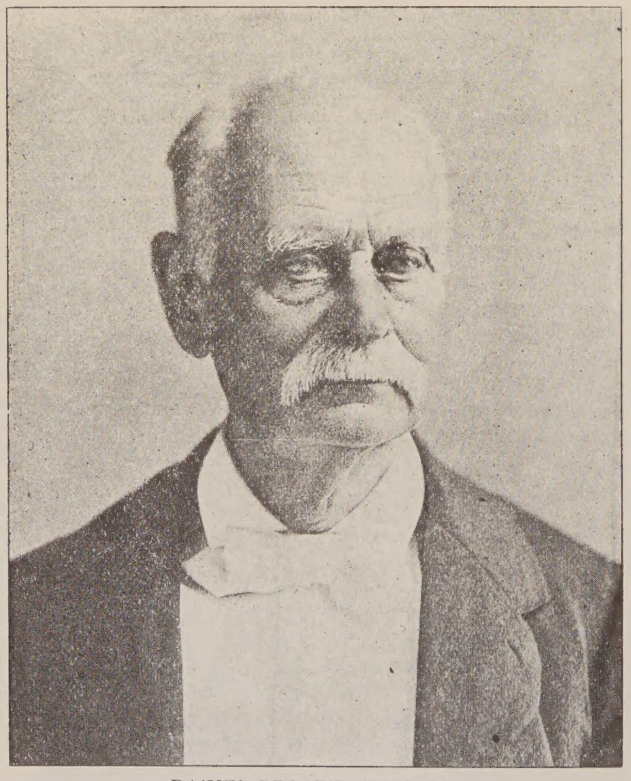
By Daniel Bond, of Nashville, Tenn.

"When falls the soldier brave
Dead at the feet of wrong,
The poet sings—and guards his grave
With Sentinels of Song.

'Go Songs,'—he gives command—
Keep faithful watch and true;
The living and dead of the Conquered Land
Have now no guards save you.'

'And ballads! Mark ye well,
Thrice holy is your trust;
Go out to the fields where warriors fell,
And sentinel their dust.' "

The recent Southern tour of the old man, Daniel Emmett, the author and composer of "Dixie," and his warm reception, shows how fixed in the hearts of its people is the simple old tune. As the seasons roll by, and the memories of the fierce struggle for four years to repel an invading force fade out from the minds of the old and the recital of battles and sieges are interesting to the young only as matters of history, this tune—which inspired the Rebel yell at Manassas—is as fresh to-day as it was on that memorable Sabbath morning thirty-four years ago. Every Southerner feels the pulse-beat quicken and the heart thrill with emotion whenever and wherever he hears the air. And so will it be until the end of time. It is but an illustration of the powerful influence upon a people of a song born of sentiment.



DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

Fletcher of Saltoun, a wise man himself, said that he knew a very wise man who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a country.

The songs of the Hebrews, breathing adoration to the great Jehovah, the God of Israel; the Iliad of Homer, with its struggle of Greek and Trojan, are monuments that inspired generations to deeds of devotion and arms far more effective than all the texts of the law givers. The Song of the Niebelungen—with its legend of Siegfried of Chrimhild, and Brunhield—is responsible for much of the literature as well as the martial spirit of the German. Who will deny that the ballads concerning King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, those heroes of the ancient romances—lion-hearted in combat with worthy foes, mild and gentle towards woman—had its effect upon that great race, made up of Dane, of Saxon and of Norman, and their descendants, the brave and tender cavaliers who settled this South land.

The Robin Hood ballads, commemorative of that bold man's deeds, and his struggle against the domineering aristocracy of the Normans, kept the spirit of liberty alive in the land, carrying its sentiment through centuries, influencing the heart of the nation, and finding fruition at Runnymede and Naseby—the heritage of the English speaking race.

Yes, indeed, song and ballad have had their share in the history of all peoples. Dear were they to the followers of Cromwell in the struggle with Charles. The ecstacy with which the "Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled" is received by the Scotchman of to-day; the wild enthusiasm of the Frenchman under the strains of the Marseillaise—sometimes, during exciting periods, aroused to such a pitch as to cause an interdiction of its music by the legal authorities—prove that sentiment and not reason rules.

While the Irishman steps off gaily in his march to the "Wearing of the Green," let a rival band strike up the "Battle of the Boyne," and a fight is on at once. Whenever the Englishman hears "God Save the Queen," he raises his hat, and the German will ever add his voice to the song of the "Watch on the Rhine." The heart and not the mind governs.

The tune "Dixie," endeared to us first by victory and afterwards doubly so by defeat, was originally a negro-minstrel song, with words of little meaning. It was Albert Pike, I think, who first gave the present version with the refrain "To live and die for Dixie!" The word "Dixie" now is everywhere accepted as meaning that part of the United States consisting of certain states that seceded from the union in 1861.

There is no ballad or tune, I believe, that so warms the hearts of the people of the Northern States as this tune of "Dixie" does those of the people of Dixie.

"Yankee Doodle" belongs to the whole country, and is commemorative of another period and another war, in which George Washington, Light-Horse Harry Lee and other Southern worthies acted a part.

Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is too elaborate. In the true ballad nothing of mere poetical adornment is allowable. This hymn, though beautiful, can never be popular with the m sses.

Possibly the grave and stern soil of eastern Puritanism is not so suitable to the growth of such sentimental songs as sprung up in the more excitable

South. "John Brown's Body" and "Marching Through Georgia" had a temporary popularity there during the exciting period of the war, like the "Bonnie Blue Flag" at the South; but I think they have no song that inspires the same feeling that "Dixie" produces in Dixie.

Harry McCarthy, an actor of some ability, composed and sang this "Bonnie Blue Flag" in the theatres of the Southern cities during the first year of the war. He waved, during the chorus, a blue silk flag that bore a single star in its centre; and at the words "The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven," he shook out the folds, and the flag opened, disclosing the single star surrounded by ten sisters. The song was very popular.

James R. Randall's "Maryland My Maryland," to the college tune of "Lauriger Horatius," was also much sung in the armies of the Confederacy as well as by the firesides at home. It was first published in a New Orleans paper in April, 1861. It possessed literary merit and is one of the best of the poems of the war.

Possibly the most popular of the camp songs were the negro melodies smacking of Southern soil, such as "Uncle Ned," "Way Down South," "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Oh Susannah," "Nellie was a Lady," all written by Stephen C. Foster, a native of Pennsylvania, but evidently thoroughly acquainted with Southern sentiment. There is a tone of sadness about them all, as with "Suwanee River," "Alice, Ben Bolt," "Lorena," and "Listen to the Mocking Bird!"

No other song in its pathos is so sweet or appeals so tenderly to the Southern heart as this last. "Annie Laurie," "Douglas," and "Home, Sweet Home" belong to the whole world, but this song of the mocking-bird appeals alone to Dixie's land. Already popular at the commencement of the Civil War, this sad, sweet song was heard in every Southern home. Carried into the army by the soldiers, its echoes thrilled the souls of thousands of young patriots in the camp and on the march, during four years of terrible war. Oh! matchless songster of the orchard and the farm-yard, no other bird approaches you in delicious harmony! The music of the nightingale, the lark, and the mavis is all yours. The twittering of the canary is all unworthy of your imitation. And your home is Dixie, and there alone do you abide. Associated with all recollections of the old South, bringing to the heart dear memories of childhood and youth, of sweet communion of lovers neath the leafy bowers—as the old, old story is repeated—of dreamy moonlight walks, of tender partings, of the dear old gray-haired mother, sitting on the wide balcony, while this heaven-inspired singer was vocalizing the summer air—long will you be dear to every one who loves the Sunny South, and fixed in his affection will be this favorite air.

How sad it is that this sweet and gentle bird—our companion at every period of life—the loving witness of every joy, every sorrow—who has whistled at the laughing baby in the cradle, and poured forth its melody as the grand-sire was borne to his resting place under the magnolias—should be destined to extermination!

Oh! men of the New South, with your business enterprise and your mad efforts at financial success, let into your hearts a little sentiment, and help save the life of the mocking-bird!

Of the poems born of the war, the following are examples: "Ethnogenesis," "Charleston," "A Call to Arms," "Spring," and "The Unknown Dead" by Henry Timrod: "Our Martyrs," "Stonewall Jackson," "A Sonnet on the Fallen South," and the prize "Poem in Laudation of the Confederate Soldier" by Paul H. Hayne: "Lines," written for the Memorial Association of Fredericksburg, Va., "Prayer of the South," "The Conquered Banner," "Sentinel Songs," "The Land of Memories," "Our Dead," and "The Sword of Robert Lee," by Rev. Abram J. Ryan. The following is the closing verse of Sentinel Songs:

"What though no sculptured shaft
Commemorate our brave?
What, though no monument epitaphed
Be built above their grave?
When marble wears away
And monuments are dust,
The songs that guard our soldiers' clay
Will still fulfill their trust."

ABRAM J. RYAN.

All are familiar with the words of "The Conquered Banner," and there is nothing more sublime in the English language than this verse from "The Sword of Robert Lee."

"Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,

Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause, a chief like Lee!"

Jno. R. Thompson gave us "Lee to the Rear," "The Battle Rainbow," "The Burial of Latane," "Gen. J. E. B. Stuart," and "Music in Camp." Mr. Thompson was editor of the old "Southern Literary Messenger" at Richmond, Va. He was a man of a most charming personality. After the war he moved to New York, and there became a contributor to various periodicals. He died a few years after his removal.

John Esten Cooke, better known by his delightful books than his poems, has written "The Band in the Pines," and "The Broken Mug."

"THE BAND IN THE PINES.

(Heard after Pelham died.)

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud, triumphant strain;
And the dear, bright eyes of long dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
And the deep drum's mellow roar;
'Till the soul is faint with longing
For the hand we clasp no more.

Oh, band in the pine-wood cease!
Or the heart will melt in tears,
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips
And the voices of old years.

The following poems are by Jas. R. Randall, "John Pelham," "The Cameo Bracelet," "The Lone Sentry," and "There's Life in the Old Land Yet;" these by A. J. Requier, "Our Faith in Sixty-One," "Hymn to the Dawn," "The Oriflamme" and "Ashes of Glory."

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston wrote "All's Well," "The Soldier's Prayer," "Virginia," "Song of the Snow," "A Hero's Daughter," "The Color Bearer," "Slain in Battle," "A Dirge for Ashby," "When the War is Over."

While in prison in Camp Chase, Ohio, Col. W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, wrote the following beautiful poems: "The Victory of Faith," "Captain Beall," "The Last of Earth," "The Hero Without a Name," "My Friend," "True to the Last," and "Exchanged." He was exchanged near the close of the war but to reach home and die.

The poem "Somebody's Darling," written during the war by Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Ga., has found a place in one of the school readers.

L. T. Wallis, of Baltimore, confined in Fort Warren for "treasonable utterances," wrote "The Guerillas," "The Blessed Hand" and "A Prayer for Peace."

Mrs. C. A. Warfield, of Ky.: "Fort Donelson," "On the Death of Stonewall Jackson," and "Our Failure."

Major McKnight (Asa Hartz) of Gen. Loring's taff, while a prisoner of war at Johnson's Island, gained some reputation by his "In Prison on Lake Erie," "Mail-day in Prison," and "A Confederate Officer to his Ladye Love."

The following poems of a high order of merit are by Dr. Frank O. Ticknor, of Georgia: "The Virginians of the Valley," "Page-Brook," "Mary," and "Little Giffen of Tennessee."

Harry L. Flash wrote the memorial poems, "Jackson," "Zollicoffer," and "Polk."

Miss Mollie E. Moore is the author of "Of very Faithfulness," and "Minding the Gap."

The "Lines found written on the back of a Confederate Bill," beginning,

"Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the water below it,
As a pledge of a Nation that's dead and gone,
Keep it, dear friend, and show it."

were written by Major S. A. Jonas, of Louisiana, Chief Engineer of Gen. S. D. Lee's staff.

Mrs. Fanny M. Downing, of North Carolina, wrote "By the Camp Fire," "Confederate Gray," "Desolate," "Dreaming," "Dixie;" while Mrs. Mary Bayard Clarke, of the same state, gave us: "General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness," (descriptive of the same event also so graphically written of by Thompson in his "Lee to the Rear,") "The Rebel Sock," and "Robert E. Lee."

The poem, "My Father," much sung in Southern homes during the war, was written by Brigadier-General Henry R. Jackson, of Georgia. The first verse:

"The tattoo beats—the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night with solemn pace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath flown,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise."

"First Love" is by Col. Buchring H. Jones, and was written by him while at Johnson's Island: "The Empty Sleeve" is from the pen of Dr. J. R. Bagby of Virginia, and "The Soldier in the Rain," by Julia L. Keyes. Dr. J. W. Palmer, of Maryland, was the author of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

William Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, an author once very popular, gave us among other poems, "The Sweet South."

"Yes, Call us Rebels," was written by Albert Pike of Arkansas.

I do not know the authorship of the following beautiful poems, so full of pathos and tender sentiment. Will not the readers of the VETERAN assist in naming these sweet singers of the South? The lines "Enlisted To-day," were said to have been found on the body of a young soldier belonging to one of the Alabama regiments in the army of Northern Virginia. The first verse,

"I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing,
And summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to see all the treasures the spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!"

The names of the authors of "A Picture," "The Return," "The Brave at Home," "Your Mission," "Missing," and the "Unreturning," are all desired.

"The Bivouac of the Dead," was written by Col. Theodore O'Hara, of Kentucky, a gallant soldier, who served on the staff of Gen. Breckenridge. The lines were written by him before the Civil War, and were in memory of the Kentuckians who fell at Buena Vista. Col. O'Hara died a few years after the close of the war, but not before he had seen lines from his poem engraved on hundreds of monuments. In every United States cemetery in the

country are to be found tablets with verses from this noble poem.

The above poems have been gathered by me, some from scrap-books, some from Miss Emily Mason's "Poems of the War," and many have been given me by the writers themselves. The material is abundant, but I have mentioned those only that possess a high order of merit. Heavy calamities and crushing sorrow wring from bruised hearts words that live. The trampled flower gives forth its sweetest odor, the swan sings its divine notes only when dying. Much of this Southern poetry will yet find a place in the hearts of its people. The trials and the suffering endured and the heroism displayed by a people during four years of bloody war are more faithfully portrayed in these verses than in any history. It is only in poetry and song that the emotional nature declares itself without reserve.

Why our Southern school readers are not full of these beautiful poems is something hard to understand. That Read's "Sheridan's Ride," and Whittier's "Barbara Freitchie," (the scene described by the first having but little foundation, and the latter none at all) should be read in preference to Thompsons "Music in Camp," and Miss Moore's "Minding the Gap," is a reflection upon our public schools.

Has the old time sentiment of the South departed from its people.? Has the old time patriotism and love of truth that characterized the old South given place to business expediency in the New? One would surely think so from the carelessness, not to say indifference, with which it accepts the school histories filled with misleading and false statements concerning the civil war.

Why should not a true history of that war be written thirty years after its ending?

Why should the South be charged at this day with going to war in defense of slavery? This institution was a mere incident of a sectional animosity. Measures for the gradual emancipation of the slaves were being considered in the South before the war began. Gen. Lee suggested the freeing of them and the enrollment of the men as soldiers. The character of the two peoples of the North and the South, the habits and customs, the adverse interests, the belief that the legislative power would be used by the North to foster that section at the expense of the South, produced a desire to leave a union which was no longer considered desirable.

The Southern people believed they had both a moral and a constitutional right to withdraw from a union into which they had voluntarily gone. In defense of this abstract principle of right they freely gave their lives and fortunes, and for four years resisted the overwhelming forces of the North.

Who shall say they were wrong?

Mr. Webster said our forefathers of a hundred and twenty years ago "went to war against a preamble." The South withdrew from the Union for a sentiment. Our ancestors rebelled against the king of Great Britain. We rebelled against nobody—we had no masters. We attempted but to dissolve a union which we ourselves had helped to form. The agreement made among the States to concede certain rights to the general government—to reserve forever other rights to themselves—being broken by encroachment on those reserved rights, why should not the States withdraw?

Why should we teach our children that we were wrong, when we know we were right?

Grant, if you will, that such action on the part of the South was unwise and ill-advised, and must have inevitably resulted in its destruction. The character of the Southerner was not such as could calmly consider the expediency of coercing his quick-tempered cavalier brother of South Carolina.

By all means should the true story of the mighty conflict be written. There is nothing so good as truth. The heroic struggle of the South, and the Southern veteran will be a theme of inspiration to the youth of future generations; and shall we of the present for one moment, in our upbuilding of the New South, forget the glorious memories of the Old?

"Gather the sacred dust
Of the warriors tried and true,
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust,
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,
And died for me and you.

* * * * *

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep."

"Oh, the sweet South! the sunny, sunny South!
Land of true feeling, land forever mine!
I drink the kisses of her rosy mouth,
And my heart swells as with a draught of wine.
She brings me blessings of maternal love;
I have her smile, which hallows all my toil;
Her voice persuades, her generous smiles approve.
She sings me from the sky and from the soil.
Oh! by her lovely pines that wave and sigh,
Oh! by her myriad flowers, that bloom and fade,
By all the thousand beauties of her sky,
And the sweet solace of her forest shade,
She's mine—she's ever mine!

* * * * *

Oh! by her virtues of the cherished past—
By all her hopes of what the future brings—
I glory that my lot with her is cast,
And my soul flushes and exulting sings:
She's mine—she's ever mine!"

This article on Southern Songs will be continued in the February number of the VETERAN under the heading Southern Sentiment.

SEND THE NAMES AT ONCE.—Request comes from Farmington, Tenn., worthy of attention:

In October '63, during Gen. Joseph Wheeler's raid in Tennessee, a part of his command engaged the enemy at Farmington, Marshall County, at which time he lost several men who were buried on the field of battle. Their names are unknown, but their graves are well cared for, being enclosed by a stone wall, and a nice monument has been erected. These graves are decorated annually by the noble women of our county.

We are anxious to get the names of those who were killed, with their Company and Regiment, so that we can have them engraved on marble slabs. Will comrades or others who know send this information? Address, with particulars, B. F. Chapman, Farmington, Tenn.

CAPT. JOHN MITCHEL AT FORT SUMTER.

Miss Claudine Rhett, of Charleston, paid tribute to the memory of Capt. John C. Mitchel some time ago, which paper was promptly forwarded to the VETERAN by Miss Martha B. Washington, Corresponding Secretary of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Charleston. Capt. Mitchel was of the First South Carolina Artillery, and lost his life while in command of Fort Sumter.

SCENE ON THE DOCK AT CHARLESTON, 1863.

Capt. John Mitchel was a native of Ireland, and came to America under peculiar circumstances. His father was a leader of the home rule party in his own country, and was tried for high treason against the Crown, along with Smith O'Brian and General Meagher. Their estates were confiscated, and all were sent to Australia. John Mitchel, Jr., although a mere lad when his father was brought to trial, manfully stood by his side in the dock, and even accompanied him to the prison in Australia, to prove to him that a faithful heart was willing to share evil, as well as good, fortune with an honored parent.

After his arrival in the United States, young Mitchel received his education at Columbia College, New York, and from that school of engineering went to Tennessee, where he was engaged in laying out a railroad when a call to arms resounded through our land. In obedience to this martial summons, the young engineer at once engaged in the military service of the South, embracing the cause of constitutional liberty with ardent enthusiasm. In the aggressions of the North upon the rights of the Southern States, he saw reflected the same unjust desire of domination evinced by England towards Ireland, which had been so often resisted in his native land; and, with the generous zeal of an earnest nature, he gave to the country of his adoption the full support of an intrepid spirit and a warm heart, not stopping to count the possible cost to himself.

Appointed a Lieutenant in the Battalion of Artillery stationed at Fort Sumter in the winter of 1861, John Mitchel entered upon the discharge of those duties which were to end only with the close of his life, three years later.

Major Anderson, having retired to Fort Sumter with the United States troops, it became incumbent upon the Confederate forces to drive him thence and to get possession of that post, the key of Charleston Harbor. In accordance with this intention, by order of Gen. Beauregard, the Commander-in-Chief of this military district, at about 3 o'clock on the morning of April 12, '61, a bombshell was fired from Fort Johnson as a signal to the other forts and batteries around the harbor to begin the attack. No sooner had the roaring meteor sped across the bay, than an answering light was run up to the head of the flagstaff at Fort Moultrie, and behold! the fighting for Charleston, which was to continue until Feb. 19, '65, had begun.

The following day, April 13, about 8 o'clock, in the thickest of the bombardment, a thin smoke was observable curling up from Fort Sumter. It grew denser and denser as it steadily rose in the air, and it soon became apparent that the wooden barracks within that Fort had been set on fire "by a red hot shot, thrown from an 8 inch Columbiad gun at Fort Moultrie by a detachment of Company B," (Mitchel's company, reports Gen. Beauregard). This conflagration occasioned Major Anderson's surrender, as it endangered his powder magazine.

As soon as the Fort fell into our possession, this same Company B was sent over to Sumter, and Mitchel, therefore, formed one of the first Confederate garrisons of that post.

At the capture of the Union gunboat, "Isaac Smith," he commanded a battalion of infantry, and for this brilliant affair, Col. Yates, who commanded the entire expedition, received the thanks of the Confederate Congress, for himself and for his gallant comrades.

On the ever memorable 7th of April, 1863, when the ironclad fleet of monitors advanced to the attack of Fort Sumter, Capt. Mitchel's company not being directly engaged, he volunteered his services in the defense of this important post. It is hardly necessary to state that the "Keokuk," one of the best monitors, was sunk by the guns of Fort Sumter, and that the others were triumphantly repulsed by the Confederates.

Four months later, Aug. 10, on a terribly hot morning, the Union forces opened fire upon Morris Island, the out-post of Sumter. This attack lasted three hours, and was made with more than four times the number of guns and troops we had; fifty-five cannon, of the heaviest caliber, poured shot and shell upon our small force, (the monitors assisting with their cross-fire in enfilading the position of the Confederate batteries). Our soldiers fought as long as their posts could be held, Capt. Mitchel commanding the artillery. In killed, wounded and captured, we lost in this action 294 men. Among the mortally wounded was that fine young officer, Lieut. John Bee, also Capt. Chas. Haskell, who was as handsome and accomplished an artillerist as the State could ever hope to produce. His last words to a comrade were, "Tell my mother that I died for her and for my country."

The Confederate forces, having been obliged by superior numbers to retreat to Battery Wagner, were not allowed much rest, for that very night the Union troops made their first assault upon this important position. Capt. Mitchel on this occasion

commanded the Confederate Artillery, and, as was always the case, the guns in charge of the First Regular South Carolina Artillery were remarkably well handled by those extraordinarily skillful gunners.

Some of the Union soldiers actually got within Battery Wagner during this attack, but the assault failed and their forces were repulsed, they having lost 330 men by death, wounds and capture.

After this, Capt. Mitchel was assigned to the command of the Confederate Batteries at Shell Point on James Island, whence he kept up a sustained fire until February, 1864

When Col. Stephen Elliott was promoted and sent to the field in Virginia, Capt. Mitchel was selected by those in authority to succeed him in the command of Fort Sumter—the most important military post in the Harbor of Charleston—May 4, 1864. Here, by his untiring energy, administrative ability and vigilance, Mitchel proved himself worthy of the confidence of his superior officers, and of this high honor.

Major John Johnson, the resident engineer officer stationed at that post, thus writes: "Capt. Mitchel was unremitting in the discharge of all his arduous duties. Allowing himself but little rest in the daytime, he was particularly alert to guard against assault by night; and the constant watchfulness of this spirited young officer became imparted to his whole garrison."

During the morning of July 20, 1864, the sentinel on the parapet of Fort Sumter requested permission to withdraw into the shelter of the bombproof sentry box, on account of the extraordinary severity of the firing by the enemy from Morris Island. At first, Capt. Mitchel refused to permit him to leave his post of observation, deeming a seeking of safety whilst on duty a bad precedent to establish; but when the soldier sent him a second message, he ascended the ramparts to ascertain for himself if the man should indeed be withdrawn.

Mitchel had been there but a short time when a mortar shell of the largest kind was thrown from a Union battery, and came on its awful mission of destruction, roaring and hurtling through the clear summer sky, towards Fort Sumter and its doomed Commander, who could, however, have found security from this terrific projectile by simply stepping within the adjacent sentry box. But, with a high sense of honor, Capt Mitchel considered it his duty to stand his ground upon the ramparts, having obliged the sentinel to remain for a time exposed to similar danger, and, with his elbow resting on the parapet, and his field glass raised to his eyes, which were fixed upon the fleet, he never moved from his original position. None, save those who have heard the appalling sound made by a bombshell, can fully appreciate the cool courage shown by the young officer in thus disregarding that voice of woe. Bursting overhead, a large fragment of this shell struck Capt. Mitchel to the ground, and he was borne to the hospital below mortally wounded.

He lingered in great agony nearly four hours, and expired about five o'clock of a bright summer's afternoon, having died, as he had lived, a true soldier, repressing every outward manifestation of suffering, solicitous that he might teach his garrison by his example how a brave man should meet death. Once, when the pain overcame him and he groaned aloud, checking himself, he looked up, attempted to rise, and gave command that the men should not be allowed to pass and repass the hospital as they were then doing, lest they should overhear some other expression of suffering. Later on, upon being asked by Major Johnson what could be done for him, he replied, "Nothing, except to pray for me."

All in Charleston were greatly pained when the fall of the gallant Commander of Fort Sumter was announced. His remains were brought to the city that night, and lay in St. Paul's Church under guard of the Cadets until the following afternoon, when the burial service was read by the late Bishop Howe. A large concourse of friends gathered there, mingling with the military and naval officers, who were anxious to do honor to their departed comrade.

Quiet and still in death lay the soldier, "life's fitful fever o'er," the star-crossed Fort Sumter flag his pall, upon which rested his sword, a wreath of laurel and some white roses.

When the solemn burial service was concluded, the fine brass band of his old regiment, the First Artillery, played a plaintive dead march, and, escorted by the Cadets, bearing their arms reversed, Gen. Jones and Staff, Gen. Ripley and Staff, and many other officers, dressed in full uniform, the cortege wended its way to Magnolia Cemetery, where he had desired to be laid.

A peculiar gloom was added to this sad scene by the approach of a heavy thunder storm. The sky had a dark and lowering appearance; fitful gusts of wind swept through the church; brilliant flashes of lightning gleamed incessantly, whilst loud reports of heaven's artillery reverberated from on high and mingled their awe-inspiring fury with the organ tones and the wailing cadences of the dead march.

Some years later his comrades of the first Artillery placed a granite column over the grave of their brother-in-arms, at the suggestion of Lieut. Henry Frost; but, as long as the waves beat against the ruins of Fort Sumter, that war-worn fortress will be John Mitchel's best and most enduring monument.

Col. Samuel McFarland, of the Nineteenth Iowa Regiment, was killed in the battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas. His sword was found by Captain J. H. McClinton, of the Thirty-fourth Arkansas Infantry, and was presented recently to members of that regiment. At a reunion they returned formal thanks to Captain McClinton, and gave the sword to a son of the former owner, an editor at Marshalltown, Iowa.

In answer to inquiry in VETERAN for July, Comrade T. F. Moriarty, of Natchez, Miss., names Dr. Wm. Maguin as author of poem, "The Soldier Boy," and makes reference to Ford's National Library, Ballad Poetry of Ireland, Vol. 1, No. 3, p. 161.

At the regular meeting of Camp Isham Harrison, No. 27, U. C. V., Columbus, Miss., on November 7th, Dr. A. C. Halbert was elected Commander and Thomas Harrison, Adjutant.

LETTER TO "CHARMING NELLIE."

J. B. Polley, Floresville, Tex., sends another treat in excerpts from another yellow-stained letter to the same lady referred to on page 362 December VETERAN:

BULL'S GAP, TENN., March 25, 1863.

CHARMING NELLIE:—By a masterly stratagem, a ragged private secured a seat at a table on which was spread a bountiful dinner, prepared especially for a pompous Confederate General. The officer made no objection, but wishing to be sure that the soldier knew what distinguished company was present, very condescendingly asked: "Do you know, Sir, with whom you are dining?" "Indeed I do not," answered the soldier, "I used to be particular about such matters, but now, so the dinner is good and abundant, I don't care a——who eats with me."

You would have complimented me on my resemblance to that private had you seen me hobnobbing with General Jenkins last Christmas Eve. There was a symposium at his quarters, "a feast of reason and flow of soul," under the exhilarating influence of unlimited quantities of apple jack, and the Colonel and Inspector-General of the Division invited me and others of his old company to attend. After the third drink, a Brigadier-General sank in my estimation to the level of a private, and I sought and obtained an introduction to my host. He treated me with distinguished consideration, talked with me until I got sober enough to be ashamed of much that I had said, and invited me to call again. I alluded to a former interview with him concerning a hog that met death and destruction by my hands at Chattanooga, but he waived all further discussion of the subject, saying kindly: "That was official intercourse, Sir; this is purely social."

Three weeks ago, while we were at New Market, twenty-five men under command of Lieut. Crigler, were sent over to the French Broad to capture some Federals who were depredating on our side of the river. Ed. Crockett and Pengra were sent ahead as scouts with instructions not to show themselves or make an attack, the rest of us following leisurely. Arrived within a quarter of a mile of the river and hearing nothing from the scouts, we deployed into a skirmish line with its center on a road that led to the ferry the Federals were in the habit of using, and advanced slowly and cautiously.

To the right of the road, on a hill and about a hundred yards from the water's edge, stood a large, roomy house, surrounded by a plank fence. My position in the line was such that, going straight forward and keeping the proper intervals between me and comrades on right and left, I marched toward the back door of this house. I was within fifty feet of the fence and was deliberating whether to go around or through the mansion, when the sound of two rifle shots at the river broke upon my ears. A moment afterwards a volley was fired from the opposite bank—several of the balls striking the house—a woman screamed, and I rushed forward. I had not gone ten feet when a very handsome girl, probably eighteen years old, sprang out of the open door, ran to the fence and climbed it without regard to ankles and other unmentionables, rushed down the hill toward me. Frightened out of her wits, she ran squarely into my arms, which of course were in proper position to hospitably receive such a lovely bundle of womanhood. In fact, they had been extended as instinctively and involuntarily as they closed when she came within their circle and—as confidingly as I hope she will some day—throw her own around my neck.

"Save me!—save me!" she exclaimed in terror-stricken accents, and not a bit unwilling to be a savior of such a beautiful creature, but honestly glad of the opportunity so unexpectedly afforded me of acting in that capacity, I bent every energy to the delightful task, and drawing her closer to me, assured her of absolute safety as long as she stayed right there. She evidently believed me and seemed to find as great comfort in doing the clinging as I in being stay and support, and we stood there in the attitude of lovers just met after years of separation, until the enemy was driven to shelter beyond gunshot.

The one drawback to supreme felicity was my gun. Too wary a soldier to drop it—much as I desired to do so in order to have both hands free—I clung to it and the girl to the last, but held the piece of ordnance in such a position I imagine that it would have puzzled a man to decide which was holding it.

One time in my life the enemy's retreat was too precipitate—one time in my career as a soldier I prayed that the fight should continue; for as long as it lasted the captive was content to find shelter in my fervent arms, but when it ceased, blushingly and without the least aid from me, she released herself and left me only the cold, inanimate gun to hold.

She was no bashful country girl. The moment we got far enough apart to obtain a fair view of each other, she said: "Please excuse me, Sir—I was so frightened by the guns and balls that I didn't know what I was doing, and I fear have given you a great deal of trouble."

"Not a bit, not a bit," I hastened to reply. "It was a delight that I would suffer much to enjoy again," and noticing that she found it difficult to stand on the uneven hillside, I pretended great solicitude, and asking: "Are you sure you no longer need support?" stepped toward her with extended arms.

She blushed like a rose, but by a graceful motion of a little hand waived further assistance, and then glancing roguishly at me, said: "Thank you, I do not need to trespass again on your endurance and gallantry. Will you not go to the house and let me introduce you to my sisters and mother, and tell them how kind you have been? Sister Mary looked out of the door while you had your—I mean while we were standing so close together."

I had not seen Sister Mary at all, for the maid with whom I had been so pleasantly engaged came at me with such force that her momentum swung me around with my back to the house. But I was still game and said—quite impudently, I reckon you will think—"You must introduce me as your lover then, for that I am now and forever. You are the captive of my arms, and I will not consent to waive a single right or privilege."

My fair captive was good pluck too. Her black

eyes flashed with mischief as she said: "Let us go to the house—and we can discuss your rights there."

As we walked slowly up the hill, she turned to the right, as if to go around the yard fence, and when I demurred and suggested climbing it, shook her head in protest and remarked: "No, indeed—frightened as I was a moment ago, I got over it with more speed than gracefulness, I fancy; but now the danger is past, I fear to attempt it again."

By the time we entered the house—it took us fully twenty minutes to walk the twenty yards—we knew each other's name and I was introduced to her mother and sisters, nice attractive and intelligent ladies, wife and daughters of a Baptist minister by the name of ———. Sister Mary smiled significantly as I took her hand and the erstwhile tenant of my arms showed her colors most charmingly. * *

Much against inclination, I said good-bye; not, however, without giving the late occupant a pantomimic invitation to return to my arms, at which Sister Mary laughed merrily. My comrades, who had been too intent on war, anxious to learn of my good fortune, looked puzzled, and my charmer, blushed, smiled invitingly and gave me her hand.

Remember, please, that I relate this incident for your entertainment alone—not to be told to ———. She might discover treachery and disloyalty in it, when, really and truly, it is the first and only adventure I have had since this cruel war began, in which lovely woman had a part.

GEORGIA is doing nicely in the cause of the VETERAN.

The following article is copied from the "Nashville American." It has not been the custom to reproduce anything so complimentary to the Editor, but there is a business motive in doing it.

It is proper for him to attend reunions, to mingle with comrades as often as practicable, and he often goes at sacrifice of time and comfort. On such occasions he is ever greeted by leaders, but rarely presented, and afterwards comrades write to express regret at failure to see him. Since his work is so prominent and so universally approved, his presence at reunions ought to be made known so that comrades might at least attend to business that could not be so easily transacted by mail. It requires unceasing diligence to maintain the VETERAN.

Here is the article:

A letter to "The American" from a "A Georgia Vet." at Atlanta, Ga., gives an interesting account of the visit of S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, to the Confederate Veteran Camp in that city. Gen. Evans was presiding, and he made a felicitious speech in welcoming Mr. Cunningham. He spoke of the great work of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the most praiseworthy manner. The introduction of Mr. Cunningham was received standing, with applause. Mr. Cunningham responded with feeling and earnestness, saying that his work on the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was a labor of love, and that he was trying to make it worthy of the brave people and the memory which it represented. For three years the VETERAN had been going into Southern homes, and he spared no pains to make it an acceptable visitor. He felt that he could honestly receive the praises which had been given to his Confederate Monthly, for he knew the pure motives of the undertaking, as well as the labor which had been bestowed to make it successful.

Gen. Evans sends out this order to Georgians:

HEADQUARTERS GEORGIA DIVISION, U.C.V.,
ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 20, 1895.

General Order No. 11. * * *

3.—The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, Tenn., at the low price of $1.00 per annum, is such a worthy and valuable medium of communication among Confederates and Confederate Camps, that it is hereby selected as the official organ of this Division, and the Commanding General would be pleased to have it taken and read by the members of all Camps in this State.

CLEMENT A. EVANS,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

A. J. WEST,
Adjutant-General.

Morristown, Tenn., Gazette: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is, beyond question, second to none of the war magazines published in the country. It is history for the younger generation, teeming with stirring incidents recounted by eye-witnesses and participants in many thrilling scenes of the Lost Cause. To the Veterans themselves it is a treasure book filled with reminiscencies of heroic deeds of brothers in arms, intermingled with humor and pathos of the environments of the times. Mr. Cunningham is one of the best known newspaper men in the South, and richly deserves and enjoys the gratitude of his comrades and the South at large for claiming from oblivion and preserving to posterity such valuable contributions to Southern war literature as is contained in his Confederate Veteran.

In his salutatory as editor of the National Sentinel, just started at Washington, D. C., Prof. J. Fraise Richard says:

Our purpose is sincere. The Sentinel realizes that it has a mission, and expects faithfully and conscientiously to discharge its obligations. Its field is broad; its resources for gathering material are ample; and its loyalty to those who patronize its pages will never be questioned.

We invite the co-operation and sympathy of all who love truth, justice and good government, in our effort to make the paper a power for usefulness in the land. With the desire to instruct, to bless, to encourage, to elevate humanity, we send forth this sheet and invoke upon its mission the blessing of Him who delights in justice, mercy, and truth.

Surely the professions of Grand Army Veterans, since what they have seen and felt within the last six months, will encourage such a publication in preference to the ugly ultra sentiments contained in some other Grand Army papers. Another right spirited journal is the Grand Army Gazette in New York.

RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DEATH OF PRISONERS.

JOHN SHIRLEY WARD, Los Angeles, Cal.

Prejudice is said, by one of our modern writers, to be unlike Achilles in that it has no vulnerable part. Prejudice is often transmitted from sire to son and is based entirely on hereditary transmission, regardless of the facts of co-temporaneous history. Majority do not like to have the dreams of their lives dispelled, even by the light of truth; they are ready, like the Jews of old, to cry out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" and take the chances of believing a lie.

The treatment of "prisoners" during our Civil War, except so far as it may be necessary to establish the responsibility for the thousands of deaths which occurred in our prisons, will not be discussed in this article. The question as to who was responsible for most of the deaths of prisoners, is specific, and can only be answered by the facts and official actions of both Confederate and Federal Governments at that time, and we propose to treat of the authoritative acts of each government, including such acts of officials as have been endorsed and sanctioned by their government.

TWO THEORIES IN REGARD TO THE WAR.

The South made no preparation for keeping prisoners. Her idea was to, as far as possible after every battle, exchange the captured, man for man, and officer for officer, thus avoiding the necessity of prison-life with all its attendant horrors. The United States Government, believing the war would be over in ninety days, and knowing, from its population, it could put three or more men in the field to each one of the Confederates, expected, by holding every prisoner, to close the war by having captured the entire Confederate Army. With this idea dominating the Federal Government, the question of exchange of "prisoners" was hardly thought of. This theory was based on the supposition, afterwards verified by the facts, that, with an enlistment of Union soldiers of 2,778,304, after capturing the entire Confederate Army there would still be a United States Army of 2,168,304 soldiers. This was a fine theory, if the 600,000 Confederates had made up their minds to be captured, but their protests against this idea at First and Second Manassas, around Richmond, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, Shiloh, and Chickamauga, proved that they would not submit to being captured upon that plan.

From the inception of the war, the South thought it better to fight her enemies than to feed them, and she began paroling Union prisoners before any Cartel for their exchange was agreed upon by the respective governments. A proposition to exchange prisoners was first made by the South, and at the time the Cartel was signed by the two governments the South held a large excess of prisoners over the North. The Cartel was dated July 22, 1862, and its terms were to exchange "officer for officer of same rank, and man for man, and to parole all officers and men then left in prison on either side, till they should be regularly exchanged." The South, holding at that time a large preponderance of Northern prisoners, was the loser by such agreement; but she liberated her excess of Northern prisoners and sent them home. By this means the prisons were empty, but, governed by her sense of honor and common humanity, she stood by the Cartel.

Exchange went on with some degree of regularity till July 3, 1863, when it was known that on the next day the entire Confederate Army in Vicksburg would become prisoners, and thus give the North an excess of prisoners; then the following order was issued:

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D.C., July 3, 1863.

"It is understood that captured officers and men have been paroled and released on the field by others than commanders of opposing armies, and that the sick and wounded in hospitals have been so paroled and released, in order to avoid guarding and removing them, which in many cases would have been impossible Such paroles are in violation of general orders and the stipulations of the Cartel, and are null and void. They are not regarded by the enemy and will not be respected by the United States. *Any officer or soldier who gives such a parole will be returned to duty without exchange, and moreover, will be punished for disobedience of orders.*"

(Signed) E. D. TOWNSEND, A. A. G.

In regard to the above order from the Federal War Department, we deny that the Confederate authorities ever failed to recognize the validity of paroles given by their sick and wounded when captured in Confederate hospitals by the Federal Army, *and demand the proof.* If such a thing occurred during the war, it is an easy matter to state time and place. An order from the War Department, while a Cartel for the exchange of prisoners, mutually beneficial to both sides, was still in existence, says that "Prisoners who have been paroled by other than the commander of an army," and that the "sick and wounded in hospitals" who have been paroled, because, perchance, their captors could not remove them, "shall be disregarded," also that the poor wounded soldier who had done his best for his country, and the officer who led him, accepting such parole, shall be "*returned to duty without exchange and, moreover, will be punished for disobedience.*" If the mere fact of surrender is a stain on a soldier's honor, then the bravest men who ever walked the sulphurous edge of battle in all the armies of the world, bear it

International law, as laid down by Vattel and other recognized Publicists, have said that soldiers captured in battle and beyond the control of their government and beyond any relief from their government, had the right of self-preservation, and hence the right to give a parole not to fight against their captors till they were regularly exchanged. The laws of civilized warfare recognized the right of the captors to send sick and wounded prisoners to the rear, even if at the cost of much suffering.

The United States Government, claiming not only to be a civilized nation, but a *Christian* Nation, assumed to absolve honorable soldiers captured on the field from their paroles given to an enemy recognized as belligerents by the usages of war! Moreover, these officers and soldiers, though they may have been captured when charging the guns of the enemy, and then paroled, were to be "punished for disobedience of orders."

Preposterous the idea that if a brave soldier, who had perhaps fought fifty battles with the stars and stripes in his hand, having always been ready to march upon the enemy at the tap of the drum, if in a great battle his eye should be shot out, or his leg should be taken away by a cannon-ball, that he should be "punished for disobedience of orders," simply because he gave his parole of honor not to fight against his opponents until he might be exchanged! It was Andersonville, or a parole, with the captured. Having done all that bravery and endurance could do, was it not adding insult to their condition to propose to punish them, because they preferred to give the parole of an honorable soldier, to taking their chances in prison life?

Under the order of the War Department, which was dominated by Secretary Stanton, neither officer nor soldier captured on line of battle was allowed the benefit of a parole, and if they accepted it they were dishonored for disobedience and sent back into the ranks to be treated by the laws of war, as traitors if they should be re-captured by the Confederates.

The Confederates captured nearly 6,000 prisoners at Gettysburg, and proceeded to parole them on the field, but when thay had given parole to about 2,000, this order of the Dark Ages from Secretary Stanton came to hand, and the other 4,000 had to foot it to Richmond, a weary march of several hundred miles, to undergo the discomforts of Libby or Andersonville. Was this torture needed to make these brave men respect the dignity and power of their government, when each one knew that such an order was a violation of the solemn honor of his government, which it had willingly carried out whenever the South held more prisoners than it did?

After thousands of Union prisoners had been paroled and allowed to go home till they were exchanged, the War Department of the Federal Government modified the Cartel, under which a general exchange of prisoners was agreed on, and *limited* the exchange to "*those held in confinement.*" This order could only mean, to people of ordinary common sense, that those who had been paroled are *safe at home*, and we will not allow the Confederates to use them as exchanges for prisoners afterwards captured. Had the Confederates not regarded the honor of these they would have kept them in prison. The Confederates expected that the United States Government would stand by the obligations of her soldiers, many of whom had been captured close by the cannon's mouth. But this order sending them back to the army, though their parole of honor was then in the hands of the Confederate War Department, and, if violated, would bring them to the gallows or other ignominious form of death, by the laws and usages of war.

The 4,000 prisoners captured at Gettysburg were marched back to Richmond under all the hardships of a Government unable to furnish anything, except the scantiest supplies to her own soldiers, and were sent to their necessary doom at Libby or Andersonville, when, according to the Cartel, they should have been sent home to their families, as brave soldiers of the Union, until the number of prisoners on each side justified an exchange.

We do not desire to avoid any question which gave the Federal Government a plausible excuse for not carrying out the Cartel. One reason given by its authorities for a failure to carry out the conditions of the Cartel, was that the South had violated it in refusing to exchange negroes equally with white soldiers. Did this refusal to recognize the late slaves of the South as legitimate prisoners of war justify the Federal Government in permitting her brave white soldiers in Southern prisons to die, in order to force the Confederate Government to exchange as prisoners some of their former slaves?

The South's position on this question is best established by a review of the expressed animus of the United States Government at the beginning of the war and its aims.

When Mr. Lincoln was on his way to be inaugurated, and also in his inaugural address, he denied any desire to interfere with slavery in the States, and his Proclamation of War against the South was not because of her acceptance and endorsement of slavery, but because of her effort to dissolve the Union. It was this call to save the Union which thrilled the heart of the North from Maine to the Pacific. If these thousands had been called to blot out negro slavery there would never have been a Union Army. Even after the war was under full headway and the Federal Army had crossed into Kentucky, there was no evangel in its front, proclaiming the emancipation of the negro, and there was not a day in the year 1862 when a Kentucky slave-holder, *who was raising a regiment to save the Union*, could not have sold his own negroes on the block without molestation. Mr. Lincoln, in his first annual message, asked Congress to pass an Act for the abolition of slavery in the year *nineteen hundred*, each slave-holder to be compensated for his slaves. This he thought would save the Union. He closed this message with a paragraph that all the loyal of the South "should be compensated for all losses, by acts of the United States, including losses of slaves."

In the first part of this message, Mr. Lincoln was in favor of *paying for all slaves emancipated*, brought about by the United States Army, in addition to the value of the slaves. Mr. Lincoln in his Emancipation Proclamation did not offer to *every* slave the guerdon of freedom, as he *excepted thirteen counties in western Louisiana, the City of New Orleans, all of West Virginia, and several counties in old Virginia.* The fact that he did not offer freedom to the slaves in this territory is proof conclusive that any man or set of men who were *enlisted in the War for the Union* had the legal as well as the moral right to hold their slaves. To every mind capable of a logical deduction of this, it meant at that time the moral obligation of slavery depended on the loyalty of the owner to the Union. This fact led the Southern Government to decline to recognize negroes as prisoners of war who had been decoyed from their homes by promises of large bounties for enlistment against their old masters; and it was intended by the Cartel that it should include the exchange of only free soldiers. This was not a question of color, for the South was willing to regard as

prisoners free negroes who had been captured in the Union Army.

It follows, therefore, at the time of making the Cartel neither Congress nor Mr. Lincoln had made any movement looking to the emancipation of the slaves, and every reasonable mind must conclude that the negro soldier, *who under the law was yet a slave*, was used as a mere subterfuge in order to prevent all exchanges. This may have been comforting to the captured negroes, but it peopled the graveyards of the South with thousands of the North's best white soldiers. If the widows of those who died at Andersonville, or the children of those who died in Libby, can extract any comfort from their death, from the fact that they died as martyrs to preserve the military equality of the negro with the white soldier, then a Pantheon should be erected to protect their remains when they die, as specimens of the loftiest self-abnegation the world has ever known.

General Butler, while Commissioner for exchange of prisoners, an intense hater of the South, knowing there were only a few hundred negro soldiers who were prisoners, and knowing they were accustomed to a Southern climate, and the "hog and hominy" diet of the Southern soldier, insisted on the United States Government waiving their exchange in order to release thousands of her bravest white soldiers, leaving the question of the status of the negro soldier to be settled in the future. We ask, was it better that ten white soldiers should die in prison than one negro should fail to be exchanged?

We propose to show *who* was to blame for failure to exchange prisoners, and consequently *who* is responsible for the thousands of graves under the pines of Georgia.

1st. The South was opposed to all prisons—preferring to exchange all prisoners on the field.

2nd. The South *first* proposed to enter into a Cartel for exchange of prisoners, and at a time when she had thousands more prisoners than were held by the North.

3rd. She carried out this Cartel faithfully—delivering thousands of prisoners, on their parole, because the North did not have prisoners to exchange for them.

4th. The North, then having many of her paroled prisoners at home, and on the eve of the surrender of Vicksburg, knowing the Confederates to be captured there the next day would give her a preponderance of prisoners an order was issued by Secretary Stanton, disallowing and revoking all paroles by other than the commander of an army, of either sick, well or wounded, *ordering them back into the ranks to be punished for disobedience of orders.*

5th. The North, after getting an excess of prisoners on hand, proposed to continue the exchange, confining it to prisoners *then in confinement*, thus attempting to evade an honest compliance with the Cartel by declining to exchange paroled prisoners for those of the Confederates then in their prisons.

6th. The South humiliated herself by parading before the United States Government the unhappy condition of Northern prisoners and which she was powerless to mitigate.

7th. The South, after confessing her inability to furnish Northern prisoners with proper food and medicine, and not wishing them to die in prison, submitted to Major-General Hitchcock, the Federal Agent for exchange, the following proposition:

CONFEDERATE WAR DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., January 24, 1864.

Sir: In view of the present difficulties attending the exchange and release of prisoners, I propose that all such on each side be attended by a proper number of their own surgeons, who, under rules to be established, shall be permitted to take charge of their health and comfort. I also propose that these surgeons shall act as Commissaries with power to distribute such contributions of money, food, clothing and medicine as may be forwarded for the relief of prisoners. I further propose that these surgeons be selected by their own governments, and that they shall have full liberty at any and all times, through their agents of exchange, to make reports, not only of their acts, but of any matters relating to the welfare of prisoners.

Respectfully,

ROBERT OULD,
Confederate Commissioner of Exchange.

When Judge Ould offered the United States Government the right to send by her own surgeons and medicines for Union prisoners, the medical supplies in the South had long been exhausted.

Quinine was then worth in the South $60.00 per ounce, while it was worth only $5.00 in New York. As thousands of Union prisoners died from malarial diseases incident to the Southern climate, who might have been saved with the proper medicines, does not the refusal to furnish such medicine fix the responsibility of their deaths upon the United States Government?

This broad Christian offer was never noticed by the Federal Government. Finding that the United States Government paid no attention to this Christian proposition, then the Confederate Government ordered Judge Ould to propose to the United States Government to furnish, without equivalents, 15,000 of their sick and wounded at the mouth of the Savannah River as soon as they would furnish transportation. This offer was made early in August, 1864, but not a vessel reached the mouth of the river to receive these prisoners till late in the following December, thus allowing death to reap its greatest victories during the months of September, October and November. The South turned over to the North on the arrival of the first ship 13,000 sick and wounded, and many strong, healthy men, receiving only 3,000 sick soldiers in lieu thereof.

Prompt acceptance of this humane proposition would have returned to their country and families thousands of those who now sleep under the pines around Andersonville.

8th. The South, moved by the sufferings of Union prisoners, and being utterly without medicine, proposed to the Federal authorities to buy medicines from them, paying in gold, cotton or tobacco, at even two or three prices for the same, for the Union prisoners, pledging the honor of the South not to use one ounce of it for Southern soldiers. This was declined or never accepted.

Was it Christian to refuse to sell medicine to their own men who were dying for the want of it? If it was, the Sermon on the Mount ought to be relegated to the land of fable.

9th. We now come to the final reason why it was best that Union prisoners should die in prison, rather

than to be released to their homes. It is the argument of *military necessity. It was a question of the few dying for the many.*

General Grant had said in his dispatch to General Butler, August 18, 1864:

"*It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here.*"

Did any one ever think that if the 95,000 Confederate prisoners then in Northern prisons had been released, it also released 95,000 Union prisoners?

If General Grant regarded each Northern soldier equal on the field to each Southern soldier, what difference would this exchange have made in the relative numbers of the two armies? The truth is, General Grant never hoped for success except in overwhelming numbers. As a General he was wise, prudent and brave, and knew that the greater millstone must ultimately wear away the lesser.

Military Necessity. The refusal to exchange prisoners and the enlistment of negroes were a military necessity, and this won the fight.

The battle of Gettysburg ended on July 3, 1863. On the next day, General Lee, finding himself encumbered by many thousands of prisoners, addressed General Meade, proposing to exchange them. To this note General Meade replied by telegram to Major-General Halleck:

> A proposition made by General Lee, under flag of truce, to exchange prisoners was declined by me."
>
> (Signed) GEORGE C. MEADE,
> Major-General.
>
> Gettysburg, July 4, 10 p.m.

Was this not the day of all the days in the year, when a General, who, for three days, on inaccessible heights, with 95,000 men, had hardly held at bay an army of 65,000, should, knowing his inability to prevent General Lee marching these prisoners to Libby or Andersonville, have gladly accepted an opportunity to exchange them on the field, and thus save them from the long tramp and prison life?

In October, 1864, General Lee wrote to General Grant as follows: "To alleviate the sufferings of our soldiers, I propose the exchange of prisoners of war taken by the armies operating in Virginia, man for man, upon the basis established by the Cartel."

On the next day General Grant replied as follows: "I could not of right accept your proposition further than to exchange prisoners captured within the *last three days*, and who have not yet been delivered to the commanding General of prisoners. Among those lost by the armies around Richmond were a number of colored troops. Before further negotiations can be had upon the subject, I would ask if you propose to exchange these men the same as white soldiers?"

General Lee said, in rejoinder: "Deserters from our service, and negroes belonging to our citizens, are not considered as subjects of exchange."

Jefferson Davis in 1864, seeing the distress and death among the Union prisoners, which he had no power to avert, sent a commission of Union officers from Andersonville to Washington to present their situation to Mr. Lincoln and insist on an immediate exchange, but they failed to get an audience with Mr. Lincoln, it is believed by the influence of Mr. Stanton, and no satisfactory results were obtained. All the reasons heretofore given are subsidiary and lead up to the *one reason* in the mind of the United States Government against the exchange of prisoners.

It was set forth in General Grant's reply of April 1, 1864, in which he forbade General Butler, "To take any step by which any able-bodied man should be exchanged till further orders from him."

Taken in connection with his order to General Butler heretofore referred to, it was the enforcement of the idea of *military necessity*—that last plea of despots all over the world. Here was the wisdom and cunning of a Bismarck allied to the utter disregard of human life or suffering which characterized many of the Generals of the Dark Ages. Here was the policy of the Spanish Inquisition to murder the innocent rather than give equal advantage to the enemy.

Mr. Lincoln, in his great heart, was ready to do justice to friend and foe alike, but back of him stood Phillip II. of Spain in the person of Stanton, who said by every act, "It is better to have every Union soldier die in prison than to turn loose an equal number of Confederate prisoners."

This military necessity grew out of the fact that, whereas the South had enlisted in her armies 600,000 soldiers, the North had *only* 2,778,304 soldiers on her rolls.

Search the annals of warfare from the days of Xenophon down to this, and there cannot be found one instance where an army numerically four times as strong as its ememy has deliberately allowed its own soldiers to die in prison rather than liberate an equal number of the captured.

Without any regard to the "treatment of prisoners" by either side during the war, and it was bad enough on both sides, we ask every sane, thinking man to fix the responsibility for deaths occurring in prison where it belongs. If the South held her captives in order to persecute and tortute, she ought to be anathematized by the Nations, but if the South was always ready to give up and parole her captives, and the Union Government was not willing to receive them, because every Rebel released meant a recruit to the Southern Army, then history must affix on the United States Government its lasting condemnation.

Comrade Marsh Atkisson, Commissioner of the General Land Office at Seattle, Washington:

Enclosed I send $3 with which to pay one year's subscription for VETERAN, and give balance as "Contribution for Monument to be Erected in Honor of Samuel Davis." I notice that Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, of McKenzie, Tenn., to which I have the honor to belong, and served two terms as President, has made a contribution to the Monument Fund. Let every ex-Confederate soldier in the world, who is able to do so, make a contribution for this noble purpose—to commemorate the heroism of one of our gallant soldiers, who performed the grandest act which is possible to be done on earth —"To die for his country."

MARKSMANSHIP IN THE ARMY.

B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn., writes:

I want to ask old veterans about the best shots they saw or heard in our great war. Let sharpshooters, musketeers, cannoneers, all tell of some of the shots worth reading about. Shots that now and then turned the tide of battle perhaps. It is stated that the Texas Rangers could knock out an eye from on or under his horse. Quantrell's men, they say, could cut a ribbon or strike a keyhole on a dead run. They used to entertain themselves shooting at doorknobs on entering a hamlet or town. Champ Ferguson's Company of Confederate Bushwhackers could place a ball at any given point, and his antagonists, Tinker Dave Beatty's Company, were cracksmen of the mountains equally good. How was it with the old squirrel hunters of the armies? Bogardus is said to be the crack shot of to-day at close distance in civil life, but I want the VETERAN to have in its pages, for the future historian, some examples of the marksmanship of soldiers in action, who had no improved weapons, but who learned to use an old musket with the skill of a "Wild Bill," and the unerring aim of a Boone. Instances speak more forcibly of the perfection attained in this art than anything else. Here is one related of Porter's Battery at Fort Donelson: A sharpshooter, about three fourths of a mile off on the Federal side, had climbed midway a large tree and was picking off Porter's gunners. A six pounder was aimed at him and he fell to the ground dead. At Belmont, Maj. Stewart (afterwards Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart), who commanded the forts and water batteries, directed the famous gun, known on the Southern side as "The Lady Polk," at a column headed by a horseman, who afterwards turned out to be General Grant. These shots turned the tide of that battle, and caused the Federals to retreat to their gunboats.

At Rocky Face Ridge, near Dalton, John King of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, raised his telescope to his Whitworth, and dismounted an officer commanding a skirmish line a mile away. Generals Johnston and Stewart estimated the distance for him and saw the shot. It is said that Captain Anderson, of Quantrell's men, would, in a charge, take his bridle reins in his mouth and use his pistols in both hands, to perfection. They claim for him such coolness under fire that he could strike any button on a man's coat that he wanted to. At Adairsville, two Yanks behind a tree got one of our skirmishers in a similar position. When his body by his movements would appear out from the center, they'd fire and shoot his coat sides, until that garment was in shreds. Notwithstanding this, that old soldier watched his chance, and finally, in an unguarded moment killed both, and coolly said: "Now, I reckon you'll quit your foolishness." At Resaca, Brown's Brigade displayed fine marksmanship over a disputed battery that both sides were trying to hold, but neither could get away. The Federals would raise a hat from behind their breastworks on a stick, and the Brigade would shoot it into atoms. On the march to Tennessee, a herd of frightened deer rushed through French's Division; several were killed while at full tilt, on the jump and run, although the Division was in panic with "Buck Ague." Some of John Morgan's boys could get a bird on the wing with pistols, and this was not uncommon with the Arkansas, Missouri and Texas soldiers.

In the First Tennessee Regiment at Shelbyville, in 1863, a target in the shape of a man was put up at 800 yards, and a medal was offered for the best five shots; Wm. Beasly, of Ledbetter's Company, put three shots out of the five in the target, any one of which would have proved fatal. He not only got the medal, but was detailed as one of the five in his division to sharpshoot with a Whitworth. One of Ward's pickets, in John Morgan's Cavalry, near Monticello, Ky., one dark drizzly night heard an awful rustling in the leaves near him; he was in Tinker Dave Beatty's beat, and this sound raised the hair on his head. He hallooed out, "Who comes there?" There being no answer, he fired and fled. The next morning it was found that at this shot he had fired at the sound had pierced a hog through the heart, killing him "too dead to squeal." At New Hope Church, a Texas Brigade (Granbury's) rushed for a hill on our flank; they poured one volley into a Federal Brigade, which had just reached the crest, and their unerring aim left seven hundred and seventy bodies on the field.

The secret of marksmanship is not in the practice alone, but in the perception and education as to distance. At Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain we found that we invariably overshot the enemy from high eminences, and that they in the valley overshot us. It takes judgment from position and experience as to the inflection and deflection of a ball from the force that propels it to perfect one in this science. One day near Kennesaw Mountain, the writer witnessed three Federal Batteries playing on one of ours, endeavoring to silence it. They shot down the horses, cut down the wheels of caissons and carriages, and were so expert in marksmanship that every gun but one was dismounted. The killing of Gen. Polk at Pine Mountain was an exhibition of marksmanship on the part of the Federals. At Stevenson, Ala., Gen. Forrest sighted a man on top of a stockade, half a mile off; he seemed to be so defiant, 'tis said that Forrest dismounted, got hold of one of Morton's pieces of artillery and took aim; he cut that man half in two. At Shiloh, the Twenty-third Tennessee, in resisting a charge, poured a volley into the enemy. At this time there was a Major on horseback in hot pursuit, some distance ahead; although the whole of Captain J. A. Ridley's Company fired on him, yet one of the soldiers of said Company alone claimed to have killed him. The Company challenged his right. The soldier said: "If you find that the ball entered under the right arm pit, he's mine; if not, I'll give it up." On investigation, the shot was found there. Abbe Hill, also a sharpshooter from the Twentieth Tennessee, made a fine shot at Decatur, Ala., in cutting a soldier down as he walked across a road 800 yards away. Also, Green, of Florida, from behind the same log killed a man 1,200 yards off. In the estimate, he had to consider the speed of his walk as well as distance.

At Ringgold Gap, the well directed shots of Cleburne's Division beat back and mowed down Sherman's Army and saved the Army of Tennessee. That was General Pat Cleburne's great fight, the Major General who was afterwards killed at Franklin, and who died the "death of honor in the arms of glory." At Bainbridge, the gunboats made a desperate attempt to strike Hood's pontoons and impede the crossing of the Army of Tennessee. Our land batteries knocked those gunboats into smithereens. During the siege of Vicksburg, one of the Yankee Signal Corps planted himself on a high stack chimney, and was signaling with his flag. Sam Rayburne, of Montserrat's Battery, got permission from the Captain to direct one shot at him, the distance being estimated at one mile. At the crack of his Napoleon, the ball knocked the chimney off eight or ten feet, and down came the Yank, brickbats and all.

Nor was our Naval Department behind. It is said in the engagement between the Confederate steamer Alabama and the Federal steamer Kearsarge that Admiral Semmes directed a shell to be placed in the most vulnerable place in the Kearsarge. It turned out afterwards that his gunner had done as directed, and if the shell had exploded, the Alabama would have added another star to her already brilliant crown of victory. The little Battering Ram Arkansas was the grandest achievement in the way of a gunboat that the world has ever witnessed, absolutely baffling an organized fleet. Neither Decatur in his feat of burning the Philadelphia on Tripolitan shores, in 1804, nor Capt. Richard Somers in his dare-devil attempts to blow up the Tripolitan fleet, was more daring than Capt. Isaac Newton Brown, Commander of the Ram Arkansas, in his drive out of the mouth of the Yazoo, thirty miles to Vicksburg, to destroy Uncle Sam's Navy.

In a number of the VETERAN, an article from some one states how effective the sharpshooters were in Lee's Army; but instances attract an old soldier, and a comparison between the old dead shots of the armies and the pretended headlights of to-day in that line, is the most interesting. Veritable facts during the war almost equal Munchausen's myths.

At Harrisburg, Mississippi, just after the battle —Morton's Battery sighted a Yankee one and a quarter miles off, ascending a ladder from the roadside. Capt. Morton directed a gunner to pick him off. At the crack of the gun, the ladder and the fellow came down. It was discovered afterwards that he was prowling around a widow's corn crib. At Paris landing, before Johnsonville was destroyed —a gunboat approaching, two guns of this same battery open fire. The boat in motion—guns changing position. Boat over shooting and the guns striking in the broadside all the time until she handed in her checks.

At Nashville, Gen. Hood, Stephen D. Lee and a group of general officers were on Ridley Hill, two miles south of Fort Negley. A citizen warned us that they would attract a fire from Negley. By the time they moved down the hill a shell exploded on the spot that they had left.

At Athens, after Campbell surrendered the fort of 1,800 men to Forrest (bluff game), a Dutchman commanding a block house filled full of negro soldiers refused to surrender to Morton's Battery. The first shot struck a port-hole, killing a number. The second shot did likewise—the third brought out the Dutchman with the white flag.

[An article from Lee's Army in February.—ED.]

TRUTH OF HISTORY.

W. Gart Johnson, Orlando, Fla.: The article of J. B. Polley, in the October VETERAN, is calculated —as the boys say—to "bring on more talk." Who saved the army at the Wilderness? In the first place, it was not lost. In the second place—for the sake of argument—if it was, no one regiment or brigade can claim that honor.

As I understand it, the VETERAN is the medium through which we, who were on the ground, and personally participated in the great struggle, may communicate the incidents as we saw them, and thus bring out the truth of history.

Mr. Cayce was unfortunate in saying that two Mississippi regiments saved the army at the Wilderness; and Mr. Polley is equally unfortunate in giving that credit to the Texas brigade.

If Mr. Polley will take the trouble to examine the VETERAN of July, 1893, he will see an article headed "Barksdale Humphreys Miss. Brigade," in which the author, in describing the movements of that brigade on that memorable morning of May, '64, uses almost identically the same language he himself does in telling the movements of the Texas brigade.

Our brigade had done some good fighting before that, but I thought we rather reached the climax on that occasion. My own company lost one lieutenant and sixteen men killed and wounded out of thirty-four in about five minutes. I think the other companies and regiments suffered likewise. In that dense thicket we got all mixed up with the Georgians and the South Carolinians, and every fellow seemed to be doing his best. So I concluded we all had a hand in making Mr. Grant get out of the Wilderness. And I still think we ought to "kinder divide up" the honors. Seems to me it would look better in print, and I think it would accord better with the facts.

"BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS."—R. J. Dew, Trenton, Tenn.: Comrades, we hear so much these latter days about the great battle above the clouds, that I am anxious to read a true account by some comrade who was on Lookout Mountain and knows the facts. We are all aware of the fact that Gen. Hooker maneuvered and carried Lookout. We could see the whole thing from afar. Our command, Cheatham's Tennesseans, being at the time stationed on Missionary Ridge. What command was it up there, and what was the Confederate loss in killed, wounded and missing? I am impressed that our force was small. Am I mistaken? It has been a long time (thirty-three years), and we are forgetful. Now, who will treat us to the true story of that "Battle Above the Clouds?"

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

The movement inaugurated two months ago to erect a monument to the memory of Samuel Davis, the Confederate scout whose honor and whose courage in submitting to an ignominious death before he would reveal a secret involving his word—and by the manner of which act put to grief the United States Army encamped about Pulaski, Tenn., on that eventful, fatal day, Nov. 27, 1863—is the theme above all others with the VETERAN.

It asks the consideration of the men who were his fellow Confederates, of the women who toiled and prayed for success of the cause; it asks the earnest co-operation of their Sons and Daughters individually and collectively; it asks the co-operation of the Union Veterans, to whom indebtedness is freely admitted, for the inspiration that his career gives; aye, it asks the co-operation of every American, and of every man and woman who believes in truth, honor and Christianity to study the character and example set by this young man.

We comrades, under the flag that he honored, may now well look at life as a sentiment. All else fades and disappears. Many of us have to labor hard for every dollar that comes into our possession, and there are ever pressing demands upon us.

True, a monument to Samuel Davis the third of a century after he certainly was called to a higher, holier sphere, can do him no good, but for our comfort, and as an example in honor for the greatest sacrifice ever made, the extraordinary circumstances considered, let us construct a memorial and have our names enrolled as contributors. Let us thereby testify our sincerest admiration and affection for a private Confederate soldier who stood firmer than "the boy stood on the burning deck," and with a heart in deepest heaviness cried in his anguish at the charge of being a "spy" and the execrable gallows, but who midst it all, against earnest pleading in the black night of death, stood firm in his tracks, remembering the holiness of truth and of honor, and as the tempter appealed again in behalf of his liberty and restoration to his command, where he would not have had to suffer alone, he had the Christian courage to declare that his word was of greater value than his life, and so went to his God.

Many a man has given his life for his country, and loyal as was young Davis in this dark period, when it seemed that the cause of his people would be lost, he still maintained his honor, given in his word and to it he was firm exactly after divinity.

Tennessee has the honor of this perfect hero, it being here that he was born and here that he died, but this appeal comes from a source regarding the entire South and her faithful people as sharing alike in his glory. Let the top line of his epitaph be

SAMUEL DAVIS, AN AMERICAN,

the next should be that he was a faithful and and

A TRUE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER.

Blank notes will be sent, payable July 1, 1896, to any who will subscribe, and to those who will solicit subscribers. The writer would like the tribute of a simple granite block, when dead, with the words, "Founder of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN," but he pleads for this tribute to the greatest man of the war. Let us, comrades, see that a worthy monument is built, and take the matter in hand NOW.

Ever since the VETERAN became established, the editor has felt that if he ever achieved enough through its influence to make comrades and Southerners anxious to honor him, he would ask their contributions for a monument to his Brigadier General O. F. Strahl, killed at Franklin, but this theme *to crown a private soldier* who had not the unavoidable ambition of an officer, who had only the motive of faith to his word and honor induces a surrender of other aspirations for the time. It cannot be more gratifying to receive money for the VETERAN than to this most worthy cause.

With pathetic anxiety to print just what ought to be on this subject, and no more, the appeal is earnest that all who are moved by it co-operate at once. Notes payable July '96, gives abundant time so that thousands can act at once. Such co-operation as could be given in thirty days would be an honor to the Southern people and to all others who may want to co-operate with them.

Since the above has been in type much additional thought has been given the subject and the conclusion is clear that it is not well to prolong the plea in succeeding numbers, for all who have read the wonderful story know its merits, and if they intend to co-operate they can do so at once. On the note plan they can do what they intend. Let every one who will join in this sacred cause write for blank notes during this January. On the next and succeeding pages the cause is renewed carefully. The father, mother and grand-mother, whose pictures are given, rest in the same enclosure with the true soldier and true man, under an Italian marble shaft. There are no other graves at the place. Efforts have been futile for years to secure his picture.

An embarrassing and a ludicrous error occurred in the December VETERAN by crediting the address of Mrs. Judge Clopton of Alabama to Mrs. C. Helen J. Plane of Atlanta. Mrs. Clopton is the eminent lady who added to the fame of Clement C. Clay and who has maintained distinction as wife and widow of Judge Clopton. This is a final note for the January VETERAN. It was delayed in the hope of procuring the address of Mrs. Plane—which created a profound and patriotic sensation on Daughters Day at the Atlanta Exposition.

Hon. James D. Richardson of Murfreesboro, Tenn., has presented a bill in Congress looking to the establishment of a National Military Park to include the battle ground of Murfreesboro or Stones River and the National Cemetery there.

This movement ought to meet with universal approval if any other National Parks upon the battlefields of the South are to be established. The historic worth of the place, to the arms of both sides, the accessibility, the natural advantages and the evident economy to the Government in the purchase, argue well for this patriotic movement.

Many readers will be surprised at the denial of statement in last VETERAN that the building on $20 Confederate note on its title page is not that of the Tennessee Capitol. It is so much like it that but one reader has written about it. This matter will have attention next month.

St. Louis comrades have inaugurated active methods to prevail upon United Confederate Veterans to have their reunion in that city in 1897. Baltimore is ahead, having gone to Houston equipped with beautiful souvenirs and made a plea for that splendid city in 1897. Their special argument for next year is that it will be their centennial. Members of the Baltimore committee weakened their cause by advocating Richmond for this year, as it would bring the two reunions so nearly to the same locality.

The present Congress of the United States has shown a very patriotic spirit in repealing proscriptive legislation against the men who fought in Confederate armies. It is well. If they had done it thirty years ago, and other matters of State had been done likewise, there would have been better results already than can be expected in the future.

Kerrville Encampment, U. C. V. No. 699, at Kerrville, Texas, has seventy-six members, R. H. Colvin, Commander; G. W. Colvin, Adjutant; Z. I. Williams, Quartermaster. Meetings are held the last Saturday in each month. VETERAN interests are well represented by Comrade D. G. Horne.

Dr. J. A. Wyeth of New York City adds to a subscription letter: "I will contribute fifty dollars to the Sam Davis Statue in Nashville."

The Chicago Tribune sent out this sagacious suggestion upon the Venezuela question, in which war with Great Britain is threatened:

"To the Confederate Soldier! Johnny, get your gun!"

A gentleman living far away from Nashville treasures in memory one of the inscriptions upon the Confederate monument here: "It is the magnanimous verdict of mankind that he who lays down his life for a cause he deems just is a hero."

A Chicago lady who was much interested in the Confederate relics in the Atlanta Exposition, seemed saddened at the lack of care given the old uniforms, and said: "Union bullets were more considerate of them than Southern moths."

Vivid accounts of the Union soldiers homage to Sam Davis when his body was brought home and buried and the experience of his sister-in-law are to be in the next VETERAN.

An omitted note about Capt. H. I. Smith, whose pathetic tribute to Samuel Davis in December VETERAN, is that he was a Captain in the Seventh Iowa Veteran Infantry, that he is a member of C. H. Huntley Post 42, G. A. R., Society of Army of the Tennessee, and that he belongs to the medal of honor legion. All honor to heroes of the Union who have the heart to pay such tribute to Confederates!

Captain Smith was not at the execution out of curiosity. It was the sad assignment of his command to be on duty there.

At a regular meeting of the Daviess County Confederate Association, held in Owensboro, Ky., Dec. 20, 1895, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, viz.:

"Resolved, That the Daviess County Confederate Association recommends to the members, and to all lovers of truthful history, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, and we appoint Comrade J. H. Bozarth agent for the same."

C. N. PENDLETON, Sec.

Such commendation is ever pleasing, but this is more. It is gratifying that comrades so enterprising and exacting for the truth's sake give such hearty endorsement and commendation to the work of the VETERAN. C. H.

The Lucy Minton Otey Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy at Lynchburg is in a prosperous condition. Mrs. Norvell Otey Scott is President and Miss Ruth Jennings the Secretary. Nine new members were reported at the meeting of November 23rd.

THE SPONSOR SOUVENIR ALBUM,

Which has been advertised splendidly in the VETERAN, is the most elaborately illustrated book that ever came to this office. There must be one thousand Southern beauties in it.

Send to the Sponsor Souvenir Company, Houston, Texas, $3.00 or $4.00, or get clubs of subscribers to the VETERAN for it. For ten subscriptions and $10.00 the $3.00 book will be sent, or thirteen subscriptions with as many dollars sent during February and the finest edition will be sent.

CHICAGO MONUMENT SOUVENIR.

Gen. John C. Underwood has about completed the preparation of a magnificent volume which is to report proceedings incident to the erection and dedication of the Confederate Monument; reception and entertainment of distinguished Southern Generals at the banquet at Cincinnati, and the greeting at Fort Thomas, Ky.

This is perhaps the handsomest volume of its kind ever published. In nearly every instance there are two pictures of the General or other person; one an etching at war time age, and the other a modern photo engraving of the finest possible quality.

The expense of this work is so great that the author is not taking the risk of a large edition. The VETERAN commends it unstintedly and urges every friend who desires a copy to order it at once. The price is but $2.50, and that includes the stamping of the name in gold on front page of cover. Gen. Underwood richly merits orders from thousands. If the book is not ordered quickly it cannot be procured at any price.

It will be sent with the VETERAN subscription for $3, but will have to be ordered immediately.

The monument to Second Minnesota Infantry in Chickamauga Park eclipses all others.

This regiment went into the battle with 384 men, had thirty-four killed, 114 wounded, and fourteen were sent off on detail. "There was not a man unaccounted for." The motto of "Old Hickory"—"The Union, it must and shall be preserved"—is engraved upon it.

Another handsome monument there is to the Sixty-fourth Ohio Infantry which was organized by John Sherman.

The monuments tell of the fighting qualities of the Confederates in that terrible battle. The Sixteenth United States Infantry had nineteen officers, 289 men, and lost in killed and wounded, fourteen officers and 187 men.

The 15th United States Infantry, with fourteen officers and 262 men, lost eight officers and 158 men.

In the Eighteenth United States Infantry 587 men were engaged, and lost over half, as follows: killed, forty-five; wounded, 159; missing, ninety-one.

THE LATE DR. JAMES A. RIDLEY.

James Clayton, Murfreesboro, Tenn.: Being familiar with the military record of the late Dr. James A. Ridley, and knowing him to have been a patriot and soldier, I wish publicly to add my testimony to his worth. For a long time I was associated with him, the gallant James Neal and Col. Richard H. Keeble, as messmates. In every battle from Shiloh to Chickamauga, the tall form of the noble Captain Ridley could be seen always leading that band of gallant soldiers.

After the battle of Chickamauga the regiment was sent with General Longstreet to Virginia, but Captain Ridley, being afflicted with rheumatism, went to his sister's house in Georgia, and remained there until he was again able to assume his duties as a soldier, when he joined the First Tennessee Regiment, in which he had a favorite nephew. He remained with that regiment, where he was in the front ranks at every battle, from Mission Ridge to the close of the war. My long and intimate acquaintance and close relations with him, in the army and since the war, gave me opportunities to know him well, and it affords me pleasure to say of him that he was an accomplished gentleman, as brave a man and soldier as ever espoused the cause of his beloved country, or drew a sword in defense of its rights.

In connection with Comrade Clayton's tribute, the extraordinary fact should be recorded that after going through the battles as described, he was active as physician and surgeon on the battle field, doing what he could to alleviate pains of the wounded.

REBEL YELL AT CHICKAMAUGA.

In a very entertaining address to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac upon the great battle of Chickamauga, Dr. W. J. McMurray stated: "When the struggle had been to the death for quite a while, and many had met it, the Confederates saw light ahead and then with shot and shell they overwhelmed the confused and terror stricken ranks of Rosecran's magnificent army, as it retreated in the direction of Chattanooga.

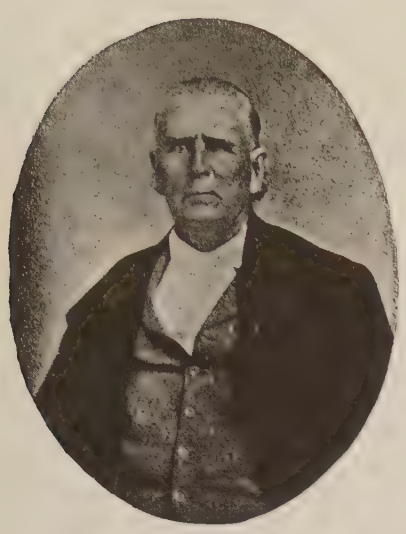
"When this was done there was a Rebel yell that went up from Bragg's Army, the like of which has never been heard before nor since on this earth. The mountains and valleys seemed to take it up and echo it and re-echo it, as if the thunder of the great mountains was giving praise to the great God of battles for this grand victory."

Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky., would like to hear from any member of Captain Roddy's Company, 37th Tennessee Infantry.

Rev. A. T. Goodloe contributes ten dollars from sales of his books through the VETERAN for the monument. Order it and help the cause.

Dr. S. W. Brown, Waverly, Mo., reports the organization of Camp John Percival, No. 711, at that place, with H. J. Galbraith as Commander.

THE THREE WHO ARE BURIED WITH SAMUEL DAVIS, NEAR SMYRNA, TENN.



CHAS. LOUIS DAVIS—FATHER.

MRS. JANE SIMMONS DAVIS—MOTHER.

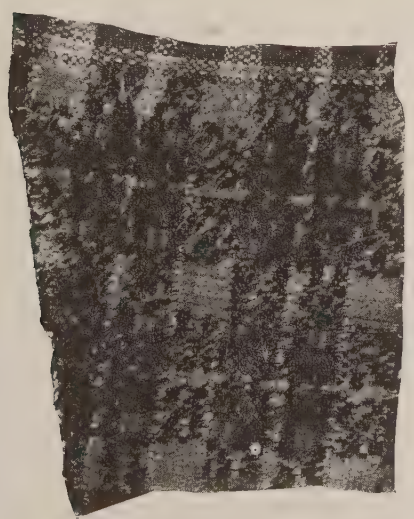
MRS. SIMMONS—PATERNAL GRANDMOTHER.

Samuel Davis rests by a handsome monument erected by his sorrowing father, back of the little garden at the old home. The parents are under the sod in the same enclosure, but there should be a monument in the most prominent spot in Tennessee, so grand that people passing will ask about it, and where all of the population will know to tell in brief the story of his noble life.

Under the bold heading "Kept His Word," and "even unto death the Confederate boy was faithful," the Cincinnati Enquirer states:

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is engaged in a noble work in its effort to have a monument erected to the young hero, Sam Davis, who died the death of a spy rather than betray a secret that would have saved his life, but doomed another to the same death. Sam Davis was a special agent for General Bragg, and he had obtained valuable information given him in confidence, and on the promise that he would never betray the source of his information.

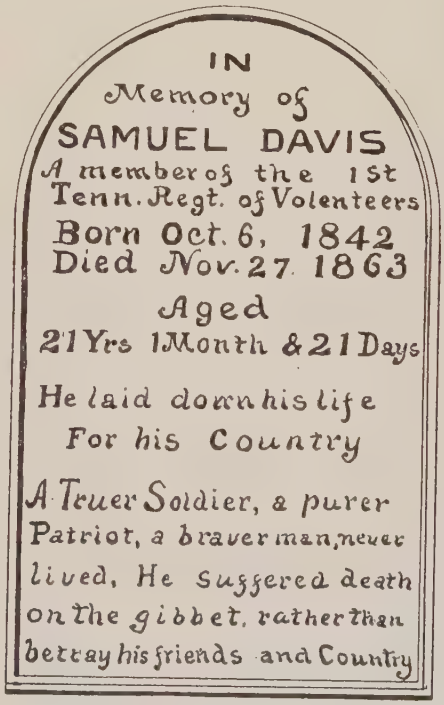
* * * * *



PIECE OF SAMUEL DAVIS' VEST.

His life and a safe escort into the Confederate lines were promised to him if he would give the name of the informer, but he chose to die instead. He was but a boy, and the temptation must have been powerful. But he was a hero. No marble shaft or statue in bronze towers over the dust of a nobler life than that of this fair-haired stripling who kept his faith and his honor, and died rather than break a promise.

Hon. C. H. Bailey, Clarksville, Tenn.: At a meeting of Forbes Bivouac held to-day, I brought the matter of the Sam Davis Monument to their attention, after a hearty endorsement on the part of each member who addressed it, a motion by J. L. Lockert was unanimously carried, appropriating $25.00, and the choice of location was Capitol Hill Nashville. There was also a committee appointed to solicit contributions from the citizens to the Sam Davis Fund.



Nashville Banner: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is making strong appeals in behalf of its movement to erect a monument to the memory of the hero-martyr, Samuel Davis, the young Confederate soldier who gave up his life rather than betray a trust. Mr. Cunningham, of the VETERAN, has entered with all earnestness in this cause and there should be a general and generous response.

The press generally commends the movement.

W. H. PORCH. JOHN G. DAVIS, ROBERT F. COTTON,
WM. ROBERTS, SAM ROBERTS, CAPT. H. B. SHAW, J. M. SHUTE, GEO. D. HUGHES.

Hon. J. E. Washington, M. C., of Tennessee: I heartily approve of your undertaking. It is most laudable, and I sincerely hope that your noble appeal will meet with such a hearty and generous response that a handsome and appropriate monument will soon be a reality—a thing to worthily perpetuate the memory of a brave and heroic man. There can be no more heroic act than to voluntarily lay down one's life, that a principle may live. I cheerfully enclose my check for the fund.

Gen. Joseph Wheeler, M. C., from Alabama: I recollect very well the circumstances attending the death of young Samuel Davis. You are doing a noble work. I enclose my mite.

Judge L. B. Hall, Dixon, Ky., in remitting subscription, sends a dollar to the monument fund, and votes "Nashville, Tenn.," as the place to erect same, as a greater number of people would see it there, and be reminded of the virtuous manhood of him to whom it is erected. Laud his name and memory to the world, for such traits of character; Judge Hall was at the Chickamauga Park's dedication, and is gratified with the addresses of Bate, Walthall and Oates. His regiment, the Eighth Kentucky, was there under Forrest. His company went into the war 116 strong, but at the last roll call there were but nine.

Col. A. T. Gay sends four subscriptions, and adds: Also Young County Camp No. 127, U. C. V., at Graham, Texas, sends $5 to aid in building a monument to perpetuate the memory of the noble deeds and sad fate of Samuel Davis, whose illustrious and conspicuous example—such as never before adorned and illuminated the annals of history—is an honor to the soldiers of our Sunny South. Private as he was, in the bloom of his youth, with loved ones at home, and everything to live for, he said he had rather die a thousand deaths than commit one dishonorable act. He belonged to the Confederacy and was a perfect type of Southern manhood. My Camp says build the Monument on the Capitol grounds in Nashville, near the South entrance to the State Capitol. I know the chivalrous sons and soldiers of Tennessee will not object, but if this can't be done, then build it in Richmond, Va., near the Monument of Jefferson Davis, that the two may unite in honoring the cause they served so well. He concludes, "trusting that it will be built and that the CONFEDERATE VETERAN will live forever."

The above group represents Capt. Shaw—known as "Coleman"—and seven of his men. The one standing in rear and center of Dr. Shaw is an older brother of Samuel Davis. This picture was taken soon after the war—in 1867. Captain Shaw and John Davis were killed by an explosion on steam boat owned by Davis and his father.

It is doubtful if any picture of Samuel Davis will ever be procured. He was vigorously rigid in ex-

acting justice. At school he would interfere with boys getting advantage of smaller ones, and he would catch and hold a larger boy that the smaller might avenge wrong doing.

He maintained this principle of fairness even to parental disobedience. He was so devoted to his senior brother John, for instance, that he refused to come to school at Nashville, unless both could come. It resulted so seriously that he left home and remained until the father sent for him. A compromise of the matter was effected by John going to Franklin College while he came to the State University.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 24, 1895: My mother once entertained Samuel Davis at her home during the war. When, a few months later, she heard of his tragic death, her heart was touched with deepest sorrow and grief. She often told me he was one of the most attractive and winsome young men she had ever seen, and she never ceased during life to mourn his sad fate. After my return from the war and subsequent exile, in 1868, oftentimes, with tears in her eyes and soul oppressed with grief, she told me the circumstances attending her acquaintance with him. He deserves a monument in recognition of his heroic courage—none surpassed his. He gave his life, not only for the cause of his country, but also in the discharge of honorable obligations to those with whom he came in contact. I send my mite. The Confederates of his native State (Tennessee) ought to designate the location where shall be erected the stone to commemorate the splendor and grandeur of his character. He gave all he had—his life; none could have done more and, in so doing, glorified Southern manhood.

V. Y. Cook, Elmo, Ark.: I enclose $2.00 to apply to Sam Davis Monument Fund.

He was a patriot in the real sense, and died for a principle worthy of any honorable sacrifice. The principle and not the mode of dying made the sacred consecration, and its true patriotism is entitled to reward here on earth. Surviving Confederates and their friends owe his memory a monument.

The now venerable G. W. Petway, of Pulaski, had the opportunity, and improved it, to visit Samuel Davis while in jail at Pulaski, previous to his execution. His recollections of the occasion have been requested for the VETERAN, and in a brief letter of January 9, he states:

"I was cashier of the Branch of the Planters' Bank. The bank was in possession of the commissary department, and only one room of my residence, in rear of the bank, was allotted to my family. Provisions were to be had only through the commissary and, under the circumstances, I was forced to board some of the officers. Among them were two Methodist preachers, I. Teter and T. Audus, Chaplains. Davis had just been captured, tried and sentenced to die. Much excitement prevailed and sympathy in his behalf was general. Mine was deeply stirred and, procuring access to the jail, which was closely guarded, only through one of these officers, I suggested to Teter, who was in sympathy with Davis, that we visit him and offer such spiritual comfort as was possible to a man under sentence of death. Permission was granted us. We found him sitting on the floor of his cell, which was too dark to reveal his features distinctly or to read to him. I can't recall the conversation I had with him further than his reply to a question as to his spiritual condition. With tears streaming down his face, he said: "I don't fear death, but it makes me mad to think that I am to die as a spy—I am not a spy." I made some comment on the spirit evinced by his words, "it makes me mad," but don't remember his reply. After praying with him, I left, deeply impressed by the interview, that he possessed the elements of greatness—of a brave, generous and self-sacrificing patriotism.

Col. J. H. McDowell, Union City, Tenn: I enclose one dollar for the Sam Davis Monument. Every Confederate soldier should feel it a duty and honor, to aid in erecting a monument in memory of a comrade whose unsurpassed heroism, integrity and high sense of honor caused him to deliberately die the death of a martyr rather than divulge a secret confided to him. * * *

Let it be erected at our State Capital, where visiting thousands may drink of the inspiration that his memory gives.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE SAMUEL DAVIS MONUMENT.

Reported in December VETERAN, $399.25.
M. H. Nelson, Hopkinsville, Ky., $1.
Gen. Joe Wheeler, Washington, D. C., $1.
Capt. H. I. Smith, Mason City, Iowa, $1.
John Ingram Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn., $5.60.
Daviess County Con. Vet. Ass'n, Owensboro, Ky., $6 55.
Judge L. B. Hall, Dixon, Ky., $1.
Dr. W. D. Mims, Cockrum, Miss., $1.
Marsh Atkisson, Seattle, Wash, $2.
W. M. Street, Murfreesboro, $1.
H. J. Street, Upton, Ky., $1.
J. M Arnold, Newport, Ky., $1.
W. S. Duckworth, Nashville, $1.
J. C. Neilson, Cherokee, Miss., $1.
R. M. Knox, Pine Bluff, Ark., $5.
J. H. McDowell, Union City, Tenn., $1.
T. A. Russell, Warrior, Ala, $1.
W. H. Pierce, Collinsville, Ala., $1.
Col Bennett Young, Louisville, Ky., $5.
Capt. J. T. Smith, Marion, Ark., $1.
Robert Walker, Sherman, Tex., $1.
D. Z. Goodlett, Jacksonville, Ala., $2.
Roland Gooch, Nevada, Tex., $1.
J. H. Rudy, Owensboro, Ky., $1.
H. Ashbrook, St. Louis, Mo., $1.
G. N. Albright, W. A. Ross, Alonzo Gilliam, Stanton, Tenn., 50 cts each; L. C. Newman, H. M. Nash, J. W. Murnan, G Schafer, J. T Coppedge, J. K. Gibson, Stanton, Tenn, 25 cts each.
W. T. Thomas, Cumb. City, Tenn., $1.
Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky., $1.
D. L. Durrett, Springfield, Tenn., $1.
Bailey Hatler, Bolivar, Mo., $1.
J. T. Cargile & Leonard Johnson, Morrisville, Mo., each send 50 cents additional, $1.
S. G. Jenkins, Nolensville, Tenn., $1.
A C. Gordon, McKenzie, Tenn., $1.
Geo. W. Wright, McKenzie, Tenn., $1.
W W. Heron, McKenzie, Tenn., $1.
Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn., $1.
Dr. F. P. Lewis, Coalburg, Ala., $1.
Young County Camp, Graham, Tex., $5.
Wm. Montgomery, Arrow, Tenn., $1.
E. S. Mallory, Jackson, Tenn., $1.
Rev. A. T. Goodloe, Station Camp, Tenn., $10.
Cash, (E T.,) Nashville, $1.
J. E. Davis, West Point, Miss, $1.
Paul D. Cunningham, Mexican Border, $1.
W. T. Davis, Nashville, $1.
J. Ryan, Chicago, Ill., $5,
C S. Hayes, Mineola, Tex., $1.
E. H. Welburn, Nashville, $1.
J. A. Templeton, Jacksonville, Tex., $1
Dr. J. A. Wyeth, New York, $50.
Total Amount, $529 40.

Later the entire list of subscriptions will appear in the VETERAN from all who send $1 00 or over. Remember certificates of shares will be issued to all who pay as much as one dollar. Let all who are raising funds report as soon as practicable.

UNITED CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

Since the meeting in Atlanta of the Daughters from the various States that were Confederate, the sentiment for general organization as it is with the soldier veterans, assures that with 'proper direction of energies the United Daughters of the Confederacy will be of great usefulness.

Mrs. John C. Brown, of Nashville, the President —widow of the gallant General, who was after the war prominent in Councils of State, a Governor of Tennessee, and who was eminently efficient in the railroad development of Texas—enters upon her responsible duties with business sagacity and zeal.

Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., the Vice President, labors without ceasing in the cause. To her indefatigable energy the life of the organization may be attributed. This assertion is made with due deference to many other workers in the cause. Of the other officials mention may be expected hereafter. Each one of them was selected with confidence in her zeal and capacity.

The VETERAN attaches the highest importance to the organization, and will give space and labor without stint to its permanent establishment.

The next meeting will occur in Nashville during the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and it is expected that many Chapters will be added to the organization before that time.

Request is made in this connection for a report of every Chapter that has been organized, with names of President and Secretary.

Texas illustrates what may be done by the Daughters. In March, 1894, Mrs. J. R. Currie called a meeting of the Dallas ladies, asking those who felt an interest to organize as Daughters of the Confederacy, "The prime object then being to secure a worthy resting place for Confederate heroes."

The call was responded to unanimously and in a short time three hundred ladies were organized.

Each member was assessed one dollar to be paid annually, and each agreed to use her best endeavor to increase its membership.

The membership dues were to be used only for organization or burial purposes. And all money coming in from non-residents of Dallas to be used as the ladies deem best, to form a monument fund. The officers are: President, Mrs. J. R. Currie; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. C. Myers and Mrs. Travis Hensley; Treasurer, Mrs. J. S. Miller; and Secretary, Mrs. Sallie Cabell Lewis. Officers are elected annually. The Secretary writes that no stone has been left unturned to make their efforts a success, "and now, after a little more than a year's labor, we have, as a reward, deposited in the National Exchange Bank of Dallas fully five thousand dollars, and with bright expectations in the near future for its increase.

"It is our earnest desire to complete arrangements so as to be able to receive bids for our proposed monument as early as June next, and as speedily as possible thereafter to place in the City Park of Dallas a fitting token of the esteem we Southern women bear for the 'Lost Cause." At the last Dallas Fair on Confederate Day, which was a great success, the most charming feature of the entertainment was the singing of Mrs. L. L. Jester.

MRS. L. L. JESTER.

Every member of the Daughters should become interested in the general organization. Copies of VETERAN containing the constitution will be sent from this office for the asking. The officers, in addition to the President and Vice President, are Mrs. I. M. Clark, Nashville, and Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Secretaries. Mrs. Lottie Preston Clarke, Lynchburg, Va., is Treasurer.

The following list of Chapters has been reported in the order that they were chartered:

No. 1. Nashville, Tenn., Mrs. Jno. Overton.
No. 2. Savannah, Ga., Mrs. L. H. Raines.
No. 3. Charleston, S. C. Mrs. A. T. Smythe.
No. 4. Wilmington, N. C., Mrs. E. H. Parsley.
No. 5. Jackson, Tenn., Mrs. R. A. Allison.
No. 6. Dallas, Texas, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie.
No. 7. Alexandria, Va., Mrs. Philip Yeatman.
No. 8. Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Louisa Wigfall Wright.
No. 9. Warrenton, Va., Miss Mary A. Smith.
No. 10. Lynchburg, Va., Mrs. Norvell Otey Scott.
No. 11. Appomattox, Va., ————.
No. 12. Lexington, Ky., Mrs. C. L. Brady.
No. 13. Gallatin, Tenn., Mrs. I. F. Wilson.
No. 14. Franklin, Tenn., Miss Susie Gentry.
No. 15, South Pittsburg, Tenn., Mrs. Will E. Carter.

No. 16. Fayetteville, Tenn., Mrs. F. Z. Metcalfe.
No. 17. Galveston, Texas, Mrs. H. L. Ballinger.
No. 18. Atlanta, Ga., Mrs. C. Helen Plane.
No. 19. Jacksonville, Fla., Mrs. M. C. Draysdale.
No. 20. Washington, D. C., ————.
No. 21. Norfolk, Va., Mrs. Fannie J. Leigh.
No. 22. Augusta, Ga., Mrs. Ida Evans Eve.
No. 23. Covington, Ga., Mrs. V. B. Conyers.

Mrs. John Overton of Nashville, Tenn., President of Chapter No. 1, calls for a meeting of delegates from all Tennessee Chapters to meet here. January 28, '96, for the purpose of organizing a State Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Executive Committee of the Rouss Memorial Committee expects to hold a session in Nashville at that time, and other matters of much importance to Tennessee Confederates are to be considered and a large delegation of Daughters throughout the State is urgently requested.

The Georgia State Division will meet in Augusta, February 4th, for the purpose of framing Constitution, By-Laws, etc., for State work. The committee selected to present these papers is composed of the following ladies:

Mrs. L. H. Raines, Savannah; Mrs. Hattie Gould Jeffries, Augusta; Mrs. Virginia B. Conyers Covington and Mrs. J. K. Ottley of Atlanta.

The Savannah Daughters are to give an entertainment on Lee's birthday, and the veterans of that city will be their guests.

Mrs. L. H. Raines the diligent Vice President, is having printed very handsome certificates for members which will be signed by the President and Secretary, officially stamped and supplied to members for ten cents each. There should be co-operation by Chapters in ordering these beautiful lithographs, suitable for framing, which are to be ready about February 1st.

The history of Virginia Chapters by Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, has been mislaid. Its substance is requested again. The VETERAN will be impartial among all persons who honor its name and organize for the purposes indicated by Confederate Charters.

James Macgill, Pulaski, Va., Nov. 27, 1895: In the former Journal of Comrade B. L. Ridley, July VETERAN, I find (May 2nd to 5th) that he mentions the name of Peter W. Haister in several places. It should be Major Peter W. Hairston. As Comrade Ridley says, his house was the home of all Southern soldiers who passed that way, and his entire family were as true friends to the cause as any in the South. Major P. W. Hairston was a member of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff. His first wife was a sister of J. E. B. Stuart. Her name was Columbia Lafayette Stuart. She died in 1857, leaving her husband, one son and one daughter. Both the children died in 1867. Major Hairston married his second wife, Miss Fannie Coldwell, of Salisbury, N. C., about the beginning of the war, and lived at Cooluma Hill, by the Yadkin River in North Carolina. Major Hairston died about six years ago in Baltimore, Md. His wife and children are now living in North Carolina.

THE IDEAL SOLDIER.

The following tribute to "The Soldier" is from the pen of Hon. M. T. Bryan, of the Nashville bar. It was written as a school declamation for his son:

The soldier is the guardian of liberty, the preserver of peace, the foe of anarchy, and the hope of the oppressed. For the contest he lives—for victory he dies. His blood has crimsoned the sod in every land; his sword has flashed 'neath every sun. Loyal to his commander, he follows where he leads, laughs at danger, and halts not before a soldier's grave.

Though he has fought under every banner, has upheld the tyrant on his throne, and oft defended the wrong, yet through him has right triumphed, and in him found its ablest defender. His victories mark the milestones along the road from Paganism to Christianity, civilization and enlightenment, until the history of every nation may be read in the prowess and character of its soldiery.

In this fair land, where the skies are ever blue, where the flowers in sweet perfection bloom and gentle winds blow health to all, the ideal soldier has stamped forever his personality upon the ample page of history. He was great in war, but gentle in peace; pure in life, but, with purpose strong, he lived and died the embodiment of all that was noble in men. A soldier and patriot, his sword gleamed in the sanguinary glare of battle, to be sheathed only when his country's cause was lost. But

"Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

A STORY OF THE LEES.

The visit of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, says the Louisville Courier Journal, has started a story which he told on himself several years ago, and which is a good illustration of the love the Confederate soldiers bore toward Gen. Robert E. Lee. As it is well known, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was at the head of the cavalry, and these were much envied by the infantry men, who had to walk through the mud and dust.

After Gen. Robert E. Lee had surrendered, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier.

"Ho, there," cried General Lee, "where are you going?"

"I've been off on a furlough, and am now going back to join Gen. Bob Lee," replied the soldier.

"You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and return home, for Lee's surrendered."

"Lee's surrendered?"

"That's what I said," said General Lee.

"It must have been that damned Fitz Lee, then. Rob Lee would never surrender," and the old soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.

OLD "LANDMARKS" OF THE ARMY.

A. S. Horsley writes from Abingdon, Va., Dec., '95: I enclose $1 for the Sam Davis Monument Fund. I remember Sam Davis well. He was a rosy-cheeked, handsome boy, and N. B. Shepard used to kiss him "because he looked like a girl." He belonged to the Rutherford Rifles. The Company was a large one, and its ranks were always full when the battle came on. The company was like a lot of neighborly country boys. While our regiment, the First Tennessee, was camped at Hickory Grove, on the south bank of Duck River, a few miles south of Shelbyville, Tenn., the Rutherford Rifles resorted to athletic sports. A favorite game was "Leap Frog," the entire company of 110 men getting in single line and leaning over in front, with bowed head and hands on knees. Felix Collier was the tallest, Jones next, Dave Sublett next, and Dock Butler next, and so on down to little Marling Carr. Marling made the leap over Sublett, Jones and Felix Collier all right, as he was light and active, although they were immense in bulk, especially Jones and Sublett. Sam Davis once stumbled on Dave Sublett's broad back, and fell sprawling over Jones on Collier. This was great fun, and he would laugh and try it again, with like results. If Edison could invent a camera that would take pictures from the mind, I could give you a mind picture of that scene at "Hickory Grove." It is now Sam Davis' tenth trial. He jumps safely over Marling Carr, and King, and Murfree, "the Senator" Wade, the Beasleys, and bravely mounts Dave Sublett's great back. Dave assists him, and he gets over in a stumbling way. He falls stumbling over Jones' great bulk, and Jones keeps him from falling. Big Felix is the last, and he turns a double summersault and falls sprawling upon the ground.

Tom Butler, of the Martin Guards, was the champion wrestler of the Army of Tennessee. I have seen him throw down a dozen men in one day. He was a fine fellow and good soldier. I do not believe he was ever thrown. I wonder if he is still living?

During the past summer and fall I passed over roads that the First Tennessee Regiment went over from August to December, 1861, in Greenbrier, Pocahontas, Randolph and Battle counties. I walked to the spot where General Lee's tent stood on Valley Mountain, and from a point near which I could see Mingo Flats and Cheat Mountain, along whose great sides we clambered for several days, and where we had our first fight or skirmish on the summit, in a blackberry patch. I could also see where old Colonel John H. Savage marched along in a deep valley, and captured thirty Yankees by himself one foggy morning, Sept. 11, 1861. They were in a house, and their guns were stacked outside. His men had captured the Vidette, and he rushed ahead of the advance guard and, getting between the Yankees and their guns, made them surrender.

The Valley Mountain country has greatly changed, an English colony having bought it and cleared off the timber and made stock farms. It is a fine bluegrass country. At Big Spring I found our old camp, through Major Cam. Gatewood, who pointed out the cold spring, from which I drank after an absence of over thirty-four years. A storehouse stands where our regiment camped. There a big white frost fell in August, and one of the company (Jack Butler's captain) accidentally discharged his gun while cleaning up for Sunday's inspection, and it killed one of Colonel Hatton's men, of the Seventh. I saw his grave on the hill in a grove of locust trees. I remember well his burial with military honors, the band playing Pleyel's Hymn, or funeral march. Sitting here by the cold spring, I could also see in the distance up the creek and valley a tree which Captain Hume R. Field—afterwards colonel—used to shoot against with his Colt's repeating rifle, with which gun he killed and wounded half a dozen Yankees while on a scouting expedition with Lieutenant Randolph.

I followed the trail of our regiment 140 miles and stopped at all our old camps. The decades had made many changes.

I have read with much interest Brom. Ridley's narrative. Some mistakes occur, one of which is where he says Lovejoy Station is where President Davis visited the Army of Tennessee. "Palmetto" is the station. I went three miles to hear Mr. Davis and Howell Cobb speak. Mr. Davis was a charming speaker, and impressive. But General Cobb was more impassioned. He was a large, fleshy man, while Mr. Davis was of the Cassius sort—lean. In a few days we started on the unfortunate campaign into Middle Tennessee, which resulted so unfortunately.

While at Meadow Bluff last summer I saw the spot where we camped on our return from Sewell Mountain. We put up our tents during a rain, or water spout, and Corporals Phifer and Schwartz, of Captain Harsch's company, had a terrific fist fight during the heaviest part of the rain. Schwartz had stolen Phifer's ten-pound tallow cake out of his knapsack and replaced it with a fifteen-pound rock, which Phifer carried all day. I was also reminded at Meadow Bluff of an eighteen-mile foot-race Billy Whitthorne ran between Meadow Bluff and Lewisburgh. This is now West Virginia.

Col. Savage was interviewed about the foregoing and although he replied "not for publication," history claims the extraordinary incident. He said: "I captured three squads (pickets & officers) before capturing the main body—as now remembered, 56 men. I did not get between them and their guns—I rode rapidly through them, got in their rear and, drew my pistol, I commanded them to lay down their arms, with threats to have them all killed if one of them fired. It was a rash act. I would not try it again for all the money of the Rothchilds." Referring to the story published in Head's Campaign of the Sixteenth Tennessee Regiment, which accuses Col. Savage of swearing, he says: "I suppose I did swear, but I regret it. My speech and manner saved my life."

D. L. Durrett, Springfield, Tenn., member of the 14th Tennessee Regiment, Archer's Brigade, makes inquiry for W. A. Motes of the 38th Georgia Regiment, who was a prisoner with him at Ft. Delaware.

A GALVESTON, TEXAS, VETERAN.

Thos. H. Edgar is popular and well-known. He was born on Galveston Island, Republic of Texas, away back in 1837, of Scotch and American parentage. His great-grandfather and grandfather were Revolutionary soldiers and his father a Texas soldier. At the age of nineteen he was assistant Deputy Postmaster; at twenty-one married to Miss Sarah Fields, daughter of Hon. Tom Fields, State Engineer.

On the first of February, 1861, when Texas seceded from the Union, he resigned from United States Postal Service, took the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and gave instructions for a time in postoffice department, until others were competent to take charge. He then resigned and enlisted in the Twenty-sixth Texas Cavalry, commanded by Gen. X. B. Debray.

He was in active service at the front in every campaign and battle in which his command participated, including the Red River campaign of 1864, against Banks. His regiment was disbanded on the 23rd day of May, 1865; since then he has farmed and served in official positions. He has lived in and has seen Galveston city grow from three shanties to a commercial city with a population of 40,000, and his State from a population of 20,000 to 3,000,000.

C. F. Waldron, Sergeant Company F, 29th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry: If alive, I would like much to know the address of the Confederate who made me a prisoner at the battle of Chancellorsville about 2 p.m., on Sunday, May 3, '63. When the Union Army broke up near the Chancellor House, and went in direction of the Rappahannock River, with a comrade I took a path leading along the bank of a small stream. After some distance, we crossed over, and were halted as soon as we got in a field by a Confederate Sergeant, who stood near a small house on an elevation. I looked for a chance to get away, but saw the field was lined with dismounted cavalry, and some very near us. At the second command to "Throw down your arms," we tossed our muskets, muzzle down, in a boggy place, and went up to the Sergeant. He had some more prisoners there, and soon started us to the rear under guard. In conversation he said, "Well, Sergeant, this is hard." I replied, "It is one of the fates of war." He was about my age then, twenty-two.

NOTES FROM WEBSTER COUNTY, KY.

Judge L. P. Hall, Dixon, Ky.: We have no organization in this county, and but few Confederates survive. It saddens me to realize that so many have gone to the final camp ground. Company A, Eighth Kentucky Regiment, was made up of my neighbors and friends in this section. We mustered 116 when we left for the South. We were organized promptly, with other companies from Kentucky, into a regiment, and served as infantry until we were assigned to General Forrest. Then we would go into action as infantry or cavalry, as the case demanded. At the end of the conflict there were but nine left of the original company.

I was at the Park Dedication at Chattanooga, and heard the orations and went over the battleground. Who could doubt our loyalty to the conviction that we were defending our constitutional rights, our homes and liberties? Kentuckians could have had no other motive. Bate, Walthall and Oates were to represent the Confederates there.

W. H. Ogilvie, Allisona, Tenn., gives this reminiscence: When the tocsin of war sounded in '61, two neighboring villages, C. G. and E., each began to form companies. The C. G. boys, fearing that hostilities would cease before they reached the front, conceived the idea of expediting matters by forming a union with the E. boys. They arranged for a meeting and conference at E. After much martial music, speeches were made to arouse the enthusiasm of the E. boys. But they wouldn't enthuse, and declined the union proposition. C., a hopeful youth of the C. G. Company, full of enthusiasm, patriotism and indignation, mounted the stand and declared that he could drink all the blood that would be spilled, telling the E. crowd that they could stay at home and take care of the women and children. The C. G. Company became a part of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, and the E.'s of the Twenty-fourth. While the Twentieth bivouaced at Murfreesboro, after retreating from Fishing Creek, and the Twenty-fourth passing them, Captain L., of the E. Company, noticing a tall, pale, "before-taking" youth, leaning against a tree, the picture of despair, remarked: "I have seen him before—who is he?" Being told it was C., he exclaimed: "Oh, yes; he is blood-foundered." I am glad to record the fact that C. became a wiser man; that his views were slightly modified as to the relative fighting value of himself and a Yankee; also, that he recovered, and is now a portly, prominent lawyer of Nashville, Tenn., and always ready to do service for the old Twentieth.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, of the Indian Territory, sends a curious document to the VETERAN. Col. A. C. Gould, commanding the Twenty-third Texas Cavalry dismounted, discharged his soldiers instead of surrendering to be paroled. He copies that of D. L. H. Spugh. Each soldier was "hereby honorably discharged from the Army of the Confederate States, having remained true to his colors to the last." The discharges were dated at Hempstead, Texas, May 27, 1865.

BATTLE ABBEY FOR THE SOUTH.

Active co-operation even in these hard times for the successful execution of the worthily named Rouss Memorial is being had generally through the South. Wherever the opportunity has been given subscriptions have quite approximated $1 per member for Veteran Camps. That means as much as $10 for many of them as the few have ever to carry financial burdens for the many, and characteristic appeal comes from "Old Tige" of the Trans-Mississippi Department, U. C. V.

Headquarters Trans-Mississippi Department,
United Confederate Veterans.

DALLAS, TEX., Dec. 27, 1895.

Comrades—Our comrade, Charles Broadway Rouss, now a citizen of New York, proud of his Southern birth, proud of the fact that he was a Confederate soldier—a private in the Black Horse cavalry regiment of Virginia—proud of the unselfish and dangerous service in which he shared with his comrades the hardships and perils of a long and bloody war, unconsciously becomes the typical Southern soldier whose name and fame will be conspicuous in history, in poetry and song, as long as the people of this great Southland of ours continue to admire true courage and true patriotism. To carry out these feelings of patriotism, of pride and of love for the cause he believed to be just and right, and to see that a true history of the heroism, hardships and sufferings of the Confederate soldier, and that of the noble women of the South, shall be handed down to posterity in a correct and proper manner, but be a truthful history of Southern valor by historians who can write honestly and at the same time sympathize with a brave people in their heroic struggle for constitutional liberty, he has therefore, in the declining years of his life, proposed the erection of a Confederate Memorial Association, a great "Battle Abbey," in which should be collected, preserved and displayed relics of every kind, archives containing records and documents of every kind useful in compiling history. The Memorial Association is to be composed of Confederate soldiers, their wives, children and friends under the control of the Confederate veterans. He sent to Houston, Tex., a check for $100,000, which was presented by Col. Robert C. Wood, and to be delivered to the Confederate Veteran Association whenever $100,000 was raised by our people as an endowment fund and chartered by the Confederate Veterans' Association. The Association of Confederate Veterans in session at Houston, Tex., appointed a committee of one member from each State and Territory where Confederate organizations existed. The committee met at Atlanta, Ga., in October, and after being organized and adopting certain plans, appointed an executive committee consisting of Col. J. R. McIntosh of Mississippi, Gen. J. A. Chalaron of Louisiana, and Capt. W. R. Garrett of Tennessee, who are charged with the execution of the plans adopted by the committee. The plan is that all Confederate sympathizers may become members of the Association by subscribing and paying for stock (membership) the sum of $1 for each share. Agents appointed to solicit subscriptions will give you receipts for all moneys collected, on prescribed forms, which will be deposited in local banks to the order of the United Confederate Association; for the use of the Memorial Association.

My old comrades, glorious women, noble sons and fair daughters of the Trans-Mississippi Department, this is a grand and noble proposition on the part of Comrade Rouss—one that should be responded to in the same spirit that it is tendered to you. I, therefore, appeal to you by the memory of the Confederate dead, who lie buried on every battlefield from Gettysburg to Fort Frown on the Rio Grande; by the memories of the sufferings, hardships, trials and tribulations of our Southern women; I appeal to you by the luster and glories of our arms, made resplendent by the heroism of both the living and the dead, to assist in erecting this splendid "memorial hall," where the sacred relics of our great struggle for constitutional liberty may be deposited and properly cared for. I know you will respond cheerfully to the sacred duty. And in after years, when this splendid temple is raised in one of our Southern cities, it will be the "Mecca" of the South, where the descendants of the bravest men and the grandest women that ever lived in any country or in any age, will make annual pilgrimages to make their offerings of love and to breathe the spirit of true patriotism and true love of country. The commanding general of the United Confederate Veterans has by general order designated May 1, 1896, as memorial festival day, to be set apart for the women of the South to raise funds for this great memorial hall or battle abbey. I recommend that every Confederate camp in the Trans-Mississippi Department meet on the 1st day of May, 1896, and that every camp take as many shares as they have members on their rolls. I therefore request and direct the commanders of every State and of every division (both State and Territory) in the Trans-Mississippi to issue the necessary orders and circulars and make the proper arrangements to carry out the above instructions, and to call to your aid and assistance every Confederate soldier, their good wives, their sons and daughters of the Confederacy, so that we may be able to transmit to Richmond on the 30th of June, 1896, when our great reunion meets, the result of your work.

A happy New Year to the brave old Confederates, their families and friends.

By order of W. L. CABELL,
Lieutenant General United Confederate Veterans,
commanding Trans-Mississippi Department.

Official: A. T. WATTS.
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Comment upon this appeal and order is copied from the New Orleans States: The eloquent order of the department and division commanders of the U. C. V. are bearing full fruit. We present to-day the order of Gen. W. L. Cabell, commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. It is a reflex of "Old Tige" himself. There is no mistaking his sentiments in the earnestness with which he gives expression to them. Whether with the sword or pen, this gallant veteran always strikes straight and with effect.

Persons interested in the Rouss Memorial may address any one of the committee whose names and addresses are:

General George H. Steuart, South River, Md.
Colonel J. R. McIntosh, Meridian, Miss.
General Geo. D. Johnston, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Colonel J. B. Cary, Richmond, Va.
General J. A. Chalaron, New Orleans, La.
Captain B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.
Major W. R. Garrett, Nashville, Tenn.
Colonel John O. Casler, Oklahoma City, Okla.
General W. D. Chipley, Pensacola, Fla.
Colonel J. C. Cravens, Springfield, Mo.
Captain John H. Carter, Avon, Fayette Co., Ky.
Colonel Howard Williams, Atlanta, Ga.
Hon. W. C. Ratcliffe, Little Rock, Ark.
General W. L. Cabell, Dallas, Texas.
Major Thomas S. Keenan, Raleigh, N. C.
Dr. L. C. Tennent, McAlester, I. T.
Captain John M. Hickey, Washington, D. C.
Captain C. S. White, Romney, W. Va.

A "Memorial Festival Day" has been designated and Friday, May 1, '96, the date "to be set apart for the use of the women of the South in raising funds for this great Memorial Hall."

All the details and exercises of this "Memorial Festival Day" are to be planned, conducted and carried out entirely under the orders, control, ideas and management of the women of the South in their respective localities.

This "Battle Abbey" will not be dedicated alone to the history and deeds of the civic and military heroes of the greatest of civil wars, but "within its sacred portals sufficient and conspicuous space will be reserved for the names and fame of the Heroines of the South."

SOME REBEL RELICS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—A handsome 12 mo. Memorial Volume of 315 pages, commemorative mainly of the spirit, speech and manner of life of the invincible "OLD REB" OF THE RANK AND FILE throughout the war, and of the genius and splendor of his DIXIE LAND. This interesting book is by Rev. A. T. Goodloe, who was a Lieutenant in the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. Those who order this book of us will contribute to the Samuel Davis Monument fund.

M. Deady, 132 Yale Street, Akron, O.: After the battle of South Mountain, Md., September, 1862, I was detailed to bury the dead. Among them I found a Confederate officer, on whose coat was pinned a paper with these words written in pencil: "Capt. H. Y. Hyers, Mad River Lodge, North Carolina." I am quite sure he was a member of the 12th or 23rd North Carolina Infantry, as I heard that those two regiments were in our front. He must have placed the paper there himself so he might be known if he fell. He was buried as tenderly as could be under the circumstances. I cut on a board, letter for letter, what was on the paper and placed it at head of his grave. This notice may be seen by some of his relatives, and I shall be glad to supply further information. I was a member of Company A, Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

GALLANT LIEUT.-COL. FULTON, OF N. C.

The following letter written by Gen. I. R. Trimble to the father of Lieut.-Col. Fulton, of Stokes County, N. C., on occasion of his son's death, was printed in the Greensborough Patriot, October 17, 1862, and the bleached clipping comes from Judge D. C. Thomas, of Lampasas, Texas, to whom it was handed by E. C. Fulton, a nephew of the hero.

"FRONT ROYAL, VA., October 1, 1862.

Samuel Fulton, Stokes County, N. C.

Dear Sir:—The names of those who nobly die for their country have ever lived in a people's grateful memory. He who falls in battle incribes his name upon the records of his country's glory in characters which can never perish while freedom lives.

Such a man was Lieut-Col. Fulton. At an early period he entered the army, and joined the Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment in which, by promotion, he had obtained the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. His regiment was attached to the brigade commanded by me, and brought into every action which took place in Northern Virginia from the battle of Winchester on the 28th of May, to that of Manassas, on the 28th of August, including all of Jackson's battles near Richmond. I knew him well, and can therefore speak from personal knowledge of his merits. He blended, in a remarkable degree, kindness and civilty with discipline and military duties. He was the favorite of every soldier. His merits were exhibited without pretension; and his courage, the chief element of his character, was shown without bravado.

In many charges against the enemy, the battle flag was seen in his hands leading the regiment to victory. His death wounds were received while thus bearing the colors in the charge at Manassas on the 28th of August. He expired the next day with the same flag waving over him, which he had borne in triumph against the foe.

I have felt constrained, my dear Sir, to offer this faint tribute of respect to the virtues and gallantry of your son, whom I considered one of the most valuable officers of my brigade, and whose honest and gentlemanly deportment gained my warmest esteem. Accept, Sir, my sincere and deep sympathy in the distress you and your family must feel for the loss of such a son. May this testimony to his merits and manner of his death, assuage in some degree, the pangs of those who knew him and loved him well!

His State should be proud of his name and ever cherish his memory. Her sons should now and hereafter emulate his virtues and his patriotism.

I write this from a sick bed, where I am suffering from a wound, or I would write more at length."

Dr. M. S. Browne, Winchester, Ky., in sending contribution for Sam Davis Monument, writes:

I served in '61 and '62 in Roddy's Company, 37th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. If any member of my old Company, "D" is living, I should like to correspond with him. Lastly, if more is needed for monument, I shall help. The VETERAN is intensely interesting to me.

LEE CAMP SOLDIERS' HOME.

N. V. Randolph, President of the above named Home, reports to the Governor of Virginia, Jan. 1.

This institution, under the direction and supervision of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., has continued to watch over and provide for disabled Confederate soldiers as far as it was in their power with the limited means at their disposal.

The main object in the establishment of the Soldiesr' Home was to prevent honorable and brave Confederate soldiers, who by wounds and disease contracted in the service of their country, and now in their old age are unable to support themselves, from dying in the county almshouses. A few men from Lee Camp determined that they would build a Soldiers' Home, and do all in their power to avert such a calamity. We have simply tried to do our duty to our comrades in arms to the best of our ability.

The Soldiers' Home was bought, paid for and equipped by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., of Richmond, and for two years supported by their private funds. In '92 we entered into a contract with the State of Virginia, by which we would receive $30,000 a year for a period of twenty-two years, and at the expiration of that time the Home should become the property of the State. * * *

The present income, $30,000 a year, was intended for the support of 200 men, but the demands have been so great that we have been compelled to increase the number until we have now present 253 men. Fifty-six are now in the Hospital for treatment. The expenses of the Hospital are about double the cost of the support of a man in the Home.

It, therefore, becomes absolutely necessary to appeal to the Legislature of Virginia for additional assistance; otherwise we must restrict the number already present, and decline to admit new men except as a vacancy occurs by death or resignation.

The State has appropriated in eight years $173,805.55, while Lee Camp and its friends have appropriated $149,563.94. The general hard times have reduced our income from private donations, and for the years '94–'95 we have only received $7,216.85 from this source. Every economy has been exercised that was possible, and from tables submitted in this report you will see that with a few exceptions we have supported this institution at less than any of the National Homes in the United States.

We have now thirty-five applications on hand before the Committee, awaiting admission to the Home. These men cannot be admitted unless the State comes to our assistance. In the first instance, we must have $6,000 to build an additional house and to furnish the same. This will increase our capacity eighty or one hundred men. We then must have an additional appropriation of $10,000 a year for the support of the Home. As the number of men increase, the percentage or cost decreases, as the fixed charges of the Home, such as salaries, steam, heat, &c., remain the same whether we have 200 men or 300 men.

I believe this appropriation of $10,000 will be necessary for at least four to six years, as the number of applicants is constantly increasing, but I believe that at the end of six years, or 1902, that the number will begin to decrease, and we could then support the institution for the balance of the time for the amount of $30,000 a year. Of course, it is for the Legislature to say how many men we shall take care of.

The Board of Visitors serve without compensation. The only salaries paid are the officers and employees of the institution.

The Confederate Association of Washington, D. C., has endowed two cots at $1,000 each, which entitles them to keep two men in the Home as long as the institution shall last. The Board would be glad to have other cots endowed at the price of $1,000, and they will enter into a contract with the donor that he shall have the privilege of naming one man to occupy the same.

Besides the money appropriated to the Home direct, R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V., has spent $40,000 since its organization in providing for the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers, and for their own indigent comrades who are so situated that they could not be entered at the Home.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Commanding General United Confederate Veterans, by his Adjutant General, has issued an order appealing to all Camps to use their influence in behalf of a movement inaugurated by Confederate and Union Veterans at Vicksburg for a National Military Park there. The following appointments as Aides-de-Camp, with the rank of Brigadier General, have been made:

Frank Phillips, Marianna, Fla.; E. G. Williams, Waynesville, Mo.; Peyton Wise, Richmond, Va.; Thos. E. Davis, Page M. Baker, H. J. Hearsey, and Wm. T. Blakemore of New Orleans.

Dates for the re-union this year are now fixed for June 30, July 1 and 2, at Richmond, Va.

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD IN GEORGIA.

FRANK L. STANTON IN THE CONSTITUTION.

The softest whisperings of the scented South,
And rust and roses in the cannon's mouth.

And where the thunders of the fight were born
The wind's wild tenor in the tinkling corn;

With song of larks low-lingering in the loam,
And blue skies bending over love and home.

And far away—somewhere, upon the hills,
Or where the vales ring with the whip-poor-wills,

Sad, wistful eyes, and breaking hearts that beat
For the loved sound of unreturning feet;

And when the oaks their leafy banners wave,
Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave!

A subscriber wishes to procure two C. S. A. buttons, size used on sleeves. Will pay well for them. He wishes to get their history, with name, regiment, company, battles, etc., of their owner. Address the VETERAN, stating price.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

John H. McFerrin, Collierville, Tenn.: By refering to the label on my VETERAN, I find that I am in arrear for 1895. This reminds me that when I attended school at Florence Wesleyan University in "ante bellum" time, we published a monthly magazine, edited by the students chosen from the two Literary Societies, and in the course of time, it was ascertained that there were a good many delinquents; so one of the editors wrote a nice editorial on the subject and I recollect distinctly that he closed by saying he hoped his friends, who wished indemnity for the past, would pay up, and security for the future, pay down. So I send two dollars to pay up and also to pay down, please give me credit for '95 and '96.

I have been a subscriber of the VETERAN ever since it was issued. I must confess that while I was delighted with it when it first came out, I did not think it could last long, as such beautiful reminiscences as you gave would soon be exhausted, but I declare that instead of decreasing in interest, it is certainly better and better every publication. I must also confess that I have not done my whole duty in assisting the VETERAN, but I have given out many of the copies advantageously. Among the number was Mr. T. F. Jones, one of our most prominent merchants, who, although, he was not old enough to "don the gray," yet of all the soldiers that I know, no one takes a greater interest in reading about the war, than Mr. Jones,. He never fails to speak a good word for the VETERAN, and, although we live in quite a small city, and our Confederates are rapidly passing away—still he has secured about twenty-five subscribers and I really believe he will advance the number to fifty.

Comrade E. O. Sykes, of Aberdeen, Miss., who married a niece of Colonel Rogers, sends a photograph to be engraved herewith, with interesting data concerning Colonel William P. Rogers, of the Second Texas Regiment Confederate States forces, who fell at the storming of Battery Robinett, at Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4, 1862. No braver or nobler soldier ever gave up his life to his country's cause than this brave man, and he quotes from General Van Dorn, commanding the Confederate troops at this battle, reported on page 318 of the "War Archives," Series 1, Vol. XVII, Part 1: "I cannot refrain from mentioning the conspicuous gallantry of a noble Texan, whose deed at Corinth is the constant theme of both friends and foes. As long as courage, manliness, fortitude, patriotism and honor exist, the name of William P. Rogers will be revered and honored among men. He fell in the front of battle, and died beneath the colors of his regiment in the very center of the enemy's stronghold. He sleeps, and glory is his sentinel."

Surely the promised sketch will be in the February VETERAN.

James Howard Bush, of Hemstead, Texas, a member of J. A. Wharton's Texas Rangers, died in Nashville during the war. Miss Sallie McCallum, of Pulaski, Tenn., has print of a poem found in his pocket. It is pathetic.

Dr. T. R. Meux, formerly Assistant Surgeon, 4th Confederate Tennessee Regiment, writes from Fresno, California: There are several hundred ex-Confed's in this (Fresno) County. We have an organization here, Sterling Price Camp, with about 175 members on roll. We have an annual festival in April, at which time officers are elected.

The other officers are (besides Dr. Meux, Commander): O. J. Meade, Vice Commander; R. G. Harrell, Adjutant; W. M. Williams, Quartermaster; T. L. Reel, Commissary; Dr. Alexander, Surgeon; and J. R. Kirkpatrick, Chaplain. The Doctor writes that the "gallant Gen. T. H. Bell of Forrest's Cavalry, whose Brigade led the charge at Fort Pillow, is living here, and is hale and hearty, though beginning to show the weight of years."

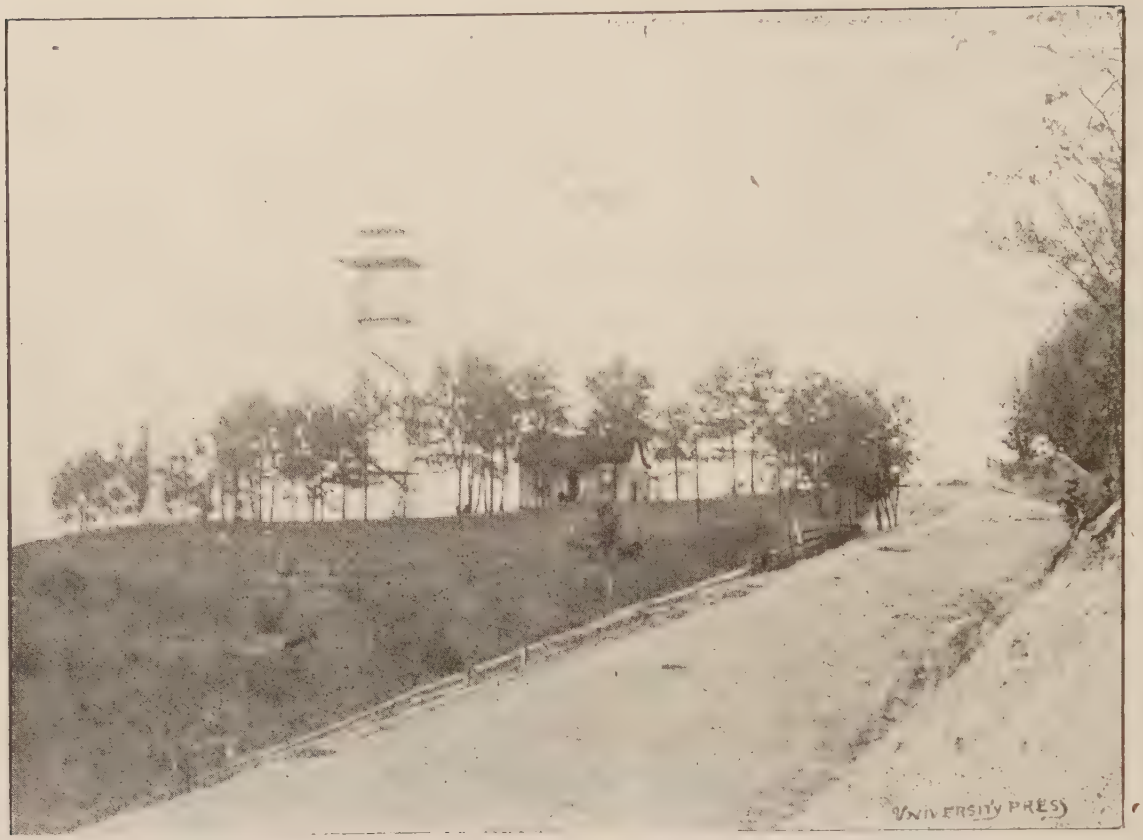
"I lived in Haywood Co., Tenn., where I enlisted in May, 1861, and served four years continuously in Cheatham's Command until May 3, '65, when I was paroled at Greensboro, N. C.. and returned to West Tennessee. I practiced medicine there until seven years ago and then came here."

Comrade James Bailey, foreman of Iron Mountain Railroad Shops, at Argenta, Ark., sends the names of his associates there, and the command in which they served, representing his own State, South Carolina, Mississippi, Missouri, and Tennessee. He commends the VETERAN "to every one who served under the folds of our Confederate banner."

Comrade Ben C. Smith, of Macon, Ga., desires information about Arastus B. Maxey, an ex-Confederate soldier, who served from Tennessee.

H. T. Sinnott, of Mosby's Cavalry: In the VETERAN of December, I notice an article on the death of Captain William Griffin Waller, in which it was stated that his brother, John Waller, was killed in the battle of Williamsburg. That is incorrect. John Waller was killed near the Plains Station on the Manassas Gap Raiload, Fauquier County, Va., in the latter part of March '65, by a detatchment of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry in a skirmish. I was the only person with him when he was killed. We were hemmed up in a lane and were ordered to surrender, but Waller refused and we both commenced shooting, when Waller was shot through the head and I made my escape. The officer in command of the detachment said that Waller was the bravest man he ever saw, and he refused to let any of his men touch anything on Waller's person.

C. H. St. Clair, Morgan City, La.: Although I was on the Federal side during the war, I take great interest in reading the articles in the VETERAN relating to its events, and I find those of which I have any knowledge correctly stated. I would be greatly obliged if you would ask for an authentic statement of the armament and support of Grand Gulf at the time of its evacuation by the Confederates, made necessary by the forces of Gen. Grant threatening their rear and Admiral Porter's fleet in front. There surely must be some Confederate veteran living who has a knowledge of the facts.



Observation Tower and Government Drive, near Bragg's Headquarters, Missionary Ridge.

This is a good illustration of the Park improvement near Chattanooga. The tower is in fine view of the city, and takes in the broad expanse that includes Lookout Point, the Valley, and much of Walden's Ridge beyond.

United States Post Office and Custom House, Chattanooga.

This white stone building erected by the United States Government is at a Central Point, in Chattanooga. The tall building with dome in the distance, is that of the Daily and Weekly Times.

AUTHOR OF "MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE."

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, a noted Baptist minister–author, died recently in his native State, Massachusetts. He was born in Boston, and always lived in New England. He was the author of many spiritual songs, some of which are: "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," "The morning light is breaking," "To-day the Savior calls." His famous song, that will live on and on, is:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side
Let fredom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake.
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee
Author of liberty!
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King"

At its meeting December 2, '95, the following officers were elected for A. S. Johnston Camp, at Beaumont, Texas:

Dr. B. F. Calhoun, Captain; W. E. Rogers, First Lieutenant; G. W. Kidd, Second Lieutenant; W. L. Rigsby, Adjutant; Lovan Hampshire, Quartermaster; Dr. A. N. Perkins, Surgeon; V. W. Myrick, Color Bearer.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was unanimously adopted as the official organ for this camp.

A vote of thanks was extended to the retiring Commander, Capt. T. J. Russell, for his faithful and zealous manner of commanding and conducting the affairs of the camp the past two years.

Thanks to the Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, Richmond, for invitation to their Christmas dinner. The menu does not say hardtack and corn meal coffee, but "Stewed Oysters, Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce, Brunswick Stew, Roast Shoat, Apple Sauce, Baked Ham, Wheat Bread, Corn Bread, Sweet and Irish Potatoes, Mixed Pickle, Celery, Cheese and Crackers, Oranges, Apples, Bananas, Nuts, Raisins, Mixed Candy.

Mince Pie, Fruit Cake, Pound Cake, Currant Cake, Chocolate Cake, Sponge Cake. Tea, Coffee, Cigars.

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The map also contains diagrams showing comparative lengths of the principal rivers, and heights of principal mountains in the world, and an insert map showing the North Polar regions.

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The United States side is a complete railroad map of the country.

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THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
Nashville, Tenn.

GOOD BOOKS WITH THE VETERAN.

As an extra inducement for renewals and to aid in circulating Southern literature, the following list of books will be furnished on terms designated.

The Other Side, by Virginia Frazer Boyle. A poem. Will be sent as premium for four subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $1.75. Price $1.00 This is a remarkable poem, Jefferson Davis being the theme of the gifted author.

Christ in the Camp. 624 pages is illustrated and characteristic of the eminent author, Rev J. William Jones, D.D. Price $2.50. Given as premium for five subscribers.

The American Epic, a Concise Scenic History of the United States and other poems by Drummond Welburn Cloth, $1.00. Sent with four subscribers, or with one and the VETERAN for $1.50.

Virginia Before and During the War, by H, H. Fariner. Price 25 cents, paper. 102 pages. Sent with two subscriptions, or with VETERAN for $1.12.

A Tribute in Song from Virginia to Georgia, by Virginia women, edited by Mary Stuart Smith. Price 50 cents. Sent with two subscriptions for the VETERAN.

Rebel Rhymes, and other Poems, by Elizabeth J. Hereford, of Texas, $1.00. Sent with three subscribers.

Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade, by John O. Casler. Reduced from $2.00 to $1.50, now supplied with the VETERAN for $2.00.

Hancock's Diary, or History of the Second Tennessee Cavalry. A large octavo volume, $2.50. This book can be had for $1.50 if a club of twenty-five can be secured.

The Civil War from a Southern Standpoint, by Mrs. Ann E. Snyder, of Nashville, can be had for three subscribers, or with the VETERAN for $1.50. Price $1.00

Rebel Relics, by Rev. A. T. Goodloe. Price $1.00 .Supplied with the VETERAN for $1.50, or for three subscribers.

The Sponsor Souvenir Album, advertised on back cover page by the Souvenir Co., Houston, Texas will be supplied from the VETERAN office also at the publishers prices.

Memoris of Jefferson Davis, by his wife, in two elegant volumes containing 1,640 pages. This most entertaining and valuable book will be furnished by the VETERAN with a years subscription for $5.25.

Campaigns and Battles of the Sixteenth Tennessee Confederate Regiment, from its organization, at Camp Trousdale, through its campaigns in West Virgina, South Carolina, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, together with sketches of other Tennessee Regiments, by Thomas A. Head. Five hundred octavo pages. Twenty illustrations. Price $1 00.

The World and How to Take it, by Rev. A. J. Baird, D.D., an eminent minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, who was associated with the Confederate Army from the beginning to the close of the war. Prefaced to the work is a sketch of the life of the author, by John M. Gaut. The book is discussed in most attractive style, and illustrates with interesting incidents, most of the practical problems of life. Home, Society, Business, Personal Virtues and Vices, and Life's Closing Scenes are all treated in the author's peculiarly fascinating style. The book contains 400 pages with a fine steel engraving of the author; is printed on fine paper, and beautifully bound in cloth, embossed in colors and gold; an apppopriate gift book. Price $1.50. Given with the VETERAN for $2.25. or for five subscriptions.

Annals of an Invertebrate, by Laurette Nesbet Boykin. "This book is a marvel." Rev. Dr. Vance, Nashville, Tenn., says: "It is a weird and exquisite poem in pure prose. Dr. A. J. Battle, President of Shorter College. Rome, Ga, mentions it as "the work of a child of genius." Charles J. Bayne, Editor Augusta, Ga. Chronicle, asserts that "George Eliot would have been proud of it." Lilian Whiting, of Boston, writes that "It is a wonderful book—as sympathetic as a human presence." This book is one dollar. It will be furnished with the VETERAN a year for $1.60, and free for four subscriptions.

Life of Lee, by Fitzhugh Lee. This excellent book needs no commendation. Thousands have been sold. It will be sent as premium for six subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $2.00.

How It Was, by Mrs. Irby Morgan, Nashville. An account of thrilling experience during the ever memorable Four Years. Given with four subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $1.50.

Southern War Songs. A good collection of songs, ever popular in the South. neatly bound in cloth. Sent for four subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $1 75. Price $1.25.

Songs of Dixie. Giving words and music, well bound in paper. Given as premium for three subscriptions, or with the VETERAN for $1 50. Price 65 cents.

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Captain Phil and Yaller Phil, by Terah Ewin. A story of love and war. Well bound in paper. Will be given as premium to any one sending a new subscriber. Price 25 cents.

The following list of Southern books, either by Southern authors or about the South, will be perused with interest.

The prices are attached to each and friends, who wish any of them may order in renewing or sending new subscribers, at one-fifth less the prices as quoted. For instance, any book worth $1.25 will be sent with the VETERAN, postpaid, for $2 00.

Hereafter, VETERAN subscribers may expect to secure any Southern book through the VETERAN at reduced prices.

Frances Courtenay Baylor—Claudia Hyde, 16mo., $1.25; Jean and Juanita. Square. 8vo., $1.50.

William Hand Browne—Maryland. 16mo., $1.25.

Kate Chopin—Bayou Folk, 16mo., $1 25.

John Esten Cooke—Virginia, 16mo., $1 25; My Lady Pokahontas, 16mo., $1.25.

Charles Egbert Craddock—In the Tennessee Mountains, 16mo., $1.25; Down the Ravine, 16mo., $1.00; The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, 16mo., $1 25; In the Clouds, 16mo., $1.25; His Vanished Star. 16mo , $1 25; The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain. 16mo., $1.25; The Story of Keedon Bluffs, 16mo., $1.25; The Despot of Broomsedge Cave, 16mo., $1 25; Where the Battle was Fought, 16mo., $1 25.

Katharine Floyd Dana—Our Phil, and Other Stories, 16mo., $1.25.

M. E. M. Davis—Under the Man-Fig, 16mo., $1.25.

Rueben Davis—Recollections of Mississippi and Mississippians, 8vo., $3.00.

Parthenia A. Hague—A Blockaded Family, 16mo., $1.00.

Joel Chandler Harris—Little Mr. Thimblefinger and His Queer Country. Square, 8vo., $2.00; Mr. Rabbit at Home. Square, 8vo., $2.00; Uncle Remus and His Friends, 12mo., $1.50; Night with Uncle Remus. 12mo., $1.50; Mingo, 16mo., $1 25; Balaam and His Master. 16mo., $1.25.

Charles C. Jones, Jr.—*History of Georgia. 2vols , 8vo , $10.00 *net;* Biographical Sketches of the Members from Georgia to the Continental Congress, 8vo., $2.00; Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast, 16mo., $1.00.

Henry Cabot Lodge—George Washington, 2 vols., 16mo., $2.50; half morocco. $5.00.

Andrew C. McLaughlin—Lewis Cass, 16mo., $1.25.

James Phelan—History of Tennessee. Crown, 8vo., $2.00.

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Henry Watterson (editor)—Oddities in Southern Life and Character. 16mo., $1.50.

George E. Woodberry—Edgar Allan Poe, 16mo., $1.25; half morocco, $2.50.

Messrs. B. F. Johnson & Co., publishers, Richmond, Va., whose advertisement has hardly ever failed to appear in the VETERAN, favor it with "three great books."

"Southern States of the American Union," by Dr. J. L. M. Curry.

"Lee's School History of the United States," by Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee, of Lexington, Va.

"Southern Literature," by Miss Louise Manly, of South Carolina.

These three books are already attracting much attention. Although but recently issued from the press, it is said that they have been more extensively adopted and are being more generally used than many popular text-books that have been on the market for many years. Two of them—Curry's "South" and Manly's "Literature"—supply important places in the school curriculum. "Lee's History" is full, fair and satisfactory. Advanced teachers generally are enthusiastic in their praise.

Gleanings From Southland.—Miss Helen Dortch, Assistant State Librarian, Atlanta, Ga., states, wisely and well, that Miss Cumming's good work for the soldiers of the "Lost Cause" deserves to be held in grateful remembrance by the people of the South. Her book, "Gleanings From Southland," should have a place in every library in the South.

Gen. S. D. Lee writes: I have read "Gleanings From Southland" with pleasure, and it recalled many of the sad scenes and sacrifices incident to Southern society during the great war between the States.

J. L Warren, in Old Homestead, Atlanta: It unerringly delineates the character of the important events which transpired under the author's personal observation.

This book will be sent as a premium for five subscriptions to the VETERAN. Address,

THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

ROBT. E. LEE.

On the front cover of this VETERAN there is a picture of Arlington near Washington, D. C., the home of "Our Lee" as it was before the war—in all its old Southern granduer. From that porch may be seen in its magnificence the Capital City of the country.

On the 19th of January 1807, Robt. E. Lee was born. The VETERAN has ever taken pride in presenting the granduer of his matchless character. In all the world's history no greater and purer character has enriched its pages. His biography should be used as a text-book in our schools—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has written a charming life of Gen. Lee, and the VETERAN has been zealous to commend this book. Its large edition has nearly all been sold. The small remnant will be closed out for $1.25 post paid. The book and VETERAN one year $2.00. The regular price of the book is $1.50. Order soon or you will miss it.

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Rev. J. A Duvall, Rural Retreat, Va.: I have this day received the premium gold watch, it is a real beauty.

Rev. H. T. Richards, Monticello, Wis.: The gold watch at hand, and it is a beauty in every respect.

Rev. T. D. Brown, Oxford, Miss.: The gold watch received, it is much better than I expected, I am thankful to you. It is all you claim for it.

LETTERS FROM VETERANS.

Lieut. N. M. Berryman, of the First Texas Regiment, writes from Kemp, Texas: In the VETERAN in a list of flags captured is reported that of the First Texas, claimed to have been captured by the Lieutenant of a New York regiment on the 8th of April '65, the day before General Lee surrendered. Having the honor of being one of the eight thousand who "stacked arms" on the 9th of April, I deny the statement.

After the First Texas learned that General Lee had agreed upon terms of surrender, we held a consultation, whether to cut the old flag up and each take a piece for a relic, or take it with our guns. The majority favored leaving it "with our arms," which was done.

In the same number of VETERAN mention was made of the capture of Hood's Brigade flag, at Sharpsburg. We never had a brigade flag and the flag mentioned there was a blue silk flag, with the Texas star in the upper corner next to the staff. It was made of a silk dress and presented to the First Texas by Miss Wigfall, when the regiment was first formed at Richmond, in 1861. Her father, Lewis T. Wigfall, was made Colonel of the Regiment, and the flag was not captured. The flag-bearer and all the guard were killed, and the flag lost in a dense cornfield as we made the charge, and was picked up after General Lee withdrew from the field the next day.

W. P. B., St. Louis, relates this true story: In the bloody cavalry charge at Hartsville, in Southwest Missouri, private Billy Conklin, of St. Louis, and horse went down with many others and was reported killed. The next day, when retreating, the Federals pressed our rear guard sharply and Capt. Jno. W. Howard, of St. Louis, was sent on for reinforcements and overtook Billy, on foot, carrying his saddle, bridle and gun. As there was danger of capture, Captain Howard offered to carry the saddle and gun. "No, I'd better stick to 'em." "Don't you wish this war was over, Billy?" "I'd have you to understand, Sir, that I'm a warrior of gentle blood, and peace troubles my soul! If you want to help me, rustle around and git me a hoss." And Billy trudged along, indifferent to the increasing fire just in rear.

Ira A. Bache, Kansas City, Mo.: During the naval campaign along the Atlantic seaboard, our flat bombarded and reduced the Confederate garrison at Beaufort, N. C. Among the captured was Major H. M. Dillard, of the Artillery. While transferring our unparoled prisoners at Fortress Monroe, the Major, an intelligent and chivalrous fellow, about twenty-five years of age, failed to enter the fort, but took the road toward Richmond. I have in my possession his commission, his watch, a plan of the fortifications at Beaufort and some valuable papers and love letters entrusted to me, all of which I have been anxious to return for years. The Major was raised in or near Lynchburg, Va., and was a student at the University of Virginia in 1857-8, I see from data in my possession. Who can locate him or his friends for me, if living?

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Lv Macon	G. S. & F	11 28 pm
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Ar Waycross	Plant System	5 10 am
Ar Jacksonville	Plant System	7 30 am

NORTH.

Lv Jacksonville	Plant System	6 50 pm
Lv Waycross	Plant System	10 15 pm
Lv Tifton	G. S. & F	11 35 pm
Lv Macon	C. R. R. of Ga	4 15 am
Lv Atlanta	W. & A	8 05 am
Lv Chattanooga	N. C. & St. L	1 15 pm
Ar Nashville	N. C. & St. L	6 45 pm

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Lv Atlanta	C. R. R. of Ga	7 30 am
Lv Macon	G. S. & F	11 10 am
Lv Tifton	Plant System	3 10 pm
Ar Waycross	Plant System	5 10 pm
Ar Jacksonville	Plant System	7 30 pm

NORTH.

Lv Jacksonville	Plant System	8 30 am
Lv Waycross	Plant System	10 35 am
Lv Tifton	G. S. & F	12 50 pm
Lv Macon	C. R. R. of Ga	4 35 pm
Lv Atlanta	W. & A	8 20 pm
Lv Chattanooga	N. C. & St. L	1 14 am
Lv Nashville	L. & N	7 00 am
Ar St. Louis	L. & N	7 20 pm

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G. P. & T. A. Nashville, Tenn.

OPENS SEPTEMBER 1, 1896.
CLOSES CHRISTMAS DAY.
(100 Days, Excluding Sundays.)

J. W. Thomas, President, E. C. Lewis, Director General, V. L. Kirkman, Vice-President, A. W. Wills, Commissioner General, Leland Rankin, Press Rep.

THE RACE PROBLEM IN AMERICA

Thomas Edmonston, in the London Times: It was my fortune to reside for some little time in South Carolina while that evilly-treated State was held in subjection by a colored legislature, controlled by a legion of Northern carpet-baggers, and supported by Federal troops, contrary to the plainest terms of the United States Constitution. That was in 1873; and the conditions of life for the white population were becoming so utterly unendurable that the alternative presented to civilized natives of the State was to regain possession of the executive and legislative government, or to quit the country in a body. There was literally no other course, since men who are of Anglo-Saxon and Huguenot blood, inheriting the traditions of freemen, could not submit to live and suffer under a government scarcely differing in any respect from that of Hayti and San Domingo. The conflict was bitter, but victory was won—by what means and at what cost we must not too closely inquire * * *

We cannot afford to shut our eyes to facts as they exist. It is degrading and demoralizing to a high-spirited race, accustomed from old time to fair and constitutional methods of government, to compel them to resort to electoral tricks and mean devices because there happens to exist within their borders an alien and inferior race, possessing, indeed, the right before the law to equal political privileges with the white population, but utterly incapable of using the electoral franchise for any other than evil and corrupt purposes. We ought to wish our kinsmen in South Carolina all good speed in their efforts, since these are directed toward true constitutionalism, and not to its reversal

CENTENNIAL WALTZ.

The Centennial Waltz, dedicated to the management of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, by its youthful composer, Miss Sadie Bishop, promises to become one of the popular waltzes of the day. It is a lively, catchy air, in waltz time, with but medium difficulty of execution. The arrangement of the chords is unique, and it argues well for the future of this young daughter of the South. The daily press, Prof. Schemmel, of the Nashville Conservatory of Music, where the young lady is being educated, and others who have heard her performance on the piano, expect much of her.

HOW'S THIS:

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WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonial sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

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Frank A. Owen, Evansville, Indiana: "Two Years on the Alabama" came to me on New Year's day, and I am putting in every spare moment trying to master its contents, before leaving home for the spring business. We know less of this part of our history than any other. The book is a beauty, and its contents written in such a plain, straightforward style that it carries conviction of its truth with every page.

MEMOIRS
—OF—
Stonewall Jackson,

BY HIS WIDOW,
MARY ANNA JACKSON,

and SKETCHES by GENERALS GORDON, FITZHUGH LEE, FRENCH, McLAWS, BUTLER, BRADLEY JOHNSON, LANE, TALIAFERRO, McGOWAN, HETH, DUKE, REV. J. W. JONES, VISCOUNT (GENERAL) WOLSELEY, and others. A book of NEARLY 700 PAGES, BEAUTIFULLY BOUND and HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED. AGENTS WANTED in every town and county. LIBERAL PAY. Address,

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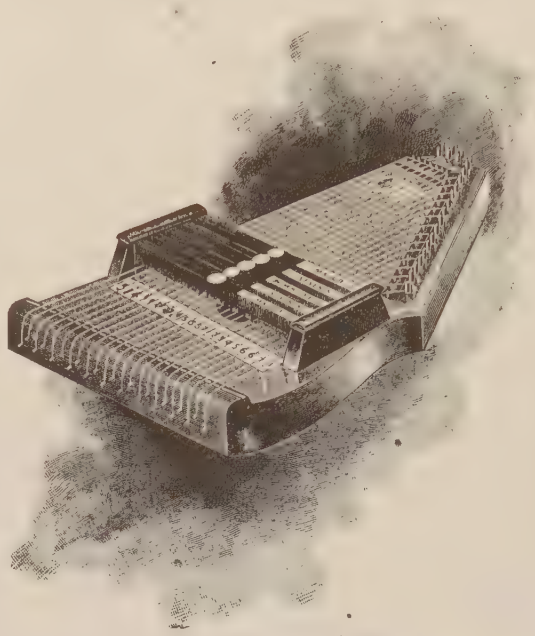

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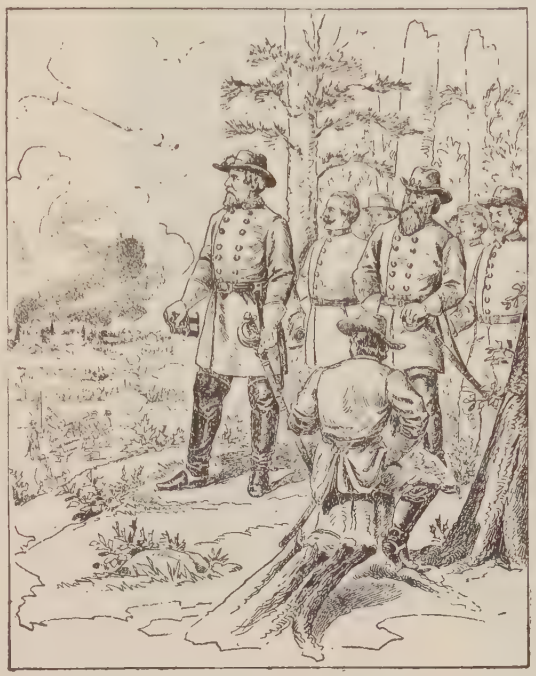

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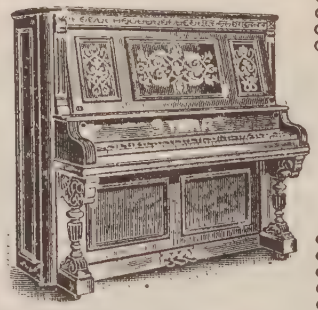

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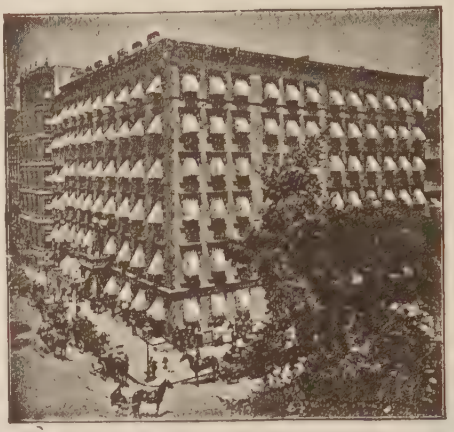

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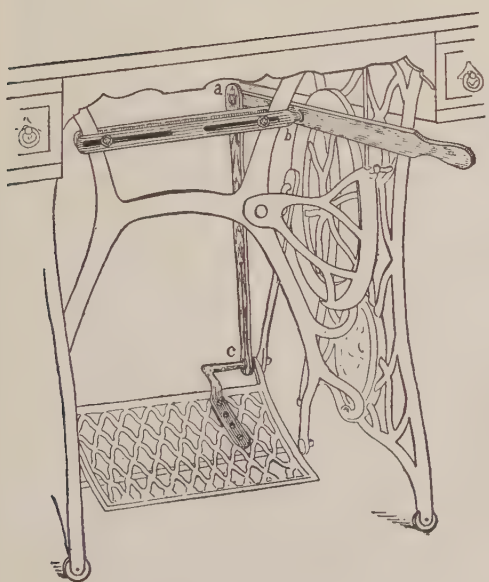

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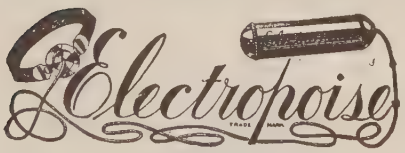

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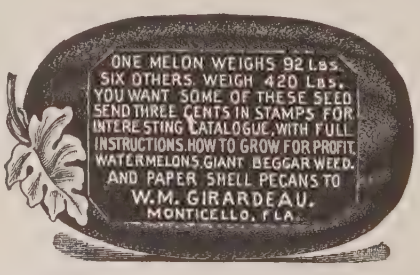
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PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | VOL. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., FEBRUARY, 1896. | No. 2. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

So many persons have recently sought for complete files of the VETERAN that an offer is made to extend the subscriptions of any who have preserved their files as many years ahead. If those who have partial files that they would spare, and will kindly give notice of the dates, the same arrangement may be made.

The superb auditorium on front page will interest comrades who contemplate reunions in Nashville.

The Orphan Brigade, Morgan's Cavalry, and other Kentucky Confederates, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy have engaged to hold their reunion here this fall. And the next reunion of United Confederate Veterans will be urged at Richmond.

The eminent evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, holding a meeting here now, spoke of the "splendid building," without which he "should not have thought of coming to Nashville." He told of its value to the city, and the pride that all should take in it. He held a meeting in the Carnegie Hall sometime since, and the expense was $600.00 per day. A hall for a thirty days' meeting in Chicago cost $30,000—$1,000 per day. As a matter of local importance friends of the Tabernacle are reminded of the great need for completing the gallery whereby sittings for 2,000 more people will be secured.

To Capt. T. G. Ryman is Nashville indebted for it.

Recent deaths of Southern men remarkable and well-known are recorded in the VETERAN. Wm. M. Cocke, of the old family for which a Tennessee county was named, a refined, elegant, Christian gentleman, died in Nashville recently. Col. Cocke was a member of Congress fifty years ago, of which membership there are but a half dozen or so now living. His last visit to the VETERAN office happened to be when "Uncle Dan" Emmet was present, and the two octogenarians enjoyed a long conference with each other.

Rev. Dr. T. C. Blake, eminent for many years in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and whose nephews, W. S. and Ed. R. Bearden, were valiant Confederates, died at his home, near Nashville.

Bishop Atticus G. Haygood, of Georgia, one of the ablest advocates the Southern people had, is of the list. His death was not unexpected for he had previous attacks of paralysis to the fatal one, but it was a great loss to the M. E. Church, South, and to his race.

He was criticised for expressions in "Our Brother in Black," but his independent and heroic vindication of and loyalty to his own people, regardless of advantage to himself, reacted to his honor and those wo knew him best honored him most.

Mr. Shadrach Inman, of Atlanta, but a native of Eastern Tennessee, died this month, in his eighty-fourth year. This has been a remarkable family. It is of Scotch-Irish origin. Before the war he had accumulated a fortune of perhaps $100,000, but he was prosecuted by East Tennessee Unionists for sixty thousand dollars "for giving aid and comfort to Confederate soldiers." He once had an encounter with forty bushwhackers, who robbed him of all he had. His older sons, Samuel M. and John H. Inman were Confederate soldiers.

After the war the family reunited in Atlanta, and with them James Swann, a young Confederate, from the Dandridge vicinity, (East Tennessee). Mr. Wm. H. Inman, a brother, and Gen. Austell, opened a cotton house in New York City, taking with them John H. Inman and James Swann as clerks, who have for several years past been the largest cotton dealers in the world.

These Inmans have been the most successful family, in a business way, that ever belonged to the South. The late Wm. H. Inman, brother of Shadrach, told the writer of having made $125,000 the day that he was sixty years old. The accumulated millions of the two generations have enabled them to control larger corporations than any other men of the South in the history of the country. The three sons, John H., of New York, Samuel M. and Hugh T. Inman, of Atlanta, are all of large wealth, and prominent actors in the affairs of life.

There are 235 separate subscriptions to the Samuel Davis Monument Fund and the amount is seven hundred and one ($701.40) $\frac{40}{100}$ dollars.

Comrades: Are you content to omit contributing a share to the honor of that private Confederate soldier whose sacrifice was complete? The great war did not furnish a record that will shine so beautifully in the ages to come. A subscriber said, on giving his dollar recently, that it was the first opportunity he ever had had of contributing to the honor of an individual private soldier and he would not miss it. Do let us do what we can in this.

The ladies of Richmond in charge of the Jefferson Davis Mansion—the Confederate White House—will soon have it open to the public.

A recent issue of the Times announces that Mrs. Joseph Bryan, the president, has appointed a committee, consisting of Mrs. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Colston, Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Putney, with Mr. Hotchkiss, Judge Christian, and Colonel Cutshaw as an advisory board, to report a plan for the appointment of rooms to the various Confederate States. Their report was received and approved.

The Southern Historical Society has been invited to occupy two rooms on the first floor, and the invitation has been accepted.

THE LATE MISS HARRIET MARSHALL.

The VETERAN digresses from its rule in making notes about comrades, their wives, who suffered with them, and their children, to pay tribute to Miss Harriet Marshall, who died recently in Nashville. Although of New England parentage, this fair girl, born in Tennessee, was ardently devoted to the adopted home of her parents, and while a traveler in nearly every part of the civilized world, it was known to be her wish that she be buried here in her native Tennessee, should she die elsewhere. The first number of the VETERAN, three years ago, was edited from a sick room [this one from circumstances almost similar] when this good girl and her mother were quickly thoughtful, as was their custom, in sending expressions of sympathy and delicacies to the editor's hotel. Besides, her ever constant expressions of interest and pleasure in the VETERAN make it fitting that tribute be paid to her noble character.

Although advanced in the twenties, she is still remembered as a child on some sunny slope among daisies in the spring time, an ideal picture of happiness. Although an only child, without knowledge of want, save continued health—which had delayed her marriage—she was considerate of the poorest and seemed ever anxious to give good cheer, especially to such. This appreciation was shown at her funeral, the aisles even being filled with friends, rich and poor, white and black.

After completing a three years' course at Vassar College, where her accomplishments in literature and in music were very high, she made several journeys to Europe and an extensive tour of the Holy Land, from which she brought a multitude of large photographic views, and these she would take up in the order of the tour and describe so vividly that friends became interested next to having been with her there. She was a diligently studious traveler and ever seemed anxious to impart to others a share of the benefits she had received. Her father, Mr. Andrew Marshall (of Marshall and Bruce) is widely known through the South.

Omission occurred of the South Carolina Generals from the list furnished by Charles Edgworth Jones, page 47, until too late for insertion in its place. There were three Lieutenant-Generals, four Major-Generals, and twenty-seven Brigadier Generals—thirty-four in all.

In Mr. Jones' "Barriers Burned Away," page 43, "so" should appear just after the first word in last stanza.

Corrections in the Hogan sketch of Marengo, Ala., Rifles likewise are made. James Boozer was killed at Petersburg, John Carter was killed at the "Crater" and Sam Carter was killed at Frazier's Farm. Henry Brame was paroled.

It is painful to chronicle the death of Dr. W. M. Hoover, an old Confederate soldier. His first service was with the Eighteenth Tennessee, afterwards transferred to the First Confederate Regiment as assistant Surgeon. He was faithful and true to the end. Born, married and died in Rutherford County, Tennessee. All who know him attribute to his memory the greatest of all earthly dignities—that of having been "a good citizen."

ABOUT SAMUEL DAVIS.

Testimony to his Noble Character—Honors Paid to His Memory by Union Soldiers.

At the January meeting of the Tennessee Historical Society, Mr. John C. Kennedy told the story of events in connection with Samuel Davis' death and burial at his home, which he states as follows:

By request, I write, after a lapse of thirty-three years, my recollection of the scenes and incidents attending the going for, the taking up, and conveying of the body of Samuel Davis to his parents near Smyrna, Tenn. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were not certain that it was their son who had been executed at Pulaski. They had made diligent efforts through various channels to trace the "Grape Vine" story that it was their Sam, but were not assured. At last the time was set to start on the search; Mrs. Davis gave me a piece of plaid linsey of that used for his jacket lining, and also described his boots, and told of other things that only a good and loving mother could have thought about. She was interrupted occasionally by suggestions from Mr. Davis.

The start was made with two mules hitched to a very heavy carryall. We had a meal sack containing a boiled ham and about a half bushel of corn pones, on which their son Oscar, a small boy who was to accompany me, and I were to live while gone.

We reached Nashville that evening too late to get a pass, but I procured a metallic case and box and had them put in the conveyance. The next morning I went to Gen. Rousseau, who declined to give me a pass and sent me to Gen. Grant's Adjutant General, who kindly and politely, but positively refused also, replying to all my pleadings for his mother's sake: "No sir! No sir! No sir!"

I then returned to Gen. Rousseau, whom I had known in Kentucky in my boyhood days, and again asked for a pass, which, after some boyhood reminiscences not necessary to repeat, he supplied me for myself, the boy and team to Columbia, which was as far as his lines extended, telling me that was all he could do. I gladly accepted the pass, which was written on a piece of paper elegantly printed, and looked like a large bank note.

We entered the lines at Columbia and drove straight through town, not stopping until we reached the picket on the other side, who, after looking over our pass, but could not read it, and seeing the coffin and small boy, permitted us to go on. The same thing occurred when we reached the picket at Pulaski, who permitted us to enter the town. When near the Square, I left Oscar to hold the mules while I went to the Provost Marshal to get a pass or find out what he would do with us. His office was in the court house. He asked how I got into Pulaski, and I handed him Gen. Rousseau's pass. He looked up and curtly remarked: "This is no account here. What do you want?" I told him I had come for the body of Sam Davis who had been hanged; that his parents wanted it at home.

His manner at once changed and, extending his hand, he said: "Tell them, for me, that he died the bravest of the brave, an honor to them and with the respect of every man in this command." He then asked what more he could do to help me. I requested return passes and a permit to take up the body, which he cheerfully gave. I also asked if he thought I would have any trouble or interference while I was at the graveyard; and he replied: "No sir. If you do, I'll give you a company—yes, a regiment if necessary."

Taking advantage of his cordial words, I asked him how Sam was captured; as Mr. Davis had requested me to spare no pains to find out how and when he was taken. He said he did not know any of the particulars, but showed me two books in which records were kept in his office, and the only entry, after giving his name and description, was, as I remember, "Captured on the Lambs Ferry road by Capt. McKenzie's scouts."

Before leaving home I was referred for assistance, if necessary while in Pulaski, to a Mr. Richardson, who had been (if not then) the County Court Clerk. We found him willing and ready to aid all in his power. The grave digger agreed to take the body up for $20. The next morning he, together with his assistants, Mr. Richardson, Oscar, and I were busy at the grave when four or five Federal soldiers came up. One of them advanced to me, raising his cap politely, and, in a subdued tone of voice, proffered for himself and comrades to assist, if desired. I thanked him sincerely, for I did not know what their presence might mean, but declined their services. When the box was raised and the lid removed the cap of white was still over his head down to his neck, tied with long strings, which were wrapped around his neck two or three times. His boots were on, but the legs cut off at the ankles. I took from my pocket the piece of his jacket lining and saw that they were alike. When I removed the cap I found the face was black, but recognizable. We then transferred the body to the metallic case. During all the time the body was being examined and transferred the Federal soldiers stood in line with caps off, paying tribute in acts, if if not words. Upon our return from the cemetery, the Provost Marshal said the Chaplain, who was with Sam at the gallows, had some keepsakes for the mother and father. He gave me a little book, in which was a farewell message to his mother, and the buttons from his coat and vest.

The Chaplain told me that when at the scaffold, sitting on his coffin, he talked to him about meeting his God, that he showed no fear nor uneasiness. While in the conversation an officer came up an said: "Mr. Davis, I suppose you have not forgotten Gen. Dodge's offer." Sam, not raising his head, said: "What is that?" The officer replied: "Your horse and side arms, and an escort to the Confederate lines, if you will tell who gave you those papers." Sam then replied, still not raising his head: "I'll die a thousand deaths before I will tell."

The officer then said: "Mr. Davis, I have one more question to ask." Sam said: "What is it?" "I want to know if you are the man my scouts chased so close on Tuesday night that you crossed the road in front of them, beating their horses in

the face with your hat, but got away? Were you the man?"

The Chaplain says he threw his head back and looking at the officer said, in a quick, sharp tone of voice, "How do you know that?"

The Captain answered, "Its sufficient —— I know it. Are you the man?"

Sam dropped his head in a moment and replied quietly, "I have nothing to tell you."

Sam's deliberation was clear even then, that if he confessed it was he, it would implicate some one who had been kind to him.

In a few more minutes, without sign of fear or weakness, was ended a life that was an honor to his family, country and to the human race.

After leaving Pulaski some miles, Oscar complained of being hungry, but the child was sickened by the odor from the unsealed casket, on which we were seated.

He tried the bread and meat, but his stomach would not retain it. Before we reached home, however, he had lost his squeamishness—hunger prevailed.

We stopped the first night near Lynnville. When we got to the river near Columbia, we found the officer in charge of troops at this point had ordered ferry boats stopped, and there was no way to cross except by fording, as the pontoon they were constructing would not be ready that morning.

I left the conveyance and mules with Oscar, cautioning him not to talk to any body while I would go and see the officer. He was standing on the river bank when I approached him and explained my errand.

He immediately turned to an orderly and said, "Go down and order the ferry boat to take that team and corpse over the river."

I thanked him and started back, when I saw the conveyance completely surrounded by soldiers. It was a very steep descent to the ferry, and I went to the head of the mules, taking hold of the bridles to hold them back while going down the hill, when the soldiers said, "Stranger, we know who this is. You get in the wagon; we'll see it goes down safe," and so they did. They practically carried the wagon aboard the boat, and would not leave it when we landed on the north side. The hill was steeper to go up than the one we came down. They ordered me to sit there and drive, and again they all got a hand or a shoulder somewhere and pushed us to the top of the hill, and when thanked them they quietly raised their caps. Without further incident we reached Nashville, and drove to where the Adams Express Company's office now is, which was then where our present townsman, Mr. Cornelius, had his undertaking establishment, and turned the body over to him, with specific instructions about the shrouding. Mr. Davis had said to me, "If you think it is best that Jane and I should not see him, do as you think best about the matter.

On the evening of the seventh day after leaving home we drove in the big gate, some distance from the house. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were watching, and when they saw the casket, Mrs. Davis threw her arms above her head and fell. All was sorrow in that home. I had a boy catch my horse to go home to see my old mother and father, and change clothing, etc., but Mr. Davis prevailed upon me to stay and send for what I needed.

The next morning, while standing out in the yard, Mr. Davis came to me, hesitated, then catching his breath almost between each word, said, "John, don't you think it's hard a father can't see the face of his own child?"

I replied that I thought it best that he and Mrs. Davis should remember him as they saw him last. He turned and left me. I drove the carryall that afternoon, with the body across the creek to the old family grave-yard where he was buried.

In a short time my mother died, and Mr. Davis sent over the same vehicle that had brought Sam's body home to take her body to the grave, and when the boy who drove it over started to get up to drive it to the grave, Mr. Davis stepped up and, shaking his head, said, "No—no—nobody but I can drive that. Get down, and let me get up there," and he did. He was a worthy sire of a noble son.

Supplemental to Mr. Kennedy's reminiscence, Oscar Davis has written to the VETERAN his recollections of that event. They concur closely with those of Mr. Kennedy. He states that while Mr. Kennedy was gone to the hotel to get some things, some of the Federal soldiers drove up and asked if that was the body of the young man who was hanged not long since, and being told that it was, some of them shed tears, and said: "He ought not to have been hung, and we will have to suffer for it sooner or later."

SAMUEL DAVIS' SISTER-IN-LAW.

Mrs. Kate Kyle of LaVergne, Tenn., who was a Miss Patterson and married John G. Davis, an older brother, writes:

Sam Davis came on his last trip from the South to my home Nolensville Pike a little before daylight Sunday morning. He said he would then go to Rains' thicket and that I must take his breakfast and horse feed; also my cousin Miss Robbie Woodruff must go with me, and spend the day.

We found him up, looking as bright as if he had slept all night, and, oh, he did enjoy his good warm breakfast, for we rode fast and had his coffee in a jug to keep it warm.

Two of my little brothers brought our dinner and we spent a nice, pleasant Sunday together—the last he spent on earth but one.

On Monday, Oscar Davis, Sam's brother, carried him a lot of nice things to eat. He found Sam fast asleep with his head resting on a grape vine for a pillow, but he was up in a minute with his pistol in hand, ready to defend himself.

Sam gave me a list of articles to get for him in Nashville. I got in my buggy with cousin, and started for Nashville, got everything he wished, also a lot of the latest newspapers. We lived nine miles from Nashville, got back about sundown, and that night Sam started for the South.

In the large seat of my buggy I would often bring out cavalry saddles, bridles, boots, spurs, gray cloth,

and I smuggled medicines such as quinine, morphine, etc. I have brought $500 and $600 worth of medicine out at one time around my waist. Quinine and morphine were very high. I always kept on the good side of the Commanding General and could get passes when I desired to do so.

MRS. KATE KYLE.

I went to Nashville very often, so I always kept posted; had many confidential friends there, always ready to help me when asked. After the war, Capt. H. B. Shaw, or "Coleman," made our house his home until the fall of '66, when he persuaded Sam's father and my husband, John G. Davis, to purchase a steamboat called the David White, a very large, fine steamer valued at $150,000, and in 1867, February 17th, this boat was blown up on the Mississippi River below Helena, Ark., and many lives were lost, among the number my precious husband and Captain Shaw. Before the war Shaw was a steamboat captain.

He told us that from his cell window in the Pulaski jail he saw them start with Sam Davis to the gallows. He said the papers that Sam had were stolen from Gen. Dodge's table, while he was at a meal, by a negro boy that once belonged to Mr. Bob English, near Lynnville, gave them to him.

In subscribing fifty dollars to a monument for Samuel Davis, President Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, desires its use at Murfreesboro, Davis' native county town, and offers any spot that may be selected in the park about the depot there. The VETERAN has stated:

"Then a beautiful granite monument might be erected in the town of Murfreesboro, the county seat of Rutherford, honored by his nativity. That should be located close by the railway station having the nicest park of any depot in Tennessee. If there, tens of thousands could see it. Let that be as fine as contributions of outsiders who choose that location, together with county and town pride can make it."

Hon. John H. Savage, offers five dollars and adds:

I suggest a suitable place for this monument would be on the battlefield of Murfreesboro, on the north side of the railroad, at a place equally distant from the point where Stones River turns northeast from the railroad to a point opposite to, and on the other side of, the railroad from the Federal cemetery.

The VETERAN has already stated that there shoud be monuments in Murfreesboro and Pulaski, but it concurs with three fourths of the contributors that the principal monument should be at the Capital of Tennessee. It is sentimental to contribute to the perpetuation of that noblest character in American history. Thousands would have done as Sam Davis did, no doubt, but he, only, was put to such a test, and he was equal to the demand.

J. A. Enslow, Jr., Jacksonville, Fla.: Enclosed find one dollar to help perpetuate the fame of the hero, Sam Davis.

Dr. L. T. Jones, Commander of Camp Walker, Franklin, Ky., reports that at their last meeting, it was resolved to contribute to President Jefferson Davis' Monument, Richmond; the Samuel Davis Monument, Nashville; and to the Southern Battle Abbey, wherever located.

J. S. Lauderdale, Llano, Texas: I send my mite of one dollar (wish I could send one hundred) for the Sam Davis Monument, than which *none other ever was, or will be erected* to commemorate a purer patriot, hero or man. Old Tennessee, (my native State), ought to be, and doubtless is, proud of her *Hero Son*, for he was the peer of any other, either of ancient or modern days.

N. P. Davidson, Wrightsboro, Texas, sends a dollar for the Monument, and says: While I am fully conscious that Pulaski has good reasons for wishing the Samuel Davis Monument located there, at the same time, I think it should be placed where it would be seen by the greatest number of people, thereby inspiring future generations with that same spirit of patriotism and constancy to friends that caused Samuel Davis to give up his life. Therefore I will name Nashville as the proper place.

J. F. Maull, Elmore, Ala., in sending renewal for himself and G. G. Jackson, of Wetumka, Ala., sends also a dollar each for Sam Davis Monument, and writes: It is useless for me to say that you can always count on me and Jackson for any and every thing that is connected with the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. We "fought, bled and died" together during our army life; were captured together, were together in our prison life, and when that life became too severe for us, we simply made our escape like good soldiers ought, from Elmira, N. Y., and walked home together. Thus it is that you find our money going in together, and it will be so until one or the other goes to be with the immortal heroes who are "resting under the shade of the trees."

No more honored list of names can be collected than those who give money to his monument, and the more remote from Tennessee the more honored.

The following named subscribers to the monument Fund are omitted from list on page 38:

Cayce, J. K., Hammond, Texas, 50 cents; Beers, B. F. and Rowan S., Burton, Ala., collectively $1, and Hughes, E. S., Allisona, Tenn., 25 cents.

It is very desirable that all contrbutors try and make the sum as much as a dollar.

FOR SAMUEL DAVIS' MONUMENT.

Allen, Jos. W., Nashville	$100 00
Arnold, J. M., Newport, Ky	1 00
Arthur, James R., Rockdale, Tex	1 00
Asbury, A. E., Higginsville, Mo	1 00
Atkisson, Marsh, Seattle, Wash	2 00
Ashbrook, S., St. Louis	1 00
Askew, H. G., Austin, Tex	1 00
Barry, Capt. T. H., Oxford, Ala	1 00
Bell, Capt. W. E., Richmond, Ky	1 00
Biles, J. C., McMinnville, Tenn	3 00
Blakemore, J. H., Trenton	1 00
Bonner, N. S., Lott, Tex	1 00
Browne, Dr. M. S., Winchester, Ky	1 00
Brown, John C. Camp, El Paso, Tex.	5 00
Brown, H. T., Spears, Ky	1 00
Brown, W. A., St. Patrick, La	1 00
Bruce, J. H., Nashville	5 00
Bush, Maj. W. G., Nashville	2 00
Cargile, J. F., Morrisville, Mo	1 50
Calhoun, Dr. B. F., Beaumont, Tex	1 00
Calhoun, F. H., Lott, Tex	1 00
Calhoun, W. B., St. Patrick, La	1 00
Cannon, Dr. J. P., McKenzie, Tenn	1 00
Carnahan, J. C., Donnels Chapel, Tenn	1 00
Cassell, W. H., Lexington, Ky	2 00
Chadwick, S. W., Greensboro, Ala	1 00
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville	1 00
Cheatham, Maj. J. A., Memphis	1 00
Coffey, W. A., Scottsboro, Ala	1 00
Cohen, Dr. H., and Capt T. Yates collected, Waxahatchie, Tex	14 00
Coleman, Gen. R. B., McAlester, I. T.	1 00
Cook, V. Y., Elmo, Ark	2 00
Cooper, Judge John S., Trenton	1 00
Cunningham, P. D., Mexican Border	1 00
Cunningham, S. A., Nashville	5 00
Dargan, Miss Alice W., Darlington, S. C	1 00
Davis, Lafayette, Rockdale, Tex	1 00
Davis, R. N., Trenton	1 00
Davis, J. K., Dickson, Tenn	2 00
Davis, J. E., West Point, Miss	1 00
Davis, W. T., Nashville	1 00
Davidson, N. P., Wrightsboro, Tex	1 00
Daviess County C. V. Assn, Owensboro, Ky	6 55
Dean, J. J., McAlister, I. T	1 00
Dean, M. J., Tyler, Tex	1 00
Deason, James R., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
Deering, Rev. J. R., Harrodsburg, Ky	1 00
Dixon, Mrs. H O., Flat Rock, Tenn	1 00
Douglas, Mrs. Sarah C., Nashville	1 00
Doyle, J. M., Blountsville, Ala	1 00
Duckworth, W. S., Nashville	1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville	25 00
Durrett, D. L., Springfield, Tenn	1 00
Dyas, Miss Fannie, Nashville	1 00
Eleazer, S. D., Colesburg, Tenn	1 00
Ellis, Capt. and Mrs. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn	2 00
Embry, J. W., St. Patrick, La	1 00
Emmert, Dr. A. C., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
Embry, Glenn, St. Patrick, La	1 00
Enslow, J. A., Jr., Jacksonville, Fla	1 00
Farrar, Ed H., Centralia, Mo	1 00
Finney, W. D., Wrightsboro, Tex	1 00
Fletcher, Mack, Denison, Tex	1 00
Forbes Bivouac, Clarksville, Tenn	25 00
Ford, A. B., Madison, Tenn	1 00
Ford, J. W., Hartford, Ky	1 00
Forrest, Carr, Forreston, Tex	2 00
Foster, A. W., Trenton	1 00
Foster, N. A., Jefferson, N. C	1 00
Gay, William, Trenton	1 00
Gibson, Capt. Thos., Nashville	1 00
Giles, Mrs. L. B., Laredo, Tex	1 00
Gooch, Roland, Nevada, Tex	1 00
Goodlett, D. Z., Jacksonville, Ala	2 00
Goodlett, Mrs. M. C., Nashville	5 00
Goodloe, Rev. A. T., Station Camp, Tenn	10 00
Gordon, D. M., Nashville	1 00
Gordon, A. C., McKenzie, Tenn	1 00
Graves, Col. J. M., Lexington, Ky	1 00
Gray, S. L., Lebanon, Ky	1 00
Green, Folger, St. Patricks, La	3 00
Hall, L. B., Dixon, Ky	1 00
Hanrick, E. Y., Waco, Tex	1 00
Hardison, W. T., Nashville	5 00
Harmsen, Barney, El Paso, Tex	5 00
Harper, J. R., Rosston, Tex	1 00
Harris, Maj. R. H., Warrington, Fla.	1 00
Harris, J. A., Purdon, Tex	1 00
Harrison, W. W., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
Hartman, J. A., Rockwall, Tex	1 00
Hatler, Baily, Boliver, Mo	1 00
Hayes, E. S., Mineola, Tex	1 00
Herbst, Chas., Macon, Ga	1 00
Herron, W. W., Mckenzie, Tenn	1 00
Hickman, Mrs. T. G., Vandalia, Ill	1 00
Hickman, John P., Nashville	1 00
Hoppel, Dr. T. J., Trenton	1 00
Hoss, Rev. Dr. E. E., Nashville	1 00
Hows, S. H., Newsom Station, Tenn	1 00
Hughes, Louis, Dyersburg, Tenn	1 00
Ikirt, Dr. J. J., East Liverpool, O	1 00
Ingram, Jno. Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn	5 60
Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah, Tenn	1 00
Jackson, G. G., Wetumpka, Ala	1 00
Jackson, Stonewall Camp, McKenzie	5 00
Jenkins, S. G., Nolensville, Tenn	1 00
Johnson, Leonard, Morrisville, Mo	1 50
Keerl, G. W., Culpeper, Va	1 00
Kelly, J. O., Jeff, Ala	1 00
Kelso, F. M., Fayetteville, Tenn	1 00
King, Dr. J. C. J., Waco, Tex	1 00
Kirkman, V. L., Nashville	5 00
Killebrew, Col. J. B., Nashville	5 00
Knoedler, Col. L. P., Augusta, Ky	1 00
Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark	5 00
Lauderdale, J. S., Llano, Tex	1 00
Lewis, Maj. E. C., Nashville	25 00
Lewis, Dr F. P., Coalsburg, Ala	1 00
Levy, R. Z. & Bro., Nashville	5 00
Long, J. M., Paris, Tex	1 00
McAfee, H. M., Salvisa, Tex	1 00
McAlester, J. J., McAlester, I. T	1 00
McDowell, J. H., Union City, Tenn	1 00
McGregor, Dr. R. R., Covington, Tenn	2 50
McLure, Mrs. M. A. E., St. Louis	5 00
McMillin, Hon. Benton, M. C. Tenn	5 00
McRee, W. F., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
McVoy, Jos., Cantonment, Fla	1 00
Mallory, E. S., Jackson, Tenn	1 00
Marshall, J. M., Lafayette, Tenn	1 00
Maull, J. F., Elmore, Ala	1 00
Meek, S. W., Nashville	5 00
Meek, Master Wilson	1 00
Mims, Dr. W. D., Cockrum, Miss	1 00
Mitchell, A. E., Morrisville, Mo	1 00
Montgomery, Wm., Arrow, Tenn	1 00
Morton, Dr. I. C., Morganfield, Ky	1 00
Moss, C. C., Dyersburg, Tenn	1 00
N. C. & St. L Ry, by Pres. Thomas	50 00
Neal, Col. Tom W., Dyersburg, Tenn.	1 00
Neames, M. M., St. Patrick, La	1 00
Neilson, J. C., Cherokee, Miss	1 00
Nelson, M. H., Hopkinsville, Ky	1 00
Norton, N. L., Austin, Tex	1 00
Ogilvie, W. H., Allisona, Tenn	1 00
Overton, Col. John, Nashville	10 00
Owen, U. J., Eagleville, Tenn	1 00
Owen, Frank A., Evansville, Ind	1 00
Pardue, Albert E., Cheap Hill, Tenn	8 00
Patterson, Mrs. T. L., Cumberl'd, Md	1 00
Payne, E. S., Enon College, Tenn	2 00
Pendleton, P. B., Pembroke, Ky	1 00
Pepper, W. A., Stirling, S. C	1 00
Pierce, W. H., Collinsville, Ala	1 00
Pointer, Miss Phil, Owensboro, Ky	1 00
Pryor, J. T., (Terry's Texas Ranger), Belton	1 00
Raines, R. P., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
Rast, J P., Farmersville, Ala	1 00
Reagan, Hon. John H., Austin, Tex	1 00
Redwood, Henry, Asheville, N. C	1 00
Reeves, Dr. N. P., Longstreet, La	1 00
Ridley, Capt. B. L., Murfreesboro	50 00
Ritchards, Sam, Rockdale, Tex	1 00
Robbins, A. M., Rockdale, Tex	1 00
Rose, S. E. F., West Point, Miss	1 00
Rudy, J. H., Owensboro, Ky	1 00
Russell, T. A. Warrior, Ala	1 00
Rutland, J. W., Alexandria, Tenn	1 00
Ryan, J., Chicago, Ill	5 00
Sage, Judge Geo. R., Cincinnati	5 00
Sanford, Dr. J. R., Covington, Tenn.	5 00
Scruggs, John, Altamont, Tenn	2 00
Sevier, Col. T. F., Sabinal, Tex	1 00
Sexton, E. G., Dover, Tenn	1 00
Simmons, Col. J. W., Mexia, Tex	2 50
Sinclair, Col. A. H., Georgetown, Ky.	1 00
Slatter, W. J., Winchester, Tenn	1 00
Smith, Capt. F. M., Norfolk, Va	1 00
Smith, Capt. J. F., Marion, Ark	1 00
Smith, Gen. W. G., Sparta, Tenn	1 00
Smith, Capt. H. I., Mason City, Ia	1 00
Stone, Judge J. B., Kansas City, Mo	5 00
Story, Col. E. L., Austin, Tex	1 00
Speissegger, J. T., St. Augustine, Fla	1 00
Street, H. J., Upton, Ky	1 00
Street, W. M., Murfreesboro, Tenn	1 00
Taylor, R. Z., Trenton	1 00
Taylor, Young, Lott, Tex	1 00
Templeton, J. A., Jacksonville, Tex	1 00
Thomas, W. T., Cumb'd City, Tenn	1 00
Tolley, Capt. W. P., Rucker, Tenn	1 00
Trowbridge, S. F., Piedmont, S. C	1 00
Tucker, J. J., St. Patrick, La	1 00
Turner, R. S., Ashland City, Tenn	5 00
Tyree, L. H., Trenton, Tenn	1 00
(T. E.) cash, Nashville	1 00
Van Pelt, S. D., Danville, Ky	1 00
Voegtley, Edwin B., Pittsburg, Pa	2 00
Voegtley, Mrs. E. B., Pittsburg, Pa	2 00
Walker, Robert, Sherman, Tex	1 00
Washington, Hon. J. E., M. C. Tenn	2 00
Webster, A. H., Walnut Sp's, Tex	1 00
Welburn, E. H., Nashville, Tenn	1 00
West, Jno. C., Waco, Tex	1 00
Wilkerson, W. A., Memphis	1 00
Williams, Robert, Guthrie, Ky	1 00
Wilson, Hon. S. F., Gallatin, Tenn	1 00
Wilson, Mrs. S. F., Gallatin, Tenn	1 00
Wilson, Dr. J. T., Sherman, Tex	1 00
Wilson, Capt. E. H., Norfolk, Va	1 00
Wheeler, Gen. Joseph, M. C. Ala	1 00
Wright, Geo. W., McKenzie, Tenn	1 00
Wyeth, Dr J. A., New York City	50 00
Young, Col. Bennett H., Louisville	5 00
Young County Camp, Graham, Tex	7 85

FIFTY CENTS SUBSCRIPTIONS

J. E. Clark, R. E. Grizzard and M. M. Mobley, Trenton, Tenn.; Capt. Chas. H. May and J. W. Fielder, Benton, Ala.; Dr. E. Young and W. W. Powers, Greenshoro, Ala.; J. W. Gilman and H. Heverin, Nashville; G. N. Albright, W. A. Ross and Alonzo Gilliam, Stanton, Tenn.; John W. Green and cash, Dyersburg, Tenn.; E. J. Harwell, Stonewall, La. 7 50

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS SUBSCRIPTIONS.

C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Tex.; T. O. Moore, Comanche, Tex.; L. C. Newman, H. M. Nash, J. W. Murnan, G. Shafer, J. F. Coppedge, J. K. Gibson, Stanton, Tenn.; J. T. Bryan, Mariana, Fla. 2 25

UNITED CONFEDERATE DAUGHTERS.

Something of the Origin of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the Old Dominion.

In May 1894, at a meeting of the Ladies Confederate Memorial Association of Charlottesville, Va., a letter was presented from the John Bowie Strange Camp of Confederate Veterans, Col. Garnett, Commander, requesting the ladies to become an auxiliary of the Camp, to aid in its work of caring for all needy Confederates and their families.

Mrs. Garnett, having the matter much at heart, wrote a letter to the Camp offering to form an auxiliary, confident of the sympathy of many members of the Memorial Association, which had recently erected, near the University of Virginia, one of the most beautiful Confederate Monuments in the South. The proposition to the Camp brought the following response: "At a meeting of the Camp on May 22, 1894, it expressed to Mrs. Garnett its high appreciation of her proposed plan of a Ladies Auxiliary Association to assist the Camp in its efforts to relieve the necessities of dependent Confederates, and that she be requested to take such steps as she and her associates thought best, within the formation of such an Auxiliary Association. A society was at once formed under the name of "Daughters of the Confederacy," and they believe it to have been the first society in the country to bear that name.

The National Society was not organized at Nashville, Tennessee, until September 10, 1894.

The Veteran for October 1894, contained an account of the Nashville Society.

On October 15, 1894, our by-laws were adopted. After the Charlottesville Chapter was organized, at that first meeting, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett; Vice President, Mrs. C. C. Wertenbaker; Secretary, Miss Cynthia Berkeley; Treasurer, Miss Mary Vandegrift. Executive Committee: Mrs. N. K. Davis, Miss Gillie Hill, and the late Mrs. William Southall,—whose place is now filled by Mrs. Lay.

Letter from the President.

In addition to the benevolent feature, this Society is historical. Original papers, giving personal reminiscences of the war, and other events of that time to be read at the meetings. Valuable Confederate records are being collected and preserved, and every effort is made to perpetuate the memory of our Confederate heroes. It will also be the aim of the Society to have used in our schools only true histories, that the youth of the South may understand for what their fathers fought and died.

The badge of the Society consists of an open circle of white enamel bearing in letters of gold, "Daughters of the Confederacy, 1861-'65." In the open centre are crossed the first and last flags of the Confederacy, the colors being beautifully brought out in red, white and blue enamel and gold. This badge has been patented, and is now used as the official Virginia badge. It is worn by our members in Washington, D. C., in St. Louis, Missouri, and in the States of Montana, Georgia and Washington, and other places. The Albemarle Chapter of the "Daughters of the Confederacy," which began with a little band of earnest Confederate women, has, in a short time, attained a membership of over a hundred. At a meeting of the Executive Committee held April 30, 1895, it resolved to use every effort to establish other Chapters in Virginia. The Chapters in the order of organization with the names of their officers are as follows:

1. Albermarle, formed May 25, 1894. First meeting held October 15, 1894. President, Mrs. James Mercer Garnett; Vice President, Mrs. C. C. Wertenbaker; Treasurer, Mrs. N. K. Davis; Secretary, Miss Fanny Berkeley.

2. Newport News, organized in May, 1895. President, Mrs. Geo. W. Nelms; Vice President, Mrs. J. Shelton Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. W. Geo. Kenier; Secretary, Mrs. W. Filmore Turnbull.

3. Petersburg, organized August 27, 1895. President, Mrs. Robert T. Meade; Vice President, Mrs. J. W. Roseboro; Treasurer, Mrs. R. L. Watson, Secretary, Mrs. Richard B. Davis.

4. Roanoke, organized August 27, 1895. President, Mrs. Thomas Lewis; Vice President, Mrs. Terry; Treasurer, Mrs. Trout; Secretary, Mrs. Grey.

5. Woodstock, organized October 5, 1895. President, Mrs. James H. Williams; Vice President, Mrs. Miley; Treasurer, Mrs. John Grabill; Secretary, Mrs. Campbell.

6. Staunton, organized October 23, 1895. President, Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart; Vice President, Mrs. G. P. Wilson; Treasurer, Mrs. E. P. Lipscomb; Secretary, Mrs. S. T. McCullough.

7. Lexington, organized January 18, 1896. President, Miss Mildred Lee; Vice President, Mrs. A. D. Estill; Treasurer, Miss Mary Nelson Pendleton; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Allan.

8. Richmond, organized January 27, 1896. President, Mrs. N. V. Randolph; Vice President, Miss May G. Baughman; Treasurer, Mrs. Frank T. Cramp; Secretary, Mrs. Austin Brockenborough.

9. Radford, organized February 1, 1896. President, Mrs. Wm. R. Wharton; Vice President, Mrs. McIngles; Treasurer, Mrs. J. R. Eakin; Secretary, Miss Julia V. M. Tyler.

10. Waynesboro, organized February 3, 1896. President, Mrs. Elliott Fishburne; Vice President, Miss Belle Patrick; Treasurer, Miss Annie Fishburne; Secretary, Miss Loula Bush.

11. Christiansburg, organized February 5, 1896. President, Mrs. T. W. Hooper; Vice President, Mrs. T. W. Ellett; Treasurer, Mrs. M. C. Wade; Secretary, Mrs. Sue Hogan Phlegar.

12. Harrisonburg, to be organized on February 7, 1896. President, ———; Vice President, ———; Treasurer, ———; Secretary, ———.

Officials of Harrisonburg Chapter not yet received.

With a half dozen Chapters in process of organization, this Division will number over two-thirds of all the Chapters formed in the entire South. The memberships are from twenty-five to 100. A more concise report will be given in March Vet-

EREN. Such a result from the Albemarle Chapter, the parent Chapter in Virginia will no doubt surprise many readers of "the VETERAN," though the main facts have been communicated to some of the officers of the United Society.

These Chapters will soon be organized into a Division. The five Chapters in Virginia: Alexandria, Warrenton, Lynchburg, Appomattox and Norfolk, chartered by the United Society, are most cordially invited to co-operate with us in forming a grand Virginia Division, established on a sure foundation.

"And their deeds—proud deeds—shall remain for us,
And their names—dear names—without stain for us,
And the glories they won shall not wane for us.
In legend and lay,
Our heroes in gray,
Though dead, shall live over again for us."

KATE NOLAND GARNETT.

University of Virginia, February 5, 1896.

TENNESSEE DAUGHTERS AT GALLATIN.

Clark Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized October 28, 1895, under the direction of that energetic and enthusiastic worker, Mrs. Snyder. It has enrolled already twenty-six members, and is doing good work. The officers are Mrs. S. F. Wilson, President; Mrs. B. D. Bell, Vice-President; Mrs. Addie Cherry, Treasurer; Mrs. C. W. Meguiar, Secretary, and Miss Martha Rogan, Corresponding Secretary.

If energy and a true interest in the glorious cause, such as is felt by these efficient officers, be taken as indicative of our future, Clark Chapter will soon be in the advance guard.

The name was given in honor of one of our grand old families, the homestead of which is upon the identical spot of one of our pioneer forts, and from which family went out four gallant sons to face the dangers of a ruthless war in the cause of kindred and of home. Three of these went down to death true to the sentiment of a noble patriotism.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY IN FLORIDA.

The annual meeting of the Jacksonville branch United Daughters of the Confederacy, was held on Monday, January 20th; the nineteenth, General Lee's birthday, having fallen on Sunday. The election of officers was as follows: Mrs. T. H. Hartridge, President; Mrs. W. M. Davidson, Vice-President; Mrs. R. L. Cooley, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. D. Mathews, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. P. Fleming, Treasurer.

This branch has in hand the marking of all graves of Confederate soldiers now unmarked, and the erection of a Confederate monument in some prominent place in Jacksonville.

Prospects are very bright for other chapters and a State organization. Those who suffered and lost feel it a sacred duty to properly instruct their children in the history of those sad years, and also a duty to protect and preserve such mementoes as will show to future generations the great sacrifice of luxury and pleasure cheerfully given up for a great cause.

THE WIDOW'S MOAN.—Mrs. D. C. Harrison writes from (1619, 17th Street, N. W.,) Washington, D. C.: Can you tell me if there is any one in Nashville to whom I could apply for information concerning the burial spot of Capt. Dabney C. Harrison? He was with his Regiment, 56th Virginia, Company K., at Fort Donelson, and was carried, after being wounded, on a boat to Nashville. The boat reached that point, but further than that, in all these years, I have not known, notwithstanding my unwearied efforts. * * * Capt. Harrison was my husband. I need not say how grateful I will be for any information concerning this subject.

If the good women who had to do with the burial of dead from Fort Donelson can give Mrs. H. some information, it will gratify them as well as her.

OTIS S. TARVER AND HIS FLAG.

The above picture of Comrade Otis S. Tarver, of Sanford, Florida, will be all the more appreciated because of the flag which so many thousands revere. He stood, ran and fought for that flag from August 8, 1861, until the final surrender, and has ever since kept it at the head of his bed. He is in his sixtieth year. This comrade is a Georgian, but has lived in Florida the past fifteen years.

APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF FORREST.

By John A. Wyeth M. D.

(Extracts from the Life of Lieutenant General N. B. Forrest.)

General James R. Chalmers, in his address before the Southern Historical Society,* August, '79, says:

"In February, 1841, when I was but ten years of age, I remember well a small company of volunteers which marched out of the town of Holly Springs, Mississippi, to the relief of Texas, then threatened by invasion from Mexico. In that little band stood Bedford Forrest, a tall, black-haired, gray-eyed youth, scarce twenty years of age, who then gave the first evidence of the military ardor he possessed. The company saw no fighting, for the danger was over before they arrived, and the men received no pay. Finding themselves in a strange country, without friends or money, Forrest, with the characteristic energy which distinguished him in after life, split rails at fifty cents per hundred and made the money necessary to bring him back to his family and home." * * * *

PROPOSED STATUE TO GENERAL FORREST.

Lieutenant-General N. B. Forrest, who was my immediate commander during the first year of the war, if not the greatest military genius, was certainly the greatest revolutionary leader on our side. He was restrained by no knowledge of law or constitution; he was embarrassed by no preconceived ideas of military science. His favorite maxim was: "War means fighting, and fighting means killing." Without the slightest knowledge of them, he seemed by instinct to adopt the tactics of the masters of military art. * * *

On December 28th, 1861, Forrest, with 300 men, met the enemy for the first time, about 450 strong, near Sacramento, Ky. This fight deserves special notice, not only because of its success and the confidence inspired in the raw Confederate cavalry, but because it displayed at once the chief characteristics and natural tactics which were subsequently more fully developed and made Forrest famous as a cavalry leader. He had marched his command twenty miles that day when he found a fresh trail where the enemy's cavalry had passed. Putting his command at a gallop, he traveled ten miles further before he struck the rear guard. His own command was badly scattered, not half up with him, but without halting he rushed headlong at them, leading the charge himself. When he had driven the rear guard on to the main body, and they turned on him with superior force, he quickly dismounted his men and held the enemy in check until his command came up, and ordered them to attack in flank and rear. This movement was successful, and the retreat of the Federals soon began. Quickly mounting his men, he commenced one of his terrible pursuits, fighting hand to hand with pistol and sword, killing one and wounding two himself, continuing this for miles, and leaving the road dotted with living and dead. * * * * "

Major D. C. Kelly, who then for the first time saw his superior under fire, describing the wonderful change that took place in his appearance, says:

"His face flushed until he bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior, and his eyes, usually so mild in their expression, flashed with the intense glare of the panther about to spring on its prey. In fact, he looked as little like the Forrest of our mess-table as the storm of December resembles the quiet of June."

General Chalmers relates: "Some of the notable points in Forrest's manner of fighting, were (1) reckless courage in making the attack, a rule he invariably followed and which tended to intimidate his adversary; (2) the quick dismounting of his men to fight, showing that he regarded horses mainly as a rapid means of transportation for his troops; (3) his intuitive adoption of the flank attack, so demoralizing to the enemy even in an open field, and so much more so when made, as Forrest often did, under cover of woods which concealed the weakness of the attacking party; (4) his fierce and untiring pursuit, which so often changed retreat into rout and made victory complete; (5) following, without knowing it, Napier's precept of the art of war, he was always in front making personal observations. This practice brought him in many personal conflicts and exposed him to constant danger, and he had 27 horses killed and wounded under him in battle. This practice led to imitation by his general officers, and at Hart's cross-roads, the day before the battle of Franklin, I witnessed Forrest with two division and three brigade commanders, all on the skirmish line.

"At Shiloh, Forrest, without orders from any superior officer, had pushed his scouts to the river

*See Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. vii, p. 454.

and discovered that reinforcements of the enemy were coming. I was then in command of an infantry brigade, which by some oversight had not received the order to retreat; about midnight, Forrest awoke me, inquiring for Generals Beauregard, Bragg and Hardee, and when I could not tell him, he said in profane but prophetic language, 'If the enemy come on us in the morning, we will be whipped like h—!' He carried this information to headquarters and, with military genius, suggested a renewal at once of our attack; but the unlettered colonel was ordered back to his regiment." * * *

I recall an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the esteem in which Forrest was held by the people, and he always told it on himself with great delight. When Bragg was retreating from Tennessee, Forrest was among the last of the rear guard. An old lady ran out of her house to the gate as he was passing, and urged him to turn back and fight. As he rode on without stopping, she shook her fist at him and cried, "Oh! you great, big, cowardly rascal! I only wish old Forrest were here; he would make you fight!" * * * * *

One of the greatest secrets of Forrest's success was his perfect system of scouts. He kept reliable scouts all around him and at great distances and often, even days in advance, he was informed of movements that were about to be made. * *

Near West Point, (1864) Forrest soon came up to where I was standing on the causeway, leading to the bridge, and, as it was the first time I had ever been with him in a fight, I watched him closely. His manner was nervous, impatient and imperious. He asked me what the enemy were doing, and I gave him the report just received from Colonel Duff, in command of the pickets. He said sharply, "Well, I will go and see myself." He started across the bridge, which was about thirty yards long and then being raked by the enemy's fire. This struck me at the time as a needless and somewhat braggadocio exposure of himself, and I followed him to see what he would do. When he reached the other bank, the fire of the enemy was very heavy and our men were falling back, one running without hat or gun. In an instant Forrest seized and threw him to the ground, and, while the bullets were whistling around him, administered a severe thrashing with a brush of wood. * * * *

General Joseph E. Johnston said if Forrest had been an educated soldier, no other Confederate general would have been heard of.

Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tullahoma, Tenn., who was chief surgeon to Forrest's Cavalry during the war, and was intimately associated with Forrest, says that at the battle of Okalona, where Forrest's brother Jeffrey was killed, his grief was overpowering when he realized that the brother whom he idolized, and who, being a posthumous child, had been tenderly reared and carefully educated by the elder brother, was mortally wounded. Although the Federals were in flight with Forrest pursuing, he seemed for a moment to forget the great responsibility of his position as a commander, in the agony of this sudden affliction. He dismounted, picked up his dying brother and held him in his arms as he would a child, until his lifeblood was spent. The wound was of such a character that surgical relief was impossible, and he bled to death within a few minutes. The rough soldier kissed his dead brother tenderly, with tears streaming from his eyes, laid him gently upon the ground, took one last look, and then his expression of grief gave way to one of almost ferocity; he sprang to his horse, shouting to Goss, his bugler, "Blow the charge!" and swept ahead of his men in the direction of the retreating enemy. Dr. Cowan followed as close behind him as he could keep in the pursuit, and the faithful escort were well up with their great leader. Half a mile or so down the road they suddenly came upon the enemy, who had determined upon a stand. A piece of artillery was placed to sweep the road by which they must approach, and the Federals, dismounted, had taken a strong position on either side of the road. As soon as they were observed, the Federals fired upon them, and Dr. Cowan remonstrated with the General for thus exposing himself. Forrest remarked, "Doctor, if you are uneasy, you can ride out of range;" and the General continued in this position, making a careful survey of the enemy's position. His horse was killed under him, and he mounted another, belonging to one of the escort who had just then ridden up. While Forrest was riding a little further on, on the side of a little eminence, this horse was also killed. Satisfied with the reconnoissance, which had only occupied a few minutes, he drew his saber and shouted to the escort, "Move up!" This plucky body of sixty men followed with equal bravery their daring and now reckless leader.

"It seemed to me then that the General, maddened by grief at the loss of his favorite brother, wanted to go with him. It was only the matter of a moment when the General and his escort were mixed up with the Federals in a fearful melée. I put the spurs to my horse, ran back in the direction from which we had come to hurry up help, met Colonel McCulloch with a portion of his Missouri regiment, and said to him, 'Colonel, for God's sake hurry down the road as fast as you can. The General and his escort are down there in a hand to hand fight, and I am afraid he will be killed before you can get there!' Forrest slew three men with his sword in this terrible fight before the Federals yielded and fled from the field."

General Richard Taylor, who later in the war was placed in command of the department in which Forrest operated, says in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction," (see p. 19).

"Some months before the time of our first meeting * * * he had defeated Sturgis at Tishimingo, and he soon repeated his defeat of General Grant at Okalona.

"Okalona was fought on an open plain, and Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for great inferiority of numbers, but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Leuthen and Zorndorf, though he had never heard these names. Indeed, his tactics deserve the closest study of military men. When asked to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied, 'I got there first with the most men.' * * * I doubt if any commander since the time of lion-

hearted Richard, has killed so many of his foes as Forrest. His word of command was unique, 'Move up, and mix with 'em!' While cutting down many a foe with long-reaching arm, his keen eye watched the whole fight and guided him to the weak spot. Yet, he was a tender-hearted, kindly man. The accusations of his enemies that he murdered his prisoners at Fort Pillow and elsewhere are absolutely false. These negroes told me of Forrest's kindness to them."

In the closing campaign at Selma, in April, 1865, General Taylor says, (see p. 219):

"Forrest ordered his brigades to the Catawba crossing, leading one in person. He was a host in himself, and a dangerous adversary to meet at any reasonable odds. With one brigade, Forrest was in Wilson's path; he fought as if the world depended on his arm, and sent to advise me of the deception practiced on two of his brigades, hoping to stop the enemy if he could with the third, the absence of which he could not account for. After Selma fell, he appeared horse and man covered with blood, and announced the enemy at his heels, and that I must move at once to escape capture. I felt anxious about him, but he said he was unhurt and would cut his way through."

If Forrest was terrible and relentless in battle, he was by nature gentle, tender and affectionate. His love for children was very strong. My personal friend, Colonel R. B. Kyle, of Gadsden, on the 25th of June 1895, gave me in writing the following personal reminiscence of the great soldier:

"About May 7th, 1863, as Forrest was returning from the capture of Streight, at Rome, he stayed all night at my house. Forrest's terrific pursuit of Streight, and the capture of his large command with a force only one-third as numerous as the enemy, had, of course, filled the country through which Streight had passed with the idea that Forrest was a tremendous fighter, and gave me the impression that his mind would be occupied only with things concerning the war; but the only thing that seemed to concern him while in my house for almost a day and all night, was my little two-year-old boy, to whom he took a great fancy, holding him on his lap and carrying him around the place in his arms. The little child showed great fondness for him and loved to stay with him. The next day, when Forrest rode away in the direction of Guntersville, he took the little fellow two or three miles on the road with him, holding him on the saddle in front of him, and I rode along with Forrest this distance in order to bring the child home to his mother. He kissed the little fellow tenderly as he bade him good-bye and, turning to me, said, 'My God, Kyle, this is worth living for!'

"I again met Forrest in the fall of '63' on board a train *en route* to Montgomery, Ala., to meet President Davis, with whom he had some correspondence, and who had asked Forrest to come to Montgomery, as he wanted to see him personally. We renewed our acquaintance, and in conversation he told me he would not serve longer under Bragg. He said that he was not competent to command any army; that the army had whipped the Federals badly at Chickamauga, and that he, with his command, had followed them almost to the suburbs of Chattanooga; that they were demoralized, and could have been captured, and that he rode back himself, after sending couriers and getting unfavorable replies, and found General Bragg asleep. He urged that they move on in pursuit of the enemy at once, as their capture was certain. Bragg asked how he could move an army without supplies, as his men had exhausted them. Forrest's reply was, 'General Bragg, we can get all the supplies our army needs in Chattanooga.' Bragg made no reply, and Forrest rode away disgusted."

"BARRIERS BURNED AWAY."

A Blue and Gray commingling was in successful swing;
The fraternizing "boom" was on, and all that sort of thing—
When, as it chanced, an old Confed fell chinning with a Yank
Who proved, in sooth, a caution as a reminiscence "crank."

"How pleasant 'tis," the latter cried, "to grasp the hand of him
That through four long and bloody years faced us in battle grim!
And, by the way, was it your luck to fight at Franklin? eh!"
"Well, I should smile," quoth Stars and Bars; "I lost an ear that day."

"Ah ha! in that event I know 'twill please you much to hear
That 'twas a rooster of my size who scooped your missing ear.
I shot it off; it all comes back;" but ere he could conclude,
The Confed loomed before his gaze in no uncertain mood.

"And 'twas you that did the job, you wretched little Yank!
I've often wondered if I'd meet the man I had to thank
For this depletion—as at length I see your form once more,
Take that, and that, and that, for what you did in Sixty-four!"

CHAS. EDGEWORTH JONES.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 14, '96.

A comrade writes from the Palmetto Home Landing on Yazoo River, Mississippi: On January 23rd, at 3 a. m., Comrade George W. Daniel answered the last roll call. No braver or truer patriot ever fought beneath the stars and bars. He enlisted at Duck Hill, Miss., when sixteen years old, in Company E, Fifteenth Mississippi, in which company he served two years. The last two years he served in Company H, Twenty-ninth Mississippi, Walthall's Division; was never absent from roll call but once during the four years, and never had a furlough. He was in many battles, among them Shiloh, Corinth, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Dalton, Kennesaw Mountain, Allatoona, Atlanta, Peachtree Creek, Franklin, and others. He never knew what fear meant, was true to his God, true to his family, and true to his country. He loved to talk of the war, and had a remarkable memory. He was laid to rest at Mount Olivet Cemetery, Yazoo County, Miss., wrapped in the flag he loved and honored.

Mr. J. Ryan, who served in the Twenty-first Indiana Battery, and was close enough in great battles to appreciate Confederates, writes from Chicago, January 8, '96: I enclose five dollars, which please credit to the "Sam Davis Monument Fund." Think it should be erected in Nashville.

I only wish I was able to contribute in proportion to my admiration of the true manhood displayed by this man.

TO CHARMING NELLIE—NOT SO FUNNY.

J. B. Polley, Esq., Floresville, Texas, sends another old letter dated, Camp near Richmond, Va., May 19, 1862. An account of the first battle:

CHARMING NELLIE: * * * Arrived at Yorktown, we camped about a mile and a half to the rear and right of that dilapidated old town. It was here, you know, that Cornwallis surrendered. The embankments thrown up during the Revolutionary War are yet in a fair state of preservation, and would likely have been very interesting to me had not the present war, in the shape and terror of a bomb from a Federal battery, furnished a more practical subject for reflection. Some of my comrades grew very enthusiastic over the fact that we were on historic ground, made sacred by Washington's great victory, and eloquently insisted that the scene should inspire us with extra courage and patriotism. I suspected, however, that the larger part of their enthusiasm originated in the canteen of whiskey they bought from a blockade runner. I tasted it, but it aroused no corresponding sentiments in my breast. * * * About two o'clock, on the morning of May 4th, the pleasing information was communicated to the Texas Brigade that to it had been granted the proud distinction of serving as the rear guard of the Confederate Army. In fact, all the other troops had folded their tents and, without giving us the slightest hint of their intention, marched away, hours before, toward Richmond, and even the compliment paid our brigade failed to relieve us of exceeding lonesomeness.

Just as day appeared the gallant Texans took up the line of march and, anxious to put as much distance as possible between it and a presumably fast following enemy, stepped out in their very liveliest manner. However, either because the Yankees knew that Texans were the rear guard and feared to attack such desperadoes, or were not fleet-footed enough to overtake them, they were not molested, and overtook the main body of the army about four miles from the old Colonial town of Williamsburg—the proud and inspiring consciousness thrilling their bosoms of duty well-performed by heroic efforts to get beyond reach of a dastardly enemy. Terribly tired by a rapid eight mile march over the muddiest road imaginable, we yet halted not, but, leaving Williamsburg to our left, went swiftly on. After an hour or two of hurried tramping, the roar of artillery and the roll of musketry, fortunately many miles behind us, smote upon our unaccustomed ears and gave us an opportunity to reflect proudly and exultingly on our good fortune; the honor and glory of being the rear guard was ours beyond dispute, and yet we had escaped all the dangers.

Gen. Hood neither halted, changed the course of the march, nor furnished us with a single particular as to his intentions, but hurried the command on with a speed that indicated a strong desire on his part to reach a haven of complete safety, a proceeding which met our hearty approval and co-operation. At any rate, camp was made that night in heavy timber about four miles from Eltham's Landing on York River. Here we remained until the 7th, when before daylight we began moving toward the landing and the enemy. Gen. Hood and his Staff were a hundred yards in advance of the Fourth, and Company F. next to the leading company. We were approaching a large, deserted house, situated on an eminence overlooking the wide valley of York River. Between us and the house were some cavalry pickets, who, like veritable dummies had sat on their horses and permitted a company of Yankee infantry to shelter itself behind the building. Hood reached the picket line—which was scarcely a hundred yards from the house—and immediately twenty or more blue coats stepped out in plain view and poured a volley into us—doing no greater damage, however, than to give us a terrible scare.

We were marching at will, in column, and, except that of John Deal, not a gun was loaded. It was a complete surprise. We were in a newly cleared field, full of pine stumps, and, with the instinct of self-preservation, every man, except Deal—who immediately knelt, fired, and mortally wounded the Sergeant of the attacking force—hastily sought the protection of a stump, loading his gun as he ran to it. Hood came dashing back, shouting to the regiment to fall into line, and as every stump I made for was appropriated by a quicker man—and I had managed to load my gun, I had no option but to be among the first to obey orders and place myself in approved battle array. Not half a minute elapsed though, before every man of the regiment was in rank, and then came the order to charge. Rushing bravely to the crest of the eminence, we were overjoyed to see the enemy fleeing across an open field to a skirt of timber half a mile away, but not a man of the fifty or more in sight and range escaped wounding or death.

To the right of the house grew heavy timber and there, after deploying into skirmish line, a number of Yankees were killed and captured. After awhile, the brigade moved forward across the field and into the woods beyond, but the Yankee skirmishers were driven back so rapidly by ours that not a single enemy capable of doing duty came within my view. But as long as I kept out of their sight I was thoroughly content. The other two Texas Regiments had hot fights, which they won by gallant charges, and in two hours the Yankees were forced to take refuge in transports, protected by gunboats which shelled the woods until night.

Thus, Charming Nellie, began and ended your friend's first experience under fire. He did not distinguish himself, but finds consolation in the reflection that neither did the enemy, nor the ——— Cavalry, who by their carelessness almost caused the Fourth Texas to show the "white feather" in its first engagement. Here I looked for the first time on the dead and wounded of a battle. After the fighting ceased, Jack S——— and I went to a poor fellow who was mortally wounded, and filling his canteen with water, did what we could to make him comfortable. He admitted being from Wisconsin, but absolutely refused to tell his command, saying that was against orders. He was just about my age, and it was not a pleasant thought that some day soon I may, like him, be mortally wounded and

left in the hands of the enemy. I do not often indulge such grim fancies, but in his presence could not avoid them.

Three days rations had been issued the day before we left Yorktown, and on the morning of the 8th, being without rations, four ears of corn were dealt out to each man. Parched, it was no bad eating to hungry soldiers, and we soon became genuine Cornfeds. About two o'clock on the morning of the 9th, the regiment was aroused and informed that it was to be carried, right under the noses of the enemy, out of very dangerous quarters, and that the most profound silence must be maintained and not a cup or plate suffered to rattle. Thus enjoined, we marched out of camp as silently as Arabs, taking the road to Richmond. The country was open, but a heavy fog enveloped it. To the right and very near our line of march, we could distinguish the shadowy forms of horses and riders, standing quiet and motionless—cavalry pickets, whose close proximity to the road should, according to military usage, have indicated the near approach of the enemy. When, however, it was learned that the pickets were ——— Cavalry, our fears began to subside, for we felt that the gallant sabereurs would keep a careful lookout for their own safety. Nevertheless, the speed of the march suffered no abatement, until broad daylight and the lifting of the fog, furnished ocular demonstration of safety. Then I drew a long and heartfelt sigh of relief; for I am philosopher enough to derive much consolation from that noble, soul-inspiring sentiment of the poet—

He who fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

At ten o'clock a. m., we passed the White House —the home of the Lee family and the place where Gen. Washington "caught a Tartar" by marrying the widow Custer. But as no member of the brigade cared to make historical researches, we pushed rapidly on until half the Confederate Army lay between us and the Yankees. Then, about noon, we won our most appreciated laurels—being permitted to camp in a thicket of those shrubs. In truth, we deserved them; for little gallantry as we displayed at Eltham's Landing, the Yankees showed less, and our bold front prevented the debarkation of Franklin's Corps and the capture of our immense wagon train.

What do you think? After going into camp in the laurel thicket, I witnessed the performance of a strange feat by a sleeping man—he caught a live rabbit. It is a solemn undeniable fact, which I can prove incontestably by a hundred men who failed to catch the little animal. It was this way; the rabbit jumped out of a hollow in a stump that some soldier wanted for firewood, and the moment it was seen, an immense shout went up and half a thousand men began chasing and grabbing at it. It ran hither and thither, and finally jumped squarely on Dansby's breast, just as his hand, moving unconsciously, descended to rest on the breast. The two acts—that of the rabbit and that of the man—were so nearly simultaneous, that the rabbit evidently thought it had found a hiding place, for it made no effort whatever to escape. Dansby drew a long breath, opened his eyes with astonishment, looked a moment at the captive, and then sprang to his feet, saying with a smile of delight, "By gum—I'm hongry." In less than five minutes that little, trusting rabbit was stewing in a quart cup.

CANNONADING THE MOON.

War anecdote by C. C. Cummings, Commander R. E. Lee Camp, Ft. Worth, Texas:

B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, tells of some "Remarkable *shots in the army*" in the Februay number of the VETERAN, which are good, but a longer and higher shot than he tells of I recall while we were at Yorktown, in May, 1862. A party of my regiment—Seventeenth Mississippi—visited this historic old town, by leave of absence from our post on the Warwick (Warrick) River, to see the monument where Cornwallis surrendered his sword to Washington at the last battle in our first revolution. Also to witness the fun with the Yankee balloonist who had been trying to spy our lines. Just before we arrived that evening, the balloon with the Yank in it had started up above the tree tops from the lines of the enemy, some mile or more in our front. The battery boys of the breastworks, however, made him slide down again very quickly when they fired a broadside at him. The crowd at the breastworks around the battery were anxiously awaiting the reappearance of this novelty. The gunner stood with his hand on the lanyard ready to let drive whenever the thing would rise again. Meantime night grew on apace—the stars crept out one by one, as if afraid of being shot by the reckless battery, and the scene was enlivened by the pickets of both sides rushing to and fro around the monument of marble standing sentinel between our lines, first one side and then the other desecrating it by taking shelter behind it. Presently the commander of the battery exclaimed, "There he is again, boys! give it to him good this time!" Bang! bang! boom! boom! roared the battery. The boys raised the rebel yell and waited for the smoke to clear away to see the damage done. Imagine our chagrin when all we saw was the pale-faced moon riding serenely above the tree tops and looking calmly down on us. When we saw the joke our boys guffawed very coarsely at the artillerymen, which made the battery boys heartily ashamed of what they had done—had shot at the man in the moon!

Camp Giles No. 708 U. C. V., at Union, S. C., begun the new year in a properly patriotic and energetic way. Commander J. T. Douglas presided and the State Constitution of United Confederate Veterans was read by W. H. S. Harris, and adopted in its entirety. A committee of five on pensions was appointed, comprised of Y. S. Bobo, Wm. A. Nicholson, A. E. Fant, T. J. Hughes, and Commander Douglas.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was ordered for the Camp. Sixty-six names were enrolled. The next regular meeting of the Camp will be held the first Monday in April. Comrade J. L. Strain, Adjutant of the Camp, is at Etta Jane, Union County.

ROSTER OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Henry E. Claflin, of Arbington, Mass., sends interesting data about our Confederate Generals. While it is unusually accurate for data of the kind, he admits that it is not absolutely so, because many Confederate records were destroyed. His list is as follows: Full Generals, 8; Lieutenant-Generals, 17; Major-Generals, 82; Brigadier-Generals, 313; total, 420. He gives the Command and brief sketch of the full Generals and that of the ranking subordinates in their order of appointment:

It is singular that so great a discrepancy occurs in the number of Confederate Generals. Will comrades report errors which they may discover?

Samuel Cooper, of Virginia, General Confederate States Army, May 16, '61; Adjutant and Inspector-General C. S. A. from May 16, '61, until the close of the war; died Dec. 3, 1876.

Albert Sidney Johnston, of Texas, (a native of Kentucky), General Confederate States Army, May 30, '61; killed April 6, '62, at the battle of Shiloh; commanded Department No. 2 by special order No. 149 A. and I. G. O., Sept. 10, '61, known as the Army of the Mississippi.

Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, Major-General commanding Virginia State Forces, '61; Brigadier-General Confederate States Army, May 14, '61; General Confederate States Army June, 14, '61; died Oct. 12, '70. Commanded in Western Virginia, '61; Coast of South Carolina and Georgia winter of '61 and '62; assigned to duty at Richmond and charged with the operations of the Confederate States Army, March 21, '62; commanded the Army of Northern Virginia from June 1, '62, to the 9th of April '65; Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Confederate States of America by general orders Feb. 6, '65.

Joseph E. Johnston, of Virginia, Major-General Virginia State Forces, April 26, '61; Brigadier-General Confederate States Army, May 14, '61; General Confederate States Army, July 4, '61; died March 29, 1891. Commanded at Harper's Ferry, May 24, '61; assumed command at Bull Run July 20, '61; commanded Department of Northern Virginia and Department of Norfolk and Peninsula from Oct. 22, '61, to June 1, '62; commanded Department of the West, including commands of Bragg, Kirby-Smith and Pemberton, Nov. 24, '62; commanded Department of the Mississippi, March 9, '63; assigned to the command of the Army of Tennessee, Dec. 13, '63; removed July 17, '64; reassigned Feb. 23, '65, and commanded until the war closed.

Pierre G. T. Beauregard, of Louisiana, Brigadier-General Confederate States Army, March 1, '61; General Confederate States Army, July 21, '61; died February 20, 1893; assigned to command at Charleston, S. C., March 1, '61; assigned to command Army of the Potomac, May '61; commanded Army of the Mississippi from March 5, '62; in command of the Department of South Carolina and Georgia, Aug. 29, '63; commanded at Petersburg and Drewry's Bluff April 23, '61; commanded Military Division of the West Oct. 17, '64; commanded operations at Charleston, S. C., winter of '64-'65; announced as second in command to Gen. J. E. Johnston, Feb. 25, '65.

Braxton Bragg, of Louisiana, Brigadier-General Provisional Army Confederate States, March 7, '61; Major-General P. A. C. S., Sept. 12, '61; General Confederate States Army, April 12, '62; died Sept. 27, '76. Assigned to command of Army of Louisiana, Feb. 22, '61, to defences of Pensacola Oct. 29, '61, to to Department of Alabama and Florida winter '61–'2, to right wing Army of the Mississippi at Shiloh April '62; commanded Army of the Mississippi March '62 to Nov. 12, '62; commanded Department of Tennessee, Aug. '63 to Dec. 22, '63; assigned to duty at Richmond, Feb. 24, '64; commanded Department of North Carolina, Nov. 24, '64.

E. Kirby-Smith, of Florida, Brigadier-General June 17, '61; Major-General Oct. 11, '61; Lieutenant-General Oct. 9, '62; General Feb. 19, '64; died March 28, '93. Chief-of-Staff to Gen. J. E. Johnston, June and July, '61, Division composed of Brigades of Trimble, Taylor and Elzey; commanded Department of East Tennessee, afterward Trans-Mississippi Department, Feb. 11, '63.

John B. Hood, of Texas, Colonel 4th Texas Infantry, Sept. 30, '61; Brigadier-General P. A. C. S., March 3, '62; Major-General Oct. 10, '62; Lieutenant-General Sept. 20, '63; General (temporary rank), July 18, '64; died Aug. 30, '79. Commanded Brigade composed of the 1st, 4th, 25th Texas and 18th Georgia Infantry and Hampton's Legion, Army of North Virginia; Division composed of the Brigades of Robertson, Law, Benning and Jenkins, Army of Northern Virginia; commanded Army of Tennessee, July 18, '64, to Feb. 23, '65.

LIEUTENANT-GENERALS.

James Longstreet, of Alabama, the senior Lieutenant-General, is reported as follows: Brigadier-General, June 17, '61; Major-General Oct. 7, '61; Lieutenant-General Oct. 9, '62; commanded Brigades composed of the 1st, 7th, 11th and 17th Virginia Infantry, Army of the North Potomac, '61; Division composed of the Brigades of Kemper, Pickett, Wilcox, Anderson, Pryor and Featherstone, Army of Northern Virginia; commanded First Corps of Northern Virginia from Aug. 13, '62, to Aug. 14, '63; commanded left wing of Army of Tennessee from Oct. to Dec. '63; commanded from Dec. 5, '63, to April 12, '64, Department of East Tennessee; commanded First Corps, composed of Pickett's, Field's and Kershaw's Divisions of Infantry and Alexander's Division of Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, from Oct. 4, '64, to the close of the war.

MAJOR-GENERALS.

David E. Twiggs, of Georgia, was the senior Major-General May 22, '61; died Sept. 15, '62. He was assigned to the Command of the District of Louisiana April 17, '61, with headquarters at New Orleans.

Barnard E. Bee was the senior Brigadier of South Carolina who named the great Jackson "Stonewall." Brigadier-General June 17, '61; killed at Bull Run July 21, '61. His Brigade was composed of the 4th Alabama and 2nd and 11th Mississippi and 1st Tennessee Infantry and Imboden's Battery, Army of the Shenandoah.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS BY STATES.

Charles Edgeworth Jones, of Augusta, Ga., has taken much pains in a compilation of statistics about

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN AUGUSTA, GA.

our Confederate Generals. He reports the total as 474. Mr. Jones gives them by States and as follows:

Virginia—Three full Generals, five Lieutenant-Generals, seventeen Major-Generals, and fifty-four Brigadier-Generals—79 in all.

North Carolina—Two Lieutenant-Generals, seven Major-Generals, and twenty-nine Brigadier-Generals—38 in all.

Georgia—Three Lieutenant-Generals, seven Major-Generals, and forty-two Brigadier-Generals—52 in all.

Florida—One General in Provisional Army of Confederate States, three Major-Generals, and ten Brigadier-Generals—14 in all.

Alabama—One Lieutenat-General, six Major-Generals, and twenty-nine Brigadier-Generals—36 in all.

Mississippi—Five Major-Generals and thirty Brigadier-Generals—35 in all.

Louisiana—Two full Generals, two Lieutenant-Generals, four Major-Generals, and twenty-two Brigadier-Generals—30 in all.

Texas—One full General with temporary rank, three Major-Generals, and thirty-six Brigadier-Generals—41 in all.

Indian Territory—One Brigadier-General (Stand Watie).

France—One Major-General (Camille J. Polignac).

Arkansas—Four Major-Generals and eighteen Brigadier-Generals—22 in all.

Missouri—Four Major-Generals and twelve Brigadier-Generals—16 in all.

Tennessee—Two Lieutenant-Generals, eight Major-Generals and thirty-four Brigadier-Generals—44 in all.

Kentuky—One Lieutenant-General, five Major-Generals and sixteen Brigadier-Generals—22 in all.

Maryland—Three Major-Generals and six Brigadier-Generals—9 in all.

MAJOR JNO. W. DANIEL AT LEE'S GRAVE.

Father A. J. Ryan wrote the New Orleans Times-Democrat soon after dedication of the recumbent figure of Gen. Lee, in the Chapel of Washington and Lee University, an account of John W. Daniel's oration, stating:

He began his oration in a simple, yet striking, way, alluding to the home of Lee before the war. It was only the preface to a glorious oration.

He rose as he proceeded as a man in climbing the slopes of a mountain to see the setting sun. Half way up the slope he seemed to rest, but you could see in his face and hear in the tremor of his voice and his graceful swaying gestures that he rested for a purpose. I think it was the glory-hour of his address. When he swung back his classic head, he alluded to President Davis, with his heart in his voice and in words that were royal. * * *

It was the grand Southern amen to words grand as they were, and grandly spoken of a man grander than any words. Some eyes were moist with tears then—tributes to our president, who suffered for us all.

God bless him. The orator went on, rising higher and higher in his eloquence, and when he concluded there was one man in that audience who said to himself "the orator equals the occasion." Then General Early spoke briefly. He commanded your humble servant to come forward and face a crowd already entranced with glorious eloquence. I obeyed, said a few words, recited the "Sword of Robert Lee," and stole away. Stonewall Jackson's daughter, Julia, unveiled the statue. Crowds went in and came out, and the faces of many were sad. Clouds were gathering way over on the mountains. The sun went down and Lexington will never see such a day again, because the world will never know another Robert Lee.

A. Forrest, Sherman, Texas: I have in my possession one pocket Bible which I would like to return to the original owner, if he can be found. There is written in the back "Water Valley, Miss." "I had rather be a minister of the gospel than to be king over all this earth" is also written on it, "Shelbyville, Tenn.," and signed "Hugh." He was, I think, in 29th Illinois Regiment, which was captured at Trenton, West Tennessee, early in 1863, by one of General N. B. Forrest's men. I am one of them, and stuck to Forrest when the others left him at Plantersville, twenty-two miles North of Selma, Ala., near the close of the war.

Confederate Veteran.

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THE BATTLE ABBEY MOVEMENT.

Tennessee Confederates have not shown greater patriotic zeal since the war than is now being manifested in behalf of the Confederate Memorial Association. Col. Robt. C. Wood, of New Orleans, in special charge of the work for promoting this great enterprise, will occupy many pages in the VETERAN for March in this interest. Abundant space has been tendered and he will give an account of what is being done. In a note he says: "I thank you for the kind proffer which you make. Appreciating the value of the VETERAN as a vehicle of communication with the Confederate element of the country, and having a high estimation of its influence, it will afford me pleasure to prepare for your March issue a statement of the progress of the work of the Confederate Memorial Committee."

NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOMES.

It will be interesting to Confederates generally to know that twenty thousand Union veterans are being provided with homes by the general government. They are located at the following places: Dayton, O., 5,189; (Northwestern) Milwaukee, Wis., 2,448; Leavenworth, (Kan.), 2,492; Hampton, Va., 3,126; Augusta, Me., 1,977; Marion, Ind., 1,501; and Santo Monica, Cal., 1,455. There are twenty-two Soldiers' Homes in as many Northern States.

With the seven National Homes there are 422,770 acres of land which cost $234,577.84, and the improvements cost $4,461,190.30.

The aggregate cost of maintaining these homes from the beginning to June 30, '95 was $38,487,700.

The expenditures in the seven branches are between $2,500,000 and $3,00.000 a year.

All the foregoing is independent of pensions. It is estimated that four-fifths of the benificiaries of the National Home draw pensions averaging $10 each per month. Pensioners getting less than $16 are entitled to the benefits of support at this National Home without any deduction from their pensions.

The writer had the courtesy, recently, of escort through the various departments of the Milwaukee branch by Col. Cornelius Wheeler, Governor. There were present that morning 2,448 inmates while 300 were absent on leave. It was most interesting to go through so many large buildings so thoroughly provided for comfort. Ah! the memories of those four terrible years which were aroused!

It was gratifying to see such liberal provision for the maimed old men, and the impulse to commend the unstinted liberality of the government in so providing was checked by taking a broader view, in which equally unfortunate American citizens engaged in that same great war with juster cause—the defense of home and other property guaranteed by the constitution of the country—were known to be destitute. What mysteries in this world!

The VETERAN for January solemnly commended the action of Congress in repealing the "proscriptive disabilities" of Confederates, but an omission of a story occurred which was not intended. It was to have been an illustrative comment, and is here given: In the writer's regiment eight men deserted while stationed at Port Hudson, La. They were arrested, returned to their command, kept under guard and on extra duty for months. During the siege of Jackson, Miss., they were released and given three years.

The above mentioned circumstance furnishes a reminiscence: On a hot August day during the siege, when fifty volunteers had been called out to advance our skirmish line, and had done so, one of these eight was lying near the writer on the South side of a fence, when he began to murmur, saying volunteers had been called and he was detailed. Soon one of the hard, harsh minie balls struck the small fence post back of which he sought protection. The unfortunate soldier was struck and, glad of an excuse, started to the rear. When he had gone but a short distance he fell upon his face in the plowed ground —dead.

The Governor of Texas, Hon. C. A. Culberson, is wisely giving to the people of his great State an account of what had been done through the year by legislative enactments, and an account of his own (the executive) department says:

The Confederate Home was formerly supported by fees received from several State departments. As these fees were uncertain and varied in amount from time to time, the efficient maintenance of the home was doubtful and precarious. By an act of the last legislature all question is removed, and the home has been established upon a permanent basis by appropriation from the general revenue, where disabled veterans of the Confederacy are generously provided for.

Mrs. John A. Jackson, of Pulaski, has been referred to in connection with the execution of Samuel Davis. She ardently espoused the Union cause and was specially favored by its general officers. She had influence with the authorities, and she often used it effectually in behalf of Southerners. Gen. Dodge, in his deep anxiety to save the life of Samuel Davis, sought to have Mrs. Jackson visit him, and in a recent thrilling account of those days and nights of anguish she writes to the Giles County Record, after referring its readers to the VETERAN containing an elaborate account, states:

"With moisture in his eyes, General Dodge spoke of Sam Davis as no common young man—one full of energy and promise, and one he would be glad to save from so sad a fate. He urged me to go and see Davis. I felt it would be useless. Nor would I have tried to influence him in his strong determination, and contrary to his ideas of right. I knew his sympathies were intense in the Southern cause. Peril could not daunt his manly courage; and if, as he said, he had given his promise not to betray, he would give his life to shield the betrayer. Yet it has been one of the regrets of my life that I did not visit him in his prison cell.

The thought has come to me since those dark hours, freighted with terrors, sighs and tears, that I might, in kindly ministrations, have lightened the gloom of his surroundings, and brought comfort to the poor boy in a strange place, away from his loved ones, fettered in chains and looking an ignominious death in the face. The human heart sometimes grows faint, sick, and weary; and feels powerless, however the will may urge, to go a step farther, and thus it was with the writer. How little I feel able to explain myself. However, out of this seeming wilful neglect of duty, to human eyes, came deep regrets that so preyed upon my heart, I determined, God willing, that all other poor sufferers similarly situated should have all the aid that I could bring "to lessen the ills of life."

Sam Davis is tried and condemned to death as a spy. The citizens shudder. The sound of the saw and hammer are heard. The gallows is built on East Hill. All eyes involuntarily turn and look once on the hideous thing. The day of execution has come. The windows and doors of every home are closed. The deepest agonies fold their wings in the soul. The young soldier's fate has been heard with tears, pity, and sympathy wherever the English language is read.

General and Governor Churchill, of Arkansas, who telegraphed Senator Berry at Washington to offer his services to the President in the event of a war with England, explained:

"I did this to show that the South and all the old Confederates are loyal to the Union and are willing and ready to defend the Government from all foreign foes. The crisis has come when we must either uphold the Monroe doctrine or abandon it altogether, and I am in favor of enforcing it."

COL. TILLMAN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

This VETERAN acknowledges an interesting letter from Hon. J. D. Tillman, Minister to Ecuador. While Colonel of the Forty-first Tennessee Regiment to which the writer belonged and served much as Sergeant-Major there was much that created memories which last. Col. Tillman's temper could be detected by his address to the Sergeant-Major. If all went well "Sumner" was the pleasantly familiar term used but if he was angry with anybody in the regiment he would emphasize "Sergeant C——." Minister Tillman writes from Quito, beginning his letter in this good-natured way:

Legation of the United States, Quito, Nov. 12, 1895.—The sound of the brass bands for six months, of the roll of the kettle drums night and day, and bugles at all hours almost of the night, have caused me to think frequently of our campaigns of thirty years ago, and with these thoughts of the great rebellion have come memories of many of my old comrades. As these memories have passed through the mind, I have now and then written a few lines to some of the old soldiers of our regiment and brigade. If I could have forgotten you under the circumstances the sight of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN would have brought you to memory. I have received in the last four months all the numbers of the VETERAN except October, which I expect to receive tomorrow, and with it, or in it, a full account of the dedication of Chickamauga Park. That park is a great work and I am glad that our country has been so generous and impartial in committing to bronze and marble the names and deeds of heroism of the men who have contributed to all the great achievements of the North American people in commerce, agriculture and manufacture and in eloquence and art, added a reputation for courage and devotion to principle not excelled even by Rome or Greece. A man, who leaves the United States to reside in other countries, old or young, needs no other incentive to patriotism than absence from his native land, but it is well to keep alive, by monuments and literature, the recollection of the struggles for liberty and principle in our own country.

Basil L. Neal, Cleuese, Ga., color bearer of Company D, 12th Georgia Battalion, or 6th Georgia Regiment, S. T. writes: I would like to know who has the flag of the 6th Georgia Regiment. I have the belt and sword I carried when we disbanded. Our Colonel's name was Henderson, of this State.

E. A. Perry Camp, No. 150, U. C. V., of Lake City, Florida, held memorial services on the 20th of January, commemorative of the birth of R. E. Lee. About seventy-five Veterans were in line. A dinner was served at the Watz House, and from 1:30 to 4 p. m., the old soldiers enjoyed the occasion.

MARENGO (ALA.) RIFLES.

BY N. B. HOGAN.

The first Company organized in Marengo County, Alabama, was the "Marengo Rifles," which became Company A, Eleventh Alabama Infantry on being mustered into the Confederate service at Lynchburg Virginia, early in June, 1861.

This Company was composed principally of school boys from the Linden Academy and other schools of the county, though subsequently receiving a number of recruits to fill vacancies occasioned by the casualties of battle and the ravages of disease, and but a few of these recruits were married men.

I well remember, on the day the Company was organized and as the boys, one by one, attached their signatures to the Company roll, while old man Jim Welch (my cousin) beat the long roll upon the old drum he had used in the Mexican war, how I was so thrilled with excitement that I trembled as I ascended the stairway of the old court house in Linden to place my autograph along with those who were offering their lives in defense of their homes and loved ones. I was just seventeen years of age, and the youngest member of the Company.

When the Company was organized (in the early spring of '61) the volunteer spirit was so great that it had to be announced long before the close of the day that no more names could be enrolled. There were 105 names on the list. The Company was organized under a call from G. M. Moody, a hotelkeeper of Linden, and he was made Captain. Thos. H. Holcombe was elected First Lieutenant; John B. Rains, an attorney, Second Lieutenant; and Wm. B. Young, a seventeen-year-old Tuscaloosa cadet, Third Lieutenant. All these are dead now except "Billy" Young, who is a Circuit Judge at Jacksonville, Florida. I want to say here that no greater hero ever unsheathed a sword than this young officer, and it was owing to his thorough knowledge of military tactics and manly bearing that the Company gained such proficiency in the drill, on the skirmish line and amid thunder and carnage of battle.

After Rains became Captain he would take the Company on the drill ground and, having no knowledge of military tactics, soon got the boys all "tangled up," and not knowing how to "straighten 'em out," would say to Lieutenant Young, "Oh, —! Billy, take the Company; I can't do anything with them." Billy would give one or two commands and every man would be in line.

After the election of officers preparations were at once made for going into camp. The citizens of the county contributed money to buy tents and all necessary camp equipage, besides a handsome and costly gray uniform for the Company. The women (God bless them) presented us with a fine silk flag at a cost of $150.00, which was never allowed to trail in the dust.

A beautiful location was selected at the Hogan Spring, two miles east of Linden, for our Company camp ground. We pitched our tents, run our flag up to the breeze and went into military life in earnest. During the spring and early summer we were marched twice a day to the drill grounds and under the training of Lieutenant Young became one of the best drilled companies in Lee's Army.

On the 17th day of June, 1861, we broke camp and set out for the front and it was not many days until we got a scent of the smoke of battle.

N. B. HOGAN.

While doing picket duty on the Rappahannock above Fredericksburg, beating time in the snow, a letter was handed me bearing the postmark of Linden. I opened it and it contained a letter from Miss Susie Marshall. On one of the sheets of paper she had printed a facsimile of our flag, and underneath it had written, in matchless chirography, these memorable lines:

"For me *A* soldier's true friend,
Nobly your glorious banner defend."

Susie, (I dont want to say "Miss") had capitalized the "A," giving it such emphasis as led me to conclude that she was the "true friend" of some particular "soldier." Ever after the receipt of this missive, when the conflict raged in merciless fury around me, those lines would come unbidden to mind, and under the influence of their magic words I would be urged on, thinking only of home, country, that glorious banner and——Susie

To the devotion, fortitude and self-sacrificing spirit of the women is due most of the credit for the glory that surrounds the soldiery of the South.

In a former article I have told of our confronting Patterson at Winchester, of the march to Manassas, and the wounding of our Brigade Commander, Kirby-Smith, on July 21st, near the Henry house.

There is a singular coincidence in my own departure and return home. On the 17th day of June, 1861, I left home for the front, and on June 17th, 1865, just four years afterwards, I left Fort Delaware, where I had been held a prisoner since the battle of Gettysburg, July 2nd, 1863. I had never been home. The roll of this Company illustrates forcibly the ravages of war.

COMPANY ROLL AND CASUALTIES.

Adams, J. E. ("Dock"), killed at Seven Pines.
Adams, Chas. J., killed at Seven Pines.
Adams, John J., killed in Texas.
Adams, Jas. E., badly wounded at Seven Pines.
Adams, Thos. J., died.
Brown, Albert, killed in Petersburg.
Bruce, Henry, wounded at Petersburg, Oct. 22nd.
Brady, Wiley, died.
Brame, Henry, died.
Brasswell, Elias, died.

Breckenridge, John, died at Richmond.
Breckenridge, E., died at Bristo Station.
Beasley, Benj., mortally wounded at Gettysburg.
Boozer, Harry, killed at Petersburg.
Bullock, Jas., transferred to Georgia Reg't; killed at Frazier's Farm.
Carter, Sam'l, killed at the "Crater."
Coats, John, killed at Sharpsburg.
Crawford, Lucius, killed near Petersburg.
Crawford, James, killed at Frazier's Farm.
Cleland, Jas. H., discharged; died.
Daniels, Nathan, discharged.
Doss, C. W., killed at Gaines' Mills.
Daniels, L., killed at Gaines' Mills.
Daniels, Jesse, killed at Gaines' Mills.
Elmore, Benj., killed at Gaines' Mills.
Eskridge, Nathan, killed at Gaines' Mills.
Fifer, John, killed at Frazier's Farm.
Ford, Henry, died near Centerville, 1862.
Gamble, Joe, killed at Sharpsburg.
Heath, Wm., only deserter in Company.
Holcombe, T. H., Capt., killed at Frazier's Farm.
Heard, J. F., died a prisoner at Ship Island.
Heard, T. S., died in St. Chas. Hotel, Richm'd, '62.
Hogan, N. B., wounded and captured at Gettysburg.
Hayes, Wm., killed at Petersburg.
Hawkins, Jas., killed at Petersburg.
Jolly, John, killed at Frazier's Farm.
Jolly, Thos., killed at Appomattox.
Johnson, Thos., killed at the "Crater."
Johnson, A. A., killed at Gaines' Mills.
Johnson, M. M., death wound at Salem Church.
Kelley, Jas., taken prisoner at Gettysburg.
Landrum, E. D., died at Williamsburg.
McIntosh, Wm., killed at Frazier's Farm.
McLaughlin, W. A., captured at Gettysburg.
McDonald, Jas., killed at the "Crater."
McNeil, Chas., killed at Frazier's Farm.
McNeil, Wm., killed at Frazier's Farm.
Moody, Y. M., Capt., resigned, raised 43d Ala. Inf.
Moore, Moses, died.
Morgan, R., died at Mt. Jackson, Va.,
Morgan, M. J., died from wound rec'd at Petersb'g.
Nored, Wesley, killed at Seven Pines.
Nored, Marshal, killed at Seven Pines.
Nicols, Moses, died at Richmond.
Ogletree, Jas., died at Richmond.
Ogletree, Benj., paroled at Appomattox.
Ogletree, S. D., paroled at Appomattox.
Post, Geo., a New Yorker and good soldier.
Pearl, Thos., died of wound rec'd at Frazier's Farm.
Poellhitz, Jas., discharged.
Rogers, Hugh, made prisoner at Frazier's Farm.
Rogers, Henry, killed at Frazier's Farm,
Ross, T. F., killed at Frazier's Farm.
Ross, W. C., killed at Frazier's Farm.
Sollie, F. E., taken prisoner at Gettysburg.
Singleton, Jas., killed at Gettysburg.
Steadman, John, wounded; discharged.
Spivey, Jas., killed at Spottsylvania.
Stephenson, W. H., hospital steward.
Shaw, Paul G., killed at Petersburg, June 22, 1864.
Thomas, "Dock," discharged.
Tyce, Dan'l, killed at Frazier's Farm.
Tyce, Frank, killed near Asheville after surrender.
Tucker, Henry, died.
Tucker, James, died at Manassas.
Tucker, Thomas, died in Fort Delaware.
Varner, James, killed at Frazier's Farm.
Varner, Sam., killed at Frazier's Farm.
Wade, Thos., killed at Frazier's Fram.
Walker Nath., wound'ed at Petersburg, died.
Wade, Wm., died of wound received at Richmond.
Worthington, Wm., died.
Witherspoon, Thos. M., Adjt. Gen. for W. H. Forney.
Williams, Joe, died.
Williams, Wm., wounded.
Woodson, Rev., lost an arm at Manassas.
Woodson, Bev., killed.

The following were paroled at Appomattox:

John B. Rains, Captain; Wm. B. Young, First Lieutenant; John Adams, Second Lieutenant; Thos. M. Witherspoon, Adjutant General; Henry Brame, John Blackwell, John Blakeney, W. C. Morgan, Frank Tyce, Ben McClinton, Wm. Griffith, Robert Allen, S. D. Ogletree, Benj. Ogletree, and William Worthington.

These additional names are given without report as to what became of the men.

Allen, Robt.; Blackwell, John; Bush, Dock.; Blakeney, John; Carter, John; Eskridge, J.; Earniss, Wm.; Fifer, Chas.; Griffith, Wm.; Gilmore, Thos., Basil and Alban; Huckabee, Lucius; Jones, Wm.; Jolly, Wm.; Lee, Jas. E.; McFarlane, Thos.; McClinton, Benj.; Morgan, W. C. and A. J.; Norris, Frank; Pearl, Jas.; Rogers, E.; Reeves, Wm.; Rains, Jno. B., Captain; Suggs, Simon, Smith, Wm.; Stevison, Frank; Varner, John; Walker, Wm.; Wilkerson, J.; Wayne, Alex.; Witherspoon, Dr. Wm.; Young, W. B., First Lieutenant.

Comrade Hogan resides at Springfield, Mo.

Confederate Relics for the Centennial.--Comrade W. J. Travis, Tullahoma, Tenn., has a collection of some 300 Confederate relics which will be on exhibition at the Tennessee Centennial. In the lot there is a "well-preserved pie" in a glass case, baked by a Confederate soldier in 1863. There are specimens of carpets woven during the war, and a piece of the tree under which Gen. Starnes was mortally wounded, near Tullahoma, in 1863. Friend Travis has a large apartment of old guns, sabers, shells, canteens and many historical documents. This relic feature should be very prominent at the Centennial.

W. G. Whitefield, Paducah, Ky.: I wish to know the name of Confederate officer who was killed at Wautaga, Tenn., Sept. 29, '64, five miles below Carter's Station, in a hand-to-hand encounter with the Fifteenth Pennsylvania and Sixteenth Kentucky Cavalry, Gillem's Command. He was tall and slender, wore long black whiskers, and rode a black horse.

Comrade Geo. D. Branard, Secretary of Hood's Texas Brigade Association gives to the press that "already the old members of the brigade have begun planning to attend the next reunion, which will be held in Huntsville, June 27, and that many of the old soldiers will go from there to Richmond, Va., to attend the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans."

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

By Daniel Bond, Nashville, Tenn.

(Continuation of Article in January Veteran.)

The South again having entered the Union, surrendered all that was claimed of her. To the new Amendments of the Constitution she is as loyal as she was to the old. In fact, the Constitution finds its true defenders from this section. It is as much our Union and our flag as it ever was. Brave soldiers will spring forward from this section as quickly as from any other to defend it against foreign foe.

Tennessee is to-day as much an integral part of this Union as Vermont, and is just as proud of our great Republic; yet the Governor of this State was quite right when he told the Governor of that, at the dedication of Chickamauga Park, we would certainly teach our children that in the great struggle—in which thousands gave up their lives at Chickamauga and elsewhere—we fought for the right. And our war Governor was right in his reply when President Lincoln, on the 15th of April, 1861, called upon the Governors of the several States for militia—75,000 in the aggregate—to suppress "certain combinations" in the seceding States.

"*Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but 50,000, if necessary, for the defense of our rights or those of our Southern brethren.*"

Yet, I think all resentment against the North on the part of the people of the South died with the closing of the war. Having submitted their cause to the arbitrament of the sword, and the decision being against them, they quietly submitted. In place of this, there was a warm feeling of friendship for the Northern soldier who had fought so bravely for a restoration of the Union.

On the contrary, I think a hatred of the South began at the North only with the close of the war. Else, why the hanging of the helpless man Wirz, for not feeding sufficiently the prisoners of war that were refused exchange by their own people, when our own soldiers were starving? Why the hanging of poor, innocent Mrs. Surratt? Why the order commanding every rebel soldier to cut off the buttons from his old gray jacket? Why the manacling and chaining of Jefferson Davis in a casemate of a fort from which there could be no possibility of escape? And yet they dared not submit the question of his treason to the courts!

What a commentary it would have been—after fighting four years to make treason odious, after destroying the South—to find there had been no treason!

Why such expressions from representative men of the North like this from Henry Ward Beecher, who said in a sermon: "Those who suffered in the South were not martyrs in a good cause, but convicts in a bad one," and "who shall comfort them that sit by dishonored graves?"

Why should our brothers at the North approve the attempt by the old fanatic, John Brown, to massacre the slave holders of Virginia with the help of their slaves? Why do they eulogize him as the noblest of heroes? Why should the conquered South have been subjected to the bitterness of reconstruction, her people refused the privilege of the ballot, and the heel of the ignorant negro placed upon the neck of the proudest people of all America? Why should the Secretary of State have informed the Pan-American Congress that there was nothing worth visiting South of the Potomac River?

It has been said that the injured one can always forgive, but that he who maliciously wounds another can never forgive his victim.

The writer saw armed Federal soldiers guarding the graves of the few Confederate soldiers buried in a corner at Arlington, on the 30th of May, 1868, *to prevent the Southern ladies of Washington from placing flowers on their graves.*

Is there any one in the whole South who can understand the wild frenzy and rabid utterances of a Governor of a Western State at the prospect of a return of some old flags to certain organizations in the South—who wished them as souvenirs—twenty years after the war was over? Why is it that partisan school books and histories must be continually written, filled with such falsehoods, when the authors could easily discover the truth if they desired it?

Why should continual effort be made to impress the seeker after truth with a belief that the South attempted to destroy the government by making war upon it, when that South attempted peaceably to secede from a contract after the conditions were broken?

The South to-day thoroughly appreciates Abraham Lincoln, and is proud of him as an American citizen. The children of the North are still taught the silly old lie of Jefferson Davis' capture in women's clothes. That it has been disproved again and again, by his actual captors, and never had any basis except a waterproof cloak, seems of no consequence.

A prominent statesman, afterwards a candidate for the Presidency, declared on the floor of the House of Representatives that the Southern leaders in the war were more cruel than the Duke of Alva in the Lowlands, and further stated that he fully realized the awfulness of such a charge.

He knew, of course, that there were fewer deaths and more prisoners in the South, more deaths and fewer prisoners at the North; that food and medicine was scarce in the former, and plentiful in the latter. He thought the horrible lie would be useful politically.

I have never seen a solitary instance, in the Northern so-called histories, of a battle in which the Union army was defeated but what the relative strength of the two armies was falsely given. At Chickamauga recently a Northern statesman, in his speech, draws the inference from the number of regiments engaged on each side, that the Southern troops outnumbered their adversaries, while scarcely a Southern regiment contained more than three hundred men. Vol. 50, official War Records, show the Federal force to have been fully 90,000 men; while Gen. Bragg's report and Maj. Falconer's statement Vol. 52, War Records, show the Confederate forces to have been 48,000.

The surrender at Appomattox is a favorite theme for misrepresentation and falsehood. (The truth

Yacht Deerhound
(Royal Yacht Squadron.)

This fast blockade runner (Engraving from Lieut. Sinclair's Two Years on the Alabama) lay in the dock at Galveston, ready to carry money to Cuba for President Davis, who expected to escape from Georgia to that Island, and then join Kirby-Smith in Texas to make a final struggle for the Confederacy, when it was ascertained that "all was lost save honor."

there can never suffice the average Northern writer.) That Lee's small army of less than 20,000 men, the most of whom had been without food for two days, should have been all that were conquered there by the great Army of Grant, seems rather to reflect a glory on the Rebels than upon the Northern soldiers, and will not do.

Gen. Grant says he recognized the famishing condition of Lee's Army and offered to supply it with rations, which were gratefully accepted by Lee. Upon inquiry by him as to the number of men in his army, Gen. Lee replied about 25,000 men. It was afterwards found that there were not nearly so many, as some thousands had straggled off during the retreat in search of food. Are Generals Lee and Grant to be believed?

The scenes connected with the surrender must also be productive of false and foolish fiction. The average school boy can dramatically recite how Gen. Grant refused to receive the tendered sword of Gen Lee; but with noble mein and gesture bade him keep it, as he knew no one more worthy to bear it. The fact that both of these Generals denied that any such incident occurred, that any sword was either offered or returned, goes for naught. Lately, the Secretary of the Navy, a Southern man, gave his high authority to this silly tale.

Let us have a true history of the Civil War. It is quite time, since that war ended more than thirty years ago. Let every statement be verified by its author. If the total strength of the Southern armies was less than 700,000 men, and that of the Northern armies was greater than 2,700,000; if the disparity in regard to arms and supplies was infinitely greater; if one army was well clothed, well fed, and well paid; while the other was clothed, not by the Government, but by friends at home, with homespun cloth woven in their looms, was poorly fed, and not paid at all, (or what amounted to nothing, the little pay that was finally given the soldiers being treated by them as a joke); if the smaller army resisted the greater for four years and was the victor in nearly every contest where the forces were anything like equal—if these are facts, then by all means let the generation growing up be duly informed.

There is nothing so good in this world of ours as the truth.

If it is true that the Rebels killed more men than they had in their own entire army before they surrendered; if it is true that the Government is paying pensions to more persons than were in that army, let it be so written.

If the number of Northern soldiers who were wounded, frightened or badly demoralized during the war, and of persons who were dependent upon them, amount to more than nine hundred and sixty nine thousand, and may soon reach a million, and the amount paid them last year was more than one hundred and forty million dollars, let the historian note the fact that the last gun was fired more than thirty years ago. Many of these pensioners must have reached the age of a hundred years, in fact, all of them who entered the army at sixty-five. Marvelous fact for the future historian to note! All who enlisted at the commencement of the war at

the age of thirty-five must now be three score and ten.

Commissioner Wm. L. Lochren, of the Pension Office, in his late annual report, and commenting on above figures, says:

"Those men who entered early and fought the battles of the war were not moved by mercenary considerations, and unless actually disabled did not show the haste in applying for pensions manifested by those who enlisted near the close of the war for large bounties, and did little active service and who are now the noisiest in clamoring for more pensions. As compared with this latter class, the real soldiers of the war have been modest in preferring claims for pensions."

Now, if Mr. Lochren is telling the truth, make a note of it, and if he speaks falsely, let it be shown.

We must not forget the glorious memories of the Old South. The "business interest" must not be allowed to destroy all sentiment. Enterprise and thrift are well enough, but there are some signs in this desire for an exchange of old ideas for the new that seem but taking the false for the true.

The old time Southerner, with all of his exaggerated pride and pompous manner, was a man of unflinching probity and would not lie nor steal.

Some of the financial agents of the New Regime can do both. The defaulting trustee, the "promoter" and the tramp, unheard of under the old dispensation, are very much in evidence under the new.

And the old time hospitality of the South! It is going too. Perhaps there is none of this characteristic mark of the dear old days left—so illustrative of a warm, unselfish heart—save in portions of old Virginia and the Carolinas.

Business suggests that we entertain those who entertain us, or worse still, that we do it as a stroke of business advertising; and selfish greed is now really the basis of this old Southern virtue. There is not much of it left but a conventional fiction.

A very large immigration to the South is not, I think, to be desired. The occupation of this fair land by millions of people not to the manner born, as is the case in the northwest, means an end to patriotism and noble sentiment. Though we stock the land with people as thickly as China, though we build factories upon every hillside and pollute every beautiful stream with their refuse, though we erect palaces for the men who own the factories and possess a hundred million dollars and ten thousand slaves,—whom they do not even feed or clothe—the tin-bucket brigade, who work in factories—yet the change is hardly to be desired.

There is something better than wealth, something dearer than success. Let us cultivate and renew the virtues of the Old South, while we gather from our Northern brethren whatever they can give us that may be of present use. And let us ever keep fresh in our hearts proud recollections of the patient endurance, the indomitable resolution, and the matchless heroism of the Rebels of '76 and '61.

There will come a time when justice will be done Southern song, Southern sentiment, and Southern heroism. Wise statesmen will yet arise who will realize, as Charles Sumner did, that since the Union has been restored, it is not the part of the patriotic lover of that Union to attempt to perpetuate by emblem, device, or statute the fact that one part of the country had subjugated another part, that brothers of the same race had once been engaged in bloody Civil War.

Is there any distinction made to-day in England between the descendants of the followers of the Red Rose of Lancaster and the White Rose of York? Those who followed the Duke of Monmouth and those who remained true to King James the Second have become merged into one family. This, despite the fact that King James, with the help of Jeffrys the brute, seemed determined to hang every one of the "base rebels." Again, when this same James is conquered in turn by the Prince of Orange, does our mother country attempt to brand the adherents of either with shame? Though Cromwell's body was removed from its grave to be brutally mutilated by royal authority—that treason be made odious—the English historian of the present day writes him down the hero that he was.

Can there be any doubt that the future will do full justice to the South's heroic struggle, her brave soldiery, and her great Captain?

The Southern soldier gets no pension from his Government, and does not wish it. The graves of our bravest are unmarked, while those of the Union soldier are grouped in beautiful cemeteries. But these very differences serve but to defeat the purposes—to place a false stigma upon the South and its heroes. Love is stronger than hate, the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin warms the heart, and universal sympathy is poured out for the unsuccessful and the vanquished, and not for the fortunate and the conqueror.

The monuments at Chickamauga Park, which show the position of the various Union regiments and batteries at the time of the battle, serve but to cause the inquiries: "Who were the troops who opposed them? Where were the men posted who drove this great army from that field? It is of these I desire to hear."

Oh! Men of the South, only be true to yourselves, and your vindication is as certain as the final triumph of truth itself.

Let your loyalty to our Government be unquestioned, but do not for one moment forget the dear and tender memories of the old time.

In your enthusiasm for the old flag, and —— an appropriation, do not stultify yourselves by one single word against that cause for which the noblest heroes that song or story ever recorded so freely gave their lives.

How could Phelan, in his history of Tennessee, written more than twenty years after the war, omit all mention of that mighty struggle, and the part borne in it by Tennesseans! Great tragedy of Hamlet, with the part portrayed by the Prince of Denmark omitted!

Let us unite with generous Mr. Rouss in building a beautiful Memorial Abbey, wherein may be treasured the dear mementoes of our glorious strug-

gle and the records of heroism displayed by the gentle and brave Confederate soldier;

"The knightliest of the knightly race,
Who since the days of old,
Have kept the lamps of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold –
The kindliest of the kindly band
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Smith around the land
And Raleigh round the seas."

In connection with what I have written about Southern sentiment, I desire to ask the assistance of the veterans in preserving the life of that glorious songster of the Southland, the mocking bird.

He has been well nigh exterminated. The young negro with gun and pebble-shooter makes continual war upon him. He seeks the society of man for his protection, but is no longer afforded it. The nest near the country farm house and in the village garden becomes the prey of the small boy, who has found that the Northern visitor is willing to pay a small stipend for a young one. Every spring the Northern visitor, returning to his chilly climate, must take home one of these birds in a cage. The poor exile soon dies—he cannot live outside of Dixie. The "business interest" of the English sparrow does not permit a song bird in the towns, and every year the mocking bird becomes scarcer.

Will not every Southern Veteran assist in putting a stop to the extermination of this bird?

There is a provision in the laws of this State—Tennessee—applying to a few counties only, which make it unlawful to kill or capture any song bird or destroy the nest or eggs of same; but it does not serve the purpose for which it was intended, even in the few counties to which it applies, because a prosecutor is required.

What is needed is a statute making such an outrage a misdemeanor, for which a grand jury can present an indictment, and the penalty should be fixed at a fine not less than ten dollars.

Let us unite in saving our sweet singer from destruction, whose notes so faithfully translate and portray the mysteries of human sentiment—its joys, its hopes, its bright aspirations, its sorrows and its miseries in tuneful melody. Let us ask the help of every member of every Legislature of every Southern State, and the Governor of each State to save the mocking bird before it is too late. Once gone, he is gone forever.

Maj. R. G. Cross of Rome, Ga., who was Adjutant of the Twenty-fifth and Forty fourth Tennessee Regiments under Bushrod Johnson in Lee's Army, writes a vivid account of a visit by citizens of Richmond and refugees who were stopping there, to the front, and of Gen. Lee's gracious attentions to them. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon and, as it happened, all was quiet at the front. Gen. Lee was gracious in his greetings, and as his visitors bade him adieu his manner indicated his implicit confidence in his army. It was a pleasant and certainly a memorable event to those who were present.

TRIBUTE TO PATRIOTIC CITIZENS.

Mrs. M. C. Saufley sends the following note and original official letter:

As one of the ladies of McMinnville who found a genuine pleasure in contributing in any way to the advancement of a beloved cause, I send this paper for publication in the VETERAN. I was at that time a very young girl, and have preserved this paper as a highly prized relic of the war.

HEADQUARTERS NINTH TEXAS INFANTRY,
McMINNVILLE, Dec. 1, 1862.

The Colonel commanding the Ninth Texas Infantry, desires, upon leaving, to express in behalf of his Regiment the sincerest thanks for the kindness and patriotic treatment they have experienced at the hands of the citizens of McMinnville and vicinity. And especially are we grateful to the ladies for their kind attention to our sick.

The remembrance of our stay at McMinnville will long continue to be a bright ground of the privations and hardships of war. In return, we can only promise that we will vie with the boldest and bravest of your noble sons and brothers in defence of your altars and firesides. By command of

Col. WM. H. YOUNG.

R. T. LUCKETT, Adjt.

A VETERAN'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

A Confederate comrade requests the following:

Capt. J. C. Dodds, Company "D" 177th Regiment, New York Infantry, and his wife celebrated their golden wedding on the 20th of November last.

Capt. Dodds was born in Scotland in 1820, came to the United States in '44, cast his first vote for Gen. Taylor for President. On President Lincoln's call for troops, joined the Regiment named above, which embarked for New Orleans. He was wounded at Port Hudson. Capt. Dodds considers that the war ended at Appomattox, and is a true friend to all poor worthy Confederates. To them, as well as to the old Union soldiers, he is a comrade in every sense of the word. Capt. Dodds has resided in St. Louis for fifteen years.

H. M. McAfee, Salvisa, Ky., in renewing his subscription and sending contribution to Sam Davis Monument, says: I loved the Confederate cause, and my heart was almost broken when it went down in defeat. I belonged to Gen. John H. Morgan's Command, and was with him on the raid through Indiana and Ohio. Was one of his scouts that captured the two steamboats by which he crossed the Ohio to the Indiana shore.

I was captured in Ohio and languished in a Northern prison nineteen months, two long, cold winters at Camp Douglas. Was sent around to Richmond just before Lee surrendered, and walked from Richmond, Va., to Danville, Ky., across the mountains where there was hardly enough to feed a bird, and had no one to help me along but the bushwhackers, and they assisted me very often by shooting at me from high places.

RUNNING FIGHT OF ROSSER AND CUSTER.

Comrade C. H. Vandiver, who was a lieutenant in the Seventh Virginia Cavalry, writes from Page City, Mo., Aug. 20th '95: The cavalry fighting between our brigade (Rosser's) and the Federal cavalry under Custer, the 4th of May, 1864, on the Catharpin road, just preceding the Spottsylvania series of engagements between the forces of Lee and Grant, was one of the hottest in which we participated during the war, and as the fight was attended with incidents that may interest the old soldiers and amuse some, I relate what memory retains of that thrilling conflict. Early in the morning of that day our pickets were run in and the stirring bugle call summoned us "to horse." As it turned out, General Custer, with a heavy body of cavalry, was making a reconnoissance on this road. General Rosser met him with White's Battalion, supported by our regiment and followed by the Eleventh and Twelfth in the order named. It was a running fight for several miles, and principally a charge in column of fours, the head of the column doing most of the fighting, the flanks being so obstructed by thick undergrowth that rapid advance was impossible. And as the Federals were falling back, the line of battle receded faster than the flanking squadrons could move in the brush.

Owing to the capture and imprisonment of Capt. Kuykendall and Lieut. Parker, I commanded Company F. As we charged down the uneven old plank road, the rattle of small arms, and shouts in front, indicated where the worst of battle raged, and the wounded being carried back, the prisoners under guard, here and there a dead blue or gray draped cavalier, told of the execution in front.

We continued to near the rear of active participation as the head of the column was worn off, or retired to reload, and give place to the fresh supporting followers. I kept my men well in line, knowing our time would come, and shortly we reached an old field dotted with scrubby pines, sage grass and sumach bushes. Here the enemy had formed a line of battle, throwing out squadrons on both sides of the road, that with carbines enfiladed the column coming out of the timber. Gen. Rosser and Staff were in a group to our left. He was waving his saber and directing the charge as new forces emerged in the wake. Those in advance of us were scattered and disorganized, and it was with a feeling of pride I brought my company into the arena, every file in its place ready for the onset. I soon observed that the Federal line began to waver and that it was a good opportunity for Company F. to win glory. Riding to the front, I said to my men: "Now, Company F., lets make a wedge for them;" and drew my saber to lead. Just then a ball struck my horse, a magnificent bay, in the jugular vein of his neck. The blood gushed out in a stream, he fell, and I escaped to terra firma. My noble steed rose to his haunches, lunged, floundered around and straightened out, to die.

Sergeant Kain quickly brought me his horse and I was quickly remounted. We were within two hundred yards of the Yankees, and I had noticed that as their line wavered, a squadron commander bravely exhorted his men to stand, but they broke away. He rode deliberately to our front with uplifted hand in token of surrender. Several revolvers covered him; however, there was no harm meditated and when near enough he exclaimed, apparently livid with rage, "I surrender. I had rather be a prisoner than command any such a d—— set of cowards."

At that moment the Eleventh came out of the woods on a charge led by Major Ed. McDonald, and away we all went with a yell into the now broken ranks of the foe, wounding and capturing many in the rout. As we were scouring the timber through which the enemy fled, picking up prisoners, loose horses, and accoutrements, scattered on both sides of the road, my eye rested upon a Federal officer crouched behind a tree. I called upon him to come out, and he crept from his hiding place, cowering with fear. He wore the stripes of a lieutenant.

After taking his arms I called for the canteen, a newly covered and handsome trick. He hesitated and gave up the canteen with more reluctance than his arms. When the demand was repeated, he begged the privilege of taking "one more swag." I then discovered it contained fighting whiskey. The lieutenant was himself pretty well charged. I told him to take "one more," but touch it light, as he was then under its influence. He gave the mouth a prolonged kiss and handed it over. I delivered him to the prisoners' guard and saw him no more.

Custer and Rosser were old classmates, and when the latter ascertained who confronted him, he wrote a note which was left at a farm house when we withdrew, addressed to "Fannie Custer" (Fannie was his nickname at school, because he wore long yellow hair). The note was in effect:

"HEADQUAR. &C.,

DEAR FANNIE: Come over to see me and bring your people. ROSSER."

Custer's reply was substantially,

"You return my call made this morning.

FANNIE."

HOW A BRAVE MAN WAS TREATED.

Hon. John H. Savage, of Smartt, Tenn., accepted the explanation made for use in the last VETERAN of his extraordinary venture upon a company of Federal troops:

"I suppose you did right to publish my brief reply concerning the capture of the Federal pickets on Stewart's run. I treated them kindly. Some of them seemed mortified and said to me, 'We are not cowards; we could have killed you as you rode by us.' I replied, 'Yes, I know that; but I did not think a whole company would fire upon one lone man.' This pleased them. This company and its regiment was at Smithville some days while Buell and Bragg were marching in parallel columns for Kentucky. The citizens informed me that 100 regiments placed a guard at my law office to protect it, saying that nothing belonging to me should be injured. I found my books and fine clothes all safe, while trespasses upon others were committed."

COL. WILLIAM P. ROGERS.

There is in Texas what is known as the Rogers' Monument Association, created for the purpose of erecting and maintaining a monument to Col. W. P. Rogers, whose heroic death at the head of his command, the Second Texas Infantry, in storming Fort Bobinett, Corinth, Miss., October 4, 1862, gives lustre to the courage of the American soldier. Membership in the Association may be secured upon the payment of five dollars—and it may be paid by installments. Jno. N. Simpson, President of the National Exchange Bank, of Dallas, Texas, is the Treasurer.

In a sketch of Col. Rogers, Chas. I. Evans, of Dallas, pays fine tribute to his high character.

Col. W. P. Doran, of Hempstead, Texas, states: "On the morning of the first days fight at Shiloh, the regiment was forming a line of battle when Lieut.-Col. Rogers dashed up on his fine horse. He had been absent from the regiment a month on sick leave. He rose from a sick bed to go into the battle and went through the two day's fight unwell. The whole regiment gave a Texas yell, which the officers tried to check, because it would reveal the location of our army to Grant's troops. A similar yell was made when Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston visited the Texas troops the day before the battle (Saturday), but he waived silence with his hand."

"The children of Col. Rogers are J. H. Rogers, Corsicana, Tex.; Mrs. H. G. Damon, Corsicana, Tex.; Mrs. F. A. Harris, San Saba, Tex., and Mrs. John T. Bolton, Wharton, Texas."

Extract from a letter of Mrs. H. N. Bringhurst, daughter of Gen. Sam Houston to Mr. Coyner:

"Recalling your tribute to Col. W. P. Rogers two or three years ago, I send you one of the circulars which you may not have seen. Please let me know whether you have a copy of an article of yours in the News entitled 'The Gallant W. P. Rogers,'—about a column in length? I wish you would reproduce the main points in another sketch—bringing out the various tributes from officers on the field. Col. Rogers was my mother's cousin. Now, please prepare something in aid of the monument under way. One of your sketches would arouse sleeping patriotism more than many circulars."

To Luther Coyner, of San Diego, Texas, the Veteran is indebted for many notes about Col. Rogers. He has written thrilling accounts in prose and poetry. The Second Regiment went from Houston Texas in March, '62, and was at Corinth. Col. John C. Moore commanded the regiment, but upon his promotion to command a brigade, the Lieut. Col., W. P. Rogers, was likewise promoted.

General Van Dorn, in his official report of this battle, has this clause about the gallant Colonel Rogers: "I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning here the conspicuous gallantry of a noble Texan, whose deeds at Corinth are the constant theme of both friends and foes. As long as courage, manliness, fortitude, patriotism and honor exist the name of Rogers will be revered and honored among men. He fell at the front of battle and died beneath the colors of his regiment, in the very center of the enemy's stronghold. He sleeps, and glory is his sentinel."

Gen. D. H. Maury writes, in his official report of this battle: "General Moore took his brigade into the main part of the town of Corinth, * * and a part of his brigade, including the Second Texas Regiment, led by Colonel Rogers, entered the innermost works of Corinth."

Gen. William L. Cabell, in his official report of this battle, writes: "The ground in front of the breastworks was literally covered with the dead and wounded of both friend and foe, the killed and wounded of the enemy being nearly, if not fully, two to our one."

Gen. Rosecrans, in an address to his men, stated: "You killed and buried 1423 officers and men, some of their distinguished officers falling, among whom was the gallant Col. Rogers, of the Second Texas, who bore their colors at the head of his storming column to the edge of the ditch of Battery Bobinett, where he fell."

And in his report this Federal General wrote: "I shall leave to pens dipped in poetic ink to inscribe the gorgeous pyrotechny of the battle and paint in words of fire the heroes of this fight. I will only say that when Price's left bore down on our center in gallant style, their force was so overpowering that our wearied and jaded troops yielded and fell back, scattering among the houses. I had the personal mortification of witnessing this untoward and untimely stampede. Riddled and scattered, the ragged head of Price's right storming columns advanced to near the house, north side of the square, where it was greeted by a storm of grape which sent them whirling back. * * * * About twenty minutes after the attack on our right the enemy advanced in four columns on Battery Bobinett, and were treated to grape and canister until within fifty yards, when the Ohio brigade arose and gave them a murderous fire of musketry, before which they reeled and fell back to the woods. They, however, gallantly reformed and advanced again to the charge, led by Colonel Rogers, of the Second Texas."

There are many thrilling accounts.

J. L. Mayo, of Dickinson, Texas, a year ago sent a vivid story to the Alabama Press of the rivalry between the Second Texas, commanded by Col. Rogers, and the Forty-second Alabama, commanded in that battle by Col. J. W. Portis. The Alabamians were fresh then, while the Texans felt as Veterans. "Captain George Foster, of the Forty-second Alabama Regiment, declared: 'They sha'n't beat us to those breastworks,' and they did'nt. While Col. Rogers was with us the order to charge

sounded, and the brigade sprang to its feet. Col. Rogers, unsheathing his sword, cried, 'Forward Texans!' Our gallant Captain, raising his sword, echoed, 'Forward Alabamians!'

"The timber had been felled so that Col. Rogers could not use his horse, and he sprang from his horse, and he and Foster, side by side, led their men, and, though nearly half were killed and wounded, Bobinett was soon ours. It was only for a few minutes, however, for a fresh line of reserves was hurled against us and we were forced to abandon it. When this fresh line approached, Col. Rogers and Capt. Foster were standing together on the earthworks. With a look of despair, Foster turned to the remnant of his company and said: 'Boys, you had better get away from here.' Just then the advancing Federals fired a volley, and those brave spirits sank down, riddled by bullets. A photographic view of the dead revealed that Col. Rogers and Captain Foster lay dead almost in touch of each other."

Comrade Mayo wants Alabama to honor her noble Captain, George W. Foster, with a monument.

So many, many sketches have been given of Col. Rogers' heroism and death, the VETERAN will not undertake, as was at first intended, to give an elaborate account.

A Northern writer for syndicates had this to say:

A Federal officer who was present says of the Confederates: "When our infantry opened on them they marched steadily to death with their faces averted, like men striving to protect themselves from a driving storm of hail. The assailing column pressed on and captured the battery, throwing the whole of Davies' Division into confusion. * *

"On the left there was another desperate conflict. It was essential to the success of the Confederates that they should take battery Bobinett. To do this they were compelled to march across a rugged ravine, through dense thickets and over an abattis, exposed all the way to the concentrated fire of batteries Bobinett and Williams. The attempt seemed audacious, and the daring was something sublime. One of Maury's brigades is in the lead, and they push forward, stumbling over the wounded and the dead. Col. W. P. Rogers, of the Second Texas, reaches the parapet, with his revolver in one hand and battle flag in the other, and for an instant it floats side by side with the flag of the Union, then the brave officer falls dead in his tracks. Another brigade swarms over the breastwork and fills the redoubt. And now a terrible hand to hand conflict ensues. Bayonets are used, muskets are clubbed, and men are even knocked down with fists. Finally the Confederates give way and hurriedly fall back to the cover of the woods. Over 200 had fallen in the assault, and the ditch in front of the redoubt was literally filled with the dead. Col. Rogers, who had been a Captain in the First Mississippi Rifles in the Mexican war, was buried not far from the spot on which he fell, and his grave was inclosed by the Federals and marked with a slab to testify their admiration for his gallant charge."

GAVEL FROM LIBERTY BELL MATERIAL.

Comrade J. L. McCollum, a most remarkable man, has presented his Camp, the N. B. Forrest, of Chattanooga, a gavel made from a spoke originally intended for the permanent carriage to the bell. In a letter to J. W. Bachman, Chaplain of the Camp—and, by the way, to whom readers are indebted for a much worn copy of "Marse Robert is Asleep," in this number—he gives some notes about the bell:

"It contains, as you know, historic and valuable relics from every nation of the world. There were 22,000 contributions from the different battle fields of the world, the door keys of Jefferson Davis' old house, a silver spoon used by John C. Calhoun, Simon Bolivar's watch chain, hinges from Abraham Lincoln's old home, George Washington's surveying chain, Thomas Jefferson's old copper kettle, and flint lock of his old musket, even to the widow's mite, dug up from the pool of Bethesda, joined with a coin which was in circulation during the life of Christ, with the image and superscription of Cæsar upon it; thimbles used by the women of '76, in sewing the garments of men in the revolution, with many old and precious souvenirs contributed by our Southern women, such as ear rings, finger rings, old coins, etc. There were in all 250,000 pennies contributed by the children of the world. These, with two bullets, one from the blue and one from the gray, intended for victims, which met in mid-air and welded together, were all melted in one mass, poured into the mold that shaped the great Columbian Liberty Bell. I have conceived the idea of having a gavel made, and, as its bears such close relationship to the monument that marks our comrades' graves at Chicago, thought the members of N. B. Forrest Camp would appreciate it, and therefore it gives me great pleasure to present it through you to the Camp. The cord attached was used by the noble women referred to as decendants of Washington and Jefferson, who rang the bell at Chicago on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate Monument there on the 30th of May, 1895.

Dr. Joe H. Jennings, who was Surgeon of the Nineteenth S. C. Infantry, sends a batch of subscribers from Plum Branch, S. C., and a report of the James Tillman Camp of Confederates organized at Parksville January 31st.

Rufus Harling, of Clark's Hill, and Eugene Freeland were elected Commander and Secretary. J. B. Stone, J. R. Blackwell and James Freeland were chosen Vice-Commanders, Dr. J. H. Cummings, Surgeon, and Rev. G. W. Bussey, Chaplain.

The Camp was named for Captain James Tillman, who died from battle wounds. The VETERAN was made official organ of the Camp.

Dick Dowling Camp and the Daughters of the Confederacy at Houston, Texas, with a joint entertainment in "Professor Morris' Illusion Show," cleared $175.90 and agreed to build an iron fence around the graves of some Confederate dead in the old cemetery there.

CELEBRATION OF LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

Gen. Lee's birthday, January 19, was not forgotgen in his own Virginia.

At Staunton the Stonewall Jackson Camp marched in a body from their hall to the Methodist Church under the direction of Commander S. D. Timberlake. The celebrated Stonewall band was located in the gallery, and contributed richly to the services. Rev. Dr. J. Hill Boyd delivered an address upon the life and character of Gen. Lee, choosing for his text, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, etc."

At Roanoke, on Monday, Gen. T. L. Rosser made an address at the Y. M. C. A. hall, under the auspices of the Watts Camp of Veterans.

In Fredericksburg there was a large military parade.

At Alexandria there was a large banquet in commemoration of the event by the Lee Camp.

Charlottsville "kept Sunday hours" and the banks were closed.

Ashland gave highly creditable observance. The W. B. Newton Camp of Veterans had a special meeting. It was "old soldiers day" with the Confederates. Pending the arrival on noon train of Bishop Granberry, interesting stories were told by comrades, Commander Irley conducting the exercises. The Bishop told of his life, his boyhood, his service in the Federal Army, afterward in the Confederate Army, and his manner of life as a private citizen. The audience rose in commendation of the address which concluded "* * * returned the sword which he had promised never to draw save in defense of this good old Commonwealth, our loved mother, retiring in simple majesty of soul to the quiet walks of private life, content to share the fortunes of his people and setting the example of uncomplaining submission after surrender, as he had set the noble example of heroic resistance during hostilities; who, disdaining an old age of idleness, served his State and country to the latest hour, guiding her youth to fame in letters as he had once led them to fame in arms, teaching them the virtues of the civilian as he had once taught them the virtues of the soldier; whose glory, like the sun at his setting, grew larger and more splendid toward its tranquil close, and whose reward, so far as earth can bestow it, is neither sordid lucre nor empty fragments, but the unanimous veneration and love of his countrymen—sentiments which shall not die with this generation, but be taught our children and transmitted from age to age as long as Virginia and the South are honored names."

At Lexington, Virginia, most appropriate regard for the day was manifested. It was by suspension of all lectures at Washington and Lee University, the closing of the banks, the intermediate celebration of Graham-Lee Literary Society of Washington and Lee University, and a special session of Lee-Jackson Camp Confederate Veterans, No. 22, at which appropriate addresses were delivered by prominent Confederate officers and privates who followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson.

The anniversary falling on Sunday, the Virginia Military Institute suspended all duties on Saturday in honor of the day, but the University, as did the State at large, observed Monday.

The tomb of General Lee, in the mausoleum of the chapel of Washington and Lee University, and the sarcophagus, were appropriately strewn with flowers. General Lee was president of the University at Lexington from the close of the war until his death, and his name is linked with it—Washington and Lee University.

At Petersburg there was a parade by the A. P. Hill Camp of Veterans. At night they built camp fires. Talks were entertaining by General Battle of North Carolina, General Stith Bolling, Mr. Simon Seward, Dr. John H. Claiborne, George S. Bernard, R. B. Davis, Hon. Charles F. Collier, and by Comrades B. B. Vaughan, Freeman W. Jones, James W. Claiborne, and Antrobus Bond.

Georgia, having made the date of Lee's birth a legal holiday, observed the event with high credit in many places. Ex-Governor Cameron came to Atlanta and made an address. He said, "* * * In all that memorable career, there is not an act nor an utterance which suggests a motive less noble than a sense of duty.

"That his resignation from the United States Army was a step taken in sorrow and after severe conflict of mind, is not to be doubted by any who read the calm yet mournful letters in which, at this juncture, he announced his decision to his sister.

"He severed the ties and relinquished the aspiration of a lifetime to enter upon a contest which promised nothing but loss and danger to him."

Outlining General Lee's war record up to the close of 1864, the speaker said:

"Dark days were upon us. The shadows of the inevitable were beginning to obscure the brow of hope. It was as the winter fell that I first observed the deepened lines of care that not all the serenity of a soul at peace with God and itself could smooth from the countenance of General Lee.

"The raven hair of four years before was already bleached into silvery, and, though too much a gentleman to betray abstraction, his speech, except on business, was rare.

"In fact, at this period the peril and privations of the troops were never absent from his thoughts. So patient of privation himself, he was indignant at what he believed to be the neglect of the supply department in furnishing clothing and provisions to the men."

In closing, Governor Cameron said:

"He laid aside his stainless sword with less reluctance than he had drawn it, and, without a sigh for the past, turned to the duties of the present.

"Patiently instilling the lessons of virtue into the mind of the Virginian youth, presiding at the vestry meetings of his church, foremost in unheralded charities—so passed the few years that remained on earth to Robert E. Lee."

North Carolina honors the memory of Gen. Lee's birth. A legal holiday at Raleigh was observed Monday by the closing of State offices, and the display of flags on the Capitol, also by the closing of banks.

There were no parades or meetings. Several pastors in their sermons on Sunday made allusion to

General Lee, his life and character, an object lesson.

The Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City had its annual dinner in honor of the occasion. There were present many distinguished Union veterans. At the first table, presided over by Commander Col. A. G. Dickinson, were Union Generals: Anson G. McCook, Daniel Butterfield, Daniel E. Seckles, Fitz John Porter, and Col. Fred D. Grant.

There were 175 seated at seven tables in St. Denis hotel. At three of them J. T. Dickinson, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Maj. Edward Owen, Chairman Dinner Committee, and Adjutant Thos. L. Moore, presided.

Every Southern State could well enough and most appropriately make January 19th a legal holiday, whether they had Confederate men in the Virginia army or not.

The Texas Baptist Herald, Dallas, says: No man in American history has so symmetrical a fame as Robert Edward Lee. It is remarkable that during all his campaigns of successes and reverses, he attributed his victories to the skill of his lieutenants and the courage of his troops, while in all his reverses he took the blame invariably upon himself. Magnanimity was his nature; duty was his watchword.

The George Doles Camp, No. 730, of Milledgeville, Ga., passed resolutions severely condemning the Virginia legislature for not adjourning through respect for the birthday of General Lee. They held worthy exercises at the college. Rev. Dr. J. Harris Chappell, made the address. The camp upon motion of Capt. T. E. Newell, selected the VETERAN'S young friend, Miss May Miller, Daughter of the Camp, with all the privileges of honorary membership. Thousands will recall her pleasant face as engraved for the back page of December VETERAN.

UNITED DAUGHTERS' APPEAL.

ALL THE PEOPLE ASKED TO CO-OPERATE FOR THE SOUTH'S BATTLE ABBEY.

Mrs. John C. Brown, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has published an earnest plea in behalf of the Rouss Memorial. After quoting at length from the General Commanding United Confederate Veterans, in which he states that the movement is to be planned and executed entirely under the order and management of Southern women, she says:

Shall this confidence be misplaced? Shall this appeal be ignored? Women of the South, let us prove ourselves worthy of the appeal. Let us unite in a patriotic, earnest, systematic effort to promote this sacred cause. Let us show our devotion by making a contribution which shall far exceed the expectations of the veterans who have thus confidently appealed to us to vindicate the memory of their heroic struggle in the greatest civil war of history. Let us devote our thoughts and prayers to devising the plans, and to performing the work which is needed to seize this favorable opportunity for securing the noble contribution which the Almighty has placed in the heart of Mr. Rouss to offer, and which will afford the means to hand down to posterity, in its true light, the memory of our heroic fathers and husbands and brothers and sons. If we work systematically and persistently, as Gen. Gordon suggests, "in every city, town, hamlet and neighborhood of the South," the result will astonish our friends, and will be in itself a monument to the devotion and the power of Southern womanhood.

In order to give unity and system to our efforts, it is necessary to perfect some plan of organization. The following is purposed and urged:

1. In every state and territory in which there is an organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy let the State President and the presidents of the local chapters go to work at once. See that an organization is put to work in every county and town in the state. Correspond directly with suitable ladies in each locality. Notify Col. R. C. Wood, 44 Perdido Street, New Orleans, La., and notify this office.

2. In every state in which there is no organization of the Daughters of the Confederacy let every true Southern woman go to work at once to establish an organization. Correspond at all points in the state. Furnish this office and Col. R. C. Wood with lists and names and information. Co-operate with the camps or bivouacs of the United Confederate Veterans.

3. Let any true Southern woman who may be unconnected with any organization not hesitate on that account, but go to work at once to promote this sacred cause by such means as may be within her reach.

The following general plan of work is suggested:

1. To secure subscriptions; this is the first and immediate work. Secure all you can independently or in co-operation with the agent of the United Confederate Veterans.

2. Memorial Festival Day—May 1, 1896—has been set apart for Memorial Day, and is placed entirely in control of the women of the South. Work to make this a great day, long to be remembered in every "city, town, hamlet and neighborhood of the South."

In many places two or three days may be devoted to out-door exercises at the fair grounds, or at some enclosed park. Tournaments, athletic sports, sham battles, May Day Exercises, tables for the sale of mementoes, lunch stands, etc., will yield pleasure to the people and handsome profits from gate fees and other fees. From time to time lectures, concerts and other entertainments will aid in the general receipts.

If the women of the South in every locality will enter promptly, zealously, continuously upon this work, its success will be assured, the Battle Abbey will be erected, the noble confidence which the Confederate Veterans repose in the women of the South will be justified and we shall have the satisfaction of feeling that we have discharged a sacred duty.

The Jeff Davis Camp, No. 117, of Star, Texas, at their last annual meeting elected D. S. Kelley, Commander, and G. W. Barr, Adjutant.

CONFEDERATE HOME IN MISSOURI.

O. H. P. Catron, West Plains, Mo., in sending renewals, writes: The VETERAN is liked by all Confederates and Southern sympathizers. There are but few Confederates in this portion of Missouri, but we have now forty-three Camps organized in this State. Through their organization we expect to maintain the Confederate Home at Higginsville. It has been almost an impossibility to get an organization without something like the United Confederate Veterans. Our Home has now 128 inmates, with sufficient funds to run it until our annual school meeting in April (first Tuesday), when we will ask contributions from all charitably disposed persons. Gen. J. O. Shelby, Commanding the United Confederate Veterans of Missouri, has issued a general order requesting all members to give one day, that of the annual school meeting, to soliciting funds for the Home. We feel that it is now in better condition than it has ever been. The women, God bless them! have nobly done their part in building and maintaining it. Without them the Confederate Home of Missouri would never have been built.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE IN THE ARMY.

Mrs. R. H. Dudley, of Nashville, Tenn.: Thinking this little incident might be read and enjoyed by some of your comrades. I send it to the VETERAN.

Soon after the battle of Murfreesboro (or Stone's River) 1863, Mr. Charles Eckles, of——— Illinois Regiment, was sent as a guard to the home of my father, (Mr. Kit Beesley). He remained there several months and was then sent to Rosecran's Army at Chattanooga, just before the battle of Chickamauga. Mr. Eckles told my mother, when he bade her good-bye, that if he should be fortunate enough to meet her boys on picket and they would give him a letter he would send it to her. She had not heard from them in a long time.

Fate decreed they should meet. While on Federal picket duty he hailed the Confederate picket and asked what command he belonged to. His reply was "First Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Division." He then asked his name and was told, "Wm. Beesley." The Federal picket said, "I am just from your father's house and they have not heard from you in a long time. I told your mother if I was fortunate enough to meet her boys on picket duty and they would give me a letter, I would send it to her." My brother wrote the letter, gave it to him and my mother received it in due time. It was hailed with joy, of course.

That was the last we heard of Mr. Eckles until the opening of Chickamauga Park last September. He is a member of the G. A. R. and stopped over at Murfreesboro and went to see my mother and brother whom he had met on the picket line in 1863. He was gladly received by all.

This is one of the most extraordinary incidents of the war, and it would not be expected to occur again in a thousand wars where the armies were so large.

ABOUT AND FROM VETERANS.

In answer to inquiry in January VETERAN, F. M. Bunch, Pulaski, Tenn., writes that Tom Butler of the Martin Guards, First Tennessee Regiment, is still living and resides now in Giles County, Tenn. "He is in good health, and can throw down any man of his age, or in ten years of it."

J. M. Long, Esq., of Paris, Texas, sends with his contribution these splendid words: Grand old Tennessee and the United Confederate Veterans will honor themselves by erecting a monument to the memory of Samuel Davis, for his is one of the few immortal names that were not born to die.

Giles County, Tennessee, has made a practical beginning to raise funds for the Rouss Memorial. Committees of three representative citizens in each of the twenty-two districts of the county have been appointed. The central committeemen are: R. A. Mitchell, J. Mace Thurman and F. Arrowsmith.

Mrs. Jennie Catherwood Bean writes from Winchester, Ky.: I have been through the deepest affliction in the death of my dear sister, Miss Martha W. Catherwood, a zealous member of the Association of Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy. She left us January 29th. There was a full attendance of the Association at her funeral and burial.

A "Daughter of the Confederacy" states that Erastus B. Maxey, enquired for by Comrade Ben. C. Smith, of Macon, Ga., was a prisoner in Baltimore, about 1864. She thinks that he served with Morgan, and was from Tennessee. He was, later, considerably deafened by the explosion of a shell. This is not intended as a reply to "Comrade Smith's" enquiry, but as a supplement to it, from another questioner.

W. C. Wilkinson, Crystal Springs, Miss.: It gives me great pleasure to say that the VETERAN is a welcome visitor each month, and is eagerly read by old and young in my household. The old Confederate who misses reading the VETERAN loses a patriotic reminder of his youthful days. It ought to be in the hands of the children and grandchildren of Veterans everywhere, and all the time. May your efforts bring you fame and fortune.

W. B. Tilghman of the Forty-seventh Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, inquires from Rutherford, Tenn., about Miss Bell Jordan, of Barnesville, Ga.: After a lapse of more than thirty years, who can tell anything of this good woman?

In front of Atlanta, July 20, '64, I was badly wounded. Soon afterward I was sent to Flewellen Hospital (Dr. Carmack in charge), at Barnesville, Ga. This young woman with five others came to the hospital to select for special attention some of the worst cases. Mine was a hopeless case, and this noble young lady took me. I had gangrene. By her sisterly care and attention I was nursed back to life. Hope revived and to-day I am, as I believe, a living monument of her special care and attention. Is she living? Who can tell?

T. F. Jones, Collierville, Tenn., whose efficient services for the VETERAN have been mentioned with pride in these pages, sends the following notes:

PRIVATE CHAS. T. SMITH.

It has been said that all the *private* soldiers were killed. Chas. T. Smith, the "lone private," has been discovered by the VETERAN correspondent at Collierville, West Tenn. Private Smith is a native of Jefferson County, Miss., and enlisted in Withers' Regiment of Light Artillery at the beginning of the war, continuing in service with that Regiment until Lee surrendered. Private Smith was a great favorite with his command, and was often complimented by his superiors for conspicuous gallantry while under fire. The famous "Conner" Battery, of which Private Smith was so long a member, was in many hotly contested battles of the West, Grand Gulf, Port Hudson, Bayou Lafouch, Donaldsonville, Franklin, La Miliken Bend, Lake Providence, Red River, Pineville, Grand Ecore and a number of other severe engagements west of the Mississippi River.

The old comrades of Private Smith will be pleased to "know" that he has resided in Collierville for the past twenty years. He is an active, strong man yet.

Withers' Regiment was composed of twelve companies of artillery, each having four guns, forty-eight cannons in all. This Regiment was made up in different parts of Mississippi, and was "one" of the best volunteer organizations in the Confederate Army.

LIEUTENANT WADE ALLEN.

Among the many gallant and brave soldiers of the Confederate States' Armies, perhaps few were more conspicuous for gallantry and devotion to the Southern cause than Lieutenant Wade Allen, who was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers. Early in the spring of 1861, Mr. Allen enlisted in Company (L) 30th Tennessee Infantry Regiment, and served in that gallant command until its reorganization after the battle of Shiloh (April,'62), when he was transferred to Capt. Pete Williams' Company (I) 15th Tennessee Brigade, Forrest's Cavalry.

Lieutenant Allen participated in nearly all of the great battles fought by Forrest and his brave followers, and was many times complimented for gallantry displayed in battle. He was made Lieutenant of Company (I) immediately after joining the Regiment, which was then at Tupelo, Miss., in which capacity he ever served with distinction. When Gen. Forrest raided the city of Memphis, Aug. 21, '64, Lieutenant Allen was at the head of the charging column which came so near making a "prisoner" of the Federal General, Washburne. It was Lieutenant Allen who captured Gen. W.'s fine horse soon after he escaped to Fort Pickering in south Memphis. Lieutenant Allen rode this fine horse to the end.

Wade Allen is now a prominent citizen of Collierville, Tenn., where he is engaged in mercantile and agricultural pursuits, but he has been a resident of Shelby County nearly all his life—57 years.

The VETERAN has for publication, by Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas, a comprehensive story of the great war. He promises another upon the "Confederate States Mail Service."

Some Rebel Relics, by Rev. A. T. Goodloe. A memorial volume of 315 pages; price $1.00. Commemorates mainly the spirit, speech and manner of life of the invincible "Old Reb of the rank and file during the war," and of the genius and splendor of "Dixie Land." Dr. Goodloe served from Alabama.

Buy this book and help the Sam Davis fund.

LEVIN IRVING HANDY TO LECTURE HERE

All lovers of oratory will learn with delight that Mr. Levin Irving Handy, a descendant of the great orator, Patrick Henry, will make his first appearance in Nashville at Watkin's Hall, March 7th. His theme, Patrick Henry. He enthralls his audience from the opening sentence till the grand close with that breath of eloquence that is born into but few men, and not often to a generation. Looking backward as we are, studying men and scenes of a hundred years ago, it is peculiarly fitting that Mr. Handy should appear just at this time with his superb oration on one of the greatest moving spirits of the Revolution. It is an education to the boys, fresh light to the student, and an inspiration to every listener.

Mr. Handy is, by competent critics, regarded as the greatest orator now on the American platform.

The Baltimore Sun speaks of his lecture as most eloquent and entertaining.

Hon. Thomas Bayard, now Minister to England, authorizes the following commendation: "I am glad that you have prepared a lecture on 'Patrick Henry,'—a subject so interesting to your countrymen and entirely akin to your capacities. * * * You are thoroughly competent to comprehend and illustrate the genius of 'the forest born Demosthenes.'"

THE SPIRIT OF '61–'96.

BY J. B. K. SMITH, Atlanta Camp, U.C.V.

We've met again, comrades bold,
To grasp each other's hands,
And talk of times that tried each soul
All o'er these Southern lands;
We've closer grown thro' fleeting years
Since we together stood,
And bared our breasts to leaden storms
On fields baptized with blood.

Our land's been filled with widow's weeds;
We've heard the orphan's sigh—
While comrades long since disappeared
Are marching through the sky.
We'll write their names on fame's proud scroll,
As heroes in the strife,
And cherish those they loved and left
As long as we have life.

Our banner, with its triple bars,
No more 'mongst flags is seen;
The battlefields once drenched in gore,
With waving grass are green—
Nor rude commands resounding now
Disturb the warriors' rest;
Their forms asleep in camps of death,
Their souls are with the blest.

But though our flag lies folded now,
To kiss the breeze no more,
And though no more we grasp the arms
We once so proudly bore,
We walk again with freemen's tread
The land that gave us birth;
And glory in the Sunny South,
The grandest spot of earth.

And when all hate shall cease to burn,
And truth shall grasp the pen
To write our country's history down
She'll say *this* of our men:
That truer patriots never lived,
Nor filled more honored graves,
Than those who fell in freedom's cause—
Our own Confederate braves.

We're not ashamed of what we did,
We battled for the right;
And though by numerous foes o'erwhelmed,
We yielded to their might.
We walk again with freemen's tread
The land that gave us birth;
And glory in our Sunny South,
The grandest spot of earth.

And while we do not brag or boast
Of how our comrades fought—
The pension rolls you know full well
The facts of this have taught;
And if these pension rolls be true,
And none have *proved* they lied,
We must have crippled *all the* world
And *half the Coons* beside.

My song I'll close with homely phrase
That has a statement true,
Of how the fight ended and—
I'll prove it by the blue.
The Yankees didn't whip us, boys,
No—let that ne'er be said;
We wore ourselves out *whipping them;*
Then stopped for want of bread.

Then let us sing till Heaven shall sing
To our departed braves,
And let us pray each passing day,
Among their silent graves,
That when our time to fall shall come,
And we must pass away,
We'll rise with them to reign
In one eternal day.

SAM DAVIS.

THE CONFEDERATE MARTYR.

Before his foes the captive stood.
And many a pitying eye
Bent on him, when they knew that he,
So young, so brave, must die
And many a heart responsive beat,
While gazing on that face,
Where dauntless courage blended with
A soldier's youthful grace.

"I offer," thus the leader spoke,
"Thy life and liberty;
The traitor tell, to honor dead,
Who gave these notes to thee.
Knowest thou not a direful death
Awaits thee as a spy?
And thou art young; a soldier brave
More gloriously should die."

Deep sadness for one moment fell
Upon the captive's face;
Then firm resolve, and courage high,
And valor took its place.
"The life you'd give is far too dear
That would involve a friend;
I spurn an offer that would bring
So infamous an end.

"I thought to serve my native land,
When from the oppressor free;
In colors fair, I hoped to write
My name in history.
But honor is more dear to me
Than is this fleeting breath,
And ere I would betray a friend,
I'd ten times suffer death."

When ready for the dreadful doom
That waited him that day,
A courier swift was seen to ride
This message to convey.
"Our General sends me still to say
It is not yet too late;
He grieves that one so young must die;
Too brave for such fate!"

With flushing cheek, and kindling eye,
The captive turned to say,
"I thank your leader for the care
He's shown for me this day;
Tell him, had I a thousand lives,
I'd bow to duty's call;
Before these lips betray a friend,
I'd freely give them all."

Then to the waiting Chaplain, said,
"I'm ready; pray you send
These tokens to my mother dear,
When my brief life shall end.
And write her that her boy's last thought
Was of his childhood's home;
And that he hopes to meet her in
A brighter world to come."

He ceased; the sun's last parting ray
Played round his knightly head,
And glorified the thrilling scene;
But not a radiance shed
So bright, as that which illumes,
And shall unto the end,
The name of that young martyr who
Would not betray a friend.

"Too brave to die!" his captors said;
And it is even so;
The glory of his sacrifice
Through coming years shall grow.
The brave die not—a prouder fate
Succeeds dread Azreal's dart;
They but exchange their country's arms
For more—their country's heart.
And on the roll of honor, shall
His name emblazoned be
With glory that is due to him
In his country's history.

SALLIE JONES.

Camden, Ala.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is———? .... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do **you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP."

[A Grey Coat relates to his friend, a Blue Coat, the following incident of the late war. Gen. Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest at the road side, when he soon fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers, who observed him as he slept, whispered warnings to their nearest comrades not to disturb him. The whisper was then passed from man to man along the line of march.]

Had you heard the distant tramping
On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrades running
To meet us on the way!
Oh! the wondrous, sudden silence,
Th' unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, Old Blue Coat,
Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this rank and file!—
Was the passing of that army,
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out, "Hurrah!
Marse Robert is asleep!"

There lay that knightly figure,
One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
A vow without a word!
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
For flowers their vigils keep,
And crown'd him, though I think they knew
"Marse Robert was asleep!"

In glorious old Westminster,
No monument of war,
No marble story half so grand
As this, our army saw!
Our leafy old Westminster—
Virgina's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

As we clasp hands, Old Blue Coat,
List, brother of the North,
Had foreign foe assail'd your homes,
You then had known his worth!
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
It had been his to keep:
Step lightly o'er the border then,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee,
He's yours and mine, Hurrah!
These tears you shed have sealed the past,
And closed the wounds of war!
Thus clasping hands, Old Blue Coat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep,
The sounds of war shall muffled be—
"Marse Robert is asleep."

Richmond, Va., May, 1883.

One of the most embarrassing errors that has yet occurred in the VETERAN was that of crediting the beautiful address, at the reunion of the Daughters at Atlanta Exposition, of Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton of Alabama, to Mrs. C. Helen Plane, the President of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Georgia.

FROM
MANASSAS
TO
APPOMATTOX
MEMOIRS OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.
By LIEUT.-GEN. JAS. LONGSTREET. C.S.A.

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THEO. NOEL, Geologist, Chicago, Ill.

RESPLENDENT SOUVENIR FREE

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Individual articles will be contributed by most of the above-mentioned persons.

Indorsement from Charles Broadway Rouss.

NEW YORK, February 4th, 1896.

COLONEL JOHN J. GARNETT, 115 NASSAU ST., N. Y. CITY.

Dear Colonel: The proposition you have accepted from Frank Leslie's Publishing House, that all subscriptions to *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Magazine* coming through you, or on blank forms of subscription setting forth that *One Dollar* of said subscription shall be donated to the fund for building the "Battle Abbey" of the South, has my most hearty approval.

I commend your action and that of Frank Leslie's Publishing House to the consideration of the people of the South, and to our many friends in the North, who are interested in the erection of a memorial building in which shall be gathered the relics and mementoes of their beloved land, and where the traditions of the Southern people may find a fitting repository. This generous offer should secure to every Southern home the opportunity of reading the interesting series of articles on the "Lees of Virginia," now being published in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly Magazine*, and at the same time add a handsome sum to the fund for building the "Battle Abbey."

Very sincerely, Your Comrade,

CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS.

Words from General Gordon.

In speaking of the women's part in raising a share of the Battle Abbey Fund, General John B. Gordon says: "For in whose hands could this sacred trust more properly be placed, and with more certainty of success, than into those of the gentle women of the South, who have never yet faltered or failed in the performance of any duty, either in war or in peace, imposed upon them for the Southern cause? This "Battle Abbey" will not be dedicated alone to the history and deeds of the civic and military heroes of the greatest of civil wars, but the General Commanding will see that within its sacred portals sufficient and conspicuous space will be reserved for the names and fame of the "Heroines of the South." It is to the survivors of these illustrious women and to their descendants to whom the General Commanding therefore confidently intrusts this important mission of assisting in this holy undertaking."

Southern people should bear in mind that Frank Leslie's offer covers:

1. Twelve numbers of FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY, containing all the LEE articles as well as numerous illustrated sketches, stories, etc.
2. Water-color portrait of General ROBERT E. LEE, with fac-simile autograph.
3. Certificate of Membership of Battle Abbey Memorial Association.

The full amount of a year's subscription ($3) must be received direct by us. In ordering subscription please state clearly that you desire to have $1 of the amount apply to the Battle Abbey Fund and mention CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,

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42-44 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Mention Veteran when writing.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MARCH, 1896. | No. 3. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

The Florida Reunion of our Veterans at Ocala, was not largely attended, but of much interest. Copies of addresses and some illustrations are in hand for the April number. Comrades in the Land of Flowers are ever loyal to these sacred interests.

Report of the Georgia Division United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Augusta, as reported by the Chronicle, should have had extended notice in the VETERAN. Revision of the report was submitted and copy is not received in time for this issue.

It was one of the best meetings yet held by the Daughters, and much may be expected from Georgia.

Another chapter for the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized recently at Victoria, Texas, with Mrs. J. M. Brownson, President; Mrs. Belle Martin and Mrs. W. A. Wood, Vice Presidents; Mrs. James Koger, Secretary; and Mrs. H. D. Sullivan, Treasurer. Dallas and Galveston have strong chapters. If the good women of Texas organize as generally as have our Veterans, they will exhibit an amazing strength.

The report of the Virginia Daughters in February number was slightly abbreviated. Whatever of error occurred in the report may be charged to the editor. He does the best possible with everything used in the VETERAN, but all errors are chargeable to him as he always makes changes in manuscript that he thinks will improve without changing facts.

In this connection contributors and especially old comrades are urged to prepare articles with special care. They should write with ink, giving wide space, and re-write, as a rule, so as to *condense facts*.

A Veteran writes to the Lynchburg News an appeal that all Daughters of the Confederacy unite in one grand organization. He mentions the twelve Chapters recently organized at Charlottesville into "Grand Division of Virginia," and then he mentions the four Chapters that belong to the UNITED DAUGHTERS, an organization with Divisions in various Southern States and now growing rapidly.

Virginia Daughters Badge

The VETERAN understands that the Chapters organized by Mrs. Garnett are not averse to membership in the general organization. It will be disappointed if the good women in Virginia do not co-operate with their sisters generally in the South. "Veteran" very wisely states:

The requirement of membership and the object of both are almost identical, and there's no reason why the two should not be united and act in harmony, thereby insuring the success, and prosperity of the cause both have in view, for, "united they'll stand, divided they'll fall."

The death of two noble women, which occurred recently at Gallatin, Tenn., deserves mention in the VETERAN. One of these was Miss Emily Peyton, only daughter of the distinguished Bailey Peyton. Reminiscences of her have been in the VETERAN.

The other was a Miss Ewing of an honored Tennessee family and the wife of Hon. J. W. Blackmore, who has been active with open purse for every cause honoring the South, since having done a thorough share for the glory of Southern arms in the ever memorable four years.

The writer grieves in the loss to that community of such good friends, and for this comrade in his desolation. At the Tennessee reunion of Veterans the charming Mrs. Blackmore entertained quite a company of them—Ah, and some of these have preceded her into the unrealized beyond!

As the notice in February VETERAN about back numbers seems not to have been fully understood, another is made in explanation. We want any of the numbers of '93, any before July of '94, and those for March, May, July, October, November, December of '95, and January '96. Those who are willing to part with these numbers will be credited on subscription one month for each number returned.

Additions to sketch and portrait of Col. J. W. Dunnington, on page 84, next month.

The editorial on page eighty refers to the gathering in New York City, July 4, after reunion at Richmond June 30, July 1-2. It is generally known now that no such "gathering" will occur. It is presumed, however, that Confederates will not be prevented from going to New York if they wish. But Comrade, Rev. John R. Deering is quoted by the Harrodsburg (Ky.,) Democrat as saying about what Confederates in general feel in regard to it:

"Well, I think we will survive it," said the Doctor. "Indeed it suits us if it suits them. * * * We are so conscious of our rectitude, so satisfied with our record, so sure of the vindication of posterity, that we are content. We have gained already so largely the world's admiration for principle, prowess, endurance, moderation and moral worth that we are not wanting G. A. R. favors. But we get honest tributes in every book they print, in every song they sing, in every eulogy they speak, in every monument they set up, in every pension they draw. They can't glorify themselves without witnessing to the patriotism, valor and constancy of the Southern people. They may not love us but they are bound to respect us. We need not turn coats and go into the parade business. It does seem sad, however, that thirty years of peace have not grown enough generosity in our Northern friends to afford this scant recognition of Southern sincerity, heroism and love of country. And there was no possible peril to the Union, nor even an implication of bad intention, in the gray uniform or its battle scared wearers."

Referring to Grand Army men in Louisville and through the South last year, he says:

"They wore the garb in which they fought, for they marched in the character of Federal soldiers. But Confederate soldiers must march in some other costume or not at all! Very well! We can stand the snubbing. The day isn't distant when all men of soul, who admire valor and love liberty, who value patriotism and respect devotion to duty, all who bow to moral worth and venerate good citizenship, all who appreciate the sublime in self-sacrifice for political principle, when all who stand for the right of local self-government will exalt the men of the South, and uncover their heads in honor of our stainless Davis, our sainted Polk, our dauntless Simms, our terrible Forrest, our modest Ashby, our mighty Jackson, our knightly Johnston, our gallant Pelham, our peerless Lee. They were as worthy as our Henry and Jefferson, our Marion and Washington. The same land gave them birth, holds their ashes and guards their fame. *We can wait!*"

Mrs. M. A. E. McLure, of St. Louis, writes: Enclosed find five dollars for poor—no, not poor, but rich Samuel Davis. The history of that boy's sacrifice of life should be told to every boy in the land. Every mother in the South should have the privilege of contributing to the perpetuation of this act—death rather than dishonor. I have thought much on the behavior of this boy; it haunts me. I sometimes wish I did not feel so deeply, but that is better than callousness.

Solicitors are engaged for the VETERAN in preparing sketches of distinguished Confederates, whether by official position or for valor as soldiers. All data published will have editorial revision, and it is anticipated that the reunion number (July) to contain these, will be the most attractive yet.

It is intended to publish the list of officials in United Confederate Veterans next month. That of 650 camps prepared for use at the Houston reunion must be depended upon, hence A REVISED LIST OF COMMANDERS AND ADJUTANTS is especially desired. Comrades can save the office days of labor and many dollars expense by reporting the names of these officials. In the same number of the VETERAN it is designed to print a list of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. If the name of each Chapter, the President and the Secretary shall be furnished promptly, it will be a great favor.

In a letter from Carrollton, Ala., March 3rd, enclosing twenty subscriptions and $1 from her father, Judge O. L. McKinstry, for the Samuel Davis Monument, Miss Hettie May McKinstry writes:

Papa belonged to the Forty-second Alabama Volunteers, and was very near Col. Rogers, of the Second Texas, and Capt. Foster, of the Forty-second Alabama, when they were killed at Corinth, Miss. His brother, Jas. A. McKinstry, who now lives at Wyeth City, Alabama, was standing by them and was shot through the body in three places by the same volley that killed them, and although only a boy seventeen years old and weighing but 96 pounds, he did not fall, but made his escape from that terrible place. He was discharged from the army in consequence of his wounds, but remained with his command and was in several hard battles with his discharge in his pocket.

LOSS OF EYESIGHT FROM OVERWORK.—A newspaper reports that Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss recently said: "I will give $1,000,000 to any man who will restore to me my eyesight. I will walk out of the store and hand him the keys." The store is a ten story granite building on Broadway. Mr. Rouss' eyes had been failing for some time, and day by day it was with greater difficulty that he could distinguish objects until his eyes had almost totally failed him. "The only thing visible to me," he said, "are the huge pillars. I can just discern the hazy outlines of two," pointing to the supports immediately before him. He is paying the penalty of twenty years of overwork. Mr. Rouss, whose fortune is roughly estimated at $10,000,000, is now sixty years old. He was born in Woodsboro, Frederick County, Maryland, fought under "Stonewall" Jackson, and after the war came to New York penniless.

M. T. Ledbetter, of Piedmont, Alabama, sends a batch of subscriptions. This veteran comrade has been zealous for the VETERAN almost from its beginning January, '93.

ABOUT THE SOUTH'S BATTLE ABBEY.

REVIEW BY MANAGER OF THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

NEW ORLEANS, March, 1896.

S. A. Cunningham, Editor Confederate Veteran.

My Dear Comrade: In compliance with my promise, I submit the following statement of the origin and progress of the movement to establish a grand Confederate Memorial Association:

A short time after the glorious struggle of the South for constitutional rights had been terminated by the sad surrender at Appomattox, the attention of Confederate Veterans was directed to the importance of securing a truthful history of the war and of the causes that led to it. To this motive was added the loving desire to perpetuate the memory of gallant comrades who had lost their lives in the discharge of high patriotic duty. This combined sentiment of love and duty found substantial expression in different parts of the South. Memorial institutions and depositories of records and relics were planned and some of them, through the continuous exertion of earnest men and women, grew to fair proportions. None of them, however, entirely fulfilled the purpose for which they were created.

More than thirty years have elapsed since the close of the war, yet, despite urgent and repeated appeals for contributions, and despite liberal responses, there is not in existence to-day a Confederate memorial institution that does not require assistance to insure its perpetuity. There is not one of such extensive proportions and which commands such general approval and support from the Confederate element of the country as to invest it with national dignity and importance.

The support of these local institutions depends mainly upon the contributions of our veterans, and as their ranks are depleted by death, the burden of the survivors constantly grows heavier. They have been taxed to the limit of their capacity and inclination. There has been no cessation of the demands upon them. As the establishment of the Confederate Memorial Association will accomplish all that they desire in the direction of perpetuating the glorious memories of their past, and as they will be relieved from further demands upon their slender purses, the proposed institution appeals to them with peculiar force.

The failure of the local institutions to accomplish all that had been anticipated, and their doubtful fate when the veterans, their supporters, had passed away, excited the grave concern of Comrade Charles Broadway Rouss, who had been a most liberal contributor. After careful and intelligent study, he reached the conclusion that unity of action and concentration of means were absolutely essential to the establishment of a memorial institution of whose maintenance and perpetuity there would be no doubt.

Acting upon this conclusion, in 1894, Mr. Rouss placed himself in communication with the veterans by circular letters, submitting to them the outlines of a plan of commemoration, and soliciting their views. The theory of this plan was declared to be: "That every Confederate Veteran should have a proprietory interest in the institution; that each one of them should feel he had contributed something toward perpetuating the memories of the great struggle in which he had borne a part."

Comrade Rouss demonstrated that a moderate contribution from each would aggregate a sum amply adequate to all requirements, and he appealed to them to unite in an effort "to pay deserved tribute to the heroic deeds of their fallen comrades; to furnish an inspiring object lesson to their descendants, and to leave to posterity endearing proofs of the courage, loyalty and devotion to duty of the Confederate soldier."

The plan and appeal went straight to the hearts of the veterans, and except in rare instances, in which local interests were held superior to all other considerations, the response was prompt and favorable. Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, Sons of Veterans, and Confederate sympathizers generally, were warm in expressions of approval and liberal in assurances of support. Gens. S. D. Lee, W. L. Cabell, and other distinguished officers of the United Confederate Veterans, in turn gave their approval by official endorsement.

When Mr. Rouss became fully aware of the extent and strength of the sentiment favorable to his plan, he submitted it formally to the veterans assembled in reunion at Houston in May last. The enthusiastic manner in which it was received left no doubt of its final adoption, and his munificent contribution of $100,000 gave assurance of its success. The immediate result of his proposition was the appointment of a committee to examine and report upon the accompanying plan. This committee, composed of one from each division of the United Confederate Veterans, met at Atlanta on the 19th of October last. The composition of this body was of the highest order. The deliberations were careful, calm and conscientious. Every feature of Mr. Rouss' plan was given thoughtful and intelligent study, which, with slight modifications, was unanimously approved. These modifications were in the direction of insuring to each division of the United Confederate Veterans a representative of its own selection upon the Board of Administrators and of increasing eligibility to membership and, at the same time, reducing the cost.

Before adjournment, the Memorial Committee perfected arrangements for the execution of the Rouss plan. An Executive Committee was appointed and provision made for a manager to take charge of the important matter of securing the necessary funds. Work was commenced without delay, and has continued to be prosecuted up to the present with zeal and vigor. The results have been most gratifying, but being constantly cumulative, it is impossible to express them in positive figures or terms. It may be said, however, that they have been entirely satisfactory.

The first efforts of the Committee were directed to enrolling every surviving Confederate soldier as a subscriber in order to demonstrate to the world

that our veterans are a unit in loyal remembrance of the cause that they upheld and in loving memory of their comrades who died in its defense. To this end subscription books were prepared and have been placed in the hands of the Commanders of the 747 existing Veteran Camps. The process of securing individual subscribers is necessarily slow, as a number of Camps meet at long intervals and their membership is scattered over a wide area of territory. This is notably the case in the Trans-Mississippi Department. In a number of instances Camps have appropriated amounts to cover their entire membership. This has been the case in Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Washington and New York City. With but few exceptions Camp Commanders report satisfactory progress.

Provision having been made for the enrollment of the veterans attached to Camps, the Committee enlarged its field of operations and appealed to all Confederate sympathizers for co-operation and support. The manner in which this appeal has been received is best conveyed by the statement that hundreds of subscription books have been applied for and that the demand is constantly increasing. There are now over 1,200 books in the hands of active and zealous agents and the work of enrollment progresses without intermission.

As has been stated in official publications, the subscription of $1.00 entitles the subscriber to membership in the Memorial Association. Every dollar thus secured finds its way into the memorial fund without the payment of one penny for cost of collection, commission, or for any other purpose whatever. The subscription of $100,000 by Comrade Rouss does not measure the extent of his magnificent liberality, for in addition he has made ample provision for the expenses of the memorial work from its inception up to its completion. The assurance is thus given to subscribers that the money paid by them is applied solely and exclusively to the purpose for which it was solicited.

As gratifying as have been the responses of the Confederate Veterans to the appeal made to them, their substantial support of the Memorial Association will not reach the amount that may be relied upon from the noble women of the South. They have engaged in this movement with the ardor and enthusiasm that always characterizes their efforts in the prosecution of good works. They are increasing interest and stimulating exertion. They are securing subscriptions to membership and are preparing to celebrate Memorial Festival Day in the most magnificent manner. On the first day of May, every town, city and hamlet in the South will bear eloquent witness to their intelligent and patriotic efforts. As they will command the services and support of all true Southern men in the land, there can be no limit placed to their success.

It will be remembered that the $100,000 subscription of Comrade Rouss was conditioned upon a like amount being assured from other sources. It was estimated that $200,000 would accomplish all that was necessary to the execution of the original plan of commemoration. We have already passed the $200,000 limit, and are now looking forward to the establishment of an institution wider in scope, grander in proportion and more impressive in every respect than the one at first contemplated. If contributions continue to be as liberal as they have been heretofore, the Battle Abbey of the South will be the most magnificent memorial edifice of the age. To secure such an institution, all who prize heroic deeds in the past, and hope for their emulation in the future, should be glad to contribute. When it shall have been established, and when it proves to be a grand beacon light and an impressive object lesson to all who love liberty and right, the saddest reflection that could come to a Southerner would be that he had contributed nothing to its establishment.

The warm competition for the location of the Battle Abbey by so many cities evidences the existence of a widespread sentiment favorable to the memorial work in which we are engaged. Although location will be determined by a Board of Administrators yet to be appointed—one member from each division of the United Confederate Veterans—our veterans have declared that they will acquiesce in whatever decision may be reached. To their credit be it said that to secure an object of general desire they will subordinate all feelings of local preference. There could be no surer guarantee of success.

The Memorial Committee will report the result of their labors to the veterans at the Richmond Reunion. They are encouraged to hope that their report will prove satisfactory. In the mean time they urgently invoke the active cooperation and support of all who have at heart the realization of the hopes of commemorating our glorious past, in which we have indulged for so many weary years.

Fraternally, Robt. C. Wood,
Manager Memorial Association Committee.

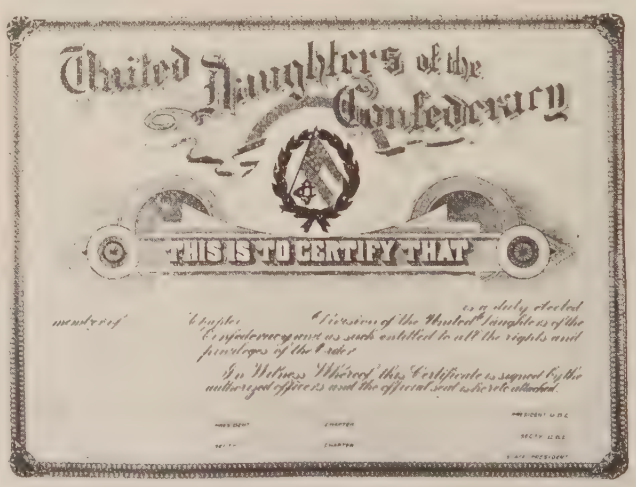
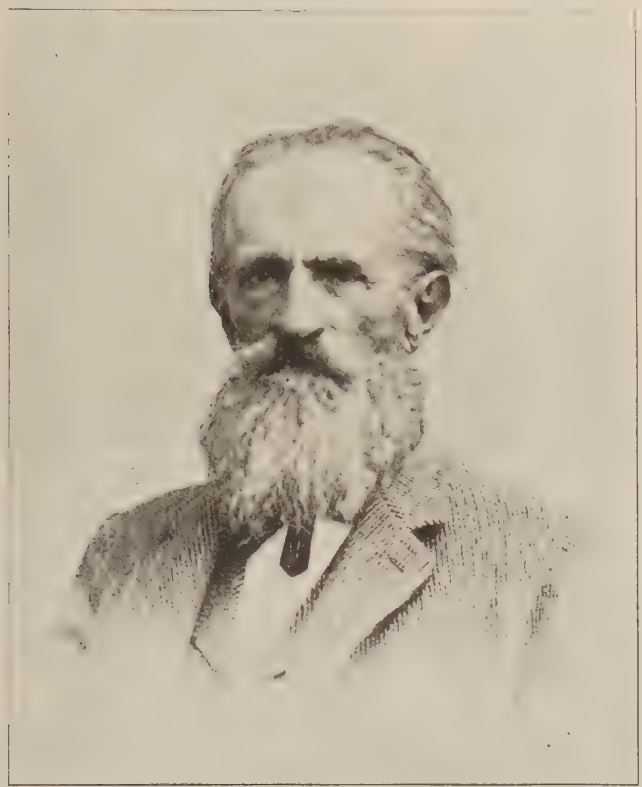


Photo-engraving of handsome Membership Certificate. Orders must be sent through Chapter Presidents. Remit ten cents for each certificate to Mrs. L. H. Raines, 142 Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.

Ike S. Harvey, Lexington, Miss.: I was a member of Harvey's Scouts, Jackson's Division; was captured near Adairsville, Ga., May 18, '64, and sent to Rock Island, Ill., where I remained until June, 20, '65. Would like to see something from some old Reb who was there. I was a C. K. 7.

HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY WELL.

On Christmas morning, with a bright sunshine and a Sabbath stillness resting upon the scene, there were laid to rest in the burying ground of the Goss family, near Stony Point, the remains of a gallant soldier of two wars—Andrew J. Grigsby.



COL. ANDREW J. GRIGSBY—A brave soldier and faithful citizen.

Colonel Grigsby was born in Rockbridge County, Va., November 2nd, 1819. When war with Mexico was declared, he was residing in Missouri, and he enlisted in Colonel Doniphan's well-known regiment which distinguished itself in that war. In the spring of 1861 he was living in Giles County, Va., and at once entered the service of his State, becoming successively Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Regiment,—one of the five regiments of the noted "Stonewall" Brigade. He served with this brigade through the campaigns of 1861 and 1862, becoming its commander after Colonel W. H. S. Baylor was killed at "Second Manassas."

At the battle of Sharpsburg, after the retirement of General J. R. Jones—injured by concussion from the bursting of a shell—and the death of Gen. W. E. Starke, who was killed early in the action, he became commander of Jackson's old Division, and led it with conspicuous ability and gallantry. Indeed, the gallantry of Col. Grigsby was conspicuous on every field on which the "Stonewall" Brigade was engaged, so that his regiment acquired the sobriquet of "The Bloody Twenty-seventh." At the battle of Port Republic his sword belt was shot away, and he was wounded in a later engagement.

In the fall of 1863, after the promotion of Gen. E. F. Paxton, former Major of his regiment, and at that time Adjutant-General of Jackson's Corps, to the command of the "Stonewall" Brigade, Col. Grigsby resigned. He was then in feeble health and unable to endure further active service.

He retired to the home of his relatives, the Goss family, in Albemarle County, where he afterwards resided.

Col. Grigsby was a brother of John Warren Grigsby, who was Colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, and commanded a brigade in Morgan's Cavalry Division. He was a man of great force of character, and impulsive; he was brave almost to rashness, and in battle exposed himself with a reckless disregard of his own safety. He never said "go," but always "come." While a stern disciplinarian, his regiment was devoted to him, and would follow him anywhere. His kindness of heart was shown in later life by his habit of carrying apples in his pocket to give to children and others whom he met.

At the unveiling of the Jackson Statue at Lexington, in 1891, Col. Grigsby rode at the head of the remnant of the "Stonewall" Brigade, and he was manifestly delighted as the leader, on this peaceful occasion, of the men whom he had so often led in battle.

At the unveiling of the Soldier's and Sailor's Monument in Richmond, in 1894, notwithstanding his seventy-five years, he marched on foot, side by side with the commander of John Bowie Strange Camp, the whole distance.

Col. Grigsby was taken with pneumonia on Wednesday, December 18, and died on Monday, December 23, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Many neighbors and friends assembled in numbers to pay respect to his memory, among whom were his comrades, Gen. Wm. McComb of Louisa County, Capt. Philip W. Nelson and others. The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Farrar, and the pallbearers were Messrs. Samuel Edwards, Wm. A. Marshall, George Webb, Alex. Taylor, John B. Minor and Commander James M. Garnett, representing John Bowie Strange Camp, Confederate Veterans, of which he was formerly a member.

Having served his country well in war and in peace, he now rests from his labors. J. M. G.

Charlottsville, Va., December 26th, 1895.

An additional note to Col. Grigsby states that he was commissioned Major by Gov. Letcher in 1861, and joined Col. Echols' Regiment, mustered into service at Lynchburg, Va., and served in the Army of Northern Virginia. He was a brave officer and popular with his men.

Some of Col. Grigsby's nephews came to Nashville early after the war—mere boys—and made prominent citizens ever true to Confederate memories.

W. H. Calhoun, Granger, Texas, makes inquiry for the Cealey family, to which his mother belonged. She was a Miss Mahala Cealey and married his father, W. M. Calhoun in Independence Co., Ark., about '42 or '43. Information will be appreciated.

OLD BATTLE GROUNDS IN MISSISSIPPI.

A recent visit to the old battle grounds about Jackson and Vicksburg furnishes much that would be of special interest to veterans who were there, but subsequent issues will have to be depended upon for the reminiscences. At Vicksburg, Capt. D. A. Campbell, now Brigadier General of the United Confederate Veterans, made the day as pleasant as possible in introducing comrades and in a drive over the hills to places ever to be remembered by soldiers of both armies. Comrade Campbell is deservedly proud of their Confederate monument—heretofore illustrated in the VETERAN. The National Cemetery, is the largest in the country except the one near Nashville. He pointed out the monument erected where Grant held a conference with Pemberton concerning the surrender, July 4, 1863. It is photo-engraved on front page of this VETERAN, and represents him with hand upon the shaft, while several fellow Confederates and the sexton stand in the picture. The monument was so defaced that it has been placed in the cemetery grounds.

At Jackson comrades were cordial in their greeting. Mr. John C. Rietti, who is preparing a valuable history, rendered many special favors. An effort to get to the battle ground of Raymond had to be abondoned for lack of time. In the suburbs negro cottages and cabins extend quite beyond the battle lines at time of siege. Recently in some

NATIONAL CEMETERY AT VICKSBURG.

sewer work many bones were exhumed. They were both of Confederates and Federals.

THE STATE CAPITOL OF MISSISSIPPI.—(Built in 1840; now condemned. It is historic. A new one is to be built.)

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT JACKSON.

An event of semi-national interest was the dedication of the Confederate Monument erected at Jackson. It was also called the Davis Monument by press and people at the time, and its dedication was the most notable event that has occurred in that State since the war. It stands in the southern part of the Capitol grounds, and is sixty feet high, sur-

mounted by a typical Confederate soldier. The concrete base is 20x24 feet. It is dedicated

TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD OF MISSISSIPPI.

The vault, as will be seen in the picture, is octagonal and seven feet in diameter. The feature of this beautiful monument most interesting and attractive cannot be seen in the above illustration. It is the life-size statue of Mississippi's most distinguished character in all history. It is of exquisite workmanship in Italian marble. He stands in oratorial pose, holding a manuscript in his hand, while books are piled about his feet. The inner part of the vault is of highly polished marble.

The Jackson Clarion-Ledger so well reports the visit to that city that the following is copied:

* * * Mr. Cunningham was a boy soldier of the Forty-first Tennessee Infantry, and with his regiment at the surrender of Fort Donelson and exchanged at Vicksburg, in the fall of 1862. His command was reorganized at Shepherd Springs, near Clinton. It was sent back to Vicksburg in part of the siege, then sent to Port Hudson where it remained until May 1st, 1863. At that time it was ordered to Jackson, where the men expected to remain in camp for some weeks, but the command was hurriedly ordered to Raymond to check a large force of Federals marching on Jackson. The small brigade under command of Gen. John Gregg, of Texas, held from six to ten times as many in check all day, but in the evening it was about to be "swallowed up" when it made good its retreat to within a few miles of Jackson, and on the following day, although considerably reinforced, and with Gen. J. E. Johnston in command, it abandoned the city and went up the Canton road a few miles, where it remained unmolested for several days.

The flight of citizens, along with the army, through rain and mud, on that eventful May morning, is mentioned by Mr. Cunningham as one of the most pathetic sights of the war.

Again, when Vicksburg had fallen and Grant pressed Johnston and the siege of six days was on, he came into the city one evening, and in a walk of many blocks saw but one person, an old black man. Elegant homes had been despoiled, the furniture being scattered as if the owners had started to remove it, but gave up all effort through peril of shot and shell. It fell to his lot, as assistant to the officer in charge of the skirmishers, or advance pickets, to crawl along the line and whisper how they were to get away. Each man was to conform to the action of the one to his right in moving by the flank or directly to the rear. This regiment, so deployed, lost its way to the bridge across Pearl River, and for safety of the main army it was set on fire, but in the early twilight they escaped and joined the main army.

Another one has gone to the soldier's last rest! J. R. Reynolds, Company A, Phillips' Legion, Georgia Volunteers, died July 16th, '94. Age 54 years, 6 months. He went with the first company from his county and served through the war in the Virginia army. He never had a furlough; was in the Richmond Campaign; the arduous marches and battles through Maryland and Pennsylvania; transferred to Missionary Ridge, was wounded the third time in the charge upon the fort at Knoxville, and was left on the battlefield. He was captured, and with his wounds, was sent to Fort Deleware, where he was held eleven months; but surrendered with Lee's army. No truer soldier ever died. The last reveillé has been sounded: Sleep on brave heart!

The foregoing is from a comrade—and the wife writes, sending remittance to VETERAN from Siloam, Georgia: It was ever welcomed and eagerly read by him as long as he could read, and after that he would often have me read for him. It seemed to give him new life.

Burton R. Elliott, Keller, Texas: I was a Confederate soldier and fought under Gen. Price, Tenth Missouri Infantry. I was captured at Helena, Ark., 4th of July, '63, and taken from there to Alton, Ill., where I stayed eight months. From there I was taken to Ft. Delaware and remained twelve months, so I knew how the Confederate prisoners were treated. The period of my prison life was the most unendurable part of my army life; we suffered so much. I would be very glad to hear from any comrades who knew me there. My barrack was No. 17.

MR. LINCOLN AND BEN HARDIN HELM.

The New Orleans States gives the following:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., August 8, 1864.

Major General Burbridge, Lexington, Kentucky:

Last December Mrs. Emily T. Helm, half sister of Mrs. L. and widow of the Rebel General, Ben. Hardin Helm, stopped here on her way from Georgia to Kentucky, and I gave her a paper, as I remember, to protect her against the mere fact of her being General Helm's widow. I hear a rumor today that you recently sought to arrest her, but was prevented by her presenting the paper from me. I do not intend to protect her against the consequences of disloyal words or acts spoken or done by her since her return to Kentucky, and if the paper given her by me can be construed to give her protection for such words or acts, it is hereby revoked pro tanto. Deal with her for current conduct just as you would with any other. A. LINCOLN.

It is not generally known that the Mrs. Emily T. Helm, referred to above, is at this time wintering in New Orleans, and occupies, in company with two charming daughters, a neat little cottage on Carondalet street. Mr. Ben. Helm, the popular freight contracting agent for the Louisville and Nashville road, a son of Madame Helm, is also a resident with his mother and sisters, in fact, as Mrs. Helm says so pleasantly, "We are Ben's guests, and want to see how we shall like living in New Orleans, for the winter at least."

The other day it was the privilege of the writer to spend a delightful hour or two in company with the Helms, and he took the liberty, in the course of the evening, to show Mrs. Helm the clipping from Mr. Lincoln. The lady read it carefully, and said:

"This dispatch is a surprise to me, as I was never arrested or had any trouble with the United States authorities. The circumstances of that protection paper given to me by President Lincoln occurred in this way: Two of my brothers had been killed, one at Corinth, the other at Baton Rouge, and the third one was slowly dying from a wound received at Vicksburg; and at the battle of Chickamauga my dear husband had fallen. I had accompanied my husband South, and after his death I was given by Mr. Lincoln a permit to return to Kentucky by flag of truce. Upon reaching Fortress Monroe a United States officer come on the boat and told me that he had orders to require an oath of allegiance to the United States from every one who landed. I asked a parole on to Washington, quietly stating that I would return in case I was called upon to take the oath. I had just left the friends of my husband and brothers in arms against the United States, ill-fed and poorly clad, and with tears in their eyes and sorrow in their brave hearts for me over my great bereavement, and they would have felt that I had deserted them and had not been true to the cause for which my husband had given up his life. It was therefore not bravado on my part.

"Soon after my conversation with the officer, I was allowed to go on to Washington, and when I arrived at the capital I immediately called on President Lincoln. Both the President and Mrs. Lincoln, who was my half-sister, received me with every affection and kindness. Since I had seen them, they had buried from the White House a little son who had loved me very dearly, and we on each side had overwhelming sorrow that caused our meeting to be painful and exceedingly agitating.

"I told Mr. Lincoln my object in coming to the White House and explained my position to him, and I told him I did not intend to embarrass or make myself conspicuous in any way in case he allowed me to proceed to my home in Kentucky.

"I was his guest for several days, and when I left he gave me a paper, which was worded so as to protect me in person and property, except as to slaves, and as I thanked him, he said: 'I have known you all your life and I never knew you to do a mean thing.' I answered Mr. Lincoln and told him I would not embarrass him after I arrived in Kentucky. I was exceedingly careful that no word or act of mine should make Mr. Lincoln regret being so considerate to me.

"Every one was very kind indeed to me in Kentucky, irrespective of party or opinion, and I do not think that I made any enemies on account of my actions. I had no occasion to use the paper Mr. Lincoln gave me, except once when asking a Federal officer to keep his men, who were camped near my home, from trespassing upon our grounds and taking our meals as they were cooked from our kitchen, which the officer did in the kindest manner possible.

"It is possible that this officer made a report as to my possessing the protection paper given me by President Lincoln, to General Burbridge, who was his superior officer, and this officer possibly desired to have orders from President Lincoln as to what to do in case I made myself conspicuous. I was not arrested, for I gave no cause. I could never have been so lost to my word of honor to President Lincoln as to have annoyed him under the circumstances.

"That he did not believe that I had been imprudent is evidenced by the fact that in March, 1865, under the escort of his son (my nephew), with Mrs. Bernard Pratt, a relative of General Zachary Taylor, and General Singleton, of Illinois, I was allowed to go South on some private business of my own, but finding it impossible to go further than Richmond, Va., and being advised by friends, I returned to Baltimore, where I had only been a short time when Richmond fell."

Mrs. Helm was a widow when only twenty-three years of age, and left with three small children.

General Helm was only thirty-three years of age when he fell, leading his brigade in battle. He was a brave, chivalrous Kentucky gentleman, described as grave, thoughtful and studious; he went to West Point and graduated ninth in 1851. Lieutenant Helm was assigned to the Second Dragoons. One year's service saw Helm out of the Army and immersed in the practice of law. Then he went into politics and was in the Kentucky Legislature in 1855. In 1856 he married Miss Todd.

Helm fully appreciated the kindly nature and quaint wit and force of expression of Abraham Lin-

coln, while the other formed a deep attachment for the thoughtful, scholarly, handsome and polished grandson of Old Ben Hardin.

In April, 1861, Helm received an invitation from President Lincoln to visit Washington, although a Southern Rights Democrat, and Lincoln knew it. On the 27th of April, Mr. Lincoln called to his brother-in-law, and handing him a sealed envelope, said: "Ben, here is something for you. Think it over by yourself, and let me know what you will do."

The envelope contained Helm's nomination as paymaster in the United States Army. This was the opportunity of his life. By this offer the stepping stone to almost any honorable ambition lay at Helm's disposition. This was one side of the picture. On the other lay exposed the call of duty to his State. It didn't take Helm long to make up his mind. "I will try to do what is right. * * * You shall have my answer in a few days," said the gallant Kentuckian to the President.

Of course when Helm got to Kentucky he found the State in the midst of a patriotic furore of military enthusiasm. He wrote to Lincoln declining the position of paymaster.

"Helm, Ben Hardin; nominated for paymaster in the United States Army, April 27, 1861. Declined." is a record in the War Department. No more; no less. It tells the story of honor and emolument sacrificed on the altar of duty. By a coincidence, it was on the very day that Robert E. Lee resigned his commission in the United States Army, to throw in his lot with his State, that Helm was tendered the position of paymaster by President Lincoln.

Lincoln and Helm never met again this side of the "great divide." Helm plunged into the strife with his whole soul. He organized the First Kentucky Cavalry for the Confederate Army, reporting in October, 1861, to Albert Sidney Johnston for duty.

March 19, 1862, Col. Helm was gazetted Brigadier-General, and then he organized the First Kentucky Brigade in the Tennessee Confederate Army. Twice, in 1861 and 1862, General Helm thought of his would-be benefactor, Abraham Lincoln, and sent the President kindly messages.

And then the end came to the bright chivalrous soldier's life. At Chickamauga Helm's Brigade, composed of the Second, Fourth, Sixth and Ninth Kentucky and Cobb's Battery, was attached to Breckinbridge's Division. The Forty-first Alabama was also added to the brigade. On September 19, the battle commenced with 150,000 men of arms opposed to each other.

On the evening of Sept. 20th while leading his command against General Thomas' Corps, General Helm fell from his charger mortally wounded, and on the morning of the 21st, in the earliest watches of the breaking day he was dead. How brave a soldier the Confederacy lost that day, history records. Ben Hardin Helm wasin the highest sense of the word, one of nature's noblemen. He was a patriotic Southern gentleman. As he understood it, his line of conduct was clear, and he unhesitatingly trod the path of duty. He was a scholar, a true friend and devoted husband, and as long as the world shall last, in the hearts and affections of Southern men and women, the name of Ben Hardin Helm will be reverenced and his memory honored.

When Lincoln heard of General Helm's death, it is recorded of him, that the martyr president locked himself in a private apartment and there gave vent to uncontrollable grief.

FINE SHOTS IN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

Captain F. S. Harris read Captain Ridley's letter, and reports remarkable shots from Virginia. Considering the kind of guns used, these incidents are wonderful. While there were a few Whitworth rifles that passed the blockade at Wilmington, those mostly in use were captured, Enfields.

This paper was designed for the February number.

I remember a shot by a Tennessee lieutenant in 1864, which I have never yet seen equalled.

Soon after Grant's mine exploded near Petersburg in the summer of 1864, an officer in Archer's Tennessee Brigade observed a party of horsemen ascend an eminence far in rear of the Federal lines. He called Capt. Slade, Chief Engineer of A. P. Hill's Corps, who was passing at that moment, and asked him to calculate the distance. Capt. Slade estimated it to be 2,250 yards. Just as one of the men, apparently a general, rode away from the group and stopped on the highest point, the lieutenant took a Whitworth rifle belonging to one of the sharpshooters in that Brigade, trained the gun on him with globe sight, deliberately aimed and fired. The officer fell from his horse, and his staff gathered around him quickly. Two more shots were fired in rapid succession, and three men were carried from that place. A few days later a Northern paper announced that General ——, I forget the name, and several of his staff were killed by Rebel sharpshooters at long range.

Fran. Bass, of Company I., Seventh Tennessee, and a sharpshooter for Archer's Brigade, made a remarkable shot. A Federal sharpshooter had wounded several of our men from an ambuscade. Bass, with a pair of field glasses, finally located him in a dense tree, protected by its body. Loading his Enfield carefully, he requested me to go with him to the left to uncover the Yankee. We finally, with the aid of glasses, located him about 500 yards off. At the crack of Bass' gun, he fell from the tree. Jack Lain, another sharpshooter for Archer's Brigade, and Fran. Bass both made wonderful shots on June 2, '64, at the second battle of Cold Harbor, just below Richmond.

Grant kept sliding to his left, but invariably found Lee between him and Richmond. On that day Archer's Brigade occupied the extreme left of the army, with the sharpshooters at right angles and considerably advanced. Lain and I were behind an impromptu breastwork at an exposed point. Only one of the enemy seems to have discovered us, but in a very few minutes his bullets were scraping the top of our pile of dirt. Lain held up his hat and Mr. Yank promptly put a bullet through it. His handherchief on a stick caused a like result. The enemy evidently knew the strength of our breastworks, for he put a ball at

least a foot below the top, passing just in front of Lain's nose, and filling his mouth and eyes with Virginia sand.

That shot made Lain mad and put him to fussing. Telling me to lie low and amuse Mr. Yank with the handkerchief act, he crawled on his face out of range and disappeared. It was not long before Lain came up smiling. He had killed him over a quarter of a mile distant, and was determined to get his gun and haversack. We found him behind a pile of corded wood with a bullet through his head, while a bright new gun and well-filled haversack were lying beside him. Joining Fran. Bass on our return, we had hardly reached our former position, when Lain's keen eye discovered a head just above the same pile of corded wood. Bass took the new Enfield and fired at that head. Soon Joe Hamilton, of Company H., Seventh Tennessee, came to us as "mad as a wet hen." Said it was his head we saw. He was looking at us, saw the flash of Bass' gun and dodged just in time, as the bullet cut a chip from the stick where his chin rested. He had got in there by mistake.

That brave J. P. Hamilton boy is now a college professor in Tennessee. Poor Bass lost his valuable life a few months later below Petersburg by a long range shot.

Capt. W. B. Harris, of Eighth Tennessee, informs me that Sam Gordon, of Quarle's Company, Eighth Tennessee Regiment, could successively hit the bottom of a pint tin cup 1,000 yards with an army rifle. Sam now lives at Gainsboro, Tennessee, but his hand is too shaky and his eyes too dim to do it again.

Hon. Wm. Amison, of the Forty-fourth Tennessee, relates that a young man named Brock, of Hawkins' sharpshooters, Buckner's Division, was killed by a Yankee over a mile away. Brock and the Yankee, only, were firing just previous to the battle of Perryville. Brock finally exposed himself carelessly and bit the dust. The battle was just opening, and soon the death grapple commenced.

Mr. Amison speaks feelingly of Brock's faithful servant who had "promised ole Marse to fetch that chile to him and ole Mistis." Hearing of his young master's death, he made his way to the front line while the battle raged, and safely bore the body to the rear. How this faithful servant succeeded in passing, with Brock's dead body, out of Kentucky, through Tennessee, and to South Mississippi, is not known. But he did, and brave young Brock's grave was watered with the tears of a loving family. If this should meet the eye of anyone who can give the after-history of Brock's servant, the VETERAN would be glad to hear of him.

On the 27 of August, '62, "Old Jack," (Stonewall), suddenly (as was his custom) appeared on the plains of Manassas in rear of Pope's Army with Archer's Tennessee Brigade in advance.

Nearing the railroad, Adjutant George A. Howard called Gen. Archer's attention to a body of troops in front.

The General knowing his Tennesseans were the nearest Confederates to Washington, instructed Adjutant Howard to have Shoemaker's Battery turn loose on them, which he promptly did. A movement was here made, said to have been suggested by Adjutant Howard reversing the rules of war.

The battery charged with Archer closely supporting. They stood their ground for a while, but could not long stand Shoemakers's grape and shell, and broke in wild panic. Maj. Shoemaker, pressing closely, selected a position commanding a ridge over which they must retreat. I think he killed nearly all of them.

This is not remarkable for long distance shooting, but it is more difficult, artillerists know, to cut accurately short than long fuse. Maj. Shoemaker could not have been more than 100 yards from them.

But a mile or so east, another column of Yankees appeared, who at about three-fourths of a mile piled up Bob Jackson, John Tucker, J. T. McKenzie, John McDonald and one other of the Seventh Tennessee, like rails by a storm.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, '62. Maj. Carter Braxton commanding, the Braxton Battery, made up in Fredericksburg, saw a line of men with a stand of colors standing in his mother's yard. Knowing his family were gone, he brought a twelve lb. Napoleon to bear with solid shot. The distance being 1,600 yards. The first shot cut down the man on the right. The next lowered the flag. It was a singular combination of circumstances that Maj. Braxton was assisted by his brave Lieutenant (afterward Captain), L. S. Marye. The gun they were firing was standing in the yard of Capt. Marye's mother and sending shots into the yard of Maj. Braxton's mother—a remarkable coincidence.

In the same battle (Fredericksburg), Pelham's Horse Artillery was stationed next to Archer's Tennessee Brigade on Stonewall's extreme right and almost at right angles to the Tennesseans, and the left of Sumner's (?) Grand Division. The Federals were at first about twelve or fifteen hundred yards distant. The officer in command, I suppose Maj. Pelham, cut his fuse so correctly that his shells burst exactly in the right place.

When Burnside's general forward movement commenced about four p. m., the left of his line passed not over fifty yards from Pelham's Battery. So accurately were his calculations made that his shells continued to explode in the Federal lines until they were close enough to use grape. When Sumner's (?) lines were opposite and at right angles to Pelham, his enfilading fire was terrible, so Pelham also did excellent work in cutting fuse for close range.

R. W. Oakes writes to the St. Louis Republic an interesting story as told by an "old ex-Confederate" soldier about the heroism and the humanity of Gen. M. P. Lowry, who was at first Colonel Thirty-second Mississippi Regiment, in battle near Marietta. The Union troops had charged again and again leaving their dead and wounded, of course, in each repulse. The woods caught fire and the appeals of the Union wounded who could not get away were pitiable in the extreme. Unable to withstand their pleadings General Lowry mounted the breastworks and called out to the Union commanders: "For God's sake stop and send men to put out that fire!"

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR,

Address By Hon. John H. Reagan, of Texas.

After the reunion in Waco, part of the address was given in the Veteran. It is now published in full. Mr. Reagan, the only Confederate Postmaster General and now the only Cabinet Minister living, reviews the causes of the war for posterity.

Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:

This presence revives many hallowed memories of the past. It calls to memory the days when husbands were separated from wives and children; sons separated from fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; when loving and loved ones left their homes to enter the armies of the Confederacy, with hearts proudly responding to the calls of patriotism and aching for those who were left at home. It recalls the forming of military organizations, and the commencement of the march to the seat of war, buoyant with hope, under bright new banners, in the presence of smiles which came through tears, the waving of handkerchiefs, the silent prayer of hope and love, and the soulful "Good-bye, God bless you," followed by the parting cheers of friends; a few of those departing to return, but many to sleep in honorable graves on the field of glory, to which duty called them. It calls to mind the long marches, the scenes around the camp fires, and anxious preparations for battle; it brings before the mind anew incidents of campaigns, the forming of the lines of battle, the moving of the skirmishers into position, the rattle of small arms, the advance of the infantry, the rapid movement of the cavalry into position, the thunder of cannon, the shriek of shell, the roar of battle, amidst the shouts of the living and the groans of the wounded and dying. It calls up the memories of First Manassas, of Seven Pines, of the seven days in front of Richmond, of Fredericksburg, of Second Manassas, of Sharpsburg, of Gettysburg. It reminds us of Fort Donelson, of Shiloh and Corinth, of Murfreesboro or Stone's River, of Chickamauga, of Lookout Mountain, of Elkhorn, of Vicksburg, of Atlanta, of Franklin, where Pat Cleburne and other heroes fell, and of an hundred other fields on which Confederate skill and courage and constancy were displayed. It causes a renewal of our admiration and love for such great captains as Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Longstreet, Hood, Kirby-Smith, Gordon, Cleburne, Polk, Price, Breckenridge, Ben McCulloch, John Gregg, Tom Green, Granbury, Randall, Scurry, Ector, Cabell, Ross, Waul, W. H. F. and Fitzhugh Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Forrest, Wheeler, and an hundred other heroic leaders in "the lost cause". Great as was the ability and courage and purity of life of our generals, who deservedly achieved a world-wide fame, and proud as we were and are of their characters and virtues, we turn with still greater pride and holier reverence, if such a thing be possible, to the memory of the subaltern officers and private soldiers, who, for four weary years of privation, suffering, carnage and death, carried the banners of the Confederacy, and offered their lives for their country's liberty, because they served and suffered without the incentive of office or rank, animated solely by their love of home and country, for their devotion to a cause dearer to them than life.

There were features in the struggle of the Confederacy which must hold place in history as long as the admiration of genius, and courage, and virtue shall survive. Its people entered the contest without a general government, without an army, without a navy, and without a treasury; they organized all these during the existence of the war; they provided a few naval vessels and brought hundreds of thousands of men into the field, by which they bid defiance to a well-equipped government for four years, which required more than two millions of men to subdue them. During this time many great battles were fought and victories won and lost, in which tens of thousands of men were engaged.

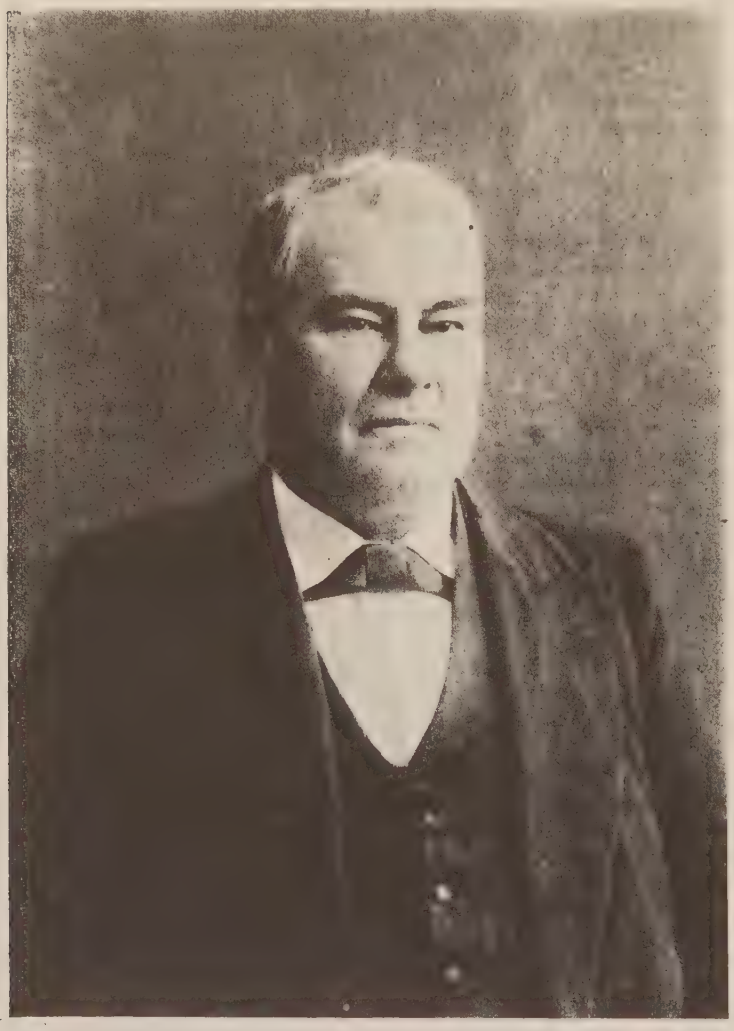
The existence of state governments facilitated this wonderful achievement, but this could not have been accomplished except for the great devotion of the people to their cause, guided by the consummate ability and patriotic devotion of President Davis and his cabinet ministers and the members of the Confederate Congress.

Of late years we occasionally hear the inquiry as to what caused this great war, with all its sacrifices of life and property. Sometimes the inquiry is made by those seeking information, again others make it in order to belittle those who were engaged in it. A struggle which cost hundreds of thousands of valuable lives, and by which many billions of money was spent and property sacrificed, could hardly have been engaged in without a sufficient cause. And those who assume that it was not, only show their own ignorance of the history of our country. Without raising the question as to who was right and who wrong in that struggle, I think our children should know why their fathers engaged in so great a war.

During colonial times in this country the political authorities of Great Britain, Spain and France, and the Dutch merchants planted African slavery in all the North American colonies. At the time of the declaration of American independence, 1776, African slavery existed in all of the thirteen colonies. At the date of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, 1787, African slavery existed in all of the States except one. The commercial reason for the planting of African slavery in this country was no doubt stimulated by the hope of ease and gain. It was at the same time justified by the church on the ground that the negroes were taken from a condition of heathenish barbarism and cannabalism and brought to where they could be taught the arts of civilization and industry, and where they could be instructed in the doctrines and practices of the Christian religion. I am not discussing the question now as to whether this practice and these views were correct; I am only telling you what was done and thought to be right by our ancestors and by the great governments of the world.

When the Constitution of the United States, the compact of union, was adopted it recognized the right of property in African slaves. The trade was still being carried on, and the Constitution of the

United States provided that it should not be prohibited by Congress prior to the year 1808, twenty years after the adoption of the Constitution. It also provided that slaves escaping from one State into another should not be discharged from service or labor, but should be delivered to their owners. There were differences of opinion as to the rightfulness of slavery among the men who formed the Constitution. Subsequently, and before 1861, a number of Northern States, where slave labor was not profitable, abolished that institution. And by degrees a strong



HON. JOHN H. REAGAN.

prejudice grew up against slavery: first among philanthropists and religionists; and then, in a number of States, it became a political question. The agitation of this question was not at first entirely sectional, but it became so subsequently. Its agitation, as early as 1820, threatened the perpetuity of the Union, and it continued until it caused bloodshed in Kansas, also the invasion of Virginia by John Brown and his deluded followers for the purpose of inaugurating civil and servile war in that State. When he was executed for his crimes Northern churches were draped in mourning, and their bells tolled in sympathy for him and sorrow for his fate.

In the Thirty-fifth Congress, when the agitation was threatening the peace of the country, thirty odd propositions of compromise were made, for the purpose of averting the danger of disunion; all of these without exception were made either by Southern members or Northern Democratic members, and every one of these propositions was received by the Republican members with hooting and expressions of derision. The Southern members were often told that they had to submit to the will of the majority. The Constitution was denounced by some of the agitators as "a league with hell and a covenant with death," and the agitators claimed that there was a higher law than the Constitution.

In the campaign of 1860 the Republicans nominated as their anti-slavery ticket both their candidates for President and Vice-President from the Northern States; a thing which had not occurred before that time, except in the election of General Jackson as President and Mr. Calhoun as Vice-President, both from Southern States, in 1828, when there was no sectional issue. In 1832 the peace of the country, if not the integrity of the Union, was threatened on the question of the revenue policy of the government, which led to the steps taken by South Carolina to nullify the acts of Congress by which duties on imports and for the protection of home industries were levied in a way which it was believed did not bear equally on the different parts of the country, and which was believed to involve a violation of the Constitution.

Both these were questions which came up under the broader and greater question of the proper construction of the Constitution of the United States. In the Federal Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States, the question as to the character of the government we were to have, and of the powers which were to be conferred on it, and in the conventions of the States, which ratified the Constitution, were very ably discussed, some of the members in each preferring a strong Federal Government, and others, jealous of the rights of the States and more solicitous for the liberties of the people, preferring a government with limited powers.

The States represented in the Federal Convention were each free, sovereign and independent. The Constitution formed by that convention and ratified by the States conferred on the government, so formed, certain specified and limited powers necessary to enable it to conduct our foreign and Federal relations, reserving to the States respectively and to the people all the powers not so delegated. The question was discussed in the convention as to what should be done in case of disagreement between the Federal Government and one or more of the States. A proposition was made by Alexander Hamilton to confer on the Federal Government power to coerce refractory States; and was voted down. So this power was not expressly given by the Constitution, nor embraced in the powers given.

During President Washington's administration, the first under the Constitution, the question as to whether the Constitution should be strictly construed, so as to preserve the reserved rights of the States, or should receive a latitudinous construction looking to strengthening the government beyond the powers delegated by it, was sharply made between Thomas Jefferson, the Secretary of State, contending for its strict construction, and Alexander Hamilton, contending for a broader construction.

During the administration of the elder Adams the Congress, with the approval of the President,

GEORGE MOORMAN, Adjutant-General United Confederate Veterans.
(Sketch in VETERAN for November.)

passed what is known in the history of the times as the Alien and Sedition laws. The strict constructionists, under the lead of Mr. Jefferson, denied the constitutionality of these laws, and charged that they endangered the liberty of the citizens. Upon this issue the American people agreed with Mr. Jefferson and elected him President in the year 1800, and again in 1804.

In the year 1793 the legislature of Kentucky, and in the year 1799 the legislature of Virginia, passed resolutions denouncing the Alien and Sedition laws as violative of the Constitution, as dangerous to liberty, and asserted the right of the States to protect themselves against unconstitutional laws and acts of the Federal Government. And in these resolutions they asserted the right of the States to protect the people against the unconstitutional acts and arbitrary power of the Federal Government, that they were the judges of their rights and remedies, but that this power was not to be exercised by them except in extreme cases when there was no other remedy.

Under this issue what was known as the Federal party went out of power and out of existence. And under this, as under the doctrine of the then Republican party, which afterwards became the Democratic party, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe successively held the office of President of the United States for twenty-four consecutive years. It was always the doctrine of the Democratic party, down to 1860, and was specifically endorsed by its national conventions in several canvasses for President and Vice-President preceding the war.

I am not saying whether this is or is not the doctrine of the Democratic party now; I am only reciting these facts to show the opinions which prevailed before the war between the States, and in a large measure guided the people of the Southern States when they passed their ordinances of secession. They believed a public opinion had been created in the Northern States which threatened the peace of the country and the rights of the people. They believed the constitution of the United States had ceased to be a shield for their protection, also that their safety and welfare made it necessary for them to withdraw from the Union, and to form a government friendly to their people, and under which their rights would be secured to them.

They were in part led to this conclusion by the facts I have stated and because the people of the Northern States had repudiated the provisions of the Constitution, and of the acts of Congress which were intended to protect them in the enjoyment of their local, social and domestic institutions, and which were intended to protect three thousand million dollars of property in slaves; also that they had repudiated a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States which affirmed the doctrine of the Constitution and laws of Congress on this subject; that some of the Northern States had passed laws forbidding their authorities and people from aiding to execute the provisions of the Constitution and laws requiring the rendition of fugitive slaves.

These things and others of like character caused the Southern States to attempt to withdraw from the Union. And the principles I have called to view, and the facts I have referred to, led to the great war which cost so much blood and treasure. These principles and events are answers to the new generation as to why their fathers gave their services, their property, and their lives in that war; why

brave men fought and died, and why holy men, and pure and noble women prayed for its success; why senators and representatives in Congress, and officers of the army and navy surrendered their offices and emoluments and abandoned a condition of peace and security and offered their fortunes and their lives in so unequal a contest; and why the people at large in these States, with remarkable unanimity, staked every earthly thing which was precious and dear to them, in so unequal a war, rather than submit to the degradation of living under a violated Constitution and laws, and being compelled to accept only such rights in the Union as might be accorded to them by the grace of a hostile popular majority.

Some persons, who were specially wise (?) after the war, say we had better have compromised than have accepted battle with such a preponderance of population and wealth and the power of an organized government against us. Can any one point to an instance in history where principles of such magnitude, and property of such value, were settled by compromise? As well have asked why our revolutionary fathers did not compromise with King George. It was one of those cases which, under all the circumstances, could only be settled by an appeal to the god of battles. And those who think a settlement could have been made by a compromise certainly cannot have been familiar with the facts which led to the war.

Horace Greely, in the preface to his history of what he calls the rebellion, said: "The war might have been brought on a little earlier, or it might have been postponed to a little later date, but sooner or later it was inevitable." And he spoke the truth. It is unreasonable to assume that statesmen, philanthropists, citizens in the ordinary peaceful walks of life, the ministers of religion, and the women of the country, would needlessly and without provocation have consented to engage in a war of such magnitude, and that, too, when numbers, the materials of war, and a powerful organized government, were to be encountered by people without a general government, without an army, without a navy, and without a treasury. I do not believe that any people in any age ever entered into a war with higher or purer or holier purposes; nor do I believe that any people in the world's history ever displayed more patriotism or made greater sacrifices, or exhibited greater endurance and courage than the soldiers and people of the Confederate States.

You will all understand that in making these statements I am not doing so to renew the passions and prejudices of the war, or to question the patriotism of the men who fought for the Union. I doubt not that their patriotism was as pure and their belief that they were in the right was as strong as ours. I am discussing these things as facts of history, which if not kept in view by our people might make posterity question the patriotism and virtue of the noble men who fought in that war, and of the pure women who worked and prayed for their success.

No one can feel more gratification that the war is ended and that peace and fraternal good will are restored between the people North and South, than I. And I can meet and greet the soldier who wore the blue as a friend and a brother, and am glad that many of them have made their homes among us. We are now under the same government and flag; we have the same laws and language; we read the same Bible and worship the same God; we are the same people, with the same hopes, aspirations, and destiny.

One of the proudest memories of that great war is of the conduct of the women of the Confederacy, who willingly gave their fathers and husbands and brothers to the service of the Confederacy. In very many cases they took upon themselves the burden of supporting their families, both aged parents and children, by their own labor. And in the struggles to take care of home affairs they would spin and weave, and knit, and make up garments for their loved ones both at home and in the ranks of the army. They denied themselves the ordinary comforts and the necessaries of life in order to help supply the army, to take care of the sick and wounded soldiers, and to feed and clothe such as were in their reach. Many good women — who before the war were only engaged in such indoor and delicate employments as the customs of the country had assigned to women—in the absence of the male members of their families in the army, in order to support their families, planted and cultivated and gathered the necessary field crops, chopped and hauled wood, fed and attended the stock; cheerfully performing such duties as their part of the sacrifices necessary to achieve the independence of the Confederacy. If time permitted this might be illustrated by many striking instances of the grand heroism of our women, a moral heroism even greater and grander than that of the soldier who fell in the excitement of battle. I mention one such instance, as told me by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, during the war. He had visited his home at Staunton, and returning had stopped at the house of an old friend. Seeing none but the good lady at home he inquired for the balance of the family. Her reply was that her husband, her husband's father, and her ten sons were in the same company in the army. He said to her that having been accustomed to have a large family around her she must feel very lonely. This noble matron replied, "Yes, it is very hard to be alone, but if I had ten more sons they should all be in the army." Can any one be surprised that a country, whose women were capable of such sacrifices, and sufferings willingly endured, and devotion to and prayers for their country's cause, should have prolonged the struggle for independence after its army had been reduced by causualties in battle and otherwise to a mere skeleton, whose money had been depreciated until it had but little purchasing power, whose soldiers were half naked, with barely food to sustain life, and whose country had been desolated by the ravages of war?

The world's history can hardly show an instance in which such courage and constancy and devotion have been shown by both men and women in the face of so powerful an enemy. And I predict that in the not distant future, some Macaulay will be found who will do justice to their patriotism, and skill, and courage, and that the citizens of all parts

of the Union, North and South, will feel a just pride in the fact that such men and women and their descendants form a part of the population of this great Republic; as we of the South shall feel a just pride in being citizens of a country which produced a Davis and a Lincoln, a Lee and a Grant, a Stonewall Jackson and a ————; and their respective compatriots.

With all our pride on account of the qualities exhibited by our people during the war, perhaps the most striking illustration of their capacity for self-government is shown by their conduct since it ended. Their country desolated by the war; their wealth and resources exhausted; tens of thousands of their best men filling honorable graves on the fields of battle; their social and domestic institutions destroyed; their local governments annulled under the policy of reconstruction; denied the blessings of civil government; the military made paramount to the civil authorities; the right of the writ of habeas corpus suspended; arrests without affidavits of guilt and without warrant; citizens liable to be tried by drum head military courts; freedmen's bureaus established everywhere, under the control of the military and a set of lawless camp followers of the army, stimulating the negroes to hostility to the whites; with an alien race made dominant who were unused to the exercise of the duties of citizenship, and unqualified for self-government, with no security for life, person, or property. Overwhelmed by all these calamities, that the people should have been able to reorganize society, and to re-establish civil government, revive the ordinary industries of the country; and, in less than thirty years, reach the condition of general prosperity which now prevails throughout the Southern States, furnishes the strongest possible proof of the capacity of our people for the preservation of social order and self-government, and cannot fail to secure for them the good opinion of the civilized world.

I wish to say something about reunions, like the present, of the soldiers of both the Southern and the Northern armies. Some persons object to them because they fear the effect will be to revive and perpetuate the passions and prejudices of the war. I think this is a mistaken view. That they cause a revival of the memories of the war is true. But it does not necessarily follow that such meetings will revive the passions and prejudices of the war. Many instances have occurred in both the South and the North in which the soldiers of the two sides have met together, and in fraternal kindness recounted the triumphs and glories of their respective armies, those of the one side feeling that those of the other were entitled to their respect, and all feeling that they were now fellow citizens and brethren.

That war will go down in history as one of the great wars of the world. The officers distinguished for skill and the soldiers distinguished for courage rarely equalled in ancient or modern times. As long as patriotism and love of country and admiration for skill and courage survive, the memory of the achievements on both sides will gratify American pride, and stimulate American patriotism and valor.

A people without a history cannot command respect. One of the offices of history is to perpetuate achievements in the arts, in the sciences, in arms, in government, and in religion, and so to cultivate the love of country and the glory of a people.

Whatever lingering prejudices may still exist, preventing any of the people of either side from doing justice to the memory and motives of those on the other side, must in a few more decades entirely give way, and then the sons and daughters of the late Confederates will be proud of the valor and achievements of the Federal officers and soldiers, and the sons and daughters of those who served in the Federal armies will be equally proud of the achievements of the late Confederates. And each side, in my judgment, does well to perpetuate the remembrance of the virtues, the skill, the courage, and the achievements of its statesmen, its generals, its soldiers and its noble women.

"SOUTHERN SOLDIERS."

The Boston Evening Gazette, established in 1813, has an article under the above caption. Read it.

A few members of the Grand Army of Republic in Woburn are complaining that the text-books used in teaching history to the public school children of that town are robbing them of some of their hard-earned laurels. They seem to advocate a return to the style of book in vogue twenty-five years ago when pupils were taught that Jefferson Davis was a little bit worse than old Satan himself, and that Southern chivalry meant cowardly brutality. How can it detract from the glory of brave men to tell their posterity that the foes they conquered were among the finest soldiers that the world has ever seen? What generous Northern veteran would strive to rob the South of that which belongs to her as the mother of those interpid heroes who followed Pickett to annihilation at Gettysburg? Our united country is proud of them. The fame of their unsurpassed valor is part of our national heritage. Every truly patriotic American hopes that the mighty race is not extinct, and that when the call comes for the men of Virginia, of South Carolina and of Alabama to stand under the old flag, shoulder to shoulder with the men of Massachusetts, of Pennsylvania and of Illinois, there shall arise another Lee, another Jackson and another Johnston. What stainless knight of mediæval romance can claim precedence over these? To cast one false slur upon their fame is to insult the memory of Grant, of Sherman and of Sheridan.

To that editor: May you live long and prosper.

M. O. Brooks, Harpeth, Tenn.: At the battle of Franklin, 1864, a Lieut. Dunningman, (or some such name), member of a Texas regiment, was wounded in the front part of the body, and was taken to Douglas Church, four miles from Franklin, then used as a hospital. From there he went to the residence of Dr. Hughes, in the neighborhood, where he remained until his recovery, when he returned to the church and reported having been paroled. He afterwards made his escape. I can have the sword returned to him or to any of his relatives.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r. S. W. MEEK. Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville. Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

HONOR ROLL OF NAMES.

It will be seen that the list of subscribers to the Samuel Davis Monument is arranged alphabetically and without regard to States. This record is designed to honor the contributors in the highest possible way. These names are electrotyped separately, so that additions can be put in their proper places, and it is the purpose of the Custodian of the fund to print a book when the work is finished, giving a brief history of the movement whereby the entire list of contributors of one dollar and over, will be preserved by them and their families as a perpetual memorial.

HAVE YOU CONSIDERED THIS SUBJECT?

This roll of subscribers attests that they honor the memory of Samuel Davis, whose record for truth, and faith to his promise, has never been excelled; it attests that they pay tribute to a private soldier in the Confederate Army, dead for a generation, and desire that through the indefinite future they would be remembered as giving their substance and their influence, that characters yet to be formed may have the unparalleled lesson set by his nobility of soul; they establish by this action the grandest patriotism. But above country, and above everything that belongs to this world, they commend sacrifice that kills the body, if need be, that the soul be kept pure and worthy its place in the celestial.

Do not delay action about this matter. Send the dollar, or dollars if you desire, that you and your children may be in this record, or, send for blank notes, payable next July. Let us co-operate, at once, in a way that will amaze those who are sordid and induce them to inquire into the history of Samuel Davis.

Mr. Joseph W. Allen, of Nashville, whose contribution is, so far, the largest, and who would not hesitate to make it ten times greater—an octogenarian honored second to no man by those who know him—suggests uniform action by the Southern people. He named July 4th, but as so many veterans will be away from home because of the reunion at Richmond and subsequent gathering in New York, he names the anniversary of the first great battle of the war that cost the noble Davis his life. Upon calling at this office he suggested such movement and that the notice be continued in the VETERAN to the time, and he volunteered to "father" it.

"I suggest that on July 21st, all Confederate soldiers, their children and grandchildren, gather at their Bivouac, or some central place, and each one contribute a dime to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, and whoever receives the money shall record the names of the donors, and forward to S. A. Cunningham. These names to be printed on parchment, bound in brass, and deposited in the corner stone of the monument, to hand down to future generations as a tribute to the greatest hero the world ever saw. I also suggest that we erect on Capitol Hill in Nashville a monument that will stand until 'Gabriel blows his horn.'"

The list of subscriptions of the Sam. Davis Monument from people, many of whom have to labor hard for all they get, is a remarkable showing. One man is mentioned in illustration. Albert E. Pardue, at Cheap Hill, on the Cumberland River, was seen last summer peddling apples around a steam boat, selling to the deck hands five cents worth, and so diligent was he that perspiration was dripping from him. This faithful Confederate Veteran sent eight dollars for the monument.

Maj. J. A. Cheatham, Memphis, Tenn., in renewing his subscription, writes: I also send my mite for the Samuel Davis Monument. I can, I hope, send another one later if needed. There was no grander sacrifice made by man or woman during the terrific struggle between the "States" than this deliberate, unflinching giving of his young life to keep his promise true.

This act of heroism removes him, his memory and his fame, from the narrow confines of family or neighborhood claims and leaves name and fame to the whole Southland, and in the cherished keeping of the old veterans. 'Tis as well to leave his dust in the family vault—that is nothing now—but the emblem of his sacrifice—the monument—should stand alongside some public highway. I say at the northeast corner of the Capitol grounds, Nashville, and should a statue ever crown the shaft, let it face "Old Hickory" high up the hill, as if appealing to him for his approval.

Major Cheatham is the only surviving brother of Gen. B. F. Cheatham, the revered "Mars Frank."

Dr. W. H. Hancock, of Paris, Texas, writes in commendation of the VETERAN, wishes it long life, etc., and adds: I am going to give and work for the Sam Davis Monument. * * * All Americans, and particularly his old comrades, should give freely and at once to put a statue equal to any in

existence on Capitol Hill in Nashville, near Andrew Jackson, where it would do homage to the old hero. I am sure if Jackson could speak he would say, "I want his company."

I knew Sam Davis, also his father, mother and grandmother—they were my blood kin. Your photos of the old people are lifelike—just as they looked when I visited them soon after the war, the old man then declining with age, bowed down with grief on account of the loss of his two sons. He recounted to me with tears and pride how nobly Sam died. I have read with much interest the varied accounts in the VETERAN, and found them similar to what Mr. Davis told me.

Yes, I'm an old Confederate, now in my sixtieth year, was wounded at the battle of Shiloh, on Sunday evening; was a member of Bate's Regiment, Capt. Butler's Company A., was discharged on account of my wound—never recovered, never can. I, and Capt. Humphry Bate, (Gen. Bate's brother), who was mortally wounded, were taken off the field together—Captain B. knew he would die—gave me messages of love to carry to his family, if he should expire before we should reach the Colonel's quarters where he lay wounded. My recollection is that Capt. Bate died soon after we reached the tent. I gladly testify to Capt. Bate's bravery and loyalty to the Southern States. You will excuse me when I repeat, you have caused my old enthusiasm to rise.

MR. C. B. ROUSS TO MRS. J. C. BROWN.

Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss has written to Mrs. John C. Brown, President United Daughters of the Confederacy, whose appeal in behalf of the Southern Battle Abbey appeared in last VETERAN. It concludes as follows: * * *

The recent meetings in Nashville greatly expanded my hopes of successful results in Tennessee, and your eloquent and patriotic appeal to the women of the South removes all limits to my expectations: I am confident that your call will meet with a cheerful and hearty response from all parts of the South. The plans of work which you recommend are so admirable in detail and so easy of execution that unity of action must surely result. I congratulate you in advance upon a success which cannot fail to be gratifying to you. The Confederate Veterans will hold you in the greatest esteem and affection for having enabled them to realize the hopes in which they have indulged for so many years past. I will esteem it a privilege and a pleasure to be permitted to assist in your good work in any way you may be pleased to indicate. I am entirely at your command, with great respect.

Wm. A. Obenchain, President of Ogden College, Bowling Green, Ky., lacks but No. 1, of Vol. 1, to have his VETERAN file complete. If any one can accommodate him, the favor will be reciprocated liberally by the VETERAN.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

VIRGINIA CHAPTERS FORM A DIVISION.

Delegates assembled at the University of Virginia February 12th, to form a State Division of Daughters of the Confederacy. There were present Mrs. General J. E. B. Stuart, Staunton, and Mrs. Guy, from Staunton; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, Richmond; Mrs. Dr. A. D. Estill, Lexington; Mrs. Geo. W. Helms and Mrs. W. F. Turnbull, Newport News; Mrs. Robt. T. Meade, Petersburg; Mrs. Elliott G. Fishburne, Waynesboro, and four delegates from the Charlottesville Chapter—Mrs. C. C. Wertenbaker and Miss G. Hill, of Charlottesville; Mrs. N. K. Davis and Mrs. Garnett, of the University.

A constitution based on that of the "Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans, Department of Virginia," and on the by-laws already used by the chapters, was adopted, and the following officers were elected: Mrs. James Mercer Garnett, President; Mrs. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, first Vice-President; Mrs. Norman V. Randolph, second Vice-President; Mrs. Thomas Lewis, third Vice-President; Mrs. Robt. T. Meade, Inspector; Mrs. Dr. A. D. Estill, Treasurer; Mrs. N. K. Davis, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. W. F Turnbull, Recording Secretary; Mrs. F. H. Smith, Chaplain.

Cordial invitation was extended to the five chapters in Virginia, chartered by the "United Daughters of the Confederacy," namely: Alexandria, Warrenton, Lynchburg, Appomattox and Norfolk, to unite with them. As a large majority of the camps of the "Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans in Virginia" are not connected with the United Confederate Veterans, these five chapters of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" could unite with the Grand Division in Virginia, and yet retain their charters in the "United" organization. It was agreed that the next meeting should be held in Richmond the last of June, at the time of the meeting of the United Confederate Veterans.

Mrs. Stuart announced that thirty of the young ladies of the Virginia Female Institute had formed a Chapter of "Daughters of the Confederacy," among themselves manifesting great interest in the work.

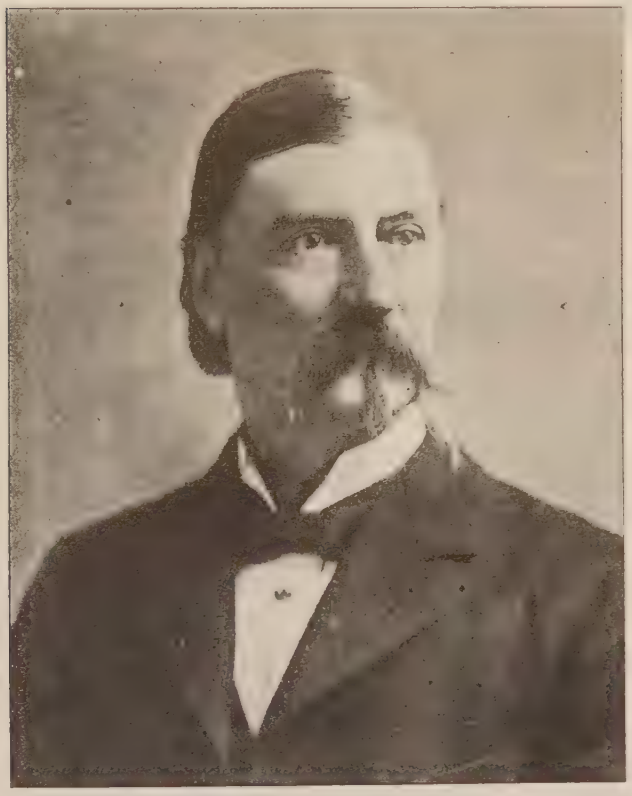
After a most agreeable session, the meeting adjourned and an informal reception was held at Prof. Garnett's residence, University of Virginia.

Hon. J. H. Reagan, who was invited by Prof. A. P. Bourland, Manager at Monteagle, Tenn., to deliver an address to the Assembly on Confederate Day, writes:

I can hardly tell you what gratification it would be to me to meet at the Assembly the noble men who gave their services and offered their lives for a cause then so dear to us all; and who have won such great civic honors by their course of action since the war, in the preservation of civil society when all was chaos, and in restoring good political government under the most adverse circumstances. God bless the old veterans for what they were and for what they are. It is a source of grief to me that I shall not be able to meet and to greet them.

PERILOUS RETURN TO CAMP.

Capt. H. J. Cheney, who was upon the staff of Gen. W. B. Bate, now United States Senator for Tennessee, tells a good story about how he got back to camp when absent without permission. He is the most typical Southerner in Tennessee unless Hon. John G. Ballentyne, of Pulaski, be the exception, and one of the cleverest men alive. He is the present obliging postmaster at Nashville:



CAPT. HAMPTON J. CHENEY.

In the summer of 1861 the Second Tennessee Regiment, commanded by the gallant Col. W. B. Bate, was encamped near Stafford. Court House, Va., for the purpose of supporting the batteries planted at Evansport, and to prevent the enemy from landing at the mouth of Acquia Creek, which was the terminus of the railroad leading from Richmond.

In recalling this famous old regiment as it then appeared, I think it was the finest body of men the eye ever rested upon. Most of them were young men who left their homes actuated by but one impulse, to repel the invader from their soil and to protect their homes and loved ones from violence, or die in the attempt. All were from the blue grass section of the State and had the blood of heroes in their veins.

As my memory reverts to those summer days on the Potomac, it lingers over the recollections of the gallant spirits with whom I mingled, most of whom now fill bloody, but honorable graves.

The monotony of camp life was broken by an occasional alarm that the enemy was landing at Acquia Creek, and sometimes a skirmish with the gunboats, when they ventured too near, but all were pining for an opportunity to meet the enemy and show them what kind of stuff we were made of. The truth is, we were afraid the war would close before we had a chance at the enemy, and the thought of returning to our homes without a story, to tell to our sweethearts and our wives, of battles fought and won was shocking to our soldierly pride. But alas! alas! * * * * * * *

On one of those summer evenings our Lieut.-Col., Goodall, asked me if I did not wish a good supper. How could a Confederate soldier have replied otherwise than as I did—"Yes, sir!" "Well," he said, "I have an engagement to take supper with a farmer in the neighborhood and I want you to accompany me. Take Major Doak's horse and come right along." Visions of good hot coffee, delicious hot biscuit with fresh yellow butter, and, may be, fried chicken, filled my mind, and I actually forgot that my time as Officer of the Day would come on at 7 o'clock, until I had ridden some distance. When it occurred to me I checked my horse and sadly said: "Colonel, I thank you for your kindness but I must return, as I have just recalled that I am Officer of the Day at 7 o'clock." "Oh, come along," he replied, "your Lieut.-Colonel will protect you." While I doubted his ability to make good his promise, yet that fried chicken and other good things so controlled my imagination that all scruples were overcome, and we rode cheerily along, I breathing a silent prayer that no harm might result from my escapade.

Upon reaching the farm house our host gave us a warm welcome, characteristic of the Virginia gentleman; introduced us to his wife and daughters; ushered us into the dining-room—what a spread lay before us! The fried chicken was there, the sweet yellow butter, with the whitest, lightest and most transparent bread I ever saw, and numerous other good things. How sorry I felt for the poor devils in camp! I had just taken a biscuit in my hand when boom! boom! roared the artillery from our batteries. I knew this meant business, so I sprang to my feet and on to my horse and went flying toward camp. All at once the horrible thought occurred to me that I was Officer of the Day, outside the picket line and without the countersign. If I was taken in as a prisoner a court-martial and inevitable disgrace would certainly follow. I at once made up my mind that probable death was preferable to certain disgrace. I knew that our men were green soldiers—had never encountered an enemy, and believed if I dashed suddenly upon them I might stand a chance to get through without being shot, especially as it was very dark, hence with a wild yell I sprang into their midst and had passed before a shot was fired. As I lay flat on my horse I could hear the bullets whistling harmlessly by. After tying my horse where I found him, I proceeded into camp and heard the Col. inquiring in a loud and, it seemed to me, angry tone, "Where is the Officer of the Day?" I replied, just behind him, and I think in rather a faint tone, "Here he is, sir." "Where have you been, sir?" he replied. "I do not understand your question," I answered, "where should I have been but here in camp." "Do you know that

a Yankee rode through our picket into our quarters?" "Yes, sir," I said, "I saw him and am after him now." "And do you know the enemy is reported landing at Acquia Creek?" "Yes, sir, so I am told; and we will whip them too."

The next morning the Colonel sent for me and said: "You were absent from your post last night and Officer of the Day, too. You try that again and I will have you court-martialed. Your Lieut.-Col. being with you is all that saves you now."

I was thankful to escape as well as I did, and I am sure the lesson was beneficial, as I think I made a fair soldier after that.

I do not know whether General Bate knows to this day who the Yankee was that rode into camp that night, and I have been afraid to ask him lest I might be court-martialed yet. You know it is said General Jackson, after the battle of New Orleans and the war was over, had several soldiers court-martialed and shot.

A comrade writes from Mathews, Va., February 8th: I have seen nothing from this section in the VETERAN. We have Lane-Diggs Camp No. 39, Confederate Veterans, and since our organization, about a year ago, some interesting facts have been wrested from oblivion.

The poor widow of a fallen comrade, when called upon for fuller information in regard to him, mistook the object of her visitor, she supposing that he came to procure for her a pension. She at once said that she did not want, and would not receive, a pension, and only desired that a stone be placed over the grave of her deceased husband to show that he lost his life in the service of his country.

May God bless the good women of Virginia. They steeled the hearts of our men for battle and carnage, and taught them that the brave alone deserve the fair. Whenever practicable, they mitigated the sufferings and ministered to the spiritual comfort of the dying soldier, bedecked his grave with flowers and bedewed it with tears. One lady from this county, because of her generosity and humanity in ministering to the sick and wounded, when her private means were depleted, was commissioned a Captain in the Confederate Army by President Davis. As an officer she drew pay which she expended in the same works of patriotism.

There has been preserved and entered upon our records a roll of the officers and men belonging to one company from this county, numbering *seventy-four*, who were present for duty at Appomattox on April 9th, 1865. Remarkable record.

Geo. P. Waddell, Websterville, Texas: Maj. H. M. Dillard, advertised for by U. S. Naval Officer Bache, in the January VETERAN, resides at Meridian, Texas, and is of the law and real estate firm of H. M. & H. S. Dillard. As I was one of the prisoners captured at the time and made the sea voyage to Fortress Monroe, I saw Maj. Dillard, coatless, hatless, and in tatters, taken on the flagship of the old Commodore, and afterwards saw him in new attire by the courtesy of the commanding officer.

VALLIANT JOHN LANDERS.

Prof. J. H. Brunner, Hiwassee College, Tennessee:

John Landers was a farmer, my next door neighbor, as honest as sunshine. When the great war between the States came on, he was beyond the age of enrollment in the State militia, but his son William was among the first to volunteer in the Confederate service, and fought in many battles, up to the finish, without ever being captured or receiving a wound.

One night between one and two o'clock I heard a "hello," at my gate. Going out to see what was wanted, I found my friend John Landers. He said the "Yankees" were coming into the neighborhood, that it would be impossible for him to remain at home in peace, and that he was going to join his son Will in the army. He had called to say goodbye and to ask me to see after his family as far as I could in his absence.

This was the last I ever saw of him. He found his son at the front, just before the bloody engagement at Chickamauga. Supplying himself with arms, he rode with his son, to "feel the enemy's line." The command was given to dismount, leaving every fourth man to hold horses, while the others were to drive the enemy's picket line from its brushy position. It fell to the lot of John Landers to hold horses and to his son to go into the skirmish. To this the father objected. He said, "Will, you have always obeyed me; obey me now: you hold the horses, I am going forward with the rest." This he did against the remonstrances of his son. He was as brave as Cæsar. At the first crack of a Yankee sharpshooter, a ball pierced John Landers' neck, severing an important blood vessel. In a few moments he was dead.

How strange that he should fall at the first fire of a hostile gun, and that his son should go unharmed through so many battles during four years of active service!

But such mysteries occur in all wars. My grandfather served three years in the Revolutionary war without a scratch; his son died en route to help Jackson at New Orleans. Will Landers seemed to have a charmed life, while his father went down at the first chance.

Co-operative efforts are being made to get rid of the Barnes' School History in Virginia. The G. E. Pickett, the R. E. Lee and the John Bowie-Strange Camps have taken active measures—the latter taking the lead. The committee on history of the Grand Camp at its meeting in January, officially

Resolved, That this committee heartily endorse the action taken by the John Bowie-Strange Camp, and request that similar action be taken by every camp in Virginia, and also recommend that the county and city School Boards throughout Virginia shall select from the following histories to be taught in the schools, viz.: Hansell's Histories. by Professor Chambers; History of the American People, by J. H. Shinn, and History of the United States, by Professor Holmes. These histories are on the list fixed by the State Board of Education.

United States Steamer Kearsarge

The above engraving is from Lieutenant Sinclair's "Two Years on the Alabama."

CAPT. JOHN W. DUNNINGTON.

The brilliant John W. Dunnington, a Kentuckian, was appointed from that State a midshipman in the United States Navy, April 10, 1839. He became a passed midshipman June 21, 1845; master September, 1852; lieutenant October, 1856. Capt. Dunnington resigned April 26, 1861, and entered the Confederate navy. He commanded the Pointquartrain on the Mississippi, and after the capture of Fort Pillow went up White River, where he rendered efficient service. With two guns on White River, June 17th, he proved to the world that Federal gunboats are not invincible. He commanded Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, when it was attacked in January, '63. The fort mounted eleven guns and was a bastioned work, 100 yards external sides, with a deep ditch fifteen feet wide and a parapet eighteen feet high. The enemy had three ironclads, eight gunboats and one ironclad ram under Admiral Porter. Gens. McClernand and Sherman commanded a land force to aid in the attack. The next morning after the attack, with his guns all silenced, the flagstaff shot away, Dunnington awaited the enemy with 450 muskets, and as they approached, arose from concealment at twenty yards distance, fired and drove them back. The land forces of the Confederates at this point raised the white flag. Some one hoisted it on Dunnington's fort. He ordered it down and continued the fight; and, said Admiral Wilkes, U. S. N., in his official report: "Even when he (Dunnington) was told that their army had surrendered, he ordered it (the white flag) down from his flagstaff and renewed the fight, and declared he would not strike his colors." Admiral Porter reports: "No fort ever received a worse battering, and I know of no instance on record where every gun in a fight was silenced." Dunnington was with the Confederacy at its fall, commanding, February 18, the Virginia in the reorganized Confederate navy. He died in 1882.

This hero was brother of the eminent Tennessee journalist, F. C. Dunnington, whose family save Mrs. E. M. Carmack, of Memphis, reside at Columbia, Tenn. His widow, Mrs. Sue Gray Dunnington, ever faithful to the cause, resides at Columbia.

THE BOLD MISSISSIPPI ROLLS ON.

Continually pleasant reminders of the Chicago monument occur in connection with work for the VETERAN. The writer had a long telegraphic invitation to be guest on that occasion. He could not accept the hospitality proffered, but called at the office of his friend, who happened to be absent. On returning from the great banquet at 1 o'clock the night of May 29th, he found a group serenading his room at the hotel, and here are two verses of the song led by Dr. T. F. Linde, who is a proud Confederate, to tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket:"

Grant landed his forces above and below,
Determined to take them by one fatal blow;
But charge after charge our heroes repelled,
While thousands of Yankee's on the battlefield fell.

CHORUS.

But the bold Mississippi rolls on to the sea,
Fit emblem of children resolved to be free.

(Repeat.)

Now, alas for the Confederates, the struggle is o'er.
The flag of the Confederates will float there no more:
But the stripes of the Yankees will wave there instead,
While hearts of the Confederates are broken, but not dead

(Chorus.)

THE INDIAN TERRITORY 1861 to 1865.

This sketch is by Thos. F. Anderson, now of Dennis Mills, La., who was A. A. G. to Watie's Division.

I have concluded to contribute an account of the part taken by our Southern Indians in the war between the States, but have to depend on memory. Strange to say, my recollection of what took place under my observation in the war with Mexico in 1845 and '47, is more vivid than that of our last war. But few dates are remembered.

Being more intimately connected with the Cherokees, what I have to say will principally concern them. We must glance back and refer to the causes which led to a division in that tribe into two parties, between whom the feeling ran as high as that between the Democratic Party South, and the Abolition Party North, previous to and at the outbreak of our Civil War.

At the time of the discovery of America, the Cherokees, then a powerful tribe, occupied much of Georgia, parts of Tennessee, North and South Carolina and a small strip of Southern Virginia. They gradually withdrew from Virginia, moving South, and during Gen. Jackson's presidency, resided principally in Georgia.

As white settlers occupied that State, the usual crowding out process began, and laws were passed bearing hard and injuriously upon the Cherokees. Their principal chief was John Ross, a man of liberal education, crafty and unreliable. To secure peace and quiet propositions, from the United States had been made to purchase their lands east of the Mississippi River and set apart to them a reservation west of the State of Arkansas. These propositions were bitterly opposed by Mr. Ross and his party, numerically the strongest, but composed principally of uncivilized and ignorant full bloods.

On the other hand, Major Ridge, founder of the party subsequently named after him and composed of intelligent half breeds and slave owners, among whom was Elias Boudinot, one of the ablest and most cultured of his people, saw that eventually his people would have to sell or be driven off, and with his followers concluded a Treaty with the United States, disposing of all their lands east, and agreeing to take a reservation west of the Mississippi. The Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate, and the removal of the Cherokees began in 1828. Previous to this, however, a small body of Cherokees, afterwards known as Old Settlers, had removed and settled in western Arkansas.

John Ross, still the principal chief, now began oppressing the Ridge party, and had their principal men, such as the Ridges, Boudinot, Jim Starr, the Adairs and others murdered. Stand Watie, now the leader of the Ridge party, had attempts made upon him, but they all failed. The last attempt was made by a noted bully named Foreman, who was himself laid out by Watie.

In 1860 there were unusual local disturbances. A secret organization, known as the Ketowah Society, had long existed among the followers of John Ross. The object of this organization was destruction to half breeds and white men living in the nation. The badge of membership in this association was two pins crossing one another and fastened to the lapel of the coat, vest or hunting shirt. Hence they received the name and were known as Pins. We captured all their papers during the war. I have them and the Kansas Jayhawkers to thank for the burning of my house and the destruction of all else that I possessed.

In May, 1861, Gen. Albert Pike came as Commissioner from the Confederate States Government authorized to make treaties with the Southern Indians. At first Chief Ross refused and insisted on his nation remaining neutral, and would not allow enlistment of Cherokee troops into the Confederate service. Stand Watie had, however, in a quiet way enlisted a regiment in readiness to join the Confederates. John Ross was evidently holding off for further development. This was before the battle of Springfield, on Wilson's Creek, as the Yankees called it. Success crowning our arms there, Ross hastened to treat with Gen. Pike and agreed to put in the Confederate service a regiment to be armed and equipped by the Confederacy, and he did so. In making that treaty he would allow none of the leaders of the Ridge party to take part in it.

Previous to this Gen. Ben McCulloch authorized Capt. John Miller and myself to raise an independent company to serve for three months. We were known as the Dixie Rangers and we were to occupy the neutral land in part of the Territory and Southern Kansas. In that company served the afterwards noted William Quantrell, about whom I will, at some future time, take occasion to say something, to correct stories abou this death, etc. I will only say here that, when you knew Quantrell, you knew a kind-hearted man, an intrepid soldier and a gentleman of whose friendship I was, and am, proud.

The Third Louisiana Regiment came up to us. Many of us saw that Regiment under fire at Springfield and Pea Ridge, where it made its mark as well as at other points, wherever it served, in fact. When that Regiment left us after the Pea Ridge fight, our Indians were distressed, and to the end of the war they never ceased to regret the separation from them of the Third Louisiana.

At the expiration of their three months' term of service the Dixie Rangers were disbanded, and nearly all, myself included, joined Company K., First Cherokee Regiment. Capt. Thompson Mayes, a brother of the late principal Chief Joel B. Mayes. Capt. Mayes was a man of superior education and a fine officer. This was Colonel Watie's pet company. There was but the one company in the First Cherokee Regiment, composed of and officered by Indians. In the other companies, whites and Indians were mixed as well among the officers as in the ranks, and it worked well and smoothly. In the Choctaw regiments some companies were either all whites or all Indians, which caused more or less friction and jarring. But the plan had been adopted by Col. D. N. Cooper and could not well be changed.

Many of Col. Watie's Regiment took part in the battle of Springfield, but went there with his permission as individuals and not as an organized body.

A number of Missourians came to us and took

part in the fight. Some came unarmed and others armed with their shotguns and rifles. Among them was an old, lean and lank Baptist preacher with a Flintlock rifle about seven feet long. He would kneel on one knee, take deliberate aim, and say: "May the Lord have mercy on that poor critter's soul," and pull the trigger. Then he would get up, reload, get down on one knee again and repeat his prayer, fire. I stood and looked at him fire five or six times, and I believe he made every bullet count.

Very little was done between that fight and the battle of Pea Ridge, except a fight that took place in December, 1861, between our Cherokees and the forces of Opothleoholo, the leader of the so-called Loyal Creeks, Seminoles, Wichitas, Kickapoos and Delawares. The weather was extremely cold. We found Opothleoholo occupying a strong position in the mountains near Chustenola. We commenced driving them from the start, captured their baggage and papers, and followed them for three days up into Kansas to the big bend of Arkansas River. The Pin Regiment came up the second day, but took no part in the fight. Many of the enemy were killed. Here and there we would strike bunches of their squaws huddled together. These we sent back to our camp and fed. In their flight they had thrown away their infants, which were frozen stiff. Altogether it was a sickening sight.

After this, nothing worth noting took place until we were ordered to Pea Ridge, where the Cherokees distinguished themselves capturing a battery. Here one of the Yankee artillerymen was lying stretched out, face down, between two of the pieces apparently dead. One of our full blood Cherokees took out his knife, got his fingers in the Yankees hair and cut out and jerked off a scalp about the size of a dollar. Thus resurrected, Mr. Yank got him on his legs in a hurry, and "he ran like a quarter horse," not a gun was fired after him, but a yell went up: "Go it, Yank, we have a lock of your hair." This scalping business, however, brought on more or less correspondence between opposing commandery, and our Indians were strictly ordered to keep their fingers out of white men's hair, leaving it optional with them to take such mementoes from other Indians or let it alone.

At this time we were in the Department of Arkansas, first under Gen. Holmes and next under Gen. Hindman. We were then put into a department of our own, called the Indian Department, and under Gen. Steele. Colonels Cooper and Watie were made Brigadier-Generals. Gen. Watie had the command of the First Indian Brigade, consisting of the First and Second Cherokee Regiments, commanded respectively by Colonels J. M. Bell and W. P. Adair, Scales' Battalion, Major J. A. Scales and Quantrell's Battalion, the latter the most of the time on detached service in Missouri and Kansas.

The Second Indian Brigade, Gen. Cooper, was composed of two Choctaw regiments and the Chickasaw Battalion.

The Third Brigade consisted of First Creek Regiment, Col. D. N. McIntosh, and the Second Creek, Col. Chilly McIntosh, and the Seminole Regiment, Col. John Juniper, and commanded by Brig.-Gen. Sam Checoti.

In the summer of 1862, I was sent out West to enlist for the Confederacy, and succeeded in raising one battalion of Osages, Major Broke Arm, one large company of Caddoes and Arrapahoes, Capt. George Washington, and one company of Comanches, Capt. Esopah or Esc Habbe, their Chief. All of these reported to Gen. Watie and were of good service to us, as they rambled between Kansas and the Texas Panhandle and prevented any invasion from Kansas, which otherwise would undoubtedly have taken place. After the Pea Ridge fight, Gen. Price's Missourians and the Third Louisiana Regiment were ordered east of the Mississippi River, and we were left to ourselves, all Indians, except Wills' Battalion and a Texas infantry regiment, which were stationed at our depot of supplies and saw no fighting.

In the summer of 1862, Chief Ross and the Pin Regiment deserted to the Yankees. From that on we saw no rest, and hardly a week passed but what bushwhacking engagements between us and the Northern Indians and Yankees took place. Early in the spring of 1863 the military authorities in Kansas conceived the idea of returning the Northern refugee Cherokees to their homes in time to plant a crop. They had furnished them with horses, seeds and necessary agricultural implements, and they came escorted by Gen. Blount, commanding Kansas troops, and Col. Phillips, commanding the old Pin Regiment. But Gen. Watie did not propose to let them alone. We routed them from settlement to settlement and they, together with Col. Phillips' Regiment, had to shut themselves up in Fort Gibson. We were quite beholden to the Yankees for the supplies thus furnished by them, which mostly fell into our hands.

Gen. S. B. Maxey now took command of the Department. He was the Indians' idol. His free and easy manner suited them exactly; besides, he was a fighter and kept us moving. When Red River Banks started on his expedition, which terminated at Mansfield, Federal Gen. Steele was to move out from Little Rock, and Gen Thayer from Fort Smith, to join Banks in Texas. The greater part of our Indians were waiting for Thayer to come out from Fort Smith, but he concluded best not to show himself and he acted wisely, for our boys were spoiling for a fight. Part of the Indians commanded by Gen. Maxey met Steele at Poison Springs, captured his train, and sent two Negro regiments to the happy hunting grounds. We followed Steele on his retreat to Saline River, where we fought in mud and water, belly deep to our horses, and felt very much relieved when Parsons' Brigade of Missourians, who had force-marched it from Mansfield, came up in double quick, and one of them called out: "Stand aside, you critter companies, and let us at them." Well, we critter companies stood aside, and Parsons' men went at them sure enough.

I must pass over numerous small engagements we had with the Northern Indians. They gave us the most trouble. Had we not had them to fight, we would have had a comparatively easy time of it. But they knew the country as well as we did and took advantage of that knowledge. Their losses, however exceeded ours.

Among our captures from the enemy, I will mention one steamboat loaded with dry-goods, near Webber's Falls, for Fort Gibson, and a train of about 200 wagons loaded principally with ready-made clothing, on Cabin Creek, Cherokee Nation.

The last winter of the war, Gen. Maxey was ordered to Texas, Gen. Cooper took command of the Indian Department, and Gen. Watie of the Indian Division. This was the first time that we saw some rest for a little over a month, when we had gone into winter quarters near Red River in Choctaw Nation.

About a year previous to this, messengers had been sent to the Western and Northwestern Indians to meet us in Council at Walnut Springs. The object of this council was, first, to make peace between the different tribes. The next programme was for these tribes, thus united, to invade Kansas from the north and west, whilst we would meet them from the south, and leave but a greasy spot of Kansas. We had, during that winter, prepared a number of packsaddles, as we would not be incumbered with a train. Unfortunately, Gen. Lee's surrender took place but a short time before the meeting of this Council. Hence, we thought best to confine the proceedings to peace-making between the Indians, and I have heard of no war between them from then until now. Tribes from Idaho, Dakota and Montana were present. It was, perhaps, the largest Indian Council that ever met.

The disbanding of the Indian troops took place in April, 1865. The Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks and Seminoles returned to their respective homes, which had not been desolated. With the Southern Cherokees it was different. Their houses had been burned, their stock stolen and driven into Kansas. Many of them who, at the outbreak of the war, counted their stock of horses and cattle by the thousands, could barely raise a pony to go home on. Their country was now in possession of the Federals and Pins, and they were therefore compelled to remain as refuges in the Choctaw Nation and keep up a quasi military organization until after the meeting of the United States Commissioners and Southern Tribes of Indians at Fort Smith, in June, 1865, when peace was declared.

I have thus endeavored to give a mere outline of the campaign in the Indian Territory. But I cannot conclude this hasty and incomplete sketch without words of praise to our Indian allies, especially the Cherokees, under their able leader, Stand Watie, and our Seminoles, under that good man and strict disciplinarian, Col. John Juniper.

Col. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky., sends renewal with the following encouraging words: You are doing a great work for the South in the VETERAN. The memorials of the valor of the Confederate soldier are the most priceless treasures of the South, and he who garners them in is a benefactor. The courage, heroism and sacrifices of her people are something money cannot buy, which the ages will ever repeat, and the history of which will bring imperishable fame wherever told.

HE "WENT FOR" HIS COLONEL'S CHICKEN.

It was a bright clear day and we had halted to rest, and to eat our slim rations. I overheard Col. S——— say to a woman in the doorway of a small house: "A chicken will be brought to you in a few moments; cook it at once with dumplings. How soon can I get it?" Her reply escaped me. Tired and famished as I was, I almost tasted that odorous chicken and those steaming dumplings, as my weakness was chicken stew and dumplings. Instantly I resolved to have that stew. Impatiently I saw a chicken delivered. In a short time I drew water from the well with its old sweep, I took a drink from the handy gourd and had hung it up, when I heard the girl say to the mother, "That chicken is tender now; the man might come." With me it was now or never. I walked into the house: "Please let me have that chicken as soon as it cooks." "Did the man send you?" she asked, "Yes," I replied boldly. She took it up steaming hot and I held my haversack open. She folded the fowl in a paper. "Now, how can you take the dumplings?" the girl asked. I dared not wait, having not a moment to lose, so I instantly disappeared in the crowd. A moment later the Colonel appeared, and a blue flame followed his adjectives.

I divided that chicken with my chum and I never dared to tell the Colonel, until many years after the war, that I was the thief.

He enjoyed the joke then, but says he believes he would have killed me at the time.

An interesting correspondence appears in the Albany, New York, Journal concerning a sword surrendered to the late Captain McDow, of Texas, by Captain P. H. White, of Albany.

Capt. McDow's daughter, Mrs. J. M. Bronson, offered him the sword in a beautiful patriotic letter, and anticipating it, Capt. White wrote her that he would be "the happiest man in existence."

A sentimental feature of the surrender is reported that Captain White on being "hemmed in by the Confederates" agreed to surrender to an officer but declared he would die before he would surrender to a private; and these conditions are placed to his credit as "a man of unusual courage." The gallant Captain White may congratulate himself that peculiar conditions surrounded him for such was not the rule. A Confederate private was not only the equal of his Captain, but his Colonel and his General, and many a one would not have waited to accommodate his preference to surrender to an officer.

Mrs. Bronson's patriotism is appreciated. In a recent letter she states: "I feel like taking the field and putting the VETERAN in every Southern home. You may send the VETERAN as long as my husband and children are alive."

J. J. Jones, Plainfield, Mo., asks for the address of "one Dr. Boyd, who was surgeon for the Forty-eighth Tennessee. I do not remember his given name. He cut five and a half ounces of lead out of my shoulder at Kingston, Ky. I was wounded at Richmond, Ky., while in Col. Nixon's command. Was in Forty-first Tennessee until the fall of Donelson, after which I went into Col. Hill's Regiment."

MEMPHIS WANTS THE ABBEY.

In a recent address the Committee on a Southern Battle Abbey for Memphis, says: * * *

Geographically considered, your committee feels warranted in saying that Memphis offers the most favorable and central location of any city in the South. The territory within which the Abbey will beerected is south of the northern boundary of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. Besides our more favorable geographical position, we have a concentration of railroads from all directions and the great Mississippi River to facilitate transportation to and from the city—ten railroads and an "inland sea."

We earnestly appeal to every ex-Confederate soldier residing within 200 miles of Memphis to send at least $1.00 to the chairman of our finance committee, Capt. W. W. Carnes. Every Confederate should feel that he has a positive and personal interest in the great building, and when he visits it, he will have the proud satisfaction of knowing that he personally contributed to its erection.

We are going to have an imposing equestrian statue of Gen. N. B. Forrest to decorate and animate Court Square. No doubt about that. Let us also have the splendid edifice in question to ornament the bluff, just south of the Cossitt Library and to overlook the mighty Mississippi from the same spot from which the dauntless De Soto first beheld it in its turbid grandeur, 355 years ago. To this end, then, let everybody in Memphis and the surrounding country contribute something to this magnificent enterprise. Let us see who is proud of Memphis, who is patriotic, who is æsthetic, who is sagacious enough to promote the public and his individual interest by the generous espousal of an enterprise that will confer alike a great commercial advantage and a patriotic distinction upon his own home and city—a city whose future proportions (it has been predicted) will transcend those of her famous namesake upon the fertile banks of the ancient Nile.

Messrs. G. V. Rambaut, James Dinkins, and Geo. W. Gordon, are the Committee. At a public gathering of Confederates and others, Capt. Dinkins said:

"In the spring of 1861, (thirty-five years ago) there lived in the South a people whose character for chivalry had never been questioned. These people passed through the fiery furnace, but came forth after four years of bloody war enshrined in 'glory,' and 'they will live in song and story' forever. We want their virtues perpetuated. We want the story of the war told truthfully.

"There was a sentiment at that time which prevailed with great unanimity among our people. It called for resistance to what we believed was an injustice to our section and an encroachment on our rights. The youth and flower of the South volunteered to fight this wrong, and they were encouraged and inspired by the cheers and enthusiasm of the Southern queens. Those charming girls and their mammas made flags and presented them with admonitions—'they must never go down in dishonor.'

"After four years of war which shocked this country and paralyzed the interest of Europe, they were forced to lay down their guns, and furl their silken flags; but, thank God, not in dishonor. Think of it! During four years of carnage they stood with less than 600,000 men, including every department, teamsters, hospital forces, etc., with a territory about one-third of the whole country to protect, every port closed against us, with a hostile fleet of 500 vessels and 35,000 sailors in possession of our coast, our rivers and bays packed with men-of-war, cut off entirely from all the world, contending in the field against an army 2,865,000 strong, equipped with the finest weapons, and supplied with every comfort a soldier could ask, and with the world to draw on for as much more. Do you realize this? Will future generations believe the story? Will they sympathize with us? Will our descendants understand and enjoy the heritage to which the sacrifices and heroism entitle them?

"Monuments have been, and will continue to be, erected to our leaders, and this is right. They deserve them. But the reputation which the South made for genius and daring belongs to the private soldiers, and we owe it to them, to the dead and the living, that their glorious deeds shall be perpetuated in imperishable memorials.

"We owe it to ourselves, and it is a duty to our children that this be done.

"When the generations of the future shall read of the sufferings and the bravery of our people, when they read of how we resisted those mighty hosts of men and resources for four years, with so few men, without food very often, and with no arms except those captured from the enemy, with no chances to recruit, they will be astonished. They will read the story over and over. We do not want to detract from the other side—There were some grand Federal soldiers, but we want the truth told. We want our desendants to give us credit for what we did.

"Those of us who were participants, whether in the field, or caring for the sick and wounded; whether weaving cloth and making clothes for the soldiers, or cheering them by our smiles, should go to work with all our might to build this great 'Abbey.' We owe it to the memory of those heroes who died in prison from cold and disease rather than surrender a principle.

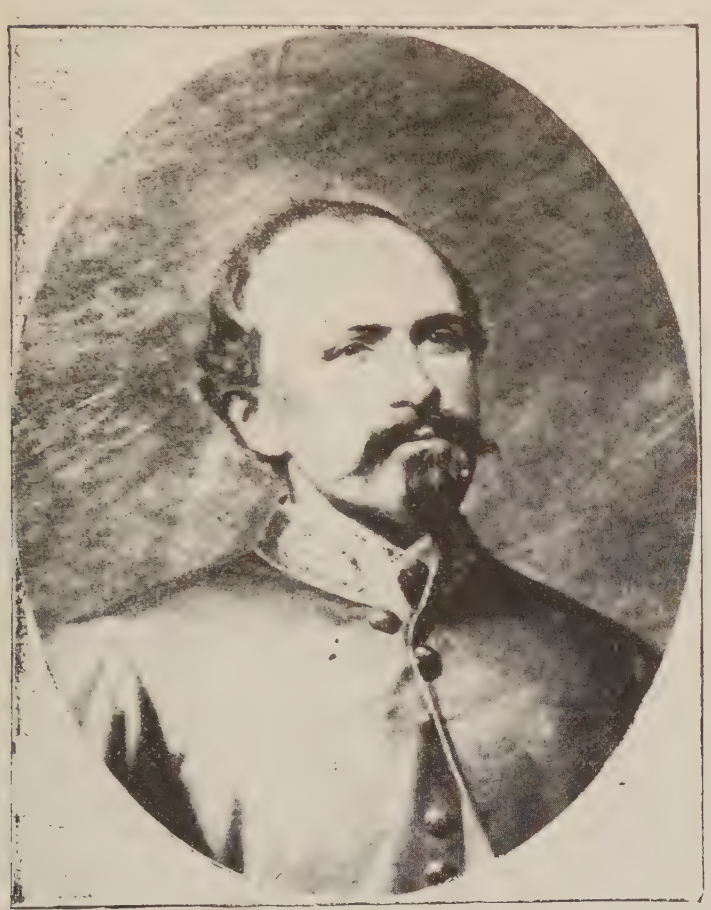
"We owe it to the men who stood in the ditches with scarcely enough to eat to prevent starvation and fought four years an army so powerful in number and resources. And, above all, we owe it to the incomparable women of those days, who withstood the hardships and sufferings of the war with a fortitude unknown before, who had never felt the want of any comfort, but with that spirit of devotion and bravery which characterized them, and which was unknown even to the 'Spartan Mothers.' I say we should husband these truths.

"And we must build the 'Battle Abbey.' We look to our women for everything good. I do not believe there was ever in the world a man who rose to distinction or above his fellows to whose mother was not due the praise. No man ever acquired goodness or greatness unless he had a good, sensible mother—and were I able I would build the tower of the 'Battle Abbey' as high as the clouds, and write on the dome in golden letters, 'To the memory of Southern Women and the Confederate Soldier.'"

OUR DEAD AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Rev. Jno. R. Deering wrote the Nashville Christian Advocate sometime since, from his Kentucky home, about the Confederate graves in the cemetery at Lexington. Some of his notes are:

On the hill, not far from the towering shaft that supports the noble image of "the great Commoner," Clay, which, from its elevation of 132 feet, seems to be looking upon the old "Ashland" home, away across the city there, a little to the statue's right



GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN.

[Born in Huntsville, Ala., January 1, 1825, but went to Kentucky in his early life. Raised a company and joined the Confederate Army in 1861. He rose to the grade of Major-General, having an eventful career. The story of his escape from the Ohio penitentiary is thrilling. Gen. Morgan was killed at Greenville, Tenn., September 4, 1864.]

and somewhat back of that, a modest marble slab marks the sleeping dust of Kentucky's cavalier—the immortal Morgan. It bears no word or sign upon it of those stormy scenes in which he moved like lightning flash, and amid which his heroic spirit sank down to rest. These dates alone are upon it:

July 1, 1825. September 4, 1864.

When placed there that may have been enough. Their loneliness was eloquent. It is suggestive still—but not of his deeds, nor the honor in which his country holds him. The time is coming when this simple stone must give place to a memorial worthy the man, his native State and the reckless riders who obeyed his bugle horn. In all our civil war no soldier was more admired and loved by his command; none better illustrated the strategic genius, the military daring, the genial disposition, the patriotic pride, the soldierly sacrifice and endurance of the Kentucky Confederate cavalry. Gen. Duke, who served under him, and was in his deepest councils, is surely a competent critic, and he declares him "the greatest partisan leader the world ever saw, unless it were the Irishman, Sarsfield." History may not accept this opinion, but I think will include him in the first three Southern cavalry commanders, whose names will live through coming ages, and perhaps, in this order: Forrest, Morgan, Stuart. Holding this opinion, remembering the ignominious treatment endured in a felon's garb and cell, though as a prisoner of war, recalling the brutality inflicted upon the dying and helpless chieftain, mindful of the two interments and removals of his poor maltreated body ere it reached its final rest in his own bluegrass bed, I cannot doubt that some day his kindred, his command, his countrymen, will build him a fitting memorial. Let it be a bronze horseman, large as life, armed and mounted, hale, wary, warlike—as near as can be, the image of Morgan and his mare!

But I intended to tell what is, rather than what shall be. * * *

In the center of the "Confederate lot," which is a well-chosen spot, on rolling ground and of triangular shape, stands the costliest monument in honor of the boys in gray. It is a crosstree of sturdy sort and roughhewn surface in imitation of natural growth, having no other design than a broken flagstaff and the drooping banner of the Southland leaning against it.

The cross is about ten feet high, so that base and cross are seventeen feet. On the front of the upper row of stones hangs an unrolled scroll, as yet uninscribed also. Whether it is to remind of a broken Constitution, or to hold the record of heroic dead, I know not, but its blank face impresses one. The broken sword means hard blows, both given and taken, whilst the ivy and fern, the lily and oak, adorning the sides and rear, proclaim a people's appreciation and affection. Two words tell their tale of woe, but they are blessed words, high and lifted up: "Our Dead." Those who recall the phrases, "The Nation's Dead," "The Nation's Wards," will feel the deeper, dearer significance of "Our Dead."

It cost about $1,800, and was given largely by Jas. H. Grinstead, of Lexington. This memorial is about twenty years old. It was dedicated before a vast audience by Gen. William C. Preston.

The other monument on this lot is one recently erected at the point of two diverging roads. It represents the Confederate soldier in full uniform, and standing "at rest." The dress is of better style and fit than the real soldier ever wore or saw in his proudest day, and included a wide-brimmed hat and "store" overcoat. The statue is life size and of white marble. It is a young man with "head

up," "eyes front"—*i.e.*, toward the "Government" lot, where 846 Federals sleep their last sleep. The pedestal holds the names of 133 men, representing ten of the States. These include "citizen prisoners," as well as "soldiers."

The Woman's Honorary Confederate Association has in charge these lots, and expends each year in their care and decoration the sum of $50. The "Veterans" themselves see that every comrade dying, however poor, has decent interment, as well as medical skill and all needed attention.

The thirtieth Memorial Day closed upon a charming scene. The monuments were garlanded. The graves were marked by white crosses, the crosses bearing crimson and white streamers, with legends poetic and patriotic—the grass, clean and velvety, being covered with many-hued flowers. As the sun's slanting rays lay lovingly upon these tokens of woman's sympathy and sorrow, I felt in my heart that I had rather rest here, if it please God, than anywhere else in creation.

LOUISIANIANS AT APPOMATTOX.

Comrade Doctor J. C. Loftin sends an old dingy print to the VETERAN, copy of which will be read with interest and pride by survivors and the families of those who are not of the survivors:

The Louisiana brigade, including the 9th Regiment, made the last charge at Appamattox, and drove the enemy before them until called back, when Gen'l Gordon paid them a high compliment for the gallantry displayed under such adverse circumstances. After that last heroic effort to stem the tide of Grant's swarming legions, the curtain falls over the small but heroic band, as the following address to the Louisiana troops will show:

It is dated at "Head-Quarters Evans' Division, Appomattox Court House, April 11th, A. D. 1865," and addressed to Col. Eugene Waggoman, Commanding Hays' and Stafford's Brigades:

The sad hour has arrived when we who served in the Confederate Army so long together must part, at least for a time. But the saddest circumstances connected with the separation are that it occurs under heavy disaster to our beloved cause. But to you, Colonel, and to our brother officers and brother soldiers of Hays' and Stafford's Brigades, I claim to say that you can carry with you the proud conscience that in the estimation of your commanders you have done your duty. Tell Louisiana, when you each her shores, that her sons in the Army of Northern Virginia have made her illustrious upon every battle ground, from first Manassas to the last desperate blow struck by your command on the hill of Appomattox, and tell her, too, that as in the first, so in the last, the enemy before the valor of your charging lines. To the sad decree of an all-wise providence, let us bow in humble resignation, awaiting His will for the pillar of cloud to be lifted. For you, and for your gallant officers and devoted men, I shall always cherish the most pleasing memories, and when I say farewell, it is with a full heart, which beats an earnest prayer to Almighty God for your future happiness. C. A. EVANS.

Brig. Gen. Com. Division.

CHARMING NELLIE—Continued.

The following is a continuation of the letter to Charming Nellie published in the last number of the VETERAN, dated May 19, 1862:

What an unconsciously long letter I am writing, or, rather, have already written! Luckily, I am at no expense for postage, having, in common with members of Congress, the franking privilege. You may find the reading a sore tax on your patience, but I must bring my story up to date nevertheless. There is no telling how long we will remain here, or when I will again be as comfortably fixed for writing. I have driven four stakes into the ground in position to hold a board covered by a blanket at the proper height, to allow me to sit on the ground and write. Another reason for not closing and marking at the bottom "to be continued," is that I may not live to do the continuing. Ever since receiving your last letter, the child's prayer, paraphrased to read, "If I should die before I write," has been ringing in my head. I am not silly enough, I assure you, to fancy it a premonition. On the contrary, I feel certain of escaping death. But I know death is a possibility, and so, holding a letter received an obligation to be honorably met only by full and complete answer, I must trespass on your endurance a while longer.

We rested in the laurel thicket several days, during which the recruiting officers, who left us at Dumfries, rejoined the brigade, bringing batches of raw recruits and many letters from home folks. When the order came to march it was raining heavily and continued to rain until midnight. Troops were passing by for six or eight hours before we moved, and we were beginning to fear that Gen. Johnston proposed to make us a rear guard again. It was a great relief, therefore, to be marched a half mile further from the enemy and left standing in mud and water two full hours. Then we began a system of alternate marching and standing still until past midnight. By this time order and discipline were at an end. No one could tell who was next to him, the different commands having become inextricably intermixed in the darkness, rain and mud. Officers on horseback rode back and forth along the road, begging, praying and ordering the men to go forward as fast as possible and get across the Chickahominy Bridge. "If that's all you want me to do," thought I, "it shall be done," and, accordingly, I resolved myself into an independent command and set out for the bridge.

Near the bridge, and stretching from one side to the other of the road, was a terrible mudhole. Some provident fellow had hung a lantern near it, that disclosed not only its length and breadth, but a narrow way around it, and that way was being ing followed by the soldiers. Gen. Whiting and I reached the loblolly about the same time, but I was much the wiser man of the two. I followed the current, he endeavored to change it. "Go right through that place, men," he commanded. "It isn't deep." One of the soldiers, marching in single file around, said in the sarcastic tone so easily adopted in darkness and confusion: "You go

through it yourself, Mr. Man, if you think it ain't deep." "Do you know, sir, that you are talking to Gen. Whiting?" angrily demanded the officer. "Maybe so," responded the unknown, now almost around the mudhole, and, at any rate, too far away to be identified, "but d—d if I believe a word of it. You are more likely a courier, taking advantage of the darkness to order your betters around. If you are a General, you are a d—d small one."

"Arrest that man!" shouted Whiting, furiously, so beside himself with rage that he spurred his horse into the hole and was splashed from head to foot with its contents. "Oh, dry up, you d—d old fool," came back through the darkness, and in a moment more Whiting was laughing heartily at the ridiculous position into which he had put himself.

While this colloquy was taking place, I was tramping around the mudhole, and a few minutes later arrived at the bridge. "Get across at once, men, and get out of the road," was the constantly reiterated order of the field officer who stood there. Obeying it, I went over and going a half mile further dropped down on the first moderately dry spot to be guessed at. When I awoke the sun was shining upon thousands of men who, like myself, had sunk down exhausted. Within three feet of me lay Brahan, fast asleep. Neither of us could tell who got there first, nor where anybody else was. But the men around us soon began to move, order to resolve itself out of confusion, and by 10 o'clock A. M. the Fourth Texas was once more a regiment under control of its officers.

That was day before yesterday; on the same day we made this camp. Yesterday I received your letter and one from my mother, and having already answered hers, have only the conscience to add to this a postscript. * * * * * * *

A great deal is being said in the papers about England and France recognizing the Confederacy. I do not think I am less brave and patriotic than other men, but I frankly acknowledge that if such recognition will bring peace and give me the privilege of going home, the announcement of the fact will be the sweetest music on earth to me. A little while back I was foolish enough to nurse a few dreams of military glory and distinction, but hard rubs against the realities of soldiering have reduced every dream into the thinnest and most unsubstantial nothingness. If permitted, I shall henceforth and forever more be content with such victories as are to be won in time of peace.

CONFEDERATE HEROINE AT WILLIAMSBURG, VA.—C. C. Cummings, of Fort Worth, Tex., notes the article of his old friend of "befo' de wah"—J. B. Polley, of Floresville, Tex., about the retreat from Yorktown in May '62, and is reminded of the following as occurring at the historic old town of Williamsburg on this retreat:

As the Regiment of the writer—17th Mississippi—was slowly defiling through the streets, away from the boom of cannon and the rattle of small arms at the other end of town,

"A maiden fair, with golden hair,"

rushed out from a splendid mansion and began to scold the soldier boys for going the wrong way. She cried, "Don't you hear the guns and the shoutings of the Captains, and don't you see they are pressing our boys hard in the battle? Turn back, men! turn back! and defend this old town, the cradle of American freedom!" and other fine things too numerous to mention. The boys trudged on, however, seemingly unmoved by the eloquence and ardor of this fair Amazon. Presently she sailed in again with "Turn back, men! turn back! and fight the Yankees as our forefathers fought the "red coats" along here! If your Captain won't lead you, I will be your Captain!"

Just at this juncture the command ran down along the lines: "About face and double quick!" Then arose the Rebel yell at the prospect of another tussle with the "blue boys." The fair heroine, all ablaze with excitement, rushed out of the gate to the head of the charging column, fully convinced that it was her patriotic appeal that had turned the tide backward in defense of her home. But all the ardor and enthusiasm was taken out of this Joan of Arc when one of the boys exclaimed "Oh no, sis, don't go—you might tear your dress!"

We left her standing mute and motionless, while the boys raised a yell in honor of "the girl we left behind us." She must have gray in her hair now, if she is still on this side of the River. Who she was I never knew—but here's to that dear woman in the "olden time and golden!"

In a personal note Comrade C. refers to J. B. Polley, and adds: Polley, ex-Gov. Sul. Ross, Edrington, O. S. Kennedy, of this place, and I were all at Florence, Ala., together at school before the war. This joke is true to the letter and witnessed by myself. While we did not get into the fight, we were ordered back in the way I state, and the girl really thought she did it.

CAPTAIN MAYS WANTS HIS HORNS.—Capt. Samuel Mays, of Nashville, is anxious to recover a pair of very handsome Texas horns, left "for safe keeping" near Tullahoma, in January, 1863.

The horns were engraved very handsomely with a deer followed by hounds on one, and a fox darting under a log with four or five dogs after him on the other. Capt. Mays name, Company G, Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, was also engraved on one of the horns, and that of his brother, J. F. Mays, on the other, with the postoffice, "Tank, Davidson County, Tenn.," on each.

Capt. Mays would be much gratified in the procurement of these horns or of either of them.

Camp Tom Moore, No. 556, Confederate Veterans, Apalachicola, Fla., at their regular monthly meeting, held their first annual election, resulting as follows: Commander, Robt. Knickmeyer; First Lieutenant, R. C. Mahon; Second Lieutenat, Patrick Lovett; Third Lieutenant, F. G. Wilhelm; Adjutant, A. J. Murat, Quartermaster, W. H. Neel; Sergeant Major, R. G. Baker. The officers and committee for 1896 remain the same as before. This Camp has thirty members, all of whom appreciate the value of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

HONOR SAMUEL DAVIS' MEMORY.

The list of contributors to the Samuel Davis Monument Fund, it will be seen is growing beautifully. There is not much space given to the theme in this number, but zeal is unabating.

Mr. Cunningham intends to make a personal canvass as soon as practicable and he requests fellow solicitors from everywhere. There is no commission and no pecuniary compensation of any kind. Not a cent of the contributions has been used in any way. But there is great reward—a reward above money.

This monument will honor the firmness of A PRIVATE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER in as great a trial as ever a human being was subjected to, and who remembering the counsels of worthy parents, and the instincts of his God given manhood—in the ordeal that was to dash him to death, in that dark and withering moment when nothing was left save honor, and when tempted with liberty and a return to his friends if he would do a dishonorable act, grieved, and in his anguish he wrote to his mother words of counsel to the other children "to be good," but never hesitating he stood firm unto his death.

Confederate comrades, you will never have the opportunity to honor the equal of Samuel Davis. Let us give testimony to our approval of his act.

Remember the tribute of his enemies. They honored him worthy.

The sum is now about $811.00. It must be thousands. If you will help, subscription lists will be sent and notes payable in July next. What say you brother—sister? Let us rally together.

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One of the best treats ever given in the VETERAN is promised next month in a picture and sketch of a maiden lady of Nashville. She is well known here, and is a remarkable woman; she tells her age and has not had a picture made in fifteen years and then never but one other time. That was for the Centennial celebration of Nashville, 1880. She will pardon the VETERAN for mentioning that she possesses her faculties in a remarkable degree. She is very amiable and ever of good cheer. She is devout and attends church quite regularly; even at night she goes without an escort. As much might be said of others, but all would be *junior* to her. She was old when taking part in the great war, and her recollections of that period in Virginia and Tennessee hospitals, will be given. She is Miss Jane Thomas, and she was born in 1800!

AMERICAN HIST'L MAGAZINE.

The second edition of the January number, volume I, number 1, of this excellent magazine is just issued from the University Press. This second edition was rendered necessary by an unexpected demand from all sections of the country and especially from the North. The first article "The Father of Representative Government in America," written by the editor, is well worth the subscription price of the magazine. Everything in this magazine merits careful reading. The editor, Maj. W. R. Garrett is well fitted for this important work. Its circulation deserves to be general in its great field—America. Address John W. Paulett, General Agent, Nashville, Tenn.

BUSINESS CHAT.

Has on its mailing list the names of 8,000 distinct, solvent merchants, scattered through Tennessee, Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkanas. It is a readable periodical whose chief aim is to impress upon the commercial world Nashville's right to the title of the Gateway of the South. As an advertising medium it reaches more merchants than any one periodical in this section. Subscription price 50 cents per annum. Sample copies free. Address, J. C. Bunch, Manager, Nashville, Tenn. *Business Chat* and the VETERAN one year, $1.10.

THE WILSON EAR DRUM.

Hugh S. Hood writes from the Chattanooga, Tenn., Savings Bank to the Wilson Ear Drum Company, at Louisville, Ky.: Several years ago I had trouble with my hearing and went under treatment of a specialist who gave me some relief at the time, but since then I have been growing worse. I tried the Auraphone, but it gave me no relief whatever, and I thought I would never try such a thing as an Ear Drum again, but on seeing a cut of your "Common Sense Ear Drum," last July I sent for a pair, as my hearing was getting so very much worse. And now, after a good trial, I will say they certainly are what deaf people need, and, then, they are invisible, so that there is no embarrassment in connection with wearing them. I have worn mine for six months and but two persons know that I am wearing them. * * * From now on I shall recommend them to my friends and any others who are affiicted. Before using your drums I suffered indescribable strain, of which I have been greatly relieved since using, and as I am doing stenographic work this relief has been of great benefit to me.

PERSONAL.

The tribute to Miss Marshall in last VETERAN elicited more general expression of gratitude locally than anything ever yet been published in it. It was a surprise to the sorrowful parents. After referring to the "lovely and tender offering," the mother wrote: "It is a little memorial that will go down through the years, for who is there that will not cherish and preserve the interesting pages of the VETERAN? Harriet said while arranging the numbers for binding, 'I shall always keep these volumes in my library, and every year they will be more valuable and interesting.' I shall *always* subscribe for the VETERAN. * * *

"Our hearts are broken, our home is desolate. She was our sunshine our idol our all. * * * Time and God may dull the keen sharp edge of anguish. * * * It is well with her, but O, this empty world!"

The following extracts from an article in our daily press of March 5, will be gratifying to patrons of the VETERAN, since promotion of the interest mentioned is beneficial to it and the editor's personal friends will be gratified.

A telegram was received in Nashville yesterday by S. A. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, from Hon. Joseph E. Washington, M. C., congratulating him upon the appointment, by Secretary of War, Lamont, of his son, Paul D. Cunningham, an Engineering Clerk to Col. J. W. Barlow, Division Engineer of the Southwest, the territory embracing the States south of the Ohio,—not including the Atlantic Coast States,—and of Missouri. Arkansas and Texas, west of the Mississippi. Mr. Cunningham feels special indebtedness to Mr. Washington for zeal in behalf of his son, whose application was considered with worthy and active competitors. The junior Cunningham has had remarkable success as an engineer. Beginning for the Government with a survey of the Tennessee River, from the mouth of the French Broad to Chattanooga, he so made favor that he was given a good position by the International Boundary Commission in its great survey of the Mexican border, from El Paso to the Pacific Ocean. Then, when that work was completed, and he was en route home, a telegram detained him to receive a proposition from Col. Anson Mills, in charge of the water boundary, the Rio Grande, which was accepted. He is now engaged upon that work, and the only person who has participated in both surveys. The Government maps of the Rio Grande are credited to him as Assistant Engineer.

In connection with that important survey "The American" gave an account over a year ago of an important assignment, in which he was sent to Arizona to make some triangulations and to do some other intricate work desired by the commission, being furnished with an escort from the army. Young Cunningham was congratulated by a member of the commission in charge of field work, "upon the prompt and satisfactory manner" in which he completed it.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL CHIMES

The VETERAN gives herewith a representation of the two sides of the Centennial Chimes Souvenirs which have been provided by the Children's Centennial Chimes Committee to be sold as a memento of the centenary of Tennessee and for the benefit of the fund to purchase the musical chimes. The plan

to raise a sufficient fund to purchase a set of chimes, to be kept as a permanent memorial by the State, meets with general approval. It is proposed to raise the most of the money by the contributions of the children of Tennessee, but there will be need of other aid. and these Chimes Souvenirs will be sold for the

purpose of adding to the fund. The souvenirs are beautiful; they are pendant from bar-pins, and can be worn as an ornament or kept in the neat boxes which go with them as relics of the Centennial year. They will be sold for 25 cents each, and will be supplied by S. A. Cunningham, (Nashville, Tenn.). member of the Committee.

A Confederate comrade suggests, as a fine feature of the popular subscription to the Battle Abbey fund now being made throughout the South, which will be the greatest of all Southern memorials, that "the crowning glory to that noble work would be the making of these chimes from contributions of suitable metal or relics by men, women and children who feel an interest in this great work, to contribute Confederate Relics."

"Of course," said the comrade, "this chimes movement, having been inaugurated as a Tennessee enterprise, could not be utilized unless the Battle Abbey be located here. There being no settled place for locating the chimes permanently, it would seem indeed most appropriate to consider well the comrade's suggestions.

Engravings from a silver coin belonging to General John Boyd, of Lexington, Ky. Comrade Boyd recently visited Nashville, and has engaged to furnish illustrations of many Kentucky heroes who gave their services, and many of them their lives, to the Confederate cause. A list will be printed in April VETERAN.

REV. GEO. N. CLAMPITT.

Capt. Will Miller, Arcadia, La., writes March 7th: I am sorry to say we buried our chaplain, Rev. George N. Clampitt, yesterday, in his eighty-third year. One by one we are passing away, and no more veterans coming on.

This veteran sent club after club of subscribers to the VETERAN. He was a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher, and almost isolated from the church in general by his location.

Gen. R. B. Coleman, of McAlister, I. T., reports the death of private William C. Sparks, at that place, "an honest, upright citizen," who was of Company D, 41st Mississippi.

Don't fail to write for the wonderful story of Samuel Davis, in June VETERAN, sent free of charge.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

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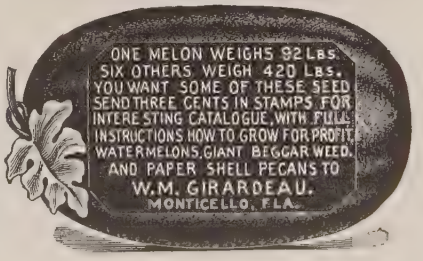
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The following good one is told on the Colonel of the Forty-eighth Georgia Regiment by the Atlanta Constitution:

As the Regiment was on the march to Gettysburg some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and confiscated a couple of geese, and one of the drummers unheaded his drum and stowed away the birds.

Shortly afterward the Colonel came along and, noticing the drummer failed to give his usual drum whacks, rode up and said: "Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the startled man, "I want to speak to you."

The Colonel drew close to him and said: "Well, what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered: "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here."

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That night the Colonel had roast goose for supper.

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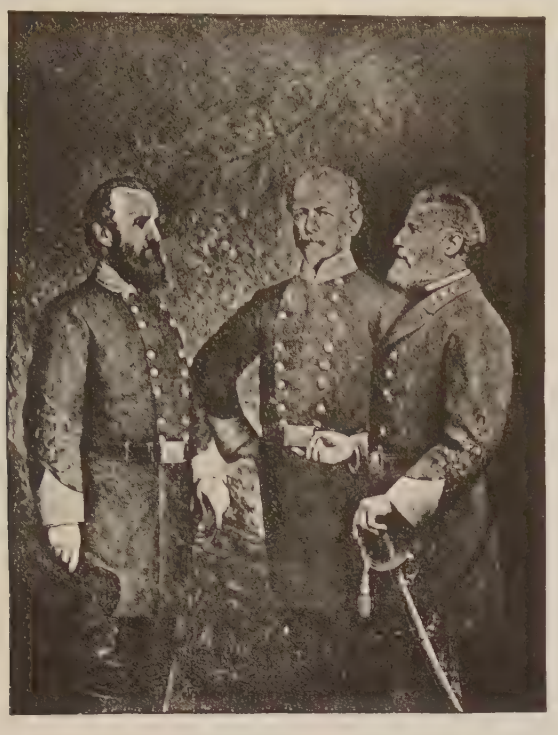

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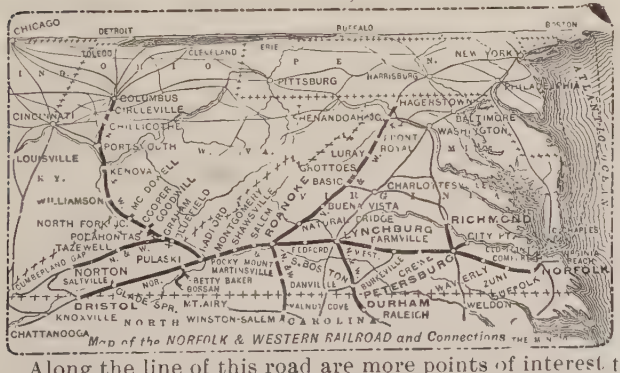

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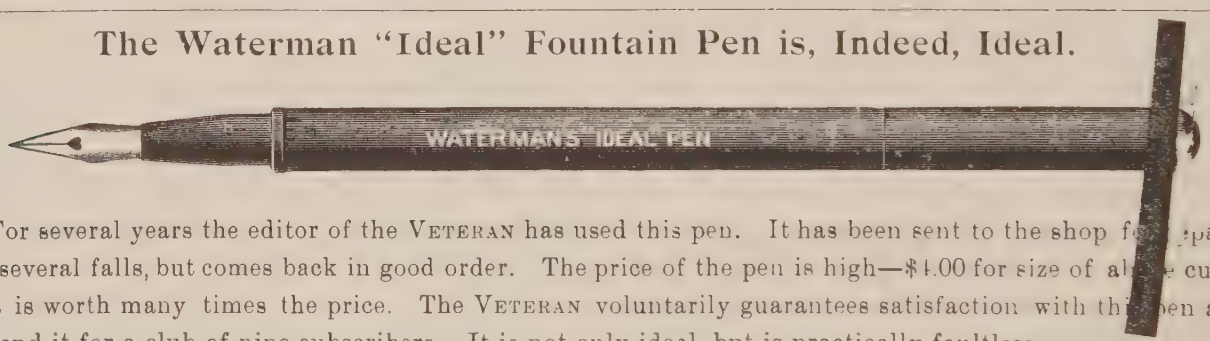

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PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., APRIL, 1896. | No. 4. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Response to request for back numbers of the VETERAN has been so liberal, notice is now made that no more copies are wanted, except those numbers to August '93, of which but few copies have been received and for which there is greatest demand.

Requests have been made so frequently for copies of the Constitution now in vogue by the officials of the United Confederate Veterans, that its full text may be expected in the May number.

The Florida account of the United Confederate Veterans' reunion and the Confederate Monument to be erected as a gift from Comrade C. C. Hemming, of Gainesville, Texas, is again deferred through unexpected delay of correspondence, and because Mr. Hemming is changing his plan about it.

Much is being said by comrades in different sections in behalf of a general election day in all Confederate Camps. Let this be discussed and maybe some plan will be promulgated at Richmond. It suggests a pleasant idea that perhaps one thousand Confederate organizations have a general election day, the Daughters and Sons doing likewise.

It will seem odd to repeat monument locating the site of Pemberton and Grant's place of conference looking to the surrender of Vicksburg, upon the title page of VETERAN, but the monument was changed, inasmuch as relic hunters had defaced the marble shamefully, and the singular error was made to designate it as at Jackson, in March VETERAN.

The engraving upon the marble shaft, now in the National Cemetery, is as follows: Taken from the site of the interview between Maj.-Gen. U. S. Grant and Lieut.-Gen. Pemberton, July 4, 1863.

The printing of the page in blue is done to work it with the Virginia flag on back of number —its proper color.

A suggestion kindly furnished by Gen. George Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., in regard to a reunion mark is revived for the Richmond gathering. It is that delegates wear a card or badge on the hat or in some conspicuous place, indicating especially their regiment in the service.

The writer recalls his first journey through the Carolinas and Virginia. It was in war times. He had metal letters, "Tenn.," on his hat, and the greetings in nearly every section created a pride in his native State. This method was practiced at Houston through suggestion in the VETERAN.

The VETERAN is making a test of friendship for the cause it represents by application to railway presidents and managers in the South:

It represents itself a peculiar publication in having the entire South for its territory, and that although published in Nashville, it hardly belongs to Tennessee more than to Texas, Missouri, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, Louisiana, or any other Southern State. It represents to them that the editor is frequently called to reunions without having time to arrange for transportation, and asks favors whereby delay may be avoided. He offers to keep standing acknowledgment of the railroads so favoring him, and claims that this favor will be appreciated by the thousands who indorse the VETERAN and support it unstintedly.

In cordially responding to this request, A. E. Hachfield, President of the Oconee & Western Railroad says: This road was built with Northern capital and is controlled by Northern men, but I will always be glad to recognize any man who did his duty according to his honest convictions. Shall be glad to have you make use of the pass.

The railway official who has done more than any other in the way mentioned was a soldier of the Union Army. He controls a large system. The VETERAN is determined to show who its pronounced friends are in this respect.

Gen. Stephen D. Lee, of Mississippi, has accepted the invitation of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association to deliver the oration on the occasion of laying the corner stone of this monument in Richmond on the 2nd of July, reunion time.

In describing the "Rebel Yell," the New York Sun tells of the exhibition on canvas of Stonewall Jackson's picture before an audience of Southerners in Chickering Hall recently, and adds:

No sooner had the heroic Southern leader's features been flashed upon the sheet than they leaped to their feet and let out that rebel yell as if it had been fighting to get out for years. It sounds more like "Yi-yi-yi" than anything else, but any adequate description of it is impossible. There is a sort of soul-shaking cadence about it that strikes in deep. The best tribute to the effect with which it was given last night is that a policeman, who had stepped into the lobby, came up the stairs, four steps at a time, when he heard it.

The VETERAN objects to the "Yi-yi-yi," and denies the assertion that "If you see it in the Sun, it's so." The Rebel Yell is only like—THE REBEL YELL.

The Wilmington Messenger demurs to a statement sent out from Richmond by the "Confederate Memorial Society," that "The Old North State gave more soldiers than ALMOST any other State," and it inquires "Why qualify it by almost?"

It is certain that she sent 126,000 men. The Adjutant General of the State says 130,000. There are some errors in the published Roster of North Carolina troops by repeating names—men who were transferred from infantry to cavalry or to artillery or vice versa. The Roster in this way makes it more than 131,000 soldiers. But omitting all careless errors, this State sent to the war not less than 125,000, and we think 126,000 would be nearer the mark. The War Records, published by the Federal Government, show that over 16,000 of her men were killed or mortally wounded, and that over 41,000 died from various causes. A State that lost 41,000 men can well claim to have sent more than any other State. In fact, neither Georgia, nor Tennessee, claims to have sent so many soldiers as North Carolinians know that their State gave to the noble and glorious cause. So it is not "almost," but altogether the State that had most soldiers.

An Arkansas paper bearing the inelegant name of "Kicker" is credited with this proffered welcome to those who seek this sunnier clime:

It is the same old South that was created in the beginning by God Almighty and endowed with the richest resources of the creative hand.

When you come South, take the people as you find them—smash your egotism and act like a sensible man, and you will find a hospitable reception. Don't come down here with notions of teaching our people what fools they have been, for you are liable to get fooled yourself. Throw your prejudices aside, come and go to work and get acquainted with the people. It requires honest work to make a living here as well as anywhere else, and if you are looking for a "soft snap," we don't want you. But if you are honest, gentlemanly and industrious, you can succeed better here than anywhere else.

"THEY ARE FROM MY HOME."—The VETERAN seizes opportunity to mention the name, Miss Elizabeth F. Price, of Nashville, now in Berlin, Germany, who contributes an exceedingly interesting article to the Daily American. Miss Price has been second to no other in zealous advocacy of the VETERAN since its beginning. She is a pupil of Moritz Moszkowski. The Miss Kirkman mentioned is also from Nashville. In the article Miss Price states:

* * * It is music all the time, everywhere. One cannot help being musical in such an atmosphere. It struck Jeannie Kirkman and myself as being rather comical that we sallied forth upon a stormy night of snow and slush and general discomfort to hear the Jubilee Singers at the Hotel de Rome, on the Linden. We pay 12½ cents to hear Nickish's great orchestra, but 50 cents to hear our Jubilee Singers. It was so like home, the beloved South, to hear the colored people sing, that the tears came to my eyes. It made me so homesick I had an irresistible impulse to say to the Deutschers around me, "They are from my home." "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot' and "Steal Away" never sounded half so sweet at home as they did in this far off land.

COL. JOHN W. DUNNINGTON.

In the tribute to the gallant Dunnington, page 84, in March VETERAN, there were some errors. Col. J. W. Dunnington was appointed Midshipman, April 10, 1849, received commission as Past Midshipman, Jan. 12, 1855, commission as Master, Sept. 1855, and commission as Lieutenant in 1856.

Semmes' "Service Afloat" page 803, records that in reorganization of the James River Fleet in 1865, Capt. Dunnington was in command of the Virginia, ironclad flagship, five guns. The blowing up of that flagship (Virginia) April, 1865, was ordered by Semmes and executed by Dunnington. After the blowing up of the James River Fleet, Semmes reorganized his naval forces into two regiments and Dunnington was appointed Colonel of one of them. Surrendered with Semmes at Greensboro, N. C., 1865.

Mrs. Emma Schiller, of Goodlettsville, Tenn., desires information in regard to her brother, West Northcutt, who enlisted in '61 at Woodbury, Tenn., joining Capt. Jeff St. John's Company. Mrs. Schiller has never learned the fate of her brother.

STILL MAD WITH THE "REBEL FLAG."

N. V. Randolph, of the R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond, Va., gives some reminiscences of experience with the Philadelphia Brigade. That brigade had extended some courtesies to the Virginians at Gettysburg and an invitation was extended the Pennsylvanians to come to Richmond. He says:

When the arrangements were all made for their parade from the Capitol Square to Hollywood, the Philadelphia Brigade refused to march in line with Lee Camp's flag, and gave as a reason that the United States flag that they had was borrowed, and the party lending stipulated that it should not march in line with a REBEL FLAG (it appears that the Philadelphia Brigade did not own a flag, therefore, borrowed one). After more than an hour's delay and considerable bad feeling, they sent their flag back to the Exchange Hotel and borrowed a United States flag in Richmond. They did, however, march with the Lee Camp flag, and, if my memory serves me right, also with the old colors of the Seventeenth Virginia. When they returned to Philadelphia the accounts given of this episode in the Pennsylvania papers were simply outrageous. The hospitality extended them was not appreciated, and one paper that I saw gave as a reason that the "unreconstructed Rebels hated the Union uniform, and had never become reconciled with the boys in blue." * * * * * * * *

For my part, I have no animosity against any American who, from a sense of duty, served in the Union army, and Lee Camp, the organization to which I belong, has perhaps spent as much as $10,000 in entertaining various Grand Army posts who have visited Richmond in the past twelve years. In fact, one of the principles of our organization is "to extend the right hand of fellowship to our late adversaries on all fitting occasions." But when we entertain any body of Northern men who misrepresent and insult us, I, for one, do not propose to be in the same situation the second time, and I trust that the old soldiers of Richmond, at least, will let the Philadelphia Brigade Association alone. Our recent experience with General Walker, of the Grand Army, ought to be sufficient to prevent any ex-Confederate from participating in a blue-and-gray reunion as long as such men are at the head of affairs. I dislike to stir up bad blood, but we have nothing to be ashamed of in our past record, and can well afford to let the Philadelphia Brigade alone to celebrate their own glorious deeds on the battlefield of Gettysburg. We can afford to rest on our laurels for the deeds of the Confederate soldiers on that memorable occasion without celebrating it with a body of men that accepted our hospitality, and then vilified us on their return.

The paper of Hon. Andrew J. Baker, Land Commissioner of Texas, in regard to certain commands at Gettysburg, has a map page—too much reduced to be of any service. This patriotic comrade has given much attention to this subject and the VETERAN deplores its inefficiency in serving him in his laudable desire, while detracting not from the valor of any, to have the truth known as to the merits of all. It was too late to avoid using that map, after testing its inefficiency on fine paper. This is better.

In a letter upon the subject Mr. Baker states: The truth is, I wanted to show so clearly, by reference to the position of Davis' Brigade in my letter, together with the Bachelor Map, that the error which has crept into the public mind was due to failure of a division's report, and, as a fact, known to myself and others that at least some of my regiment, the Eleventh Mississippi, part of Davis' Brigade, went over the stone fence and upon the ridge where the first line of Federal batteries had been stationed, but now completely demolished.

The accuracy of that map is accepted by both sides as satisfactory, and it sustains Mr. Baker's statements. In conclusion, he is kind enough to say:

Now, my dear comrade, I know too well that your great desire is to obtain the truth and that you, in the light of that fact, will appreciate what I have written simply as an effort to magnify the question up to its real merit, and no more, and not in any spirit of complaint, because I have no complaint in any possible way.

GEN. AND MRS. BRAXTON BRAGG.

In a letter by Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, while at New Orleans, she added the postscript: "I am to have a visit from Mrs. Braxton Bragg this morning. It will be interesting." The statement was interesting. The VETERAN did dot know of her existence. Subsequently, the opportunity to visit the wife of that distinguished officer was gladly improved, and realizing how much of pleasure a visit from her would give, he assured her that the people of Nashville would be gratified to make her a guest of the city. She replied, "I would gladly have accepted an invitation to the Chickamauga Park dedication." Astounded at the omission, he turned to the other lady present in the hope of an apologetic word from her, and realizing that she, too, had been neglected—not to say ignored, although representing one of the noblest families in the South, and for whose husband the government had consecrated a monument, although he gave his life for the Confederacy,—greater diligence for the recognition of our women in the war was resolved upon.

The following sketch of General and Mrs. Bragg is by Mrs. Emily Todd Helm, of Elizabethtown, Ky.:

Braxton Bragg, son of Thomas Bragg, was born at Warrenton, Warren County, N. C., the 21st of March, 1817, and died at Galveston, Texas, aged fifty-nine years, eight months and five days. His death was sudden. The papers stated at the time, that he died of heart failure, but his family physician said it was paralysis of the brain.

Gen. Bragg entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1834, and graduated in 1838, among the distinguished five in his class, and was appointed Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, United States Army. His first military service was rendered in Florida, under General Zachary Taylor, in the Seminole War, and at its close he was stationed at Fort Moultrie, South Carolina.

In 1846 Gen. Bragg was ordered to Corpus Christi to join his old commander, General Taylor, whose forces were then assembled against Mexico. Gen. Bragg was engaged in all the battles and was particularly distinguished at the battle of Buena Vista, when Gen. Taylor reported that by the skilfullness of his artillery, Gen. Bragg had "saved the day." After the Mexican War, he resigned the position of Lieutenant Colonel, to which he had been promoted.

On June 7, 1849, he married Eliza B. Ellis, the eldest daughter of Richard Gaillard Ellis. The marriage took place at the family residence, "Evergreen Plantation," Parish of Terre Bonne, La., the Rev. John Sandel officiating. Mrs. Bragg was a beautiful girl, as the pictures taken of her at that time testify. Her father was a sugar and cotton planter. She was born in Adams County, Miss., and was a schoolmate of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who was born in the same county. Mrs. Bragg's girlhood was chiefly spent at Natchez. After her marriage she spent the first four years at Jefferson Barracks, afterward at Fort Gibson and Wachita.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

It was in the fall of 1855 that Gen. Bragg left the United States service and settled on a sugar plantation in Lafourche, La. They made that their home until the beginning of the war between the States, when he was elected, in Louisiana, Commissioner of Public Works of the Second District, and inaugurated a complete system of levees and drainage. This position he resigned to accept a position as Brigadier General, which was one of the first of President Davis' military appointments after the organization of the Southern Confederacy. He first served at Pensacola.

In 1862, Gen. Bragg was engaged in the battle of Shiloh, and after the death of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, he was made a full General. When Gen. Beauregard was called to the defence of Charleston, S. C., Bragg succeeded to the command of the Army of Tennessee and made the memorable march into Kentucky, and afterward fought the battle of Chickamauga, where he gained a decisive victory. He was afterward Military Adviser of President Davis, stationed at Richmond.

At the time of General Bragg's death he was Inspector of Railroads in Texas. He had no children. His widow is now living in New Orleans with her brother, Major Ellis. She lived on her plantation at Lafourche during the war, until she was compelled to leave by the invasion of Weitzel's troops. After December, 1860, Gen. Bragg never returned to or saw his home again, as it was confiscated and sold. Mrs. Bragg made an effort to recover it, as it

was her patrimony, but she was "not regarded as his legal heir!" She said to me:

"I remained on the plantation until a few hours before the enemy came, leaving about 120 or 130 negroes on the place. The officer said he could not restrain his men, but at all events the house was pillaged and everything broken up, even the feather beds cut open and carpets torn from the floors and every animal that was not killed was carried away. After a few days I returned to the scene of desolation and asked the officer why he had not burned the house, and he replied that he had saved it to shelter the poor oppressed negroes in my service. There was nothing to be done, so I joined Gen. Bragg a few days before the battle of Murfreesboro. I had not then seen him for a year and a half (while he was at Pensacola I had paid him a visit). I was taken ill with typhoid fever after this, and my life was despaired of at Tullahoma, where I was carried. Gen. Bragg returned to New Orleans after the surrender and died, as has been stated, in Galveston, Texas."

MRS. ELISE B. BRAGG

Mrs. Bragg, since his death, has lived in strict retirement, spending the winters in New Orleans; the summers in the mountains of Virginia. Stately, dignified, a handsome woman, remarkably courteous and elegant in her manner, a fine conversationalist, she interests herself in all the topics of the day—in other words an up to date woman

The writer knew General Bragg personally. Under a very reticent, reserved manner he had a kind heart. He had little to say, but his conversation was marked by dignity. His only hope for the country, he once said, was the "Northern Democrats," which, if they failed to impress proper ideas, left the South no alternative but to "fight it out." He bore the loss of his own private interests with an undisturbed demeanor and asked no sympathy when he was criticized, nor would he ever answer any attack made upon his war record, saying, when urged. "Some day the truth will be known, and my acts will appear in a different light." The memory of Gen. Bragg has yet to obtain the meed of justice to his merits as a soldier, never fully accorded to him during life. He had a single hearted patriotism; no one could doubt the purity of his stainless honor or his unflexible integrity. With high moral, as well as physical courage, regardless of self, incapable of falsehood or duplicity, no temptation could divert him from that which he deemed the path of duty. Gen. Bragg was buried at Mobile, Ala., where he had an older brother, Judge John Bragg. The late ex-Governor Thomas Bragg, of North Carolina, was also a brother.

GEN. BRAGG'S INTEREST IN HIS SUFFERING SOLDIERS.

It is fitting in connection with the brief but carefully prepared sketch of General and Mrs. Bragg, to show something of his interest in the sick and wounded of his splendid army. The letters pay tribute specially to his Medical Director, Dr. S. H. Stout, and are given the more cordially because of his eminent merit to distinction. It must have been an oversight that stronger recognition has not been given him in the United Confederate Veterans. Dr. Stout has carefully preserved all these years the official reports belonging to his department, and there certainly ought to be provided means to enable him to put them in proper condition to be preserved in the South's Battle Abbey, that certainly will be erected at no very distant day. Comrades should look to this important matter with diligence.

LETTERS FROM GENERAL BRAGG.

WARM SPRINGS, GA., 2nd Jan'y, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: Among the many kind expressions of regret and confidence received by me since retiring from official position, none have excited a livelier interest or given me more pleasure than your note. To have secured the good will and esteem of those who have suffered most in our cause and of their humane and self-sacrificing attendants, whose only return is a consciousness of duty well done, is no small reward to one whose stern discharge of duty more often offended than propitiated.

Your note will be preserved as a treasure I did not expect, and do not even claim to deserve, but which is the more grateful therefor. The operations of the Hospital Department of our Army of Tenn., especially since systematized by you, I have always claimed as perfect, so far as our means allowed, and I have every reason to believe it is considered by our government as superior to any in the country. I hope you will find it agreeable to continue your service, so grateful to the soldier and so beneficial to the army.

Rest assured, Doctor, that one of the most pleasant associations of my official life has been with you and your corps of able assistants, and that it will be my pleasure and my duty to bear that testimony. In this connection I enclose you a short extract from my report of Chickamauga. It expresses in but feeble terms my appreciation of your services.

May you ere long enjoy the plaudits of the country, and continue to reap the reward of faithful stewards. I am very respectfully and truly yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

To SURG. S. H. STOUT, Med. Direct. of Hospitals, Atlanta, Ga.

The "extract" mentioned is as follows:

"The medical officers both in the field and in the hospitals, earned the lasting gratitude of the soldier, and deserve the highest commendation. The great number of wounded thrown on their hands taxed every energy and every faculty, with means greatly inadequate, especially in transportation, they soon reduced confusion into order, and by assiduity and skill, afforded to the sufferers that temporal relief for which they might look in vain to any other source."

ANOTHER LETTER YEARS AFTER THE WAR.

N. ORLEANS, 20 June, 1870.

DEAR DOCTOR: In conversation with some of your friends here, I have been gratified to learn that you saved the greater part of the valuable records, mostly medical, which you made with so much labor during the war.

There was no part of the organization of the Army of Tenn. so satisfactory to me as the Medical Department, and especially of the Hospital Department. When I left the army and went to Richmond, such was the contrast, and so strong were my comments, that the Surgeon General sent to obtain, information, and one of the lady matrons there, Miss Emily Mason, of Va., came out to see and be informed. She returned full of enthusiasm, and reorganized her hospital. It has occurred to us that a connected history, based on your records, would be very valuable. I should take great pride in it, and believe it would reflect great credit upon the Army of Tenn.

Very truly yours,

BRAXTON BRAGG,
Prest. So. Hist. Society.

NOTE FROM DR. STOUT.

447 LEWIS AVE., DALLAS, TEX., Mar. 10, 1896.

It has been a cherished object ever since the close of the war to do just what Gen'l Bragg suggests in the above "extract" from his letter of June 20, 1896. But the necessity of my winning daily bread, and inability to hire a clerk or an amanuensis have prevented me. Now that I am 74 years of age I have no hope of accomplishing the proposed task without pecuniary assistance.

S. H. STOUT, M.D., LL.D.

In his personal memoirs Gen. Grant wrote of Gen. Bragg: Bragg was a remarkably intelligent and well-informed man, professionally and otherwise. He was thoroughly upright. A man of the highest moral character and the most correct habits, yet in the old army he was in frequent trouble. He illustrated with this funny story: In the old army he was in command of his company and made a requisition of the quartermaster—and he was himself that official also. As quartermaster he declined to fill the requisition, and in his dilemma he referred the whole matter to the commanding officer, who exclaimed, "My God Bragg, you have quarrelled with every officer in the army, and now you are quarelling with yourself!"

Gen. Bragg's record brightens with the passing decades. Speakers and writers become the fonder of paying tribute to his high character. Some time ago Capt. George B. Guild, ex-Mayor of Nashville, in addressing the Forbes Bivouac at Clarksville, concluded his remarks with a tribute to him:

* * * He died without giving us any written account of his campaign, as Gens. Johnston, Hood and others did. The most noted battles fought by the Army of Tennessee were when he was its Commander-in-Chief—Perryville, Murfreesboro and Chickamauga. That these battles were well planned and all of their immense details executed with skill. soldierly courage, none can deny. Every soldier in his army knows that when Bragg made his arrangements to fight, somebody was sure to be hurt. That he failed to take advantage of his victories was a seeming weak point in his military character, but we might be mistaken in this. Take Chickamauga, for instance. He had to commence with 42,000 men; on Sunday night after the battle 17,000 of these were dead or wounded. After two days of hard fighting, soldiers know there are large numbers of stragglers even from a victorious army. Some regiments were almost annihilated, with all of their officers killed or wounded, and heavy details were necessary to care for the killed and wounded, as well as prisoners. All of these causes certainly reduced his fighting force to one half of the 42,000, so he could not have marched to the attack of the fortifications at Chattanooga on Monday with more that 20,000 muskets. * * *

When Bragg was relieved of the command of the Army of Tennessee it must, indeed, have been humiliating to his proud, patriotic spirit, but he continued to render efficient service to the cause of the South to the end. One of the most brilliant affairs of the war was accomplished by him at Kingston, N. C., but a short time before the surrender, and when the Confederacy was staggering to its fall. With a small force he attacked a superior number of the enemy under Gen. Cox and driving them about three miles, captured 1,500 prisoners and three field pieces.

Had the South succeeded, no name would have stood higher on the roll of honor and none would our people have taken more hearty pleasure in honoring. The cause is lost and the questions originating it are forever settled. Still there are sweet and living memories arising from its dust that will forever embalm in sacred remembrance the names of those who shared with us our triumphs and defeats, our sorrows and privations. And to no name will memory oftener recur with patriotic pride and true Southern devotion, than Gen. Braxton Bragg.

THE DAUGHTERS IN SAVANNAH, GA.

The Daughters of the Confederacy at Savannah, ever diligent in the good work that belongs to them, held an important meeting that should have had attention in the February VETERAN.

The programme opened with an instrumental solo by Miss Bates. Mr. Samuel Baker recited an original poem on Gettysburg. A song, "Two Old Maids," by little Misses Dora Rawls and Bessie Proctor, was so well received that they had to respond a second time, rendering the "Kissing Song." Mrs. Finnie sang very sweetly, "O Promise Me."

Father Ryan's "In Memoriam," by Miss Laura Baker, was so much appreciated that she was called to the stage a second time. Miss Georgia Howard and Mr. James Beal sang Schubert's Serenade.

In behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Hon. Pope Barrow presented to the Confederate Veteran Association a handsome steel engraving of Gens. Lee, Jackson and Johnston.

"I have the honor now to present you the picture of three of your comrades—Lee, Johnston and Jackson. Lee, the peerless soldier and incomparable man; Jackson, the enthusiastic warrior, with whom military affairs were an instinct, and Johnston, the Fabius of the Confederacy.

"It is yours; a gift of the Daughters of the Confederacy. May the day never come when a loyal citizen of the South, man, woman or child, shall look on those faces without a feeling of veneration."

"The Confederate Veterans' Association will cherish and prize this picture not simply because it represents the trio of the greatest soldiers the world has ever seen, but because it shows that the women have remained steadfast and true these thirty years."

A copy of this picture adorns the VETERAN office.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SAVANNAH.

There was a large number of the Daughters of the Confederacy present, and a delightful entertainment was given. The Veterans were their guests.

At their recent annual meeting the Daughters of the Confederacy elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. L. H. Raines; Vice-President, Mrs. H. S. Dreese; Secretary, Mrs. Horace Crane; Treasurer, Miss Anna Harmon.

Mrs. Raines and Miss Harmon were re-elected, they having served since the society was organized. Mrs. Raines presented the society a gavel which was cut from a tree in front of the house of Gen. R. E. Lee, when he was president of the Washington-Lee University at Lexington. This was a counterpart of the handsome gavel which she presented to the United Daughters of the Confederacy on the occasion of their meeting in Atlanta, Ga., on November 9th.

DOCK OF OCEAN STEAMSHIPS IN SAVANNAH, GA

HEROINES OF THE SOUTH.

By B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.

General Stephen D. Lee, who was most loyal to the Stars and Bars, when asked by a Federal officer, after his surrender at Vicksburg, why the Southern people did not give up, is reported to have replied: "Because the women of the South would never agree to it." General A. P. Stewart speaks of them "as a race unsurpassed for heroism, for deeds of charity and loving kindness, for self-sacrificing and patriotic devotion to the cause of their country, for unswerving constancy and perseverance in what they knew to be right, and the uncomplaining fortitude with which they accepted defeat and all its adverse consequences." To show the blood that was in them, from wealth they met the conditions that confronted them and submitted to sacrifices cheerfully, going to the washtub, the spindle and the loom to support the widowed mothers and crippled fathers and kindred, until our Southland blossoms with a heroine in nearly every home.

I have read of the heroines in Napoleon's Court, "Families of Cleopatra's enchantresses who charm posterity, who had but to smile at history to obtain history's smile in return;" Mesdames Tallien, De Stael, Recamier, Charlotte Corday, of the deeds of Joan d'Arc, of Mollie Pitcher and Deborah Sampson of our Revolution, and Florence Nightingale of England, but when I draw the line of comparison I can point to women whose names and fame "in the War between the States" will surpass them in acts and deeds that will only die with the echo of time.

MRS. MARY BRADFORD JOHNS.

The battle of Nashville gave us a heroine whose name General Hood placed on the roll of honor, "Miss Mary Bradford," now Mrs. John Johns. When Thomas' Army was pouring the musketry into us and Hood's Army was in full retreat, she rushed out in the thickest of the storm-cloud and begged the soldiers to stop and fight.

The famous raid of General Streight with two thousand men, near Rome, Ga., resulting in his capture through the intrepidity of a Miss Emma Sanson, was an instance of female prowess long to be remembered. Amidst the flying bullets, thrilled with patriotism, she jumped on behind Gen. Forrest and piloted him across the Black Warrior. The Legislature of Alabama granted her land, and the people lauded her to the skies. When Hood's Army, on the Nashville campaign, passed Gadsden, this young lady stood on her porch and the army went wild with cheers in her honor.

MISS EMMA SANSON.

Another heroine in General Morgan's cavalry tramp, on the line of Kentucky and Tennessee, grew to be a terror in her section. She was as expert in horsemanship as a Cossack, dressed in men's clothes and handled a gun with the skill of a cracksman. She bore the name of "Sue Munday," had many encounters and her career was exceedingly romantic.

MRS. KATE KYLE.

The old scouts in the West will remember two other heroines through whose aid we were often saved from attack and told when and where to strike. Miss Kate Patterson, now Mrs. Kyle, of Lavergne, Tenn., and Miss Robbie Woodruff, who lived ten miles from Nashville. They would go into Nashville, get what information was needed and place it in a designated tree, stump or log to be conveyed to us by our secret scouts. I have often wondered if the diagram of works around Nashville found on the person of Sam Davis was not gotten through them, notwithstanding the impression received that it was stolen from Gen. Dodge's table by a negro boy. Miss Woodruff thrilled the scouts by her many perilous achievements.

But I have a heroine of the mountains who developed in war times, yet on account of her obscure habitation and the bitter heartburnings existing between the two factions, so nearly divided in her section, that history has not yet given her name merited fame. I got her record from the Rev. J. H. Nichols, who lived in her section of Putnam County, three miles from Cookeville, Tenn. Her name was Miss Marina Gunter, now Mrs. Joe Harris. Her father, Larkin Gunter, was a Southern man, and some

MRS. MARINA GUNTER HARRIS.

bushwhackers, claiming to belong to the Federal Army, resolved to kill him. One night three of them, Maxwell, Miller and Patton, visited his home and told him, in the presence of his family, that his time had come to die. They took him out from the house and in a short time this maiden of seventeen heard the licks and her old father's groans, when she rushed to the wood-pile, got an axe and hurriedly approached the scene. The night was dark and drizzly, and the men were standing by a log, on which they had placed her father and he was pleading for his life. She killed two with the axe and broke the third one's arm. He got away at lightning speed, but afterwards died from the wound. She lifted up her father and helped him home. Soon she sought and obtained protection from the Federal General at Nashville. She said afterwards, that upon hearing her father's groans she grew frantic and does not know, to this good day, how she managed it, nor did she know anything until she had cleaned out the platter. This is the greatest achievement of female heroism of its kind that has ever been recorded, and places Miss Gunter on the pinnacle of glory that belongs not alone to patriotism, but to the grandeur of filial affection "the tie that stretches from the cradle to the grave, spans the Heavens and is riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high."

MISS ANTOINETTE POLK.

They talk about Sheridan's ride but let me tell of one that strips it of its grandeur—the famous run of Miss Antoinette Polk, displaying a heroism worthy of imperishable record. She was on the Hampshire Turnpike, a few miles from Columbia, Tenn., when some one informed her of the Federals' contemplated visit to her father's home on the Mt. Pleasant Pike five miles across—said pikes forming an obtuse angle from Columbia. She knew that some soldier friends at her father's would be captured unless they had notice, and in order to inform them, she had to go across the angle that was barricaded many times with high rail and rock fences. There was no more superb equestrienne in the valley of the Tennessee—and she was of magnificent physique. She had a thoroughbred horse trained to her bidding. The young lady started, leaping the fences like a reindeer, and came out on the pike just in front of the troopers, four miles from home. They took after her, but her foaming steed was so fleet of foot, that she got away from them in the twinkling of an eye, and saved her friends from capture.

[Supplemental to the above the following is furnished by a lady who has known the Countess since their girlhood.]

Antoinette Wayne Van Leer Polk is the full name of this brave girl, given in honor of her maternal grandfather, who was a nephew of Major General Anthony Wayne, of Revolutionary fame, and who was Comander-in-Chief of the army at the time of his death, and whose father was a son of a brave officer in the French and Indian war, while his direct ancester was a distinguished soldier in the Battle of the Boyne, so that on both sides she was of heroic blood.

She was not fully grown when she took this famous ride. After the war she went abroad with her father and mother and finished her education in Europe. The health of her father, Andrew Jackson Polk, having failed when in the Confederate Army, he grew worse and died in Switzerland.

Miss Polk had a most brilliant young ladyhood abroad, principally in Rome, where she was beloved by the Princess Margarite, and universally admired. She married a distinguished French soldier of the old regime, the Marquis de Charette de la Contrie, like herself, of heroic stock, and has her home in France. She has one son, a youth of great promise.

I recollect another heroine, a Lieut. Buford of an Arkansas regiment. She stepped and walked the personification of a soldier boy; had won her spurs on the battlefield at Bull Run, Fort Donelson, and Shiloh, and was promoted for gallantry. One evening she came to General Stewart's headquarters, at Tyner's Station, with an order from Maj. Kinloch Falconer to report for duty as scout, but upon his finding that "he" was a woman, she was sent back and the order revoked. She has written a book.

IN A BAR-ROOM IN MEMPHIS.

DEFERENCE OF SOLDIERS TO LIEUT. BUFORD.

In point of devotion and of nursing our soldiers in distress, the sick, the wounded, the women of the South were all "Florence Nightingales." It would be invidious to discriminate, but I will mention some of the other noteworthy deeds. I have another heroine—bless her sweet soul. I have forgotten her name. One day General Morgan sent a squad of us on a scout and we were pursued by Col. Funkerhauser's Regiment in Denny's Bend of Cumberland River, near Rome, Tenn. My heroine, a little girl of fourteen, directed us to Bradley Island for safety—a place of some sixty acres in cultivation, but on the river side it was encircled by a sandbar, with drift wood lodged on an occasional stubby sycamore. This sweet, animated little girl brought us a "square" meal, and watched for our safety like a hawk during the day. Thinking it was a foraging expedition, and that they were gone, we ventured to leave late in the afternoon, but ran into them and a running fire ensued. After eluding pursuit, we concluded to go back. In a short time a company of Federals appeared on the island, evidently having tracked our horses. We left the horses behind the driftwood, without hitching, and took shelter under a big fallen tree. The troopers were in ten steps of us at times. We could hear them distinctly, and one fellow said: "If we catch 'em boys, this is a good place to hang 'em." Another said, "Let's go down in the driftwood on the sandbar, and bag 'em." Hearts thumped and legs trembled! We thought we were gone. One of our squad said, "Let's give up," but the rest of us were too badly scared to reply. A frightened rabbit stopped near us, panting, watching and trembling with fear, producing a mimetic effect on our feelings. Ah, if a painter could have pictured that scene, and if a pen could describe that occasions We lay there until nightfall. They did not happen to see our horses and, through a kind Providence, we escaped. Our heroine came to us after nightfall, signalled and we answered. She was so happy over our escape; told us that she saw them leave and that they had no prisoners. She mounted her horse, followed on behind them to the tollgate, two miles away, and learned that they had returned to Lebanon, after which she returned to us, brought our supper and put us on a safe road.

Such heroines the Southern soldiers met with often in the disputed territory of contending armies. They evidenced a devotion to country that only might and not right could subdue.

There was another class more nearly comporting with female character; sock knitters, clothes makers, needle pliers, God servers, revelling in sentiment in touch with the times. From wealth they drank the dregs of poverty's cup, until now, for over thirty years, by frugality and dint of perseverance, they have been instrumental in our Southland's blessed resurrection. Female clerks, teachers, "Graph," 'phone and type machine operators, and other callings. From authoresses to cooks they attest a courage and praiseworthiness that exceeds bellicose valor. To the old stranded Southern craft they have been mariners that make the world pause to see us moving again amid the councils of our common country, resuscitated, regenerated and disenthralled. Posterity will do them justice, historians, poets and dramatists will chronicle their praises. Charlotte Corday's epitaph was "Greater than Brutus," but that of the Southern women will be, "Greater than Jackson, the Johnstons or Lee, greater than Jefferson Davis, greater than any other heroines of time."

To impress more forcibly my idea of our women, I have a friend who has risen as a poet—Albert Sidney Morton, St. Paul, Minnesota, who has written, to go with this tribute, a poem on "The Women of the South." It is beautiful, thrilling and true. I give it through the VETERAN to the public, to be handed down to posterity.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

ALBERT SIDNEY MORTON, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Not Homer dreamt, nor Milton sung
Through his heroic verse,
Nor Prentiss did with wondrous tongue,
In silver tones, rehearse
The grandest theme that ever yet
Moved brush, or tongue, or pen—
A theme in radiant glory set
To stir the souls of men—
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Of nascent charms that thrall the gaze,
Of love's most pleasing pain,
Ten thousand tuneful, lyric lays
Have sung and sung again;
But I would sing of souls, of hearts
Within those forms of clay,
Of lives whose lustre yet imparts
Fresh radiance to our day—
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

When battle's fierce and lurid glare
Lit up our shady glens;
When slaughter, agony, despair,
Or Northern prison pens,
Were portion of the sturdy son
Of Southern mother true,
Who prayed the battle might be won
Of grey against the blue?—
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Our lads were true, our lads were brave,
Nor feared the foemen's steel,

And thousands in a bloody grave
Did true devotion seal;
But brightest star upon our shield,
Undimmed without a stain,
Is she who still refused to yield
Refused, alas, in vain—
THE WOMAN OF THE SOUTH.

We had no choice but to fight,
While she was left to grieve;
We battled for the truth and right
Our freedom to achieve—
Assured death we could embrace—
But there is not yet born
The Southern man who dares to face
The silent withering scorn
OF WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Who bade us go with smiling tears?
Who scorned the renegade?
Who, silencing their trembling fears,
Watched, cheered, then wept and prayed?
Who nursed our wounds with tender care,
And then, when all was lost,
Who lifted us from our despair
And counted not the cost?
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Then glory to the Lord of Hosts,—
Yes, glory to the Lord,
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost
And glory to His Word;
To us is giv'n creation's prize—
The masterpiece of Him
Who made the earth, the stars, the skies,
The war cloud's golden rim:—
THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

A. S. Morton, (Disbursing Auditor of the Northern Pacific R. R., St. Paul, Minn.), is becoming eminent in prose as well as poetry. Mr. Morton has just published a novel entitled, "Beyond the Paleocrystic Sea," a legend, beautifully told, of a land beyond "Greenland's Icy Mountains." It is well planned, unique in its presentation and an entertaining book. His poems, which have appeared in the VETERAN, on "Pelham," "My Southern Home," "Too Brave to Die," and "The Women of the South," (in this number), are an index to his literary worth.

Mr. Morton was reared in Richmond, Va., and is an ardent Southerner, but went West early.

The following lines were penned by John Glendenning and copied from the New York Dramatic Journal. While highly complimentary, and deservedly so, to the fair lady named, they should not appear in the VETERAN without an explanatory note.

The event occurred during the "stampede" of Hood's Army, and was not to the discredit of Confederates. The odds in numbers were so great that they could hardly have withstood the onslaught of the enemy in front, but that which created utter dismay was that they could see they were being flanked rapidly on their left, and they SAW that nothing under the sun could save them from capture but their feet, and that they must be quick. All honor to the "Southern Heroine" who appealed to them, although to escape was their patriotic duty.

"Stop, stop, stand firm, Confederates!
Stop, stop, and give them fight!
Halt, for the honor of your homes,
Halt, halt, for God and right!
What tho' ye are outnumbered,
Think of Thermopylæ;
You have three hundred Southern swords,
While they—they had but three."

Thus spake brave Mary Bradford,
While bullets rained around,
Holding, despite the Federal fire,
Unflinchingly her ground.
Her bright eyes glowed with valor
Beneath her tresses dark,
As she stood before the foemen
Like a modern Joan of Arc.

Again her clarion notes rang out,
"Halt, men of Tennessee,
For the dear honor of the South,
For the fame of Robert Lee!
Halt, halt, and send these Yankees
With Minie bullets back;
Fight for the fame of Dixie's land!
Charge! Whip this Northern pack!"

In vain this Southern heroine
Implored her men to stand,
A lethargy numbed every heart
And palsied every hand.
Her fair form stood out proudly
Against the Yankee brood,
And tho' a bullet grazed her cheek,
She still undaunted stood.

She cried, "Oh, brother Southerners,
I mourn for your dismay;
You might have turned the tide of war,
You might have gained the day.
God grant in future battles
Your hearts will stronger grow,
And make you Southwards turn your backs,
Your faces to the foe."

MRS. HELEN PRICE CATO.

MISS ROBBIE WOODRUFF.

Since this article on Heroines of the South was written by Comrade Ridley, he has discovered his "unknown heroine." She was formerly Miss Helen Price, but is now Mrs. Cato, and lives at Rome, Tenn.

According to promise, the picture of Miss Jane Thomas is given in this VETERAN. The sketch intended has to be abbreviated, but other reminiscences of the remarkable woman may be expected.

MISS JANE THOMAS.

Miss Thomas' father arrived where Nashville now is, Dec. 24, 1804. She, the fifth child, was a little tot four years old—born Sept. 2, 1800.

During nearly all of her eventful life she has lived in this County, when not in Nashville proper.

She has known many of the National Presidents, and nearly all of the Governors of Tennessee. She kissed Lafayette, and Sam Houston was as her own brother.

Away back in the other century, her father boarded in the house of Wm. Henry Harrison as a school boy, and his brother, Carter Harrison, visited the Thomas family, coming across the country from Russellville, Ky. "Miss Jane," as she is familiarly called, has given reminiscences of war times from which extracts are made:

After the battle of Manassas I visited the hospitals in Virginia, stopping first at Lynchburg and then at Charlottesville. I then went to Staunton, to Bath Alum and thence to Warm Springs. Dr. William Bass went to Virginia with me.

I remained at Warm Springs two months. General Lee was camped on Gauley River near Cheat Mountain and Rosecrans was fortifying on the other side. Cheat Mountain was forty miles from Warm Springs and the sick soldiers were sent there in wagons. One day there were three wagons full of soldiers, all with typhoid fever. Dr. Crump was the phisician in charge of the hospital and he asked me to go and see them. In one cottage there were only three beds and six patients. The men were surprised at seeing a lady. One of them was an elegant young physician, Dr. Robert Taylor, from Richmond, Va., and he belonged to Fitzhugh Lee's company of cavalry, made up of the aristocratic young men around Richmond. They were the "Virginia Rangers." I told to the young gentleman that I was an old lady, sixty-three years old, and had gone all the way from Nashville to care for sick and wounded soldiers.

Dr. Taylor was so very ill that I got a room in the hotel and had him moved to it and nursed him carefully for seven weeks. Afterward his sister, Mrs. Gen. Wickham, wrote me a beautiful letter, begging me to go and see them. Her brother had told them that I had "saved his life."

I met many distinguished, elegant people while at Warm Springs—among them Gen. Lee's wife and daughter, Maj. Baskerville, Dr. Paul Carrington, Dr. Hunter, Lieut. Bassett, Col. Morris Langhorn.

I went from there to Hot Springs, where Dr. J. R. Buist of Nashville had charge. Dr. Goode owned the place and his mother, in her beautiful home, made chicken soup and bread which I distributed among the soldiers every day. Before I left home the ladies of Nashville had given me a large supply of clothing, food and medicines.

Gen. Hatton was at Healing Springs, where I visited also, but did not stay long. Our own boys who were sick, and whom I nursed were Cad Polk, Sam Van Leer, Jim Cockrill, Robert Moore, Robert Phillips and others. Bishop Quintard was there helping to nurse the soldiers, also. Capt. Beaumont died at Warm Springs. His wife and niece, Miss Mary Boyd, were with him.

Comrades would like to see "Miss Jane" at the Richmond reunion. The writer once offended our President by asking his age, and again had bitter response when having ashed our first Secretary of War his age, though has he rarely made the mistake to discuss age with a lady. But he asked "Miss Jane" if she seemed old in those days, and she replied spiritedly, "No, sir, and I am not old now!"

NUMBER OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Mr. Ben La Bree, of Louisville, refers to the disagreement in numbers of Confederate Generals reported in February VETERAN: I notice two Rosters of "Confederate Generals" compiled by Henry E. Claflin, Abington, Mass., and Charles Edgeworth Jones, Augusta, Ga., respectively, in which Mr. Claflin states that there were 420 Confederate Generals. Full Generals, eight; Lieutenant Generals, seventeen; Major Generals, eighty-two; Brigadier Generals, 313. Mr. Jones states that there were 474. * * * I find that there were 475 Generals who received an appointment, and ranked as follows: Full Generals, eight; Lieutenant Generals, nineteen; Major Generals, eighty-one; Brigadier Generals, 367, total 475, many of these officers received their appointment toward the close of the war, but their rank failed to receive official confirmation.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

In the latter part of May, 1895, a few patriotic women of Vicksburg, daughters of Confederate soldiers, issued invitations to their sisters to meet them at the residence of Miss Anne Andrews to consider a subject of importance.

MISS ESTELLE COLEMAN, Vicksburg, Miss.

Accordingly quite a number assembled, and after discussion formed an organization under the title "Daughters of Confederate Veterans." Miss Estelle Coleman was elected President; Miss Ruth Shearer, Vice-President; Mrs. Emily R. Smith, Recording Secretary; Miss Louise Mann, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Halpin, Treasurer. All are daughters of well-known veterans. Charter members included the above officers and also the Misses Walthall, Adams, Askew, Maganas, Shelton, and Mrs. Geo. Rector.

Miss Anne Andrews, the devoted and loyal woman who first suggested the organization, though herself not a daughter of a veteran, was unanimously elected an honorary member, with the distinct stipulation that she was to be the only one ever admitted into the Association.

Like similar organizations, the chief aim of the "Daughters" is to keep alive the memory of Southern heroism and preserve Southern history; and this it will endeavor to do by collecting valuable incidents and relics of the war, by visiting the sick and relieving the wants of any Confederates in our midst, and, if possible, build a home for them. Already we have several valuable relics, and have started a "chain" for our "Home."

No one is entitled to membership unless a daughter of a Confederate veteran, and can prove the same indisputably, so, though many applications for membership are being received, the growth of the Association is necessarily slow. Our membership carries an honored prestige.

COMMENTS ABOUT THE VETERAN.

As this number will be sent to many who never saw a copy, a few of the multitude of notices by press and comrades are given. The complimentary notes from subscribers would fill a number of the VETERAN:

This from the Nashville Christian Advocate, Rev. Dr. E. E. Hoss, Editor: We are glad to see that our friend, and everybody's friend, Mr. S. A. Cunningham, is making a great success of his CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which is a thoroughly patriotic publication; designed, not to inflame sectional prejudices, but to collect and preserve the floating reminiscences of the Civil War. We do not see how any old Confederate can afford to do without this wonderfully interesting publication.

The Virginia Free Press, Charleston, W. Va., volunteers a liberal notice and copies the above with comment: A great paper, and one that would not commend a publication without merit.

Prof. J. H. Brunner, ex-President Hiwassee College, in East Tennessee: The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is an honor to our Southland.

The Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga.: THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN is not only growing in favor, but is rendering a genuine service. It is gathering materials for future history. It is eminently fair in its treatment of disputed themes and shows, by frequent responses from the North, that it circulates among both armies.

The literary editor of the Memphis Scimitar.: In summing up the needs of the South, and the enterprises which she should encourage, among the most desirable might be mentioned magazines and strictly literary journals; such as would fully represent the life of the section and its literary development. All efforts in this direction should be encouraged in the most generous manner, and since the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is making a brave fight along this line, it should command a most enthusiastic support.

W. L. Mack writes from Lamar, Mo.: We organized a Camp, on the 10th, with about twenty-five members, and hope to increase to fifty before the year is out. The following officers were elected: R. J. Tucker, Commander; J. W. Calleron, Lieut.-Commander; W. L. Mack, Adjutant. The Camp was named for Ed Ward, one of Barton county's oldest citizens, who was a brave and gallant Confederate soldier.

O. S. Green writes from Hill City, across the Tennessee from Chattanooga, that if the widow or children of Quartermaster Kesterson, of the Second Arkansas Infantry, will write to him, he can give them information concerning the Captain's death.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

The VETERAN, while duly deferential to the authorities to be in charge at the Richmond reunion, will be excused for earnest reference to arrangements. These reunions occur but once a year. Delegates attend at some inconvenience, and many of them at much expense; hence, they should be enabled to do the best for themselves and the objects in hand.

A letter from Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, Commanding the Alabama Division, illustrates the need of attention to these things. He states: I have been doing my best to keep the Division in good order so that it can make a creditable showing at Richmond, but it is hard work indeed. It will be well represented in Richmond, but, at present, I do not think I will go. Under our organization, the most useless thing in the world is the Division Commander at one of our annual conventions. He has absolutely nothing to do, and at Houston last year I was unable to obtain admission to the Convention Hall, except to the gallery. If I could do any good by going I would cheerfully go, but as a pleasure trip I would prefer something more quiet.

What a spectacle! The first Division Commander in the list unable to secure admission to the hall! As has been stated in the VETERAN, lack of organization detracts seriously from the benefit and pleasure of these assemblies. A general headquarters, however well indicated the state quarters may be, is not suitable. If Richmond will locate headquarters in different buildings as nearly together, however, as possible, and the Convention will appoint certain hours for reunions at these quarters, when Veterans and friends may meet, the result will be an improvement upon any plan yet adopted, and would certainly be the best conceivable from much careful consideration.

However admirable and thrilling the events connected with female achievements in the war, there is an instinctive revolt at the contemplation. Publication has been made that there were about four hundred women in the Union Army. Some were wives, some sweethearts, and some "romancers."

A Mrs. Brownell, born in Africa while her father, a Scotchman and an officer in the English Army, was stationed there, it is said, was the only one in the Federal Army who enlisted as a woman. Brownell and wife belonged to the First Rhode Island.

A young girl of Brooklyn was a soldier, and her life blood ebbed away under the shadow of Lookout Mountain. She thought she was to save the country. A note to her parents reads: "Forgive your dying daughter. I have but a few moments to live. My native soil drinks my blood. I expected to deliver my country, but the fates would not have it so. I am content to die. Pray, pa, forgive me. Tell ma to kiss my daguerreotype. EMILY.

P. S. Give my gold watch to little brother."

Miss Anna Carroll, lineal descendant of "Charles Carroll of Carrollton," was in close friendship with Mr. Lincoln, and she is credited with having planned the Tennessee campaign. An appropriation was pressed before Congress, but it failed. "The generals did not want to divide the honor with her." Francis Hocks wanted to go with her twin brother; there being no one to object, she enlisted as "Frank Miller." She was captured at Chattanooga. In an effort to escape she was wounded and then her sex became known. She was favored in prison.

Extraordinary space is given in this April VETERAN to Confederate organizations. The list of United Confederate Veteran Camps comprises, doubtless, the largest number of organizations ever embodied in six pages of similar size. The labor necessary to present it can hardly be appreciated except by publishers. The unstinted zeal of Miss A. C. Childress, whose labors are so generally known by the general organization of veterans, deserves continued recognition for her gratuitous aid.

It will be seen that the Daughters are rallying in nearly every section, and the VETERAN'S prediction for them is being fulfilled. They should work together.

They are looking to one general organization and that is very important. In some of the States Veterans have their separate State Associations, and United Confederate Veteran Camps are members of them, but the outside world looks to the general brotherhood only.

The interests are of too great consequence to avoid standing together as in the sixties. The VETERAN honors every organization bearing the sacred name Confederate, and would be helpful to all in their special needs in every locality, but it pleads for unity of action in fraternal spirit.

In this connection it refers to the unique organization at Vicksburg of "Daughters of Confederate Veterans," (elsewhere reported) and it fancies the blue lodge order for sentiment, but there ought to be a chapter in that famous city of Daughters of the Confederacy.

Capt. L. H. Denny, Blountsville, Tenn., sends one dollar to Sam Davis Monument Fund, and writes: I could not die satisfied if I failed to contribute my mite to erect a monument to perpetuate the fame of that heroic, youthful soldier boy.

The Franklin (Tenn.) Press has exercised commendable zeal in behalf of a monument to commemorate the heroic deeds of the Confederate Army in the terrible battle there, Nov. 30, 1864. The effort should not be abandoned. There was no test of heroic valor more valliantly met in all the war than the responding to Hood's order to "make the fight" at Franklin. His army—peerless except by other Confederate forces—rushed on and on, over a smooth plain for a mile, subsequent lines of battle stumbling over dead comrades, but on and on, parting the chevauxdefris with their hands, in fifty feet of well built breastworks and then struggling with ball and bayonet until the outer intrenchments were filled with their dead. And they certainly would have stampeded or captured the Federal army there but for the heroism of Opdyke's Brigade. Yes, build a monument at Franklin and let county pride do it, with volunteer contributions from other sections.

Giles and Rutherford counties have commendable enterprises in hand for the Samuel Davis monument. It will tax their resources to do what they should in that. No spot of earth can be more sanctified than that whereon he died, and no people can claim with greater pride the birthplace of a truer patriot and a nobler man.

Let Tennessee pride arouse Confederates yet living, and the Sons and Daughters of those who are dead, to establish with granite and bronze their nobility. Let this centennial year of the Volunteer State be made memorable by these testimonials.

In his appeal to Kentuckians for the "Battle Abbey," Gen. John Boyd says:

I believe it to be the duty of every veteran who is proud of his record as a Confederate soldier, proud of the brave deeds of his comrades, proud of the self-sacrifice and untiring zeal of his mother and sisters during our struggle for constitutional liberty, to do all in his power to aid in this noble work.

I believe it is a sacred duty we owe to ourselves, our children, to our dead comrades and to this glorious Southland in which we live, to see that this plan, which originated in the great heart of Comrade Rouss, be at once accomplished. To this end I request every veteran camp in Kentucky to take active measures to forward the good cause; call to your aid the local press, ever friendly to us; enlist the services of our noble women; interest every friend of the South, until a public sentiment is created which will find expression in subscriptions to our memorial fund.

Comrade Boyd has devoted more gratuitous service to his fellows, perhaps, than any other man.

David A. Ross, M. L. C., of Quebec, Canada, who was the recipient of some gold sleeve links with the Confederate flag enameled as an ornament, wrote some verses beginning:

> Are these the flags which were unfurled
> Before a sympathetic world,
> Borne by the bravest of the brave
> To victory or a warrior's grave?

Accompanying this in a letter, Mr. Ross, says:

"Opinions may vary as to the merits of the great war, but all can join in admiration of the heroic endurance, the ardent patriotism, and the unflinching courage of the Confederate troops."

Geo. A. Branard, Secretary of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, Houston, sends correction of his name and number of Regiment as given in February VETERAN, which should be 5th instead of 25th Texas. He adds: I would like to hear from the 1st, 4th and 5th Texas Regiments, as I am trying to find out how many are now living. Would also be glad to hear from some of the 18th, Geo. Hampton's Legion, and the 3rd Arkansas.

I was color-bearer of the First Texas, and while my Regiment was passing through Frederick City, Md., the wind blew my flag so it became strongly wrapped around a lady who was standing on a gallery near, and I had to leave the ranks and give her time to get out of it. Is that lady still living? I understand some one from that city has written about it. If the lady can recall it she will remember that it was a silk flag with a single star—the "Lone Star" flag of Texas—and I was in my stocking feet at that time and had been so before and in the battle of Manassas—no shoes to be had!

A gentleman, of Nashville, was a Union soldier and at Frederick City, Md., in '62, together with a comrade, proposed to buy some fruit in front of a comfortable looking home. The price was named, and a greenback dollar was proffered in payment.

"I don't want that," said the lady. "It will soon be of no value."

"It is all we have," replied the soldiers.

"It is all right, take the fruit," replied the lady, and she added, "I have some of that money that you can have if you wish it." She went into the house and returned with nineteen paper dollars that she gave to the two men, saying it would be no account in a month or so.

Comrade W. A. Campbell writes of the organization of a Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy at Columbus, Miss. He says: At the first meeting there were some twenty-two ladies present, and a number who could not attend sent in their names. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Jno. M. Billups, President; Mrs. E. T. Sykes, Vice-President; Mrs. J. O. Banks, Treasurer; Mrs. Thos. B. Franklin, Secretary. All are among our most prominent ladies socially, and all are most hearty in love for our cause.

At the last meeting of our Camp we had the Battle Abbey question up for discussion, and we will co-operate heartily with the Daughters of the Confederacy in this movement.

CONFEDERATES AT GETTYSBURG.

Hon. Andrew J. Baker, at present Commissioner in the General Land Office of Texas at Austin, has taken much pains to adjust history relating to the battle of Gettysburg. He has furnished the VETERAN some statistics that he was anxious to have produced at the United Confederate Veteran reunion.

In a letter to his "dear old General," Harry Heth, Comrade Baker states:

It is not my purpose to detract from the heroism and renown of the gallant and brave troops of Gen. Pickett, whose historic fame was sanctified by the blood of the immortal Armistead and the glorious courage of the unknown rank and file whose bones now lie under the edge of the stone wall, but I do feel that some whose lives were spared, even though wounded themselves, should do justice to the memory of the other dead who, also, made the same charge and under a more galling and deadly fire, by at least having their memories perpetuatedy along with those of General Pickett's command.

I write now to ask you to do me the special kindness and your brave dead soldiers the justice, to write me if, as a matter of fact, Davis' Brigade and Pettigrew's do not appear on the Bachelor map as having gone up on the heights where the first line of batteries had been, and if the map does not show that thus they took a position at least as far in advance, if not farther, which latter fact I believe the map will show, than was Gen. Armistead's when he fell, whose death it is said marked the high watermark of the Confederacy.

When you consider how soon we who went to Pennsylvania are to join those who are still there on that field, and that none will be left to do justice to your brave boys, you will appreciate how important to history must be the urgency of this effort.

He had been informed by Gen. Heth that he had refrained from writing anything about any engagement in which he was not present, and that having been wounded in that battle, that Gen. Reynolds being wounded, also, and General Pettigrew, who commanded the division, having been mortally wounded at Falling Waters, no report was made.

Gen. Heth, however, sent some maps which he regarded as very accurate and the following drawing is from the one showing position of the commands in question. Unhappily the engraving is brought to too small a scale.

CASUALTIES IN HETH'S DIVISION.

Pettigrew's Brigade: 11th, 26th, 47th and 52nd North Carolina, killed 190, wounded 915; total 1,105.

Brockenborough's Brigade: 22nd, 40th, 47th and 55th Virginia, killed 25, wounded 123; total 148.

Archer's Brigade: 5th and 13th Alabama, also 1st, 7th and 14th Tennessee Provisional Army, killed 16, wounded 144; total 160.

Davis' Brigade: 55th North Carolina, 2nd, 11th and 42nd Mississippi, killed 180, wounded 717; total 887.

Aggregate in Heth's Division, killed 411, wounded 1,809; total 2,310.

PENDER'S DIVISION.

McGowan's Brigade: 1st South Carolina (Provisional Army), 1st, 12th, 13th and 14th South Carolina Rifles, killed 100, wounded 477; total 577.

Lane's Brigade: 7th, 18th, 28th, 33rd and 37th North Carolina, killed 41, wounded 348; total 389.

Thomas' Brigade: 14th, 30th, 45th and 49th Georgia, killed 16, wounded 136; total 152.

Seales' Brigade: 13th, 16th, 22nd, 34th and 38th North Carolina, killed 102, wounded 322; total 425.

Aggregate of Pender's Division, killed 259, wounded 1,283; total 1,542.

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

Garnett's Brigade: 8th, 18th, 19th, 28th and 56th Virginia, killed 78, wounded 324; total 402.

Armistead's Brigade: 9th, 14th, 38th, 53rd and 57th Virginia, killed 88, wounded 460; total 548.

Kemper's Brigade: 1st, 3rd, 7th, 11th and 24th Virginia, killed 58, wounded 356; total 414.

Aggregate of Pickett's Division, killed 224, wounded 1,140; total 1,364.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Law's Brigade: 4th, 15th, 44th, 47th and 48th Alabama, killed 74, wounded 276; total 350.

Anderson's Brigade: 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th and 59th Georgia, killed 105, wounded 512; total 617.

Robertson's Brigade: 3rd Arkansas; 1st, 4th and 5th Texas, killed 84, wounded 393; total 477.

Aggregate in Hood's Division, killed 263, wounded 1,181; total 1,444.

RECAPITULATION.

Hood's Division: Composed of three Brigades, total killed and wounded as follows:

Heth's Division, four Brigades: Pettigrew's 1,105; Brockenbrough's, 148; Archer's, 150; Davis' 897. Total 2,310.

Pender's Division, four Brigades: McGowan's, 577; Lane's, 380; Thomas' 152; Seales' 425. Total 1,542.

Pickett's Division, three Brigades: Garnett's 402; Armistead's, 546; Kemper's, 414. Total 1,364.

Law's, 350; Anderson's, 617; Robertson's, 477. Total 1,444.

LARGEST LOSSES BY BRIGADES.

Pettigrew's, Heth's Division, 1,105; Davis', Heth's Division, 897; Armistead's, Pickett's Division, 548; Anderson's, Hood's Division, 617; McGowan's, Pender's Division, 577.

A VALUABLE HEIRLOOM.

W. L. Culley, Wartrace, Tenn., sends a letter from Gen. John R. Coffee of Wannville, Ala., who was born in Bedford County, Tenn., and was a colonel in the Mexican War. During the Confederate War the Federals took his sword and flag, as the letter explains:

WANNVILLE, ALA., Feb. 22, '96.

Mr. S. Y. Miller, College Corner, Ohio. Your letter received; also the sword, which is mine. * * *

I shall instruct my only surviving son to hang it on his "cottage wall," where, I trust, the yellow sunlight of peace may shine upon it until the last sand shall have drifted through the hourglass of time. During the Civil War, about the time I lost the sword, I also lost my regimental colors, which were presented to me at Bellefonte, Ala., on the 6th day of June, '46, by Mrs. John A. Morrison. It bore this inscription:

"From the fair to the brave. Go, your country calls."

I have read, with deep regret, the obituary notice of your daughter. * * * The separation is but short, and, truly,

"There is no death, the stars go down,
To shine upon some fairer shore,
And there, in God's immortal crown,
They shine forevermore."

How sensibly do I feel these lines as I write them with a hand palsied by age! Yes, my dear friend, for I feel that we are friends, though we have never met—you and I shall soon join each other, with our sainted ones, and be "gathered unto the fathers," even as my own bright rolling river, the noble Tennessee, joins yours, the great Ohio, and thence are gathered together unto the Father of Waters.

OUR WOMEN ON THE WAR.

The inquiry has recently gone the rounds of the press of the country, Why do not Southern women write more of the war. A Southern woman answers:

They bid us tell the story
Of our nation's golden past,
And sing her hymns of conquest
And chant her dirge at last.
But when the wounds are fresh and quiv'ring,
Is there any place for art?
Can we print the stories graven
On the tablets of the heart?

Women hide their dearest treasures
From the public's curious gaze;
When her thoughts are of her lover
Does a maiden speak his praise?
Nay, the brown lark hides her secret
In her faithful frightened breast,
And she flutters farthest from it
When the school boy seeks her nest.

So we sing of other nations
And the glories they have known,
But our pride is in our Southland
And our hearts speak of our own.
When we sing of lofty courage
And of knightly chivalry,
We may write the name of Sidney
But we think the name of Lee.

We may write of reckless Roland
As he led his gallant band,
But we think of dashing Morgan,
In our peerless Southern land.
When we praise all England's Stuarts,
'Tis our own we fain would sing—
There was none so gay and gallant,
There was none more truly king.

We laud the bold crusader
With the red cross on his breast,
Who sought the Holy City
From the Moslems grasp to wrest.
But a knighthood no less noble
Claims now our pride and love—
The gray-clad ranks of Southrons
With their red cross high above.

It may be a woman's folly
That she guards her treasures so,
But shall History's page be blotted
By our tears so quick to flow?
Let our children tell the story
Of the cause their fathers led,
For our sorrow seals our utterance,
And our silence shrines our dead.

J. J. Coulter writes from Luling, Tex.: Just before the close of the war, early one morning when fighting was going on in the piney wood of North Carolina, I chanced to meet with a young soldier; he was alone and weak from loss of blood, his arm having just been amputated. I dismounted, assisted him into my saddle and went two or three miles with him to a little village—Bentonville, I think—and left him in good hands. I was unable to find out his name, but he told me that he belonged to a South Carolina regiment. Is this comrade still living? If so, he will please answer.

FLAG HISTORY.

The Indianapolis News gives this flag history:

"Thirteen is not an unlucky number when it is embodied in flags and national emblems." The colonies were thirteen, and all the early devices for the American republic were planned upon the idea. Thirteen stripes were placed upon the flag and thirteen vessels were built for the first navy. Thirteen arrows, grasped in a mailed hand, were among the seals of state; later the arrows were transferred to the claw of the eagle, but their number remained the same. Thirteen mailed hands grasping an endless chain of thirteen links was another emblem of the colonial days.

The first flags used by the American colonies were naturally those of the mother Britain. Then, when the spirit of freedom began to sweep over the land, these were displaced by flags of various forms. Prominent among these were the rattlesnake flag, the famed pine tree flag and the palmetto flag, and at the time Bunker Hill and Lexington were fought these were the flags of the colonists. The stars and stripes had not come into existence.

After the rude devices of the palmetto, the pine tree and the rattlesnake, the next step in the evolution of the flag was a tri-colored banner, not yet spangled with a union of stars, but showing thirteen stripes of red and white, with the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew done in blue in one corner. This standard was first established in Washington's Camp, at Cambridge, Jan. 2, 1776.

THE WASHINGTON COAT OF ARMS.

Nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence, the American Congress resolved: "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." Merely the resolution is left for us to read; the record of the interesting debate which must have preceded this measure, and the reason for its adoption, are missing. Writers on the topic believe that there was an intimate relation between the resolution and the escutcheon of George Washington, which contained both stars and stripes.

It is an established fact that the stars and stripes waved over the colonial troops at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and henceforth, throughout the Revolution, the flag was carried in every battle. The pennon was hoisted over the ships of the navy soon after its adoption by the army. The ship Ranger, Capt. Paul Jones commanding, arrived, floating the new banner, at a French port about December 1, 1777; and on February 14, 1778, the Ranger's colors received the first salute ever paid an American flag by the vessel of a foreign nation.

It was claimed that a Mrs. John Ross, who was an upholsterer and lived in Arch street, Philadelphia, sewed the first flag made of stars and stripes. Her descendants have asserted that a congregational committee, headed by Gen. George Washington himself, called upon her in June, 1776, and engaged her to make a flag from a rough drawing which they had. At the woman's suggestion, General Washington made another sketch of the design. Drawing out his pencil, he seated himself in her back parlor and traced the outlines of the flag, which she soon sewed from the sketch.

Thirteen had not proved an unlucky number, but when Vermont was admitted to the sisterhood of the Union in 1791, followed by Kentucky in 1792, it became necessary in the opinion of statesmen to change the number of stripes and stars. Accordingly a measure was adopted by Congress establishing fifteen stars and fifteen stripes, instead of thirteen; this law not to take effect until May, 1786.

Capt. Samuel C. Reid suggested a new design for a national emblem that would represent the growth of States and not destroy its distinctive character. In accord with his suggestion a new law was passed, and on April 4, 1818, the flag of the United States was permanently established.

The act provided that "from and after the 4th day of July next, the flag of the United States shall be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union have twenty stars (white) on a blue field; that on the admission of every new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the 4th day of July succeeding such admission."

The national emblem in the war with Mexico bore twenty-nine stars in its union: but the flag of the civil war contained thirty-four.

The same issue of the News states additional:

At the beginning of the struggle, the South experienced difficulty in determining a distinctive flag for its forces. The stars and stripes were as much a part of Southern history as of Northern; and many people in the Confederacy were loath to part with the old banner. When they chose a flag, they selected the stars and bars, a design so like the old emblem of an unbroken country, that it was frequently mistaken in the battle for the Federla flag.

CUTTING THE FLAG IN TWO—A CLEVER SUGGESTION.

Previous to the adoption of a rebel flag, and during a heated discussion on the subject, Professor Morse, inventor of the telegraph, made the suggestion that the flag be cut in two, and a half given to North and to South. "Referring to this as on a map," he said, "the upper portion being North and the lower portion being South, we have the upper end of the division of the blue field, and then six and a half stripes for the North field, and the lower diagonal and division of the blue field and the six and a half of the stripes for the Southern flag, the portion of the blue field to contain the stars to the number of States embraced in each confederacy. The reasons for such a division are obvious. It prevents all dispute on a claim for the old flag by either confederacy. It is distinctive, for the two cannot be mistaken for each other, either at sea or at a distance on land. Each flag, being a moiety of the old flag, will retain something at least of the sacred memories of the past for the sober reflection of each confederacy, and if a war with some foreign nation or combination of nations (all wars being unhappy), under our treaty of offense and defense, the two separate flags, by natural affinity, would clasp fittingly together, and the old, glorious flag

of the Union, in its entirety, would be hoisted once more, embracing all the sister States."

No provision has ever been made for the arrangement of the stars since the placing of them, as suggested by Captain Reid, passed out of practice.

Some confusion exists in the arrangement of the stars, and on any great public occasion, when the people parade, one may see a variety of American flags. The early custom was to insert the stars in parallel rows across the field of blue. This custom has always been followed in the navy, since the President's order of 1818 directing such arrangement. In the army, the stars have always been arranged in parallel, horizontal rows, although not in vertical rows. Hereafter there will be no difference whatever in the design of the flag used in the navy and the one in the army.

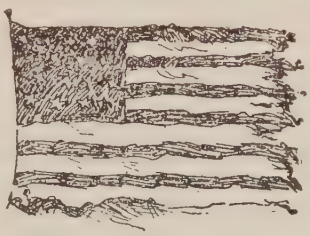
The national flags flying over army camps and forts are made of American bunting. They are of three different sizes—the storm and recruiting flag, eight feet long and four feet two inches wide; the post flag, twenty feet long and ten feet wide; the garrison flag, thirty-six feet long and twenty feet wide, hoisted on great occasions. The size of flags used in the army and navy is not fixed by law, but established by army and navy regulations. The colors carried by infantry and artillery regiments are silk, six feet six inches long, six feet wide and mounted on staffs. The field of stars is thirty-one inches long and extends to the fourth stripe.

C. H. Smart, Nashville, Tenn., furnishes this interesting contribution on the subject.

In the State Library at Indianapolis, Ind., is a Confederate flag of interest to Nashville people, a brief description of which is here given, as well as an illustration of it. The flag is that of the Third Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. This was the late Gov. John C. Brown's regiment, who at Fort Donelson, where the flag was captured, commanded the Third Brigade, of which the Third Tennessee formed part. Lieut.-Col. T. M. Gordon commanded the Regiment during the battle, but being wounded, the command devolved upon Maj. N. F. Cheairs. The remainder of the Brigade was made up of the Eighteenth Tennessee, Col. J. B. Palmer; Thirty-second Tennessee, Col. E. C. Cook; Kentucky Battery, Capt. R. E. Graves; Tennessee Battery, Capt. T. K. Porter, who was wounded, and the command fell to Lieut. John W. Morton; and the Jackson (Va.) Battery. The flag is 5x10 feet in size, made of silk, but is in a poor state of preservation. One side of the blue field has a painting of a knight in full armor on horseback, the work of W. Hearn, of this city. This is now nearly rotted out of the flag, and can hardly be deciphered from the part still remaining. The words "My life" are still to be seen, but the balance of the inscription is effaced by time's ravages. On the reverse side, in gilt letters, are the words, or rather abbreviations, "Third Regt. Tenn. Vol." On the reverse of the blue field are eight stars in a circle, surrounded by a wreath of honeysuckles. The body of the flag on this side contains a picture of a ship between the words "Agriculture" and "Commerce," probably intended to represent the coat of arms of the State.

In a room in the War Department at Washington is stored a number of captured Confederate flags, which are of all shapes, sizes and materials, of one of which mention will be made. It is the flag of the Apalachicola Guard. It is evidently made of dresses of women, who thus showed their loyalty to the Southern cause. The material is blue, with the stars, seven in number, and other designs in cream-colored silk. Upon it is an eagle carrying in his beak a scroll, upon which is inscribed "Our rights we will maintain." Below the eagle are the words "In God is our trust." The flag has been rent in the center, as if by a shell.

In a room in the residence of Mrs. Robert Anderson, on Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C., hangs a picture of her husband—the gallant Kentuckian who defended Fort Sumter. Draped around the picture are the two flags of the fort, the garrison flag and the storm flag. The latter was the one which for forty hours was the target for every Confederate gun in and around Charleston on April 12–13, '61, and was presented to Maj. Anderson upon his arrival at Washington after his evacuation of Sumter, and is still preserved by his wife. A cut of this flag is here presented, as it appears now.



The Hopkins County, Ky., Ex-Confederate Association, Camp No. 528, United Confederate Veterans of Madisonville, was first organized May 27th, 1893, under the name of "Hopkins County Ex-Confederate Relief Association," and at a call meeting April 1, 1895, was reorganized under the name of "Hopkins County Ex-Confederate Association", and attached to the United Confederate Veterans under the following officers: Capt, L. D. Hockersmith, Commander; Thos. H. Smith, Adjutant; Capt. T. B. Jones, Treasurer.

The National Sentinel of Washington, D. C., makes pleasant reference to the VETERAN, and adds along with commending it to its readers: We welcome the journal to our table because it dares express, with proper courtesy and propriety, its sentiments on questions about which honest differences exist.

ANOTHER "CHARMING NELLIE" LETTER.

Thanks again and again for the continued supply of letters by J. B. Polley, Esq., of Texas:

IN CAMP SOMEWHERE, June 24, 1862.

CHARMING NELLIE:

Hood's Texas Brigade and Jackson's troops are lost in the wild, tangled wilderness surrounding Ashland, the birthplace of Henry Clay. We have been here a couple of days, but when and where we are going next, only the Lord and Gen. Jackson can form any definite idea. There may be free agency in religious matters, but experience teaches a private soldier that there is none in military affairs—to him. He is an automaton, guided, directed and controlled by wires pulled by superiors. * * * * While never confronted by a body of the enemy, the Fourth Texas was actively engaged during the better part of the two days battle of Seven Pines, dodging minnie and cannon balls and shells fired by the Yankees. Webber, a German of Company F., was the only man of the regiment who actually refused to duck his head at every invitation. "Vat for doadge?" he would say: "Ven ze time coom, ve die any vay—ven ze time no coom, ze ball, he mees." However, we were doublequicked back and forth from one end of the battleground to the other, in futile effort to reach the enemy. The ground was low and swampy, the rain fell in torrents, and when night came, he was a lucky man who found a rail or log on which to sleep and keep out of mud and water.

During the engagement, the Sixty First Pennsylvania was driven so hurriedly out of its well appointed camp as to leave all of its baggage and commissary stores. Fortunately for the Texans, the troops who did the driving were denied the time to take possession of the captured property, and it was promptly confiscated to our use and benefit. Some one looted the tent of Maj. B. F. Smith of the aforesaid Sixty First, and seized upon his commission and a bundle of letters—among them one of recent date from his sister. In the division of the spoils, this fell to me, and was so charming and homelike that I read it over and over again and then lest it should fall into unappreciative hands, burned it. Judging from the letter, the writer is a highly accomplished young lady—a daughter of a member of the Legislature from West Chester County, Pa. It differed essentially from the others I read from Northern ladies, for it contained but one allusion to the Rebels, and that by no means bitter. It would please the gallant Major, no doubt, if he survived the discomfiture of his regiment, as well as his lovely and lively sister, to be assured of my gratitude for the pleasure afforded me; the Major, by a hasty retreat, and the lady, by writing a letter so interesting, newsy and humorous as to charm a stranger and Rebel, and remind him of his own loved ones in far off Texas. While perusing it, the Rebel sat on a chunk of wood at the foot of a tall pine tree, with his feet in the water. A heavy shower had just fallen, and dry places were not easily to be found. Every now and then a cannon ball or shell, fired from a Federal gun, would crash through the top of the tree; but I was inside of the range of the gun, and any damage done by it was to people far back in the rear.

On the eleventh of the month, the Texas Brigade was ordered to Staunton to reinforce Stonewall Jackson. The day after reaching Staunton, however, it marched back across the Blue Ridge toward Charlottesville. Early in the day Gen. Hood halted each regiment in turn, and gave his orders. To the Fourth, he said: "Soldiers of the Fourth: I know as little of our destination as you do. If, however, any of you learn or suspect it, keep it a secret. To every one who asks questions, answer, 'I don't know.' We are now under the orders of Gen. Jackson and I repeat them to you. I can only tell you further, that those of you who stay with the command on this march will witness and participate in grand events."

Such an address, such orders and such a prediction, not only astonished the soldiers, but inflamed their curiosity to the highest pitch. Many were the conjectures—some sensible, some ludicrous, but none probably near the truth. There were many stills in the sequestered nooks of the mountains, and by noon many of the men were in an exceedingly good humor—a few staggering—and apple jack and peach brandy could be had out of hundreds of canteens. To prevent the men from getting liquor, Gen. Hood authorized a statement, which was industriously circulated and really believed, that smallpox was raging among the citizens. Whether true or not, it had a good effect; I did not straggle.

Riding along by himself, half a mile in rear of the Brigade, General Hood discovered, lying in the middle of the road and very drunk, a soldier of the Fourth. Checking his horse, the General asked, "What is the matter with you, sir? Why are you not with your company?" The stern and peremptory voice sobered the man a little, and rising to a sitting posture and looking at the General with drunken gravity, he said: "Nossin' much, I rekon, General—I just feel sorter weak and no account." "So I see, sir," said Hood, "get up instantly and rejoin your company." The victim of John Barleycorn made several ineffectual attempts to obey, and some men coming along just then, Hood ordered them to take charge of him and conduct him to his company. But as they approached with intent to carry out the order, the fellow found voice to say between hiccoughs, "Don't you men that ain't been vaccinated come near me—I've got the smallpox—tha's wha's the masser with me."

The men shrank back in alarm, and the General, laughing at the way his own chickens had come home to roost, said: "Let him alone, then—some teamster will pick him up," and rode on.

Gen. Jackson gave strict orders against depredating on private property. Apples were plentiful, and it was contrary to nature not to eat them. Jackson saw a Texan sitting on the limb of an apple tree, busily engaged in filling his haversack with the choicest fruit. He reined in his old sorrel horse, and in his customary curt tone, asked: "What are you doing in that tree, sir?" "I don't know," replied the Texan. "What command do you be-

long to?" "I don't know." "Is your command ahead or behind you?" "I don't know." And thus it went on—the same "I don't know" given as answer to every question. Finally, Jackson asked: "Why do you give me that answer to every question?" "'Cause them's old Jackson's orders," replied the man in the tree, and the officer had to ride on, disgusted at a too literal obedience of his own orders.

A BOY SOLDIER'S FIDELITY.

Joe Wright Crump, Harrison, Arkansas.

The Confederate soldier made a record for daring and devotion to his cause that is without parallel, but when a mere boy, like the "clansman for his chief," risked his life and liberty for a superior officer, it was evidence of a chivalric friendship that bade defiance to circumstances brought about by military rule.

It was in the early days of May, '63, when Grant's Army encircled the doomed City of Vicksburg, that Pemberton crossed Big Black River, and marched through Edwards' Station to Baker's Creek to meet the enemy. The battle opened about 10 o'clock, and the fighting continued until about sundown—one of the bloodiest of the war.

On Champion Hill, Gen. Greene ordered his brigade, including Sterman's Battalion (First Arkansas Dismounted Cavalry), to charge the Federals who were in possession of the Hill. This charge was successful, but the enemy reinforced and recaptured the position. The second charge was ordered by the gallant Greene, and the enemy was again driven from the Hill. In this charge Lieut. Jack Steele, who was in command of Company E, of Sterman's Battalion, received a minie ball in his shoulder inflicting a dangerous wound. His men begged him to retire, but with an unquailing spirit he changed his sword to his left hand and, waving it over his head, led his men on to victory. The loss of blood soon forced the exhausted hero to relinquish his sword, and kind friends carried him to the rear.

Lieut. Manning Davis, next in rank, took command and led the company in repeated charges, but he too received a wound which disabled him, being shot in the thigh. There being no other commissioned officer, Sergt. Free took command. Night was approaching and the Confederates were ordered to the fortifications at Vicksburg.

This boy friend, Hugh R———, had a horror of his officer falling into the hands of the enemy, and with the assistance of others, he improvised a litter with blankets and poles and carried Lieut. Davis off the battlefield. The army left our young hero with his Lieutenant in an old out-of-the-way house, where they remained till morning, the boy, under cover of the night, carrying water and dressing his officer's wound.

When daylight came the faithful attendant reconnoitered the situation and found they were near an old plantation. Uncle Abe, "a gemmen of color," was sole custodian of this deserted place, and when the boy asked him for a mule, he said: "Jist hep yo'self; the Yankees will git 'em anyway." The mule was blind, but it answered the boy's purpose, and it was not long until he and his lieutenant were muleback and jogging along after their command in the direction of Vicksburg. Instead of following Pemberton, our travelers took the trail of Gen. Loring, who marched around Grant's Army and joined Gen. Jos. E. Johnston at Jackson, Miss.

Near the middle of the afternoon they saw a troop of cavalry marching towards them and they were not long in discovering that they were Federals. Hugh could have escaped to the woods, but would not leave his Lieutenant.

"Hello, Johnnies! which way?" was the greeting given by the officers in front.

"We are attempting to overtake our command," replied the Confederates.

"You have fallen in with the wrong command, haven't you?"

"From your garb, we think we have," said the boy, dryly.

"We'll take good care of you," said the officer, and ordered the prisoners to the rear, where Lieut. Davis' wounds were properly cared for. He was then put in an ambulance under guard, Hugh being allowed to stay with him. They were taken to the battleground of the day before, arriving there at one o'clock at night, when the lieutenant was placed in the hospital and Hugh in the "Bull Ring," and there they remained three days with one cracker per day each.

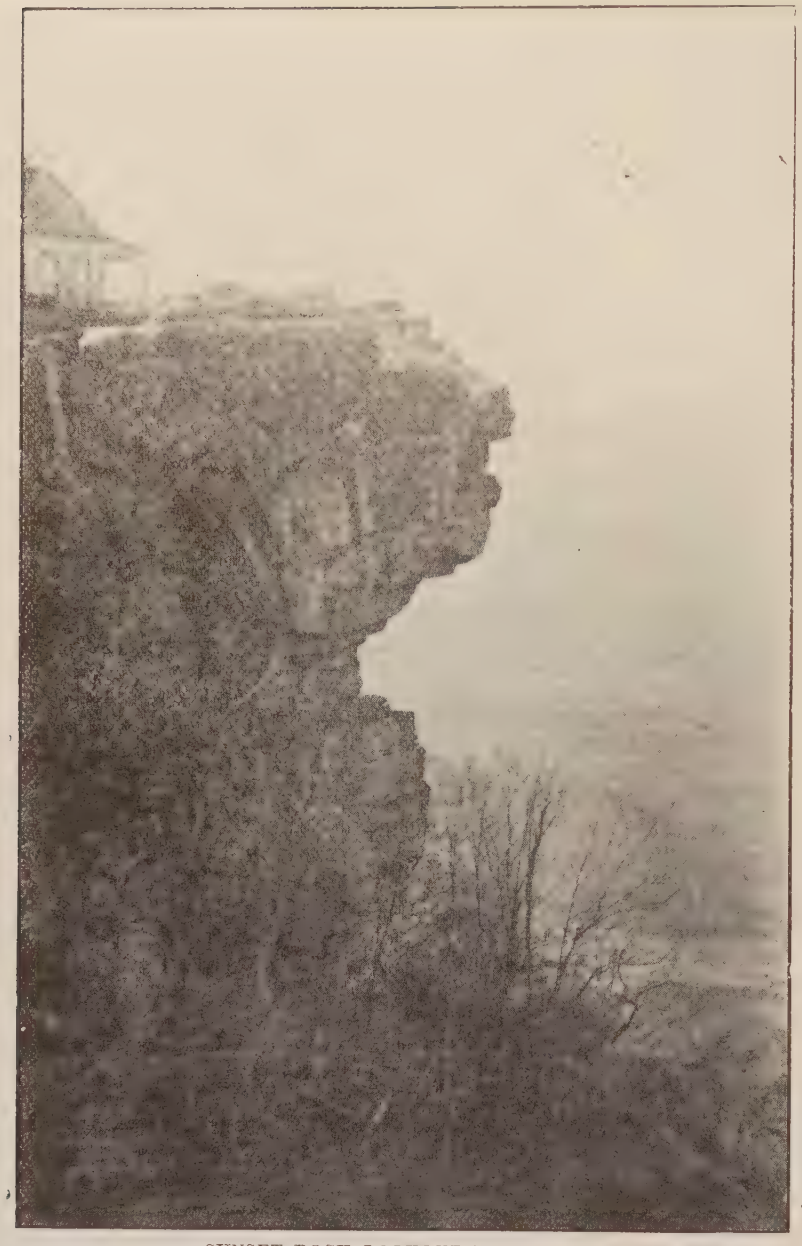
The fourth day the Federals marched down the Yazoo River, where they met transports, and where the half famished men went almost into transports of happiness over the rations received. The refreshments were divided with the prisoners, after which they were placed on one of the boats and conveyed down to Young's Point, on the west bank of the Mississippi, opposite Vicksburg.

Here they were retained as prisoners of war for ten days in hearing of the bombardment and defense of Vicksburg. During this time the Cincinnati, a Federal gunboat, was sunk by the Confederates at Vicksburg. Part of its crew escaped and passed the point, where our Confederate friends saw them in their saturated condition.

The only means our Confederate prisoners, held there then, had of cleansing themselves and their clothes was in a pond, where they waded knee deep, and to which only five hundred had access at a time. The "Crescent City," a transport, was brought near the camp, and Lieut. Davis and Hugh soon found they were to be carried to Fort Delaware. The privates were separated from the officers, and crowded on the lower decks like sheep going to slaughter.

When the transport arrived in Memphis it anchored in the middle of the stream all night, and there the boy, who had faithfully followed and shared the privations of his officer, resolved to escape, and, as a freeman, fill a watery grave or wear the laurels he had so defiantly "plucked from the brow of fate."

P. S.—Will tell of his escape in another sketch.



SUNSET ROCK, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

AN APPEAL TO THE SOUTH.

ANNIE BARNWELL MORTON.

Aye, rear a monument, Tennessee,
To the soldier-boy whose life
Was laid bravely down to make you free,
In those dark years of strife.
But not you alone—let the whole Southland
In the glorious task unite,
And each Southron give, with a willing hand,
To the sacred cause, his mite.

There were many as young and brave as he,
Who for Dixie gladly died;
Who left home and friends to follow Lee,
And with Stuart and Hampton ride;
Under Stonewall Jackson's lead to fight,
Or advance to meet the foe,
'Neath Beauregard, our gallant Knight,
Or the soldiers' friend, "Old Joe."

In the battle's shock they bravely fell,
With their comrades close beside;
With the music of the Rebel yell
For their requiem, they died.
No nobler death could a patriot crave,
Than to yield, in fearless strife,
Back to our God the gift He gave,
A brave and stainless life.

But this hero boy died all alone,
In the midst of that cruel band;
With no farewell word, no loving tone,
No grasp of a friendly hand;
With no gun or sword, on the battle plain,
With no comrade at his side,
For he, whose life had been free from stain,
On the shameful gallows died.

* * * *

Aye, rear to brave Davis' memory
A lofty burial stone.
Type of our Southern chivalry,
We build, not to him alone,
But sacred to honor, truth, and right,
Let it point from Dixie's breast,
Up to God's Home of eternal light,
Where the hero found his rest.

B. F. Harris, who served in Company I, Thirty-sixth Alabama Regiment has written in the Sunny South an interesting account of his command while crossing Shoal Creek on Hood's retreat from Tennessee, in which he states: * * *

Some divested themselves of their pants, while others went on as they were.

The creek was about 150 yards wide and the swiftest current I think I ever saw. I thought it impossible to wade or swim the stream. It seemed that a steamboat could have easily run on its waters. S. P., who had a poor old mule, told his company, which was Company C., that he would carry over all their blankets for them. The suggestion was at once complied with and he took blankets up before and behind him, until he was scarcely visible.

All things being ready, we started in. The water was very cold and so swift that it compelled us to go by two's, holding each others hand for support. I was somewhat in advance of my friend who rode the mule and had discovered that the bed of the creek was a mass of round, slippery rocks, so it was with great difficulty that we managed to retain our footing. All at once I heard a deafening shout go up from the boys.

On looking around, I saw Smith Powell, the old mule and Company C's blankets going down the stream with the rapidity of a train of cars. Powell finally gained his footing, but the poor old mule and the blankets were a total loss, without any insurance.

Comrade Harris would like to know of Powell.

Dr. J. C. J. King, Waco, Tex.: If Thos. Bruce Stribling, of Company "A," 2nd Texas Cavalry, is still living, I would be very thankful for his address. Would also like to locate J. W. Tucker, of same company, last heard from in Arkansas.

CAMP LIST OF UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Furnished by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Office, Nashville, Tenn.

Comrades and other friends will at once see that to prepare this long list of Camps was a great task. Changes are ever occurring in the officers—Commanders and Adjutants. There must be many errors in this as it has not been revised recently. Please give notice on postal card, or if in letter, note the corrections on separate slip of paper on which no other business occurs. Let every friend correct any known error; also fill in blanks where the officers names are not given.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta.

Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

Gen. S. D. Lee commands the Department East of the Mississippi.

Gen. W. L. Cabell commands the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. John C. Underwood commands the Northern Department.

The Camp "officers" in the following list are Commander and Adjutant:

ALABAMA.

Maj. Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, Commander, Birmingham.
Col. H. E. Jones, Chief of Staff, Montgomery.
James M. Williams, Brigadier General, Mobile.
William Richardson, Brigadier General, Anniston.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abner P. O.—Handley—351—M. V. Mullins, H. A. Brown.
Albertville—Camp Miller—385—W. H. McCord, Asa Ray.
Alexandria—Alexandria—395—C. Martin, E. T. Clark.
Alexander City—Lee—401—R. M. Thomas, A. S. Smith.
Andalusia—Harper—256—J. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston—Pelham—258—F. M. Hight, Addison Z. McGhee.
Ashland—Clayton—327—A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell.
Ashville—St. Clair—308—John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss.
Athens—Thos. L. Hobbs—400—E. C. Gordon, B M. Lowell.
Auburn—Auburn—236—H. C. Armstrong, R. W. Burton.
Bangor—Wheeler—492—R. H. L. Wharton, W. L. Redman.
Bessemer—Bessemer—157—N. H. Sewall, T. P. Waller.
Birmingham—Hardee—39—R. D. Johnson, W. F. Smith.
Bridgeport—J. Wheeler—260—I. H. Johnson, L. B. Burnett.
Brookwood—Force—459—R. D. Jackson, J. H. Nelson.
Calera—Emanuel Finley—498—John P. West, W. H. Jones.
Camden—Franklin K. Beck—224—R. Gaillard, J. F. Foster.
Carrollton—Pickens—323—M. L. Stansel, B. Upchurch.
Carthage—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.
Centre—Stonewall Jackson—658—R. T. Ewing.
Clayton—Barbour County—493—W. H. Pruett, E. R. Quillin.
Coalburg—F. Cheatham—434—F. P. Lewis, J. W. Barnhart.
Cullman—Thos. H. Watts—489—E. J. Oden, A. E. Hewlett.
Dadeville—Crawf-Kimbal—343—W. C. McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe.
Decatur—Horace King—476—W. A. Long, John T. Banks.
Edwardsville—Wiggonton—359—W. P. Howell, T. J. Burton.
Eutaw—Sanders—64—Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Evergreen—Capt. Wm. Lee—338—P. D. Bowles, H. M. King.
Fayette—Lindsey—466—John B. Sanford, W. B. Shirley.
Florence—E. A. O'Neal—298—A. M. O'Neal, C. M. Crow.
Fort Payne—Estes—263—J. M. Davidson, A. P. McCartney.
Gadsden—Emma Sanson—275—Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes.
Gaylesville—John Pelham—411—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.
Greensboro—A. C. Jones—266—A. M. Avery, W. C. Christian.
Greenville—Sam'l L. Adams—349—E. Crenshaw, F. E. Dey.
Guin—Ex-Confederate—415— ————, W. N. Hulsey.
Guntersville—M. Gilbreath—333—R. T. Coles, J. L. Burke.
Hamilton—Marion Co—346—A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton.
Hartselle—Friendship—383—M. K. Mahan, T. J. Simpson.
Holly Pond—Holly Pond—567—Geo. W. Watts, S. M. Foust.
Huntsville—E. J. Jones—357—Geo. P. Turner, B. Patterson.
Jackson—A.C.V.A.—497—E. P. Chapman, S. T. Woodward.
Jackson—Clarke County—475—
Jacksonville—Martin—292—J. H. Caldwell, W. L. Grant.
Lafayette—A. A. Greene—310—J. J. Robinson, G. H. Black.
Linden—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
Livingston—Camp Sumter—332—R. Chapman, J. Lawhon.
Lower Peachtree—R. H. G. Gaines—370—B. D. Portis, N. J. McConnell.
Lowndesboro—Bullock—331—R. D. Spann, C. D. Whitman.
Luvergne—Gracy—472—D. A. Rutledge, B. R. Bricken.
Marion—I. W. Garrett—277—J. Cal. Moore, W. T. Boyd.
Madison Stat'n—Russell—408—W. T. Garner, R. E. Wiggins.
Mobile—Raphael Semmes—11—W. H. Monk, W. E. Mickle.
Mobile—M. M. Withers—675—Gen. Jas. Hagan, F. Kiernan.
Monroeville—Foster—407—W. W. McMillan, D. L. Neville.
Montevallo—Montevallo—496—H. C. Reynolds, B. Nabors.
Montgomery—Lomax—151—Wm. B. Jones, J. H. Higgins.
Opelika—Lee County—261—R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton.
Oxford—Camp Lee—329—Thos. H. Barry, John T. Pearce.
Ozark—Ozark—380—W. R. Painter, J. L. Williams.
Piedmont—Camp Stewart—378—J. N. Hood, L. Ferguson.
Pearce's Mill—Robt. E. Lee—372—Jim Pearce, F. M. Clark.
Prattville—Wadsworth—491—W. F. Mims, J. M. Thompson.
Roanoke—Aiken-Smith—293—W. A. Handley, B. M. McConnaghy.
Robinson Spring—Tom McKeithen—396—J. E. Jones, W. D. Whetstone.
Rockford—H. W. Cox—276—F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson.
Scottsboro—N. B. Forrest—430—J. H. Young, J. P. Harris.
Seale—Jas. F. Waddell—268—R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene.
Selma—C. R. Jones—317—John C. Reid, Edward P. Galt.
Sprague Jun'n—Watts—480—P. B. Masten, J. T. Robertson.
Springville—Springville—223—A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruiell.
Stroud—McLeroy—356—A. J. Thompson, J. L. Strickland.
St. Stephens—John James—350—A. T. Hooks, J. M. Pelham.
Summerfield—Col. — Garrett—381—E. Morrow, R. B. Cater.
Talledega—C. M. Shelley—246—W. R. Miller, D. R. VanPelt.
Thomasville—Leander McFarland—373—J. N. Callahan, Dr. J. C. Johnston.
Town Creek—Ashford—632—J. J. Beemer, W. J. McMahon.
Tuscumbia—James Deshler—313—A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy.
Tuskaloosa—Rodes—262—J. R. Maxwell, A. P. Prince.
Troy—Camp Ruffin—320—W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles.
Uniontown—Coleman—429—T. Mumford, B. F. Harwood.
Union Sp'gs—Powell—499—C. F. Culver, A. H. Pickett.
Verbena—Camp Gracie—291—K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell.
Vernon—Camp O'Neal—358—J. P. Young, T. M. Woods.
Walnut Grove—Forrest—467—A. J. Phillips, B. W. Reavis.
Wetumpka—Elmore Co.—255—J. F. Maull, H. T. Walker.
Wedowee—Randolph—316—C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate.

ARKANSAS.

Maj. Gen. John G. Fletcher, Commander, Little Rock.
Maj. W. H. Haynes, Chief of Staff, Van Buren.
John M. Harrell, Brigadier General, Hot Springs.
J. M. Bohart, Brigadier General, Bentonville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Alma—Cabell—202—James E. Smith, J. T. Jones.
Arkadelphia—Moore—574—H. W. McMillan, C. C. Scott.
Benton—Dodd—325—S. H. Whitthorne, C. E. Shoemaker.
Bentonville—Cabell—89—D. R. McKissack, N. S. Henry.
Berryville—Fletcher—638—J. P. Fancher, N. C. Charles.
Booneville—Evans—355—G. W. Evans, D. B. Castleberry.
Brinkley—Cleburne—537—M. H. Vaughan, G. W. Gardner.
Centre Point—Haller—192—J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley.
Charleston—P. Cleburne—191—A. S. Cabell, T. N. Goodwin.
Conway—Jeff Davis—213—G. W. Rice, W. D. Cole.
Dardanelle—McIntosh—531—W. H. Gee, J. L. Davis.
Fayetteville—Brooks—216—T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patridge.
Fort Smith—B. T. DuVal—146—M. M. Gorman, R. M. Fry.
Forrest City—Forrest—623—J. B. Sanders, E. Landroight.
Gainesville—Confederate Survivors—506—F. S. White.
Greenway—Clay Co. V. A.—375—E. M. Allen, J. R. Hodge.
Greenwood—B. McCulloch—194—Dudley Milum, M. Stroup.
Hackett City—Stonewall—199—L. B. Lake, A. H. Gordon.
Harrison—J. Crump—713—J. H. Williams, J. P. Clendenin.
Hope—Gratoit—203—N. W. Stewart, John F. Sanor.
Hot Springs—A. Pike—340—Gen. J. M. Harrell, A. Curl.

Jonesboro—Confederate Survivors—507— ————.
Little Rock—Weaver—354—W. P. Campbell, J. H. Paschal.
Morrilton—R. W. Harper—207—W. S. Hanna, H. V. Crozier.
Nashville—Joe Neal—208—W. K. Cowling, E. G. Hale.
New Louisville—Sam Dill—444—R. H. Howell, B. P. Wheat.
Newport—Tom Hindman—318—J. R. Loftin, T. T. Ward.
Oxford—Oxford—455—F. M. Gibson, Ransom Gulley.
Paragon—Confed. Survivors—449— ————, ————.
Paris—B. McCullogh—388—J. O. Sadler, Wm. Snoddy.
Paragould—Confed. Survivors—449— ————, ————.
Pine Bluff—Murray—510—J. Y. Landers, C. G. Newman.
Pocahontas—Con. Vet—447—W. F. Besphan, R. T. Mackbee.
Prairie Grove—Do.—384—W. E. Pittman, Wm. Mitchell.
Prescott—Walter Bragg—428—W. J. Blake, O. S. Jones.
Rector—Rector—504—E. M. Allen, J. W. Taylor.
Rocky Comfort—Stuart—532—F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.
Searcy—Gen. Marsh Walker—687—D. McRae, B. C. Black.
Stephens—Bob Jordan—686—J. W. Walker, C. T. Boggs.
Star City—B. McCullogh—542—J. L. Hunter, T. A. Ingram.
Ultima Thule—Confed. Survivors—448— ————, ————.
Van Buren—John Wallace—209—John Allen, J. E. Clegg.
Walcott—Confed. Survivors—505—Benj. A. Johnson.
Waldron—Sterling Price—414—L. P. Fuller, A. M. Fuller.
Warren—Denson—677—J. C. Bratton, John B. Watson.
Wilton—Confederate Veteran—674—J. A. Miller.
Wooster—J. E. Johnston—431—W. A. Milam, W. J. Sloan.

FLORIDA.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander, Ocala.
Col. Fred. L. Robertson, Chief of Staff, Brooksville.
W. D. Chipley, Brigadier General, Pensacola.
Wm. Baya, Brigadier General, Jacksonville.
Gen. S. G. French, Brigadier General, Winter Park.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Apalachicola—Tom Moore—556—R. Nickmayer, A. J. Murat.
Bartow—Bartow—284—W. H. Reynolds, J. A. Armistead.
Brooksville—Loring—13—F. E. Saxon, F. L. Robertson.
Chipley—McMillan—217—Gen. Wm. Miller, R. B. Bellamy.
Dade City—Pasco C. V. A.—57—J. E. Lee, A. H. Ravesies.
DeFuniak Sp'gs—Kirby-Smith—282—J. Stubbs, D. McLeod.
Fernandina—Nassau—104—W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall.
Inverness—Geo. T. Ward—143—S. M. Wilson, J. S. Perkins.
Jacksonville—Lee—58—W. D. Matthews, J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Jacksonville—Jeff Davis—230— ————, C. J. Colcock.
Jasper—Stewart—155—H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna.
Juno—P. Anderson—244— ————, J. F. Highsmith.
Lake City—Columbia Co.—150—W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Lake Buller—Barney—474—J. R. Richards, R. Dougherty.
Marianna—Milton—132—M. N. Dickson, F. Philips.
Milton—Camp Cobb—538—C. R. Johnston, John G. Ellis.
Monticello—P. Anderson—59—W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala—Marion Co. C. V. A.—56—J. J. Finley, Wm. Fox.
Orlando—Orange Co.—54—W. G. Johnson, B. M. Robinson.
Palmetto—Geo. T. Ward—53—J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola—Ward C. V. A.—10—J. R. Randall, L. M. Brooks.
Quincy—Kenan—140—R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
Sanford—Finnegan—149—C. H. Leffler, E. W. D. Dunn.
St. Augustine—Kirby-Smith—175—W. Jarvis, M. R. Cooper.
St. Petersburg—Colquitt—303—W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick.
Tallahassee—Lamar—161— ————, R. A. Whitfield.
Tampa—Hillsboro—36—F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Titusville—Indian River—47—A. A. Stewart, A. D. Cohen.
Umatilla—Lake Co. C. V. A.—279—T. H. Blake, ————.

GEORGIA.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Cartersville.
Col. A. J. West, Chief of Staff, Atlanta.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Americus—Sumter—642—A. S. Cutts, J. P. Pilsbury.
Athens—Cobb-Deloney—478—J. E. Ritchie, J.W. Brumberry.
Atlanta—Fulton County—159—C. A. Evans, J. F. Edwards.
Augusta—Con. Survi. Ass'n—435—F. E. Eve, F. M. Stovall.
Canton—Skid Harris—595—H. W. Newman, W. N. Wilson.
Carnesville—Miligan C. V.—419—J. McCarter, J. Phillips.
Carrollton—Camp McDaniels—487—S. W. Harris, J. L. Cobb.
Cedartown—Polk Co. C. V.—403—J. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs.
Clayton—Rabun Co. C. V.—420—S. M. Beck, W. H. Price.
Columbus—Benning—511—A. A. Dozier, H. F. Everett.
Covington—J. Lamar—305—C. Dickson, J. W. Anderson.
Cumming—Forsyth—736—H. P. Bell, R. P. Lester.
Cuthbert—Randolph Co.—465—R. D. Crozier, B. W. Ellis.
Cussetta—Chatahoochie Co.—477—E. Raiford, C. N. Howard.
Dalton—J. E. Johnston—34—A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Dawson—Terrell Co. C. V.—404—J. Lowrey, W. Kaigler.
Decatur—C. A. Evans—665—H. C. Jones, W. G. Whidby.
Griffin—Spaulding Co.—519—W. R. Hanleiter, J. P. Lawlett
Harrisburg—Chattooga Vet— 422— ————, L. R. Williams.
Jefferson—Jackson County—440—T. L. Ross, T. H. Nibloch.
Lafayette—Camp Little—473—W. A. Foster, R. Dougherty.
LaGrange—Troup Co. C. V.—405—J. L. Schaub, E. T. Winn.
Macon—Bibb County—484—C. M. Wiley, S. S. Sweet.
Madison—H. H. Carlton—617—C. W. Baldwin, J. T. Turnell.
Monticello—Newton—483—W. Newton, T. H. Kennon.
Morgan—Calhoun Co. C. V.—406—J. J. Beck, A. J. Munroe.
Milledgeville—Geo. Doles—730—C. P. Crawford, ————.
Oglethorpe—Macon Co.—655—J. D. Fredrick, R. D. McLeod.
Ringgold—Ringgold—206—W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmier.
Rome—Floyd Co.—368—A. B. Montgomery, A. B. Moseley.
Savannah—Con. Sur. Ass'n—596—Dr. T. E. Bessellen.
Sparta—H. A. Clinch—470—H. A. Clinch, S. D. Rogers.
Spring Place—Gordon—50—R. E. Wilson, J. A. McKamy.
Summerville—Chattooga—422—J. S. Cleghorn, L. Williams.
Thomasville—Mitchell—523—R. G. Mitchell, T. N. Hopkins.
Talbotton—L. B. Smith—402—B. Curley, W. H. Philpot.
Washington—J. T. Wingfield—391—C. E. Irvin, H. Cordes.
Waynesboro—Gordon—369—Thos. B. Cox, S. R. Fulcher.
West Point—W. P. V.—571—R. A. Freeman, T. B. Johnston.
Zebulon—Pike Co. C. V.—421—G. W. Strickland, W. O. Gwyn.

ILLINOIS.

Maj. Gen. John C. Underwood, Commander, Chicago.
Col. Samuel Baker, Chief of Staff, Chicago.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Chicago—Ex-Con. Ass'n—8—J. W. White, R. L. France.
Jerseyville—Benev. Ex-Con.—304—J. S. Carr, M. R. Locke.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester.
————, Chief of Staff, McAlester.
John L. Galt, Brigadier General, Ardmore.
D. M. Haley, Brigadier General, Krebs.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Antlers—Douglas Cooper—576—W. H. Davis, V. M. Locke.
Ardmore—J. H. Morgan—107—W. W. Hyden, F. G. Barry.
Chelsea—Cherokee Nation-Standerati—573—W. H. H. Scudder, Col. E. L. Drake.
McAlester—Jeff Lee—68—J. W. McCrary, R. B. Coleman.
Mildrow—Standwater—514—W. J. Watts, L. S. Byrd.
Ryan—A. S. Johnson—644—R. G. Goodloe, J. F. Pendleton.
South Canadian—Hood—482—E. R. Johnson, J. M. Bond.

KENTUCKY.

Maj. Gen. John Boyd, Commander, Lexington.
Col. Jos. M. Jones, Chief of Staff, Paris.
J. B. Briggs, Brigadier General, Russellville.
James M. Arnold, Brigadier General, Newport.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Augusta—J. B. Hood—233—J. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.
Bardstown—T. H. Hunt—253—Thos. H. Ellis, J. F. Briggs.
Benton—A. Johnston—376—J. P. Brian, W. J. Wilson.
Bethel—P. R. Cleburne—252—J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom.
Bowling Green—Do.—143—W. F. Perry, J. A. Mitchell.
Campton—G. W. Cox—433—J. C. Lykins, C. C. Hanks.
Carlisle—P. Bramlett—344—Thos. Owens, H. M. Taylor.
Cynthiana—Ben Desha—99—D. M. Snyder, J. W. Boyd.
Danville—Grigsby—214—E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.
Elizabethtown—Cofer—543—J. Montgomery, F. H. Culley.
Eminence—E. Kirby-Smith—251—W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.
Falmouth—W. H. Ratcliffe—682—G. R. Rule, C. H. Lee, Jr.
Flemingsburg—Johnston—232—W. Stanley, J. W. Heflin.

Frankfort—T. B. Monroe—188—A. W. Macklin, J. E. Scott.
Franklin—Walker—640—Dr. L. J. Jones, ————.
Georgetown—G. W. Johnson—98—A. H. Sinclair, J. Webb.
Harrodsburg—W. Preston—96—B. W. Allin, John Kane.
Henderson—J. E. Rankin—558—Gen. M. M. Kimmel, R. H. Cunningham.
Hopkinsville—N. Merriwether—241—C. F. Jarrett, H. Wood.
Lawrenceburg—Helm—101—P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn.
Lexington—J. C. Breckinridge—100—J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Maysville—J. E. Johnston—442—Dr. A. H. Wall, J. W. Boulden.
Madisonville—Con. Survivors—528—Hon. P. Laffoon, — —.
Mt. Sterling—R. S. Cluke—201—T. Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Newport—Corbin—683—M. R. Lockhart, G. Washington.
Nicholasville—Marshall—187—G. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.
Paducah—Thompson—174—W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Browne.
Paducah—L. Tilghman—463—T. E. Moss, J. V. Grief.
Paris—J. H. Morgan—95—A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
Princeton—Confed. Vets—527—T. J. Johnson, ————.
Richmond—T. B. Collins—215—J. Tevis, N. B. Deatherage.
Russellville—Caldwell—139—J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Shelbyville—J. H. Waller—237—W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.
Winchester—Hanson—186—B. F. Curtis, J. L. Wheeler.
Versailles—Abe Buford—97—J. C. Bailey, J. W. Smith.

LOUISIANA.

Maj. Gen. W. G. Vincent, Commander, New Orleans.
Brig. Gen. J. A. Chalaron, Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abbeville—Vermilion—607—G. B. Shaw, L. C. Lyons.
Alexandria—Jeff Davis—6—F. Seip, W. W. Whittington.
Amite City—Do.—78—G. H. Starns, J. M. De Saussure.
Arcadia—Arcadia—229—Will Miller, John A. Oden.
Bastrop—R. M. Hinson—578—J. M. Sharp, James Ford.
Baton Rouge—Do.—17—J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Benton—Lowden Butler—409—S. M. Thomas, B. R. Nash.
Berwick—Winchester Hall—178—T. J. Royster, F. O. Brien.
Compte—Cap Perot—397—Leopold Perot, T. H. Hamilton.
Conshatta—Henry Gray—490—O. T. Webb, O. S. Penny.
Crowley—G. T. Beauregard—628—D. B. Hays, J. M. Taylor.
Donaldsonville—V. Maurin—38—S. A. Poche, P. Gaul, Sr.
Eunice—Confed. Veteran—67—D. P. January, ————.
Evergreen—R. L. Gibson—33—I. C. Johnson, W. H. Oliver.
Farmerville—C. V. A. Union Pr.—379—J. K. Ramsay, ——.
Franklin—F. Cornay—345—W. R. Collins, Thos. J. Shaffer.
Gonzales P. O.—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.
Homer—Claiborne—548—Col. T. W. Poole, F. C. Greenwood.
Hope Villa P.O.—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales,Sr., H. T. Brown.
Jackson—Feliciana—264—Zach. Lea, R. H. McClellend.
Jeannerette—Alcibiade De Blanc—634—A. L. Monnot, ——.
Lafayette—Gardner—580—J. C. Buchanan, D. A. Cochrane.
Lake Charles—Calcasieu C. Vets—62—W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchins.
Lake Providence—Do.—193—J. C. Bass, T. P. McCandless.
Logansport—Camp Hood—589—G. W. Sample, E. Price.
Magnolia P.O.—Hays—451—J. B. Dunn, J. Z. Underwood.
Magnolia—Livingston—451—J. B. Dunn, J. Z. Underwood.
Manderville—Moorman—270—J. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta.
Mansfield—Mouton—41—John W. Potts, T. G. Pegues.
Merrick—I. Norwood—110—D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor.
Minden—Gen. T. M. Scott—545— — Goodwill, H. A. Barnes.
New Iberia—Confed. Veteran—670—Jules Dubus, ————.
Monroe—H. W. Allen—182—W. P. Rennick, W. A. O'Kelley.
Montgomery—Confed. Vet. Ass'n—631—H. V. McCain, ——.
Natchitoches—Do.—40—J. A. Prudhomme, C. H. Levy.
New Orleans—Army N. Va.—1—F. A. Ober, T. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—W. E. Huger, N. Cuny.
New Orleans—V. C. S. C.—9—G. H. Tichenor, E. R. Wells.
New Orleans—Wash. Artillery—15—Col. A. I. Leverich, E. I. Kursheedt.
New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—J. Lyons, A. B. Booth.
Oakley—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell.
Opelousas—R. E. Lee—14—L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield.
Timothea—Henry Gray—551—W. A. Elliott, T. Oakley.
Plaquemine—Iberville—18—A. H. Gay, L. E. Woods.
Pleasant Hill—Dick Taylor—546—J. Graham, I. T. Harrell.
Rayville—Richland—152—J. S. Summerlin, W. P. Maghan.
Rustin—Ruston—7—A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport—LeR. Stafford—3—W. H. Tunnard, W. Kinney.
Sicily Island—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, John Enright.
Tangipahoa—Moore—60—O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux—B. Bragg—196—S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulon.
Zachary—Croft—530—O. M. Lee, W. E. Atkinson.

MARYLAND.

Maj. Gen. George H. Stewart, Commander, Baltimore.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Baltimore—Herbert—657—J. W. Torsch, R. M. Chambers.
Baltimore—F. Buchanan—747—H. A. Ramsay, W. Peters.
Towson—Harry Gilmore—673—Col. D. R. McIntosh, S. C. Tomay.

MISSISSIPPI.

Maj. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Starkville.
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Chief of Staff, Columbus.
Robert Lowry, Brigadier General, Jackson.
J. R. Binford, Brigadier General, Duck Hill.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Amory—Jackson—427—T. J. Rowan, J. P. Johnston.
Booneville—W. H. H. Tison—179—D. T. Beall, J. W. Smith.
Brandon—Rankin—265—Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey.
Brookhaven—S. Gwin—235—J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry.
Byhalia—Sam Benton—562— ————, H. H. Stevens.
Canton—E. G. Henry—312—I. K. Kearney, J. M. Mills.
Carrollton—Liddell—561—J. T. Stanford, W. J. Wondell.
Centreville—Centreville—461—H. C. Capell, J. R. Jones.
Chester—R. G. Prewitt—439—J. H. Evans, W. M. Roberts.
Clarksdale—Sam Cammack—550—N. L. Leavell, L. C. Allen.
Columbus—Harrison—27—J. W. Gardner, W. A. Campbell.
Crystal Sq'gs—Humphreys—19—C. Humphreys, S. H. Aby.
Edwards—Montgomery—26—W. Montgomery, T. Barrett.
Fayette—Whitney—22—W. L. Stephens, H. McGladeny.
Greenwood—Reynolds—218—L. P. Yerger, W. A. Gillespie.
Greenville—W. A. Percy—238—F. W. Anderson, W. Yerger.
Grenada—W. R. Barksdale—189—J. W. Young, Julius Ash.
Harpersville—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
Hattiesburg—Hattiesburg—21—J. P. Carter, E. H. Harris.
Hazlehurst—D. J. Brown—544—W. J. Rea, Tom S. Haynie.
Heidelberg—Jasper County—694— ————, E. W. White.
Hernando—DeSoto—220—F. C. Dockery, C. H. Robertson.
Iuka—Lamar—425—G. P. Hammersley, J. B. McKinney.
Hickory Flat—Hickory Flat—219—J. D. Lekey, J. J. Hicks.
Holly Springs—Kit Mott—23Sam H. Pryor, W. G. Ford.
Indianola—A. S. Johnston—549—U. B. Clarke, W. H. Leach.
Jackson—R. A. Smith—24—W. D. Holden, G. S. Green.
Kosciusko—Barksdale—445—C. H. Campbell, J. P. Brown.
Lake—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
Lexington—W. L. Keim—398—H. J. Reid, F. A. Howell.
Liberty—Amite County—226—P. R. Brewer, G. A. McGehee.
Louisville—Bradley—352—J. T. McLeod, J. H. Cornwell.
Maben—S. D. Lee—271—O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman.
Macon—J. Longstreet—180—H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Magnolia—Stockdale—324—R. H. Felder, S. A. Matthew.
Meridian—Walthall—25—W. D. Cameron, B. V. White.
Miss. City—Beauvoir—120—E. Henderson, F. S. Hewes.
Natchez—Natchez—20—F. J. V. LeCand, C. A. Bessac.
Nettleton—Simonton—602—J. C. Blanton, W. J. Sparks.
New Albany—Lowry—342—C. S. Robertson, M. F. Rogers.
Okolona—W. F. Tucker—452—B. J. Abbott, W. D. Frazee.
Pittsboro—J. Gordon—553—R. N. Provine, J. L. Lyon.
Poplarville—Pearl River—540—J. J. Moore, W. D. Woulard.
Port Gibson—Claiborne—167—A. K. Jones, W. W. Moore.
Ripley—Tippah County—453—T. D. Spight, W. G. Rutledge.
Rock Hill—Catawba—278—C. Jones, I. Jones.
Rolling Fork—P. R. Cleburne—190—J. C. Hall, J. S. Joor.
Rosedale—Montgom'y—52—F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar.
Sardis—J. R. Dickens—341—R. H. Taylor, J. B. Boothe.
Senatobia—Bill Feeney—353—J. H. Womack, T. P. Hill.
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vaiden—F. Liddell—221—S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth.

Vicksburg—Vicksburg—32—D. A. Campbell, J. D. Laughlin.
WaterValley—F'stone—517—M. D. L. Stephens, S. D. Brown
Walthall—A. K. Blythe—494—T. M. Gore, Sam Cooke.
Wesson—Carnot Posey—441—A. Fairley, J. T. Bridewell.
Winona—M. Farrell—311—J. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell.
Woodville—Woodville—49—J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City—Yazoo—176—J. M. Smith, C. J. DuBuisson.

MISSOURI.

Maj. Gen. J. O. Shelby, Commander, Adrian.
Col. H. A. Newman, Chief of Staff, Huntsville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Belton—Col. D. Shanks—734—R. M. Slaughter, J. M. White.
Booneville—G. B. Harper—714—R. McCulloch, W. W. Trent.
B'ling Green—Senterry—739—M. V. Wisdom, A. E. Genterry.
Butler—Marmaduke—615—C. B. Lotsprich, ————.
Carrollton—J. L. Mirick—684—H. M. Pettit, J. A. Turner.
Carthage—Jasper Co.—522—G. R. Hill, J. W. Halliburton.
Clinton—N. Spangler—678—W. G. Watkins, W. F.Carter.
Columbus—J. J. Searcy—717—M. G. Quinn, Col. Eli Hodge.
Exeter—S. Price—456—K. Armstrong, G. G. James.
Farmington—Crow—712—S. C. Fleming, T. D. Fisher.
Fayette—J. B. Clark—660—S. B. Cunningham, A. J. Furr.
Hannibal—R. Ruffner—676—S. J. Harrison, T. A. Wright.
Higginsville—Edwards—733—R. Todhunter, J. J. Fulkerson.
Huntsville—Lowry—636—G. N. Ratliff, J. S. Robertson.
Jefferson City—Parsons—718—J. B. Gantt, Jas. Hardin.
Fulton—Gen. D. M. Frost—737—J. N. Sitton, J. M. Bryan.
Kansas City—Kansas City—80—J. W. Mercer, J. J. Hatfield.
Keytesville—Gen. S. Price—710—J. G. Martin, J. A. Egan.
Lee's Summit—Lee's Summit—740—O. H. Lewis, J. A. Carr.
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. A. Wilson, T. S. Chandler.
Liberty—McCarty—729—J. T. Chandler, P. W. Reddish.
Madison—Bledsoe—679—J. R. Chowning, J. S. Dunoway.
Marshall—Marmaduke—554—J. A. Gordon, D. F. Bell.
Memphis—Shacklett—723—W. C. Ladd, C. F. Sanders.
Moberly—Marmaduke—685—J. A. Tagart, W. P. Davis.
Mooresville—Mooresville—541—J. M. Barrow, Nat Fisher.
Morley—Maj. J. Parrot—460—A. J. Gupton, J. W. Evans.
Nevada—Nevada—662—C. T. Davis, J. D. Ingram.
Odessa—S. Price—547—C. J. Ford, W. H. Edwards.
Paris—Monroe County—689—J. M. McGee, B. F. White.
Platte City—Platte Co.—728—T. B. George, J. L. Carmack.
Plattsburg—J. T. Hughes—696—J. B. Baker, E. T. Smith.
Pleasant Hill—Do.—691—H. M. Bledsoe, T. H. Cloud.
Rolla—Col. E. A. Stein—742—H. S. Headley, J. L. Buskett.
Richmond—S. R. Crispin—727—J. C. Morris, B. F. Baber.
Salem—Col. E. T. Wingo—745—W. Barksdale, J. E. Organ.
Springfield—Campbell—488—F. C. Roberts, N. B. Hogan.
St. Louis—J. S. Brown—659—C. J. Moffitt, B. F. Haislip.
St. Louis—St. Louis—731—S. M. Kennard, F. Gaiennie.
Sweet Springs—Do.—635—V. Marmaduke, W. C. Hall.
Vienna—J. G. Shockley—744—J. A. Love, A. S. Henderson.
Wanda—Freeman—690—J. W. Roseberry, H. W. Hamilton.
Warrensburg—Parsons—735—W. P. Gibson, D. C. Woodruff.
Waverly—J. Percival—711—H. J. Galbraith, A. Corder.
Waynesville—Howard—688—C. H. Howard, E. G. Williams.
West Plain—J. O. Shelby—630—W. Howard, D. F. Martin.
Windsor—Windsor Guards—715—R. F. Taylor, A. C. Clark.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Maj. Gen. W. L. DeRossett, Commander, Wilmington.
Col. Junius Davis, Chief of Staff, Wilmington.
Rufus Barringer, Brigadier General, Charlotte.
W. P. Roberts, Brigadier General, Gatesville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Asheville—Z. Vance—681—Maj. J. M. Ray, W. W. West.
Bryson City—A. Coleman—301—E. Everett, B. H. Cathey.
Burlington—Ruffin—486—J. A. Turrentine, J. R. Inland.
Charlotte—Mecklenburg—382— ————, D. G. Maxwell.
Clinton—Sampson—137—R. H. Holliday, J. A. Beaman.
Concord—Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.—212—J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald.
Hickory—Catawba—162—J. G. Hall, L. R. Whitener.
Littleton—Junius Daniel—326—John P. Leech.
Pittsboro—L. J. Merritt—387—W. L. London, H. A. London.
Ryan—Confederate—417— ————, T. McBryde.
Raleigh—Junius Daniels—515—P. E. Hines, J. C. Birdsong.
Salisbury—Fisher—309—J. F. Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt.
Salisbury—C. F. Fisher—319—J. R. Crawford, C. R. Barker.
Statesville—Col. R. Campbell—394—P. C. Carlton, T. M. C. Davidson.
Washington—B. Grimes—424—R. R. Warren, C. C. Thomas.
Wilmington—Cape Fear—254—W. L. De Rosset, H. Savage.
Winston—Norfleet—436—T. J. Brown, S. H. Smith.

OKLAHOMA.

Maj. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, Commander, Norman.
Col. John O. Casler, Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Dale—Camp Dale—706—R. M. Broome, E. A. Bush.
El Reno—El Reno—348— ————, ————.
Guthrie—Camp Jamison—347— ————, ————.
Norman—J. B. Gordon—200—T. J. Johnson, S. J. Wilkins.
Oklahoma—Hammons—177—J. W. Johnson, J. O. Casler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston.
Col. J. G. Holmes, Chief of Staff, Charleston.
John Bratton, Brigadier General, Winnsboro.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abbeville—Secession—416—J. F. Lyon, W. A. Templeton.
Aiken—B. E. Bee—84—B. H. Teague, J. N. Wigfall.
Anderson—Camp Benson—337—M. P. Tribbe, W. T. McGill.
Bamberg—Jenkins—627—S. P. H. Elwell, W. A. Riley.
Beaufort—Beaufort—366—Thos. S. White, ————.
Bradley—E. Bland—536—W. E. Cothran, E. W. Watson.
Buckville—Con. Sur. Ass'n—529—H. L. Beaty.
Camden—R. Kirkland—704—J. D. Kennedy, Joel Hough.
Charleston—Camp Sumter—250—V. C. Dibble, J. W. Ward.
Charleston—Pal'to Guard—315—G. L. Buist, A. W. Lanneau.
Cheraw—J. B. Kershaw—413—T. T. Malloy, S. G. Godfrey.
Columbia—Hampton—389—A. P. Brown, D. R. Flennikin.
Duncans—Dean—437—A. H. Dean, E. J. Zimmerman.
Easley—J. Hawthorne—285—R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen.
Edgefield C. H—A. Perrin—367—G. B. Lake, R. S. Anderson.
Florence—Pee Dee—390—E. W. Lloyd, Wm. Quirk.
Glymphville—Gylymphville—399—L. P. Miller, ————.
Greenville—Pulliam—297—W. L. Mauldin, P. T. Hayne.
Greenwood—Aiken—432—C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore.
Hyman—Hampton—450—M. L. Munn, R. F. Coleman.
Kershaw—Hanging Rock—738—L. C. Hough, B. A. Hilton.
Laurens—Garlington—501—B. W. Ball, B. W. Lanford.
Lexington—Lexington—668—M. D. Harman, ————.
Manning—H. Benbow—471—C. S. Land, S. J. Bowman.
Marion—Camp Marion—641—S. A. Durham, F. D. Bryant.
McKay—J. Hendricks—535—W. A. Evans, J. E. Lowell.
Mt. Pleasant—Wagner—410—S. P. Smith, J. R. Tomlinson.
Newberry—J. D. Nance—336—J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd.
Ninety-Six—J. F. Marshall—577—G. M. Miller, J. Rodgers.
North—Con. Vet—701—G. W. Dannelly, ————.
Orangeburg—Orangeburg—457—J. F. Izlar, S. Dibble.
Parksville—J. Tillman—741—R. Harling, S. E. Freeland.
Pelzer—Kershaw—742— ————, ————.
Pickens—Wolf Creek—412—J. A. Griffin, H. B. Hendricks.
Piedmont—Crittenden—707—F. J. Poole, J. O. Jenkins.
Rock Hill—Catawba—278—Cade Jones, I. Jones.
Sally's—Confed. Vets—697—A. O. Sally, ————.
Simpsonville—Austin—454—W. P. Gresham, D. C. Bennett.
Socastee—Con. Suv. Ass'n—418—J. Smith, ————.
Spartanburg—Walker—335—J. Walker, A. B. Woodruff.
Summerville—Jas. Connor—374—G. Tupper, W. R. Dehon.
Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, P. P. Gaillard.
St. Georges—S. Elliott—51—R. W. Minus, J. O. Reed.
St. Stephens—Do.—732—A. W. Weatherby, R. V. Matthews.
Union—Giles—708—J. L. Strain, ————.
Walterboro—Heyward—462—A. L. Campbell, C. G. Henderson.
Waterloo—Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.
Winnsboro—Rains—698—W. W. Ketchin, W. G. Jordan.
Yorkville—Confed Vets—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, ————.

TENNESSEE.

Maj. Gen. W. H. Jackson, Commander, Nashville.
Col. J. P. Hickman, Chief of Staff, Nashville.
J. A. Vaughn, Brigadier General, Memphis.
Frank A. Moses, Brigadier General, Knoxville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Bristol—Fulkerson—705—A. Fulkerson, N. D. Bachman.
Brownsville—H. S. Bradford—426— ———, H. J. Livingston.
Chattanooga—Forrest—4—L. T. Dickinson, T. P. Wells.
Clarksville—Forbes—77—Butler Boyd, Clay Stacker.
Dyersburg—W. Dawson—552—W.C. Nixon, L. C. McClerkin.
Cleveland—J. D. Traynor—590—S. H. Day, L. Shingart.
Fayetteville—Shackelford-Fulton—114—J. T. Goodrich, W. H. Cashion.
Franklin—Gen. Starnes—134—J. R. Neely, G. L. Cowan.
Gallatin—Donelson—539—J. A. Trousdale, T. L. Vinson.
Jackson—John Ingram—37—Clifton Dancey, J. W. Gates.
Knoxville—Zollicoffer—46—J. F. Horne, C. Ducloux.
Knoxville—Fred Ault—5—Col. J. E. Carter, H. Nicholson.
Lewisburg—Dibrell—55—S. T. Hardison, W. G. Loyd.
Maynardville—Johnston—722—B. L. Donehew, J. J. Sellers.
McKenzie—S. Jackson—42—J. P. Cannon, J. M. Null.
Memphis—Con. His. Ass'n—28—C. W. Frazier, J. P. Young.
Morristown—W. B. Tate—725— ———, J. H. McClister.
Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—W. Ledbetter, H. H. Norman.
Nashville—Cheatham—35—R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.
Nashville—J. C. Brown—520—W. C. Smith, Jos. H. Dew.
Pikeville—H. M. Ashby—458—L. T. Billingsly, Z. M. Morris.
Pulaski—Wooldridge—586—J. M. Bass, J. K. P. Blackburn.
Shelbyville—W. Frierson—83—B. F. Smith, L. A. Russ.
South Pittsburg—Con. Vets—672—J. Bright, ————.
Sweetwater—Con. Vets—693— ————, W. W. Morris.
Tullahoma—Anderson—173—J. P. Hickman, W. J. Travis.
Winchester—Turney—12—F. B. Terry, N. R. Martin.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas, Texas.
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Chief of Staff, Dallas, Texas.

TEXAS.

Divisions and Commanders to be supplied.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abilene—Abilene—72—C. N. Leake, T. W. Daugherty.
Abilene—Taylor Co.—69—H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado—Alvarado—160—J. M. Hill, J. R. Posey.
Alvin—Wm. Hart—286—Wm. Hart, Alfred H. H. Tolar.
Almi—J. A. Wharton—286—I. T. Cobb, S. M. Richardson.
Alvord—Stonewall—362—J. M. Jones, W. G. Leach.
Antelope—Christian—703—S. Cornelius, W. E. Wallace.
Anson—Jones Co., Tex—612—J. D. Pickens, T. Bland.
Archer City—S. Jackson—249—A. Llewellyn, T. M. Cecil.
Athens—H. Martin—65—W. T. Eustace, T. J. Foster.
Atlanta—S. Jackson—91—W. P. Edsley, J. N. Simmons.
Aurora—R. Q. Mills—360—G. W. Short, C. C. Leonard.
Austin—J. B. Hood—103—W. H. Richardson, J. S. Blaine.
Baird—A. S. Johnston—654—John Trent, J. E. W. Lane.
Ballinger—McCulloch—557—J. M. Crosson, H. D. Pearce.
Bandera—Bandera—643—V. T. Sanders, A. L. Scott.
Barlett—Dock Belt—645—D. B. F. Belt, W. J. Cagle.
Bastrop—Bastrop—569—R. J. Price, J. C. Buchanan.
Beaumont—A. S. Johnston—75—T. J. Russell, G.W. O'Brien.
Beeville—Walton—575—W. S. Duggat, R. W. Archer.
Bells—J. Wheeler—692—P. F. Ellis, J. C. Payne.
Belton—Bell Co. C. A.—122—J. Boyd, H. E. Bradford.
Bend—Hardee—653—Tom Hollis, J. A. Skipper.
Bentonville—Cabell—89—D. R. McKissack, N. L. Henry.
Bellville—Austin Co.—606—W. L. Springfield, K. W. Reese.
Big Springs—J. Wheeler—330—J. W. Barnett, R. B. Zinn.
Blossom—J. Pelham—629—W. E. Moore, A. W. Black.
Bocqueville—G. B. Gerald—598— ————, J. B. Waddell.
Bonham—Sul Ross—164—S. Lipscomb, J. P. Holmes.
Bowie—The Bowie Pelhams—572—R. D. Rugeley, ————.
Brady—B. McCulloch—563—G. L. Beatty, L. Ballou.
Brazoria—Clinton Terry—243—W. F. Smith, J. P Taylor.
Breckinridge—Stephens Co.—314—J. T. Camp, G. B. Brown.
Brenham—Washington—235—D. C. Giddings, I. D. Affleck.
Bridgeport—Do.—568—S. W. Cawling, T. W. Redman.
Brownwood—J'kson—118—J. T. Rankin, J. C. Roseborough.
Bryan—J. B. Robertson—124—H. B. Stoddard, S. M. Derden.
Buffalo Gap—Camp Moody—123—R. C. Lyon, L. F. Moody.
Blum—Polignac—509—J. M. Pogue, R. W. Sawyer.
Caddo Mills—Caddo Mills—502—W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.
Caldwell—Rogers—142—W. L. Wommack, J. F. Matthews.
Calvert—Townsend—111—J. C. Roberts, W. J. Purdom.
Cameron—B. McCulloch—29—J. H. Tracey, J. B. Moore.
Campbell—Camp Ross—185—R. W. Ridley, T. G. Smith.
Canton—J. L. Hogg—133—T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage—Randall—163—J. P. Forsyth, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico—Camp McIntosh—361—L. S. Eddins, G. W. Craft.
Chicota—Camp Texas—667—T. B. Johnson, N. L. Griffin.
Childress—Johnston—259—E. J. McConnell, G. R. Allen.
Cisco—Camp Preveaux—273—T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough.
Clarksville—Forbes—77—Butler Boyd, Clay Stacker.
Clarksville—J. C. Burks—656—R. C. Graves, A. P. Corley.
Cleburne—Pat Cleburne—88—J. D. Mitchell, M. S. Kahle.
Colorado—Johnston—113—L. H. Weatherby, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbus—S'shire-Upton—112—G. McCormick, B. M. Baker
Coleman—J. Pelham—76—J. J. Callan, M. M. Callen.
Conroe—P. P. Porter—608—L. E. Dunn, W. A. Bennett.
Cold Springs—San Jacinto—599—G. W. McKellar, G. I. Turnby.
Collinsville—B'regard—306—J. B. King, W. H. Stephenson.
Comanche—J. Pelham—565—J. T. Tunnell, T. O. Moor.
Commerce—R. E. Lee—231—G. G. Lindsey, W. E. Mangum.
Cooper—Ector—234—J. N. Boyd, B. B. Taylor.
Corpus Christi—Johnston—63—M. Downey, M. C. Spann.
Corsicana—C. M. Winkler—147—A. F. Wood, H. G. Damon.
Cresson—Joe Wheeler—581—J. R. Lay, W. M. Crook.
Crockett—Crockett—141—E. Braxson, W. D. Pritchard.
Cuero—Emmett Lynch—242—V. Hardt, George H. Law.
Daingerfield—Brooks—307—J. N. Zachery, J. A. McGregor.
Dallas—S. Price—31—D. L. Stuart, J. J. Miller.
Decatur—B. McCulloch—30—W. A. Miller, M. D. Sellars.
DeKalb—Tom Wallace—289—W. S. Proctor, J. D. Stewart.
Denton—Sul Ross—129—J. R. Burton, R. B. Anderson.
Derine—J. W. Whitfield—560—L. Thompson, O. A. Knight.
DeLeon—J. E. Johnston—566—W. Howard, J. B. Day.
Del Rio—Marmaduke—615—S. H. Barton, J. K. Pierce.
Deport—W. N. Pendleton—579—C. C. Jackson, J. R. Pride.
Dodd City—Camp Maxey—281—W. C. Moore, ————.
Douglasville—Con. Vet—591—R. H. Williams, H. R. McCoy.
Dublin—Erath & Comanche—85—J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Dublin—A. S. Johnston—564—W. L. Salsberry, L. E. Gillett.
Eagle Lake—S. Anderson—619— ———, J. B. Walker.
Eastland—S. H. Stout—583—J. Kimble, R. M. Jones.
Edna—C. L. Owen—666—W. P. Laughter, G. L. Gayle.
Elgin—Jake Standifer—582—F. S. Wade, R. P. Jones.
El Paso—J. C. Brown—168—W. Kemp, P. F. Edwards.
Emma—Lone Star—198—J. W. Murray, ————.
Fairfield—W. L. Moody—87—G. T. Bradley, L. G. Standifer.
Flatonia—Killough—593—R. O. Faires, R. R. Harrison.
Floresville—Wilson Co.—225—W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans.
Forney—Camp Bee—130—T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth—Lee—158—C. C. Cummings, W. M. McConnell.
Frost—R. Q. Mills—106—A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville—J. E. Johnston—119—J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
Galveston—Magruder—105—T. N. Waul, C. Washington.
Gatesville—C. A.—135—W. L. Saunders, P. C. West.
Georgetown—Lessure—663—S. K. Brown, R. H. Montg'm'ry.
Gilmer—Con. Vet. Ass'n—622— ———, J. E. Rawlins.
Gilmer—Upshur Co.—646—A. B. Boren, J. E. Rawlins.
Glen Rose—Private R. Wood—584—S. Milam, G. L. Booker.
Goldthwaite—Jeff Davis—117—J. E. Martin, M. J. Doyle.
Goliad—H. H. Brown—597—J. P. Kibbe, J. G. Patton.
Gonzales—Key—156—W. B. Sayers, M. M. Fitzgerald.
Gordonville—Hodges—392—W. Hodges, W. Bassingame.
Graham—Young Co.—127—A. A. Timmons, A. G. Crozier.
Granbury—Granbury—67—M. Chadwich, I. R. Morris.
Grand View—Johnston—377—S. N. Hones, W. L. Stewart.
Greenville—J. E. Johnston—267—S. R. Etter, A. H. Hefner.
Haskell—Con. Vets—W. W. Fields, S. L. Robertson.
Hallettsville—Col. J. Walker—248—V. Ellis, B. F. Burke.
Hamilton—A. S. Johnston—116—B. Fort, L. A. H. Smith.
Hemstead—Tom Green—136—V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henderson—Ras Redwine—295—J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle.
Henrietta—Sul Ross—172—J. C. Skipwith, C. B. Patterson.
Hillsboro—Hill County—166—J. P. Cox, Dr. N. B. Kennedy.

Honey Grove—Davidson—294—J. H. Lynn, J. L. Ballinger.
Houston—Dick Dowling—197—W. Lambert, B. R. Warner.
Huntsville—J. C. Upton—43—J. T. Jarrard, E. K. Goree.
Jacksborough—Morgan—364—S. W. Eastin, W. J. Denning.
Jacksborough—Hughes—365—J. A. Hudson, F. R. Aston.
Jewett—R. S. Gould—611—J. E. Anderson, J. W. Waltmon.
Kaufman—G. D. Manion—145—J. Huffmaster, D. Coffman.
Kerrville—Kerrville—699—R. H. Colvin, G. W. Colvin.
Kilgore—Buck Kilgore—283—W. A. Miller, R. W. Wynn.
Kingston—A. S. Johnston—71—J. F. Puckett, P. G. Carter.
Ladonia—R. E. Lee—126—W. B. Merrill, E. W. Cummens.
LaGrange—Col. B. Timmons—61—R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas—R. E. Lee—66—D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.
Laredo—S. Brunarides—637—T. W. Dodd, E. R. Tarver.
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. A. Wilson, T. S. Chandler.
Livingston—Ike Turner—321—T. H. Williams, A. B. Green.
Liberty—E. B. Pickett—626—B. H. Cameron, ————.
Lexington—T. Douglas—555—T. S. Douglas, E. A. Burns.
Llano—Johnston—647—J. S. Atchison, E. H. Alexander.
Lockhart—Pickett—570—M. R. Stringfellow, J. N. L. Curdy.
Longview—J. B. Gregg—587—S. E. Nelson, Ras Young.
Lubbock—Lubbock—138—W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Lufkin—Camp Lowe—614—A. W. Ellis, E. L. Robb.
Madisonville—Walker—128—J. C. Webb, G. H. Hubbard.
Manor—Manor—664— ————, ————.
Marlin—Willis L. Lang—299—G. A. King, J. T. Owen.
Marshall—W. P. Love—621—E. J. Fry, W. G. Rudd.
Mason—Fort Mason—618—W. L. Leslie, Wilson Hey.
Memphis—Hall County—245—F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton.
Menardville—Menardville—328—L. P. Sieker, H. Wilson.
Meridian—Johnston—115—T. C. Alexander, S. G. Harris.
Merkel—Merkel—79—J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia—J. Johnston—94—J. W. Simmons, H. W. Williams.
Minneola—Wood Co—153—J. H. Huffmaster, T. J. Goodwin.
Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant—D. Jones—121—C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague—Bob Stone—93—R. Bean, R. D. Rugeley.
McGregor—McGregor—274—J. D. Smith, W. P. Chapman.
McKinney—Collin Co.—109—Col. F. M. Hill, H. C. Mack.
Mt. Vernon—B. McCulloch—300—W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris.
Navasota—H. H. Boone—102—W. E. Barry, J. H. Freeman.
New Boston—Sul Ross—287—G. H. Rea, T. J. Wattington.
Nacogdoches—Camp Raguet—620— ————, R. W. Chapman.
Oakville—J. Donaldson—195—A. Coker, T. M. Church.
Orange—W. P. Love—639—B. H. Nosworthy, P. B. Curry.
Palestine—Palestine—44—J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paradise—P. Cleburne—363—A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason.
Paris—A. S. Johnston—70—O. F. Parish, S. S. Record.
Paint Rock—Jeff Davis—168—W. T. Melton, J. A. Steen.
Pearsall—Hardeman—290—R. M. Harkness, H. Maney.
Pleasanton—Val Verde—594—A. J. Rowe, J. R. Cook.
Pilot Point—Winnie Davis—479—O. A. Herne, A. M. Doran.
Quanah—R. E. Rodes—661—H. W. Martin, W. H. Dunson.
Richmond—F. Terry—227—P. E. Pearson, H. L. Somerville.
Ringgold—J. C. Wood—719— ————, D. L. Wright.
Ripley—Gen. Hood—280—W. R. M. Slaughter, J. H. Hood.
Rising Star—J. McClure—559—B. Frater, J. T. Armstrong.
Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Roby—W. W. Loring—154—A. P. Kelley, V. H. Anderson.
Robert Lee—R. Coke—600—J. P. Hutchinson, H. H. Heybey.
Rockport—Rockport—610—P. H. Terry, G. F. Perreno, Sr.
Rusk—Ross Ector—513—M. J. Whitman, T. S. Townsend.
San Antonio—A. S. Johnston—144—D. M. Poor, T. McRae.
San Augustine—J. Davis—386—F. H. Tucker, G. E. Gatling.
San Saba—W. P. Rogers—322—G. Harris, A. Duggan.
Santa Anna—Lamar—371—B. D. Portis, N. J. McConnell.
San Angelo—S. Sutton—605—M. Mays, J. R. Norsworthy.
San Marcos—Woods—609—W. O. Hutchinson, T. J. Peel.
Seguin—H. E. McCulloch—J. E. LeGette, ————.
Sealy—San Felipe—624—Sam Stone, N. P. Ward.
Seymour—B. Forrest—86—T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browing.
Sherman—Mildred Lee—90—J. H. Dills, Robert Walker.
South Prairie—South Prairie—393—W. L. Hefner, ————.
Sweetwater—E. C. Walthall—92—J. M. Foy, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs—Ashcroft—170—R. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor—A. S. Johnston—165—M. Ross, M. B. McLain.
Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart—45—J. A. Anthony, V. Reinhardt.
Texarkana—A. P. Hill—269—J. M. Benefield, J. D. Gaines.
Trinity—J. E. B. Stuart—603—W. W. Dawson, I. N. Parker.
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Sareny.
Tyler—A. S. Johnston—48—J. P. Douglas, B. W. Roberts.
Uralde—John R. Baylor—585—O. Ellis, W. H. Beaumont.
Van Alstyne—W. Davis—625—C. J. McKinney, J. W. Pattie.
Velasco—Velasco—592—J. R. Duke, Thos. E. Donhitt.
Vernon—Camp Cabell—125—Eugene Easton, M. D. Davis.
Victoria—Scurry—516—R. N. Weisiger, W. L. Davidson.
Waco—Pat Cleburne—222—J. D. Shaw, Tyler D. Ham.
Waxahachie—Parsons C. A'n—296— ————, A. M. Dechman.
Waxahachie—W. Davis—108—J. N. Gill, A. M. Dechman.
Weatherford—Green—169—G. L. Griscom, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington—C. County—257—J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates.
Wharton—Buchell—228—Bat Smith, R. M. Brown.
Whitesboro—Reeves—288—J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright.
Wichita Falls—Hardee—73—W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.
Will's Point—Do.—302—A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham.
Woodville—Magnolia—588—J. B. F. Kincade, J. D. Collier.
Yoakum—Camp Hardeman—604—F. M. Tatum, T. M. Dodd.

VIRGINIA.

Commander and Adjutant General to be supplied.
T. S. Garnett, Brigadier General, Norfolk.
Micajah Woods, Brigadier General, Charlottesville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abingdon—W. E. Jones—707—A. F. Cook, T. K. Trigg.
Appomattox—Appomattox—700— ————, ————.
Berkley—N'yer-Shaw—720—L. M. Wingfield, R. Randolph.
Gordonsville—Grymes—724—C. L. Graves, R. H. Stratton.
Hampton—Lee—485—J. W. Richardson, W. T. Daugherty.
Harrisonburg—Gibbons—438—D. H. L. Martz, J. S. Messerly.
Independence—Grayson Vets—669—R. G. Bourne, ————.
Jenkins' Bridge—H. West—651—F. Fletcher, ————.
Pulaski City—J. A. Walker—721—J. Macgill, R. H. Stewart.
Radford—Wharton—443—G. C. Wharton, R. H. Adams.
Reams Station—Stuart—211—M. A. and A. B. Moncure.
Richmond—Pickett—204—R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy.
Richmond—R. E. Lee—181—J. T. Gray, J. T. Stratton.
Roanoke—W. Watts—205—S. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry.
Staunton—Jackson—469—T. D. Ransom, S. T. McCullough.
Tazewell—Confed. Veteran—726— ————, Jas. O'Keefe.
West Point—Cooke—184—D. A. T. Whiting, J. H. Phanp.
Williamsburg—McGruder-Ewell—210—J. H. Moncure, H. T. Jones.
Winchester—T. Ashby—240—J. J. Williams, P. W. Boyd.
Woodstock—Shenand'h—680—P. D. Stephenson, G.W. Miley.

WEST VIRGINIA.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Romney—Hampshire—446—C. S. White, J. S. Pancake.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Washington—Washington City Confed. Ass'n—171—D. J. A. Maloney, W. Z. Lord.

Abbreviations were made when possible to get all in one line.

It is desirable to have the full list of chapters United Daughters of the Confederacy, after the above order, as soon as practicable. They should have Presidents and Secretaries names where Commanders and Adjutants names appear in the foregoing.

Sons of Veterans should also be given and it is desirable that organizations under these three heads include every Confederate Camp and Chapter in existence.

The purposes of these organizations being the same everywhere, and as the veterans are fast passing away, charity and patriotism appeal for vigilance in demonstrating to the world the unamnity of sentiment and eternal devotion to the integrity of character that cost so much sacrifice of comfort, treasure and of blood.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is diligent to this end, and will no more cease in its zeal than would the true soldier to stand by his colors to the bitter end.

COMRADE ASA HARTZ IN PRISON.

That ever faithful Confederate, Chas. Herbst, sends this story from an old Richmond Enquirer: "Charlie," well known in Kentucky and in Georgia, has contributed much of value to the VETERAN, and his comrades know he will be faithful "always:"

The following spicy and characteristic poetic epistle, from the versatile pen of "Asa Hartz," was recently received by flag of truce by Judge Robert Ould, Commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and is sent us to be preserved in "glorious diurnal." "Asa" has been a prisoner of war for nearly a year, and no wonder he is getting tired of "rusticating on Johnson's Island." His case deserves the attention of the authorities. It wont do to let such a "trump" go "up the spout":

BLOCK 1, ROOM 12, JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO,
April 26, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE BOB:

I fear your head
Has gone a thinking I am dead;
That ice and snow and doctors' arts
Had stopped the breath of "*Asa Hartz!*"
I write this in poetic lingo,
To let you know I LIVE, by jingo;
And ask if you can bring about
Some certain means to get me out?
Haven't you got a Fed'ral "Maje"
Now resting in some Dixie cage,
Who longs to see his loving marm,
Or visit once again his farm,
Or gaze upon his "garden sass,"
Or see once more his bright-eyed lass?
Haven't you one of these, I say,
Whom you would like to swap away
For me, a man of vim —of "parts"—
Swap him, in short, for "*Asa Hartz?*"
I've been here, now, almost a year,
And sigh for liberty, so dear!
I've tried by every means I knew
To bid this Isle a fond adieu;
Dug holes, scaled walls, passed through the gate,
With Yankee cap upon my pate,
And when I went out on the ice,
And thought I'd got away so nice,
I met a blue coat in my route,
Who quickly made me face about;
Marched me, with diabolic grin,
Back to the gate, and turned me in!
I've swallowed every rumor strange,
That had a word about exchange;
Grew fat with joy and lean with sorrow,
Was "up" to-day, and "down" to-morrow!
Implored, with earnestness of soul,
To be released upon parole!
Wrote Ben. D. B. a spicy letter,
And told him he could not do better
Than let me out for thirty days.
I read his letter in amaze!
He said that "things" were mixed up now
In such a way, he knew not how
The favor that I asked about
Could well be granted. Had no doubt
That "things" would soon be so arranged
That all of us would be exchanged.
That ended it. I wrote to Prentice,
Who several times had kindly lent his
Purse and name to those who chance.
And "pomp and glorious circumstance,"
Had sent to rusticate awhile
Within the "pris—on Johnson's Isle."
Well, George D. wrote to Gen. Terry,
Commandant here—a good man, very,
And told him if he'd let me out
For thirty days—or there about,
He'd take me down into Kentucky—
See that I didn't "cut my lucky;"
Would go my bail, in any sum,
That, when they wanted me—*I'd come!*
Gen. Terry wrote him back
That he must walk the beaten track.
"I really thought" said he, "you knew it,
That Stanton, and he alone, can do it!"
Thus ended *that* plan—I've no doubt
That I'm almost "gone up the spout,"
Unless you can devise some means
To give me change of air and scenes,
By special swap.

Now, Uncle Bob,
Be patient with me! Do not rob
Me of the hope I fondly cherish—
Do not leave me here to perish!
I've shuffled, cut the cards, and dealt,
Have played my bower, (its loss is felt
More than the loss of filthy lucre),
Please play my hand, save me the euchre!
And when your latest breath departs,
You'll die bewailed by "*Asa Hartz!*"

P. S.
When you, in answering this, shall write,
Address me—"Major Geo. McKnight,
Pris. War." Be cautious, very,
And add on—"care of Gen'l Terry."

("Uncle Bob's" reply to "Asa Hartz".)

PINE GROVE, June 23, 1864.

EDITOR CLARION:

Fearing that "Asa Hartz's" Uncle Bob may not have time to reply to Asa's recent letter in equally "poetic lingo," and knowing that he would much prefer to do so, I have made bold to write for him the following, which he can use as his own and nobody will be the wiser.

With the assurance that you and "Asa" and "Uncle Bob," and the rest of mankind, are the recipients of my most distinguisned consideration, I have the honor to be, Yours truly,

JACK O'SPADES.

DEAR ASA HARTZ:

Your letter's come,
And I have thought and pondered some
To find a new and special plea
By which to gain your liberty.
'Tis very true our "Dixie cages"
Have many a score of Yankee "Majes"
That would delight, I have no doubt,
To aid in getting Asa out.
But Lincoln thought awhile ago
"He had us dead," "I guess" you know.
And so he put his pedal down
And swore, with diabolic frown,
That nary "Reb" should ever slip
Who once was gobbled in his grip.
When told about the rules of war,
He only laughed a loud Haw! Haw!!
And told Bill Seward, Chase, and Stanton,
To listen how the Rebels cant on
"Those silly rules;" then, with a poke
Into their ribs, he told a joke.
But Chickamauga came, you see,
And Abraham, to himself, said he,
"Gosh dang it, how these Rebels fight!
I guess I've been a *leetle tight*
Upon these 'Rebs,' who might some day
Get even with me in this way."
And then the Yanks began to swear
About Confederate prison fare—

And every Dutchman had his "vrow"
A writing to Old Abr'm how
Her lusty lord was getting thin
"As never was." Oh, such a din
'Twas really quite a treat to hear!
So Abe, he said, "send better cheer,"
Or else they'll all "go up the spout."
Oh, then such loads of Sour Krout,
And Lager Beer and Apple Sass,
And dessicated "fixins," too,
Was sent by every marm and lass,
You never saw; but 'twouldn't do.
I sent them back, and told the Yanks
They couldn't play that sort of pranks,
And nary "Fed" should have a drop
Until they made an even swap.
Then Mumford came and said he'd do it,
"But 'twas our fault, and well we knew it.
As how we hadn't swapped before."
But when we talked the matter o'er,
The everlasting "nigger" got
Slightly cross-wise in the plot,
And stopped the plans for your exchange.
I hope you will not think it strange.
What! Swap a "nig" for Asa Hartz!!
A man of so much vim and parts?
"Forbid it, Heaven!!" I hear you say,
"I'll be a pris'ner till Judgment Day!!"
Then Abraham sent B. F. B.,
And thought he'd fool Mars Jeff and me,
Because the sneaking, cunning "Brute"
Had been so sly and devilish "cute"
He'd cheated even the Yankee nation.
Well, Butler, with insinuatian,
Sleek, smiling face and ogling eye,
Came down his tricky hand to try—
We spurned him like a filthy thing.
What! let so foul a creature bring
Dishonor to our country's fame?
He! the "Brute" with cursed name,
The blear-eyed "Beaste," with reaking hand
That shed the best blood of our land,
The outlawed, foul and hated demon,
That dared insult our Southern women,
Hold intercourse with such as he?
Forbid it, God of Liberty!!
No! better let the prison chain
Still rankling in your heart remain;
Better to bid a long farewell
To earthly joys, and in your cell
Lie lingering out Eternity.
Than on such terms gain liberty.

But, Asa dear, you need not fear
So hard a lot; I 'spose you hear
How Mr. Grant has set a day—
'Tis July 4th (the Yankees say)—
To have a mighty barbecue
In Richmond town; but when he's there
With our boys and Robert Lee,
I think Mars Abe will willing be
To set you and all others free,
That have for such a lengthy while
Been pining 'way on Johnson's Isle.

Spades are trumps now, in these parts,
But none forget old Asa Hartz;
And when the "hands" are running "hard,"
We sorely miss so good a card.
Give my love to Mister Terry,
And tell him not to be contrary
And keep you always in the jail;
I'll "jine" George D. in giving bail.
"Yours," till cruel death shall rob
One of the other.

UNCLE BOB.

Since the above was put in type the manuscript copy in an autograph album has been sent to the VETERAN. More of it later.

CENSURING GEN. JOE HOOKER.

Singular proceedings occurred at a meeting of the joint Legislative Committee in Boston a few weeks ago. A motion was being considered to erect an equestrian statue to Hooker. Col. Greeley S. Curtis, opposing the plan, denounced Gen. Hooker as having been a "deserter for resigning on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg," and said he was "unworthy of a statue."

Ex-Gov. Boutwell, Gen. Francis A. Walker, Chas. Carleton Coffin (Carleton, the war correspondent), had spoken in favor of the memorial, and the Committee was about to adjourn without remonstrances, when Col. Curtis asked to be heard. He said: "Hooker was so inert and unaggressive that Lee withdrew troops to fight elsewhere against Sedgwick at the battle of Chancellorsville. Three days before Gettysburg this patriot resigned. When a private leaves an army on the eve of a battle it is called desertion; the penalty is death. When a General leaves in this way, do we reward him with a statue? I hope not." During Col. Curtis' address there were hisses, and afterward several speakers defended the memory of Gen. Hooker in eloquent terms.

The foregoing is copied simply as news —EDITOR VETERAN.

G. J. Alexander, of the 41st Tennessee Regiment, inquires from Fayetteville, Tenn., for two Misses Read, of Eatonton, Ga., and two cousins, from East Tennessee: "Col. Jones and I stayed all night with the father of the two first named in the spring of 1884. I know the father and mother have passed over the River. These ladies will always hold a place in my memory."

Bottlebinding.

You can't judge of the quality of a book by the binding, nor tell the contents by the title. You look for the name of the author before you buy the book. The name of Robert Louis Stevenson (for instance) on the back guarantees the inside of the book, whatever the outside may be.

There's a parallel between books and bottles. The binding, or wrapper, of a bottle is no guide to the quality of the medicine the bottle contains. The title on the bottle is no warrant for confidence in the contents. It all depends on the author's name. Never mind who made the bottle. Who made the medicine? That's the question.

Think of this when buying Sarsaparilla. It isn't the binding of the bottle or the name of the medicine that you're to go by. That's only printer's ink and paper! The question is, who made the medicine? What's the author's name? When you see Ayer's name on a Sarsaparilla bottle, that's enough. The name Ayer guarantees the best, and has done so for **50** years.

ELEVEN HUNDRED, SEVENTY DOLLARS!

Readers, male and female, who see the VETERAN are commended to the movement for a monument to the peerless character of Samuel Davis who was executed at Pulaski, Tenn., as a spy Nov. 27, 1863.

Samuel Davis was a Confederate soldier and a young man twenty-one years old. He was an upright, intelligent, brave fellow and had been selected to do perilous service for the Confederacy. Zealous for success, he had given his word of honor not to betray somebody who had gotten valuable information and papers for him and, with proud heart, he was on his way to Gen. Bragg when captured. The Federal authorities determined to ferret the source of information and undertook to intimidate him, but they were astounded at his nerve to maintain his honor. When he had been tried by court-martial and condemned to death, the soldiers learned the situation and, according to their testimony, "the Federal Army was in grief" at his impending fate. The heart of the Commanding General, Dodge, was evidently much moved, and a courier was sent in haste after he had been taken to the scaffold to plead with him, once again, to save his life by telling who had aided him, but firm as the granite mountains—after having written his noble mother how very, very much he grieved that he must die, and love messages—he said no, he could not tell because he had promised not to do so.

For these reasons, the appeal is not to Confederates alone, but to all persons who feel that so peerless a character should be perpetuated before generations to come. It is the finest model in existence for the human race. He was loyal to the Confederacy, and he knew that one good soldier would be spared to it if he would tell the source of his information—suppose it was the simple-hearted negro mentioned herein by Mr. Webb—and there was not to be a Union soldier exchanged, but his patriotism, even then, would not allow him to falsify his word. See to it that your name is on the honor roll of contributors. That record will be preserved hundreds of years, and generations ahead will refer to this in the VETERAN with pride in the ancestral act.

In sending four dollars, half for the VETERAN and the other for the Samuel Davis Monument, Hon. Z. W. Ewing of Pulaski did not mention location and inquiry was sent to which he replied, "Use my subscription for the Nashville Monument. I will give something additional here." Thanks to Comrade Ewing for this patriotic note. Like Hon. John H. Reagan and others he evidently hopes that "all three places contending for the honor" may have a monument.

Capt. B. F. Smith, a conductor on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, an ever faithful comrade, writes from Shelbyville, Tenn., March 22, about Sam Davis' boyhood. * * *

I became acquainted with the family while I was station agent of the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad at Smyrna, Tenn., some years before the war, and as I got to know them well, classed them among my warmest friends. The pictures of the father and mother, so faithfully reproduced in the VETERAN, carry me back to that time and review many pleasant memories, including with that family many dear friends.

My recollection of Sam Davis as a boy is not so vivid as I wish. I fondly remember him as he appeared at that time, small, rather diffident and reserved in manner, but kind and affectionate; was ardently devoted to his mother. His younger brother, Oscar, who was very mischievous, was his constant companion, and they would frequently come over to the depot for a romp. One day Oscar, pretending to be in a great hurry, rode up to Ben Tompkins' store, called him and asked him if he had "all kinds of nails." "Yes," says Ben, "what kind do you want?" and he replied: "Give me a pound of toe nails," and before Ben could recover from his surprise Oscar was gone.

When our company (Capt. Butler's) was organized, none of us knew anything of military tactics, and cadets were sent from the Nashville Military Institute to drill us, and among the first of the cadets sent was Sam Davis.

He joined Capt. Ledbetter's company of the First Tennessee Regiment, known as the "Rutherford Rifles," with which he served in all of our hard marches, fighting and privations, until detailed as a scout.

T. S. Webb, Esq., Knoxville, Tenn., sends check for $108 for himself and others, and writes:

When this monument was first suggested I was much impressed with the unparalleled heroism of our Tennessee boy, and have intended ever since to give the matter some attention. The last number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was a strong reminder that I had been derelict, and I noted with surprise and regret that there had been no contributions from East Tennessee, as I know that our mountain people admire true heroism as much as any people on earth.

The grand sacrifice of his life by Sam Davis was not induced by his desire to sustain his reputation as a great officer or a great public man, for he was neither, but only a private soldier and a mere country boy. It was not induced by his desire to save wife or child, or his mother or his father, or any of his kindred, or even his friend, as none of them were involved. The person involved was a lowly negro boy, whom he had persuaded to secure the papers from Gen. Dodge's desk. Davis was caught with the papers and condemned to be hanged as a spy. He was offered both life and liberty on condition that he would betray the negro. The negro had absolutely no claim on him, except the moral obligation of good faith.

Sam Davis held steadfastly to this obligation of good faith, and refused to betray the negro, even at the cost of his liberty and his life. No greater exhibition of unselfish heroism can be found in history or romance, and every American should feel proud to honor the memory of Sam Davis.

Dr. C. H. Todd, Owensboro, Ky., March 9, 1896: The incidents you have published relating to the life of Samuel Davis are truly touching. History does not tell us of any other such hero! Enclosed is my mite to the Monumental Fund.

The VETERAN is doing more than all else to keep bright the memory of those days so sad, yet so dear.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, New York City, who subscribes fifty dollars: The Sam Davis Monument ought to be in some public square in Nashville, in a conspicuous place; if not there, in the Southern Battle Abbey, wherever that may be located. I do not know but what the Battle Abbey would be the best place for it, for many pilgrimages will be made there if it is properly gotten up and supported.

Capt. J. F. Smith, Marion, Ark.: Enclosed you will find one dolllar each from A. B. Rieves and Frank G. Smith for the Sam Davis Monument. They are not ex-Confederates, but sons who esteem it a privilege to honor such a hero. The same love for this dear sunny Southland pulsates their hearts that did yours and mine in 1861.

Tipton D. Jennings, Lynchburg, Va., sends contribution of one dollar for Sam Davis Monument, and says: I would vote for placing his monument at the late "Capital of Southern Confederacy," as Sam Davis' immortal name and fame are a legacy to the entire South. His was one of the sublimest acts of true heroism recorded in History!

Responding to a letter of invitation to visit Tennessee, Hon. John W. Daniel, the "silver tongued" orator of the "Old Dominion," after stating it would be impossible to come, adds: "I feel great interest in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and would gladly do anything that would promote its success."

Here is an inscription from a Confederate Monument: "It is the magnanimous verdict of mankind that he who lays down his life for a cause he deemed just is a hero."

J. L. Dougherty, Norwalk, Cal., March 4, 1896: Enclosed $1.00 for Sam Davis Monument, to be placed anywhere the committee or majority of donators may see fit.

Capt. W. H. Pope, Superintendent Maryland Line Confederate Soldiers Home, Pikesville, Md.: Enclosed find one dollar for the Sam Davis Monument. Wish I could send you one thousand.

Mrs. Robt. L. Morris, of Nashville, who has traveled much in her own and foreign lands, sends an epitaph for the Samuel Davis Monument. Mrs. Morris compares Davis to Nathan Hale, "the young Revolutionary officer who, when he came to die at the hands of the British, like Davis, regretted that he had only one life to give to his country." But Hale had not, like Davis, the offer of life for a price.

The Epitaph suggested is as follows:

To the memory of SAMUEL DAVIS, and his heroic sacrifice.

The grateful citizens of his country have erected this monument.

Not to express their unavailing sorrow for his death,

Nor yet to celebrate the matchless valor of his life,

But by his noble example to teach their sons to emulate what they admire,

And like him, when duty requires it, to die for their country.

Three cheers for Columbia, Tenn! Mrs. E. H. Hatcher undertook an entertainment recently for the Sam Davis Monument and reports as net $125. Her devotion as daughter of a Confederate Veteran is suggested as a model. Her father, Captain Chas. W. Phillips, on the secession of his State, Louisiana, raised the Phillips' Rangers, equipping those who needed aid, and this gallant command served under Wert Adams in the Western Army. The ladies who took active part in assisting Mrs. Hatcher are Mrs. A. S. James, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. Harry Arnold, and Miss Bessie Hendley.

F. M. Kelso, of Fayetteville, was appointed by the Shackleford-Fulton Bivouac to raise funds for the monument. He sends eleven dollars and will get much more.

A memorial service at the grave of Samuel Davis is being considered by comrades from different Bivouacs in Tennessee, to be held some time in May. His burial place is twenty miles South of Nashville, near the N. C. & St. L. Railway.

COURTHOUSE AT VICKSBURG, MISS.

The above picture will be interesting to every Confederate who served at Vicksburg during the war. The superb structure is as handsome as ever.

FOR FAITHFUL CONDUCT.

Names and residences of persons who honor, with their substance, the peerless fidelity of the noble Samuel Davis.

Akers, E. A., Knoxville, Tenn..... 1 00
Allen, Jos. W., Nashville.....$100 00
Amis, J. T., Culleoka, Tenn..... 1 00
Anderson, Dr. J. M., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Arnold, J. M., Newport, Ky..... 1 00
Arthur, James R., Rockdale, Tex.... 1 00
Asbury, A. E., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Atkisson, Marsh, Seattle, Wash..... 2 00
Ashbrook, S., St. Louis..... 1 00
Askew, H. G., Austin, Tex..... 1 00
Ayres, J. A., Nashville..... 1 00

Baldwin, A. B., Bardstown, Ky..... 2 00
Barlow, Col. W. P., St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Barry, Capt. T. H., Oxford, Ala..... 1 00
Beard, Dr. W. F., Shelbyville, Ky... 1 00
Beazley, Geo., Murfreesboro, Tenn... 1 00
Bee, Robert, Charleston, S. C..... 2 00
Beckett, J. W., Bryant Sta., Tenn.. 1 00
Bell, Capt. W. E., Richmond, Ky..... 1 00
Biles, J. C., McMinnville, Tenn..... 3 00
Blackmore, J. W., Gallatin, Tenn.... 5 00
Blakemore, J. H., Trenton..... 1 00
Boaner, N. S., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Boyd, Gen. John, Lexington, Ky..... 1 00
Bringhurst, W. R., Clarksville, Tenn. 1 00
Browne, Dr. M. S., Winchester, Ky... 1 00
Browne, E. H., Baltimore, Md..... 1 00
Brown, John C. Camp, El Paso, Tex. 5 00
Brown, H. T., Spears, Ky..... 1 00
Brown, B. R., Shoun's X Rds, Tenn.. 1 00
Brown, W. C., Gainesville, Tex..... 1 00
Brown, W. A., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Brown, B. R., Shonn's X Rds., Tenn.. 1 00
Bruce, J. H., Nashville..... 5 00
Burges, R. J., Sequin, Tex..... 1 00
Burkhardt, Martin, Nashville..... 5 00
Bush, Maj. W. G., Nashville..... 2 00

Cain, G. W., Nashville..... 3 00
Cargile, J. F., Morrisville, Mo..... 1 50
Calhoun, Dr. B. F., Beaumont, Tex... 1 00
Calhoun, F. H., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Calhoun, W. B., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Cannon, Dr. J. P., McKenzie, Tenn.. 1 00
Carnahan, J. C., Donnels Chapel, Tenn..... 1 00
Carroll, Capt. John W., Henderson, Tenn..... 1 00
Cassell, T. W., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Cassell, W. H., Lexington, Ky..... 2 00
Cates, C. T., Jr., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Cecil, Loyd, Lipscomb, Tenn..... 1 00
Chadwick, S. W., Greensboro, Ala.... 1 00
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville..... 1 00
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville..... 5 00
Cheatham, Maj. J. A., Memphis..... 1 00
Cherry, A. G., Paris, Tenn..... 1 00
Clayton, Capt. R. M., Atlanta, Ga.... 1 00
Clark, Mrs. I. M., Nashville, Tenn.. 1 00
Coffey, W. A., Scottsboro, Ala..... 1 00
Coffman, Dan, Kaufman, Tex..... 1 00
Cohen, Dr. H., and Capt T. Yates collected, Waxahatchie, Tex..... 14 00
Cole, Whiteford R., Nashville..... 10 00
Coleman, Gen. R. B., McAlester, I. T. 1 00
Comfort, James, Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Condon, Mike J., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Cook, V. Y., Elmo, Ark..... 2 00
Cooper, Judge John S., Trenton..... 1 00
Cowan, J. W., Nashville..... 1 00
Cowardin, H. C., Martin, Tenn..... 1 00
Cunningham, P. D., Washington, D.C.. 1 00
Cunningham, P. D., Mexican Border. 1 00
Cunningham, S. A., Nashville..... 5 00
Curry, Dr. J. H., Nashville..... 1 00
Curtis, Capt. B. F., Winchester, Ky.. 2 50

Dailey, Dr. W. E., Paris, Tex..... 5 00
Dance, J. H., Columbia, Tex..... 1 00
Dargan, Miss Alice W., Darlington, S. C..... 1 00
Davie, Capt. G. J., Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Davis, J. M., Calvert, Tex..... 1 00
Davis, Lafayette, Rockdale, Tex..... 1 00
Davis, R. N., Trenton..... 1 00
Davis, J. K., Dickson, Tenn..... 2 00
Davis, J. E., West Point, Miss..... 1 00
Davis, W. T., Nashville..... 1 00
Davidson, N. P., Wrightsboro, Tex.. 1 00
Daviess County C. V. Assn, Owensboro, Ky..... 6 55
Deaderick, Dr. C., Knoxville, Tenn.. 4 00
Deamer, J. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.... 1 00
Dean, G. B., Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Dean, J. J., McAlister, I. T..... 1 00
Dean, M. J., Tyler, Tex..... 1 00
Deason, James R., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
Deering, Rev. J. R., Harrodsburg, Ky 1 00
Denny, L. H., Blountsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Dinkins, Lynn H., Memphis, Tenn.... 1 00
Dinkins, Capt. James, Memphis..... 1 00
Dixon, Mrs. H. O., Flat Rock, Tenn.. 1 00
Donaldson, Capt. W. E., Jasper, T... 1 00
Douglas, Mrs. Sarah C., Nashville.... 1 00
Doyle, J. M., Blountsville, Ala..... 1 00
Duckworth, W. S., Nashville..... 1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville..... 25 00
Duncan, J. C., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Duncan, W. R., Knoxville, Tenn.... 1 00
Durrett, D. L., Springfield, Tenn..... 1 00
Dyas, Miss Fannie, Nashville..... 1 00

Eleazer, S. D., Colesburg, Tenn.... 1 00
Ellis, Capt. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.. 1 00
Ellis, Mrs. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Embry, J. W., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Emmert, Dr. A. C., Trenton, Tenn.... 1 00
Embry, Glenn, St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Enslow, J. A., Jr., Jacksonville, Fla.. 1 00
Eslick, M. S., Fayetteville, Tenn..... 1 00
Ewing, Hon. Z. W., Pulaski, Tenn... 2 00

Farrar, Ed H., Centralia, Mo..... 1 00
Ferguson, Gen. F. S., Birmingham.. 1 00
Finney, W. D., Wrightsboro, Tex..... 1 00
Fisher, J. F., Farmington, Tenn..... 1 00
Fletcher, Mack, Denison, Tex..... 1 00
Forbes Bivouac, Clarksville, Tenn.. 25 00
Ford, A. B., Madison, Tenn..... 1 00
Ford, J. W., Hartford, Ky..... 1 00
Forrest, A., Sherman, Tex..... 1 00
Forrest, Carr, Forreston, Tex..... 2 00
Foster, A. W., Trenton..... 1 00
Foster, N. A., Jefferson, N. C..... 1 00

Gay, William, Trenton..... 1 00
Gaut, J. W., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
George, Capt. J. H., Howell, Tenn.... 1 00
Gibson, Capt. Thos., Nashville..... 1 00
Giles, Mrs. L. B., Laredo, Tex..... 1 00
Gooch, Roland, Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Goodlett, D. Z., Jacksonville, Ala..... 2 00
Goodlett, Mrs. M. C., Nashville..... 5 00
Goodloe, Rev. A. T., Station Camp, Tenn..... 10 00
Goodner, Dr. D. M., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Goodrich, Jno. T., Fayetteville, Tenn. 1 00
Gordon, D. M., Nashville..... 1 00
Gordon, A. C., McKenzie, Tenn..... 1 00
Gordon, Dr. B. G., McKenzie, Tenn.. 1 00
Graves, Col. J. M., Lexington, Ky.... 1 00
Gray, S. L., Lebanon, Ky..... 1 00
Green, W. J., Utica, Miss..... 1 00
Green, Jno. W., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Green, Folger, St. Patricks, La 3 00
Gresham, W. R., Park Station, Tenn. 1 00
Gudgell, D. E., Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Guest, Isaac, Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Guest, Isaac, Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Guest, Isaac, Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Gurst, Isaac, Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Gwin, Dr. R. D., McKenzie, Tenn..... 1 00

Hall, L. B., Dixon, Ky..... 1 00
Hancock, Dr. W. H. Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Hanrick, E. Y., Waco, Tex..... 1 00
Hardison, W. T., Nashville..... 5 00
Harmsen, Barney, El Paso, Tex..... 5 00
Harper, J. R., Rosston, Tex..... 1 00
Harris, Maj. R. H., Warrington, Fla. 1 00
Harris, J. A., Purdon, Tex..... 1 00
Harrison, J. A. Purdon, Tex..... 1 00
Harrison, W. W., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
Hartman, J. A., Rockwall, Tex..... 1 00
Hartzog, H. G., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00
Hatcher, Mrs. E. H., Columbia, Tenn. (entertainment) 125 00
Hatler, Baily, Boliver, Mo..... 1 00
Hayes, E. S., Mineola, Tex..... 1 00
Haynie, Capt. M., Kaufman, Tex.... 1 00
Hemming, C. C., Gainesville, Tex.... 10 00
Herbst, Chas., Macon, Ga..... 1 00
Herron, W. W., Mckenzie, Tenn..... 1 00
Hickman, Mrs. T. G., Vandalia, Ill... 1 00
Hickman, John P., Nashville..... 1 00
Hillsman, J. C., Ledbetter, Tex..... 1 00
Hodges, S. B., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00
Hohnan, Col. J. H., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Holman, Col. J. H., Fayetteville, Tenn 1 00
Holman, Col. J. H., Fayetteville, Tenn 1 00
Hollins, Mrs. R. S., Nashville..... 1 00
Hoppel, Dr. T. J., Trenton..... 1 00
Hoss, Rev. Dr. E. E., Nashville..... 1 00
House, A. C., Ely, Nev..... 2 00
Howell, C. C., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Howe, S. H., Newsom Station, Tenn.. 1 00
Hughes, Louis, Dyersburg, Tenn..... 1 00
Ikirt, Dr. J. J., East Liverpool, O.... 1 00
Inglis, Capt. J. L., Rockwell, Fla..... 5 00
Ingram, Jno. Bivouac, Jackson, Tenn 5 60
Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah, Tenn.. 1 00

Jackson, G. G., Wetumpka, Ala..... 1 00
Jackson, Stonewall Camp, McKenzie. 5 00
Jarrett, C. F., Hopkinsville, Ky..... 1 00
Jenkins, S. G., Nolensville, Tenn..... 1 00
Jennings, Tipton D., Lynchburg, Va. 1 00
Jewell, Wm. H., Orlando, Fla..... 1 00
Johnson, J. W., McComb City, Miss.. 1 00
Johnson, Leonard, Morrisville, Mo.... 1 50
Jones, Reps, Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Jones, A. B., Dyersburg, Tenn..... 1 00
Jordan, M. F., Murfreesboro, Tenn... 1 00
Jourolman, Leon, Knoxville, Tenn... 5 00
Justice, Wm., Personville, Tex..... 1 00

Keerl, G. W., Culpeper, Va..... 1 00
Kelly, J. O., Jeff, Ala..... 1 00
Kelso, F. M., Fayetteville, Tenn..... 1 00
Kennedy, John C., Nashville..... 5 00
Key, J. T., Baker, Tenn..... 1 00
King, Dr. J. C. J., Waco, Tex..... 1 00
Kirkman, V. L., Nashville 5 00
Killebrew, Col. J. B., Nashville..... 5 00
Knapp, Dr. W. A., Lake Charles, La.. 1 00
Knoedler, Col. L. P., Augusta, Ky... 1 00
Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark..... 5 00

Lea, Judge Jno. M., Nashville..... 10 00
Lauderdale, J. S., Llano, Tex..... 1 00
Lehmann, Joe, Waco, Tex..... 1 00
Lewis, Maj. E. C., Nashville..... 25 00
Lewis, Dr F. P., Coalsburg, Ala..... 1 00
Levy, R. Z. & Bro., Nashville..... 5 00
Loftin, Benj. F., Nashville..... 1 00
Long, J. M., Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Love, Maj. W. A., Crawford, Miss... 1 00
Luckey, C. E., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Luttrell, J. C., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Lyen, E. W., Harrodsburg, Ky..... 1 00

McAfee, H. M., Salvisa, Tex..... 1 00
McAlester, J. J., McAlester, I. T..... 1 00
McArthur, Capt. P., and officers of Steamer A.R. Bragg, Newport, Ark 5 00
McClung, Hu L., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
McDonald, J. W., Erin, Tenn..... 1 00
McDowell, J. H., Union City, Tenn... 1 00
McGinnis, J. M., Dyersburg, Tenn.... 1 00
McGregor, Dr. R. R., Covington, Tenn..... 2 50
McGuire, Dr. C. B., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
McKinney, W. R., Greenwood, S. C.. 1 00
McKinstry, Judge O. L., Carrollton, Ala..... 1 00
McLure, Mrs. M. A. E., St. Louis..... 5 00
McMillin, Hon. Benton, M. C. Tenn.. 5 00
McRee, W. F., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
McTeer, Jos. T., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
McVoy, Jos., Cantonment, Fla..... 1 00
Mallory, E. S., Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
Marshall, J. M., Lafayette, Tenn..... 1 00
Maull, J. F., Elmore, Ala..... 1 00
Maxwell, Miss Mary E., Nashville..... 5 00
Meek, S. W., Nashville..... 5 00
Meek, Master Wilson..... 1 00
Miles, W. A., Fayetteville, Tenn.... 1 00
Miller, Tom C., Yellow Store, Tenn.. 1 00
Miller, Geo. F., Raymond, Kan..... 1 00
Mims, Dr. W. D., Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
Mitchell, J. A., Bowling Green, Ky.. 2 00
Mitchell, A. E., Morrisville, Mo..... 1 00
Montgomery, Wm., Arrow, Tenn..... 1 00
Moore, L. M., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00
Morton, Dr. I. C., Morganfield, Ky... 1 00
Morris, Mrs. R. L., Nashville..... 1 00
Morris, Miss N. J., Frostburg, Md.. 1 00
Moss, C. C., Dyersburg, Tenn..... 1 00

N. C. & St. L Ry, by Pres. Thomas... 50 00
Neal, Col. Tom W., Dyersburg, Tenn. 1 00
Neames, M. M., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Neilson, J. C., Cherokee, Miss..... 1 00
Nelson, M. H., Hopkinsville, Ky..... 1 00
Newman & Cullen, Knoxville, Tenn.. 5 00
Norton, N. L., Austin, Tex..... 1 00

Ogilvie, W. H., Allisona, Tenn..... 1 00
Overton, Col. John, Nashville..... 10 00
Owen, U. J., Eagleville, Tenn..... 1 00
Owen, Frank A., Evansville, Ind..... 1 00

Pardue, Albert E., Cheap Hill, Tenn.. 3 00
Partlow, J. S., Greenwood, S. C..... 50
Parish, J. H., Sharon, Tenn..... 1 00
Patterson, Mrs. E. H., Sequin, Tex... 1 00
Patterson, Mrs. T. L., Cumberl'd, Md 1 00
Payne, E. S., Enon College, Tenn..... 2 00
Pendleton, P. B., Pembroke, Ky..... 1 00
Pepper, W. A., Stirling, S. C..... 1 00
Perkins, A. H. D., Memphis, Tenn.. 1 00
Perrow, H. W., Noeton, Tenn..... 1 00
Pierce, W. H., Collirene, Ala..... 1 00
Pierce, W. H., Collinsville, Ala..... 1 00
Pointer, Miss Phil, Owensboro, Ky... 1 00
Pollock, J. D., Cumberland, Md..... 1 00
Pope, Capt. W. H., Pikesville, Md..... 1 00
Prunty, Geo., Boston, Ky..... 1 00
Pryor, J. T., (Terry's Texas Ranger), Belton..... 1 00

Raines, R. P., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
Randall, D. C., Waldrip, Tex..... 1 00
Rast, J P., Farmersville, Ala..... 1 00
Rast, P. J., Farmersville, Ala..... 1 00
Reagan, Hon. John H., Austin, Tex.. 1 00
Redwood, Henry, Asheville, N. C..... 1 00
Reeves, Dr. N. P., Longstreet, La.... 1 00
Reid, W. H., Sandy Springs, N. C..... 1 00
Richardson, B. W., Richmond, Va..... 1 00
Ridley, Capt. B. L., Murfreesboro.... 50 00
Riley, T. F., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00

Ritchards, Sam, Rockdale, Tex.	1 00
Rieves, A. B., Marion, Ark.	1 00
Roach, B. T., Fayetteville, Tenn.	1 00
Roberts, W. S., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Robbins, A. M., Rockdale, Tex.	1 00
Rose, S. E. F., West Point, Miss.	1 00
Roy, G. W., Yazoo City, Miss.	1 00
Rudy, J. H., Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Russell, T. A. Warrior, Ala.	1 00
Rutland, J. W., Alexandria, Tenn.	1 00
Ryan, J., Chicago, Ill.	5 00
Ryan, Frank T., Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
Sage, Judge Geo. R., Cincinnati.	5 00
Samuel, W. H., Black Jack, Tenn.	1 00
Sanford, Dr. J. R., Covington, Tenn.	5 00
Scott, S. P., Dresden, Tenn.	1 00
Scruggs, John, Altamont, Tenn.	2 00
Seawell, J. B., Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
Sellers, Dr. Wm., Summerfield, La.	1 00
Sevier, Col. T. F., Sabinal, Tex.	1 00
Sexton, E. G., Dover, Tenn.	1 00
Shannon, Judge G. W., Lubbock, Tex.	1 00
Shannon, Col. E. S., Clover Croft, Tenn.	1 00
Shields, Jno. K., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Shields, S. G., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Simmons, Col. J. W., Mexia, Tex.	2 50
Sinclair, Col. A. H., Georgetown, Ky.	1 00
Sinnott, H. T., Nashville.	1 00
Sinnott, Harry M., Nashville.	1 00
Sinnott, Sidney L., Nashville.	1 00
Slatter, W. J., Winchester, Tenn.	1 00
Smith, F. P., Seguin, Tex.	1 00
Smith, Capt. F. M., Norfolk, Va.	1 00
Smith, Capt. J. F., Marion, Ark.	1 00
Smith, Gen. W. G., Sparta, Tenn.	1 00
Smith, Capt. H. I., Mason City, Ia.	1 00
Smith, Miss M. A., Warrenton, Va.	1 00
Smith, Frank G., Marion, Ark.	1 00
Smythe, A T., Charleston, S. C.	1 00
Speissegger, J. T., St. Augustine. Fla	1 00
Staggs, Col. E. S., Hustonville, Ky.	1 00
Stark, J. W., Bowling Green, Ky.	1 00
Stinson, Dr. J. B. Sherman, Tex.	1 00
Stone, Judge J. B., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Story, Col. E. L., Austin, Tex.	1 00
Stovall, M. B., Adairville, Ky.	1 00
Street, H. J., Upton, Ky.	1 00
Street, W. M., Murfreesboro, Tenn.	1 00
Symthe, L. C. McC., Charleston, S. C.	1 00
Taylor, R. Z., Trenton	1 00
Taylor, H. H., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Taylor, Young, Lott, Tex.	1 00
Templeton, J. A., Jacksonville, Tex.	1 00
Templeton, Jerome, Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Thomas, A. S., Fayetteville, Tenn.	1 00
Thomas, W. T., Cumb'd City, Tenn.	1 00
Thomas, J. L., Knoxville, Tenn.	1 00
Thomason, Dr. B. R., Era, Tex.	1 00
Todd, Dr. C. H., Owensboro, Ky.	1 00
Tolley, Capt. W. P., Rucker, Tenn.	1 00
Trowbridge, S. F., Piedmont, S. C.	1 00
Tucker, J. J., St. Patrick, La.	1 00
Turner, R. S., Ashland City, Tenn.	5 00
Tyree, L. H., Trenton, Tenn.	1 00
(T. E.) cash, Nashville.	1 00
Vance, R. H., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Van Pelt, S. D., Danville, Ky.	1 00
Voegtley, Edwin B., Pittsburg, Pa.	2 00
Voegtley, Mrs. E. B., Pittsburg. Pa.	2 00
Walker, C. A. C., Greenwood, S. C.	1 00
Walker, John, Cage City, Md.	2 00
Walker, Robert, Sherman, Tex.	1 00
Wall, Drs. W. D., Sr. and Jr., Jackson, La.	2 00
Wall, F. L., Abbeville, La.	1 00
Ward's Seminary, by J. D. Blanton, President	10 00
Washington, Hon. J. E., M. C. Tenn.	2 00
Webb, T. S., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Webster, A. H., Walnut Sp's, Tex.	1 00
Welburn, E. H., Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
West, Jno. C., Waco, Tex.	1 00
White, J. H., Franklin, Tenn.	1 00
Wilkerson, W. A., Memphis.	1 00
Williams, J. Mat, Nashville.	10 00
Williams, Thos. L., Knoxville, Tenn.	5 00
Williams, Robert, Guthrie, Ky.	1 00
Wilson, Hon. S. F., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Wilson, Dr. J. T., Sherman, Tex.	1 00
Wilson, Mrs. S. F., Gallatin, Tenn.	1 00
Wilson, Dr. J. T., Sherman, Tex.	1 00
Wilson, Jesse P., Greensboro, Ga.	1 00
Wilson, Capt. E. H., Norfolk, Va.	1 00
Wheeler, Gen. Joseph, M. C. Ala.	1 00
Wofford, Mrs. N. J., Memphis, Tenn.	1 00
Wright, W. H. DeC., Baltimore, Md.	1 00
Wright, W. N., Fayetteville, Tenn.	1 00
Wright, Geo. W., McKenzie, Tenn.	1 00
Wyeth, Dr J. A., New York City.	50 00
Young, Col. Bennett H., Louisville.	5 00
Young County Camp, Graham, Tex.	7 85
Brownlow, J. E., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	50
Dwight, Dr. R. Y., Pinopolis, S. C.	50
Fleming, S. N., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	50
J. E. Clark, R. E. Grizzard and M. M. Mobley, Trenton, Tenn.; Capt. Chas. H. May and J. W. Fielder, Benton, Ala.; Dr. E. Young and W. W. Powers, Greensboro, Ala.; J. W. Gilman and H. Heverin, Nashville; G. N. Albright, W. A. Ross and Alonzo Gilliam, Stanton, Tenn.; John W. Green and cash, Dyersburg, Tenn.; E. J. Harwell, Stonewall, La.	7 40
Collins, Mrs. Geo. C., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.	25
C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Tex.; T. O. Moore, Comanche, Tex.; L. C. Newman, H. M. Nash, J. W. Murnan, G. Shafer, J. F. Coppedge, J. K. Gibson, Stanton, Tenn.; J. T. Bryan, Marlana, Fla.	2 25
Total amount,	$1,172.50

FOUGHT THIER LAST BATTLE.

Fanny H. W., writes: At his residence in Williamson County, on Sunday March the 8th, 1896, there passed to his final reward another of the old soldiers—Samuel Houston Moran—in the sixty-ninth year of his age. Comrades are fast falling.

He was a brave soldier, a true citizen, an honorable man, one who had the courage of his convictions, and his word was sacred. As a friend his friendship knew no limit.

With a bright mind and a true heart in the cause, the incidents of the war made a deep impression upon him. The last conversation I had with him betrayed the deep love he had for his comrades and especially for his old commander, Frank Cheatham.

His efforts in life were crowned with success He leaves a good estate, and a large family of worthy decendants to share the inheritance of his life's record, so honorable and free from blemish.

Miss Hettie May McKinstry sends this unique note from Carrollton, Ala., March 13th, 1896: I have received the watch and it is a beauty. I prize it very highly because it will be a constant reminder that I have done something to circulate a journal whose mission is to see that justice is done to the gallant heroes who wore the gray, who fought, suffered and died for a noble cause and from patriotic motives. I have been sick; as soon as I am recovered I will go to work and try to get up another club.

Ben LaBree, Box 507, Louisville, Ky.: I would like to obtain the names and addresses of all living ex-Confederate officers, sailors and marines of the Confederate States Navy, Blockade Runners, etc. Can VETERAN readers aid me?

Dr. C. R. Armistead, Prescott, Ark., on January 11th, announced the death of two comrades of Camp Walter Bragg, United Confederate Veterans: C. C. Black was a member of the Sixth Arkansas Regiment and was wounded in the battle of Chickamauga in his left leg; he carried his wounded leg 30 years, which was finally amputated the 7th of last August. This was followed by a succession of abscesses and he died 30th of December, '95. His remains were taken to his former residence. The other was First Lieut. W. L. Gaines, formerly of Gadsden, Alabama, where he enlisted in Capt. Ray's Company—Nineteenth Regiment, Wheeler's Cavalry—which he commanded part of the time. Comrade Gaines died suddenly, January 7th, of a paralytic stroke. Col. W. J. Blake, commanding Camp Walter Bragg, made a call and 44 Veterans responded, marched in procession, divided into two platoons and fired successively two volleys over his grave.

D. B. F. Belk, of Bartlett, Texas, is now in his seventieth year. He enlisted May, '61, and served in the Sixteenth Alabama Infantry. Was at Fishing Creek, Shiloh, Chickamauga, Ringgold, Rocky Face, and on to Atlanta, etc., and surrendered at Iuka, Miss. He organized the Dock Belk Camp at Bartlett—organized May 11, 1895, and, although a private in the war, he has ever been its commander.

Comrade T. P. Waller, of Bessemer, Alabama, wishes to procure a copy of "The Charge of Rhodes' Brigade at Seven Pines."

E. L. Pennington of the Dock Belk Camp, a native of Missouri, born in 1820, died January 20, 1895.

GRAND DIVISION OF VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Kate Noland Garnett, University, Virginia, reports the following Chapters added to Grand Division in Virginia, Daughters of the Confederacy:

Harrisonburg, formed February 14th: President, Mrs. Frank J. Brooke; Vice-President, Mrs. Geo. G. Grattan; Treasurer, Mrs. Jno. T. Harris, Jr.; Secretary, Mrs. Meyers.

Fredericksburg, formed February 28th: President, Mrs. J. N. Barney; Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Lacy; Treasurer, Miss Sallie N. Gravatt; Secretary, Mrs. V. M. Fleming.

Danville Chapter, "Anne Eliza Johns," formed March 9th. President, Mrs. Berryman Green; Vice President, Mrs. B. W. Flinn; Treasurer, Mrs. Green Penn; Secretary, Miss Nannie Wiseman.

The "Pickett Buchanan" Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, at Norfolk, Va., with Mrs. James T. Leigh, President, joined the "Grand Division of Virginia" on March 10th.

Six other Chapters are nearly ready, and will be duly recorded. The Grand Division of Virginia now numbers over one thousand members, though the work of organizing other Chapters from the "Albemarle" began less than a year ago.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY.

Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland. Board of Managers for 1896: President, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright; Vice-Presidents, Miss Kate Mason Rowland and Mrs. Charles Marshall; Secretaries, Mrs. Hugh H. Lee and Mrs. F. M. Colston; Treasurer, Mrs. E. S. Beall; Managers, Mesdames William Reed, von Kapff, Thomas B. Gresham, B. Jones Taylor, J. F. Dammann, Miss Dora Hoffman.

The Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland are deeply interested in the effort to raise the fund for the Battle Abbey. To this end the Board of Managers has secured the services of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee to deliver a lecture in Baltimore under the auspices of the Society, on Thursday, May 21st, at Ford's Opera House.

The Society expects to have an audience worthy of the name and fame of the distinguished Confederate soldier. The Maryland Society is a large and influential organization and much enthusiasm is manifested by the members for the noble work in which they are engaged. The Society has frequent meetings at which historical papers and personal reminiscences are read. Arrangements have been recently made for the purchase of the bust of Gen. Robert E. Lee, by Volck, at a cost of $550. This magnificent work of art is to be the property of the Daughters of the Confederacy in the State of Maryland, and will be temporarily placed in the Historical Hall of the Johns Hopkins University until a place shall be selected for its permanent disposition.

At the organization of the Society last May, an address was delivered by the President and has been published as outlining the objects of the Society.

The membership is now about 300 and is constantly increasing. It is known as Baltimore Chapter No. 8, in the United Daughters.

A Virginia Daughter of the Confederacy states: I do not understand what is meant by the "Grand Division of Virginia," Daughters of the Confederacy. Of what organization is it a "Division?" The four Chapters of which you speak in your March number as belonging to the United Daughters were formed into a Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, as long ago as last October. Other Chapters have since been added to the Division and we would be glad to welcome any and all of the Chapters organized by Mrs. Garnett.

Please correct, in your next number, the false impression likely to arise from Mrs. Garnett's statement in your February issue about forming a "Division," to which she invites "the five Chapters in Virginia * * Chartered by the United Society." The Division antedates that union of Mrs. Garnett's Chapters which took place in February, by over three months. Yet it is entirely ignored in her letter, and overlooked, apparently by "Veteran" quoted in your paper as appealing to all Virginia women to act with the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Charter members of Chap. No. 30, Portsmouth, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Virginia Division, elected the following officers: Mrs. Sallie Magruder Stewart, President; Mrs. Martha C. Ashton, Vice President; Miss Virginia Griffin, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Alice Hargroves Jenkins, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Rebecca Marshall Nash, Treasurer; Committee on By-Laws, Misses Nannie C. Murdaugh, Esther M. Wilson, and Clara Johnson Neely; Committee on Finance, Mrs. Octavia Reed Parrish, Mrs. Margaret J. Crocker, Miss Nancy M. Reed, Mrs. Mary W. Maupin, Mrs. Mary A. Riddick.

The Shenandoah Chapter, No. 32. United Daughters of the Confederacy at Woodstock Virginia, is growing in numbers and interest. Mrs. James H. Williams, President; Mrs. S. Campbell, Secretary.

At Gainesville, Ga., a Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy has been organized, electing the following officers: Mrs. Jasper Dorsey, President; Mrs. B. J. Mozier, Vice President; Mrs. E. M. Clayton, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Bird Lilly, Enrolling Secretary; Mrs. Joseph Boone, Treasurer. The membership is about twenty-five.

CHARTER MEMBERS OF "BLACK HORSE" CHAPTER.—The Daughters of the Confederacy, Chapter No. 9, Warrenton, Va., began with Misses Mary Amelia Smith, Virginia Lomax, Julia Lomax, Mary Welby Scott, Virginia Semmes Payne, America Semmes Payne, Mary Ellen Scott, Lily Pollock, Agnes Robb Payne, Lizzie B. Fitzhugh, Cornelia Sinclair, Constance Tyler, Mary Randolph Hicks, Alice Dixon Payne, Lily Adams, and Mesdames Eppa Hunton, Jr., Wm. C. Marshall, Wm. H. Payne, Wm. M. Spilman, Lily Marshall Green, Anderson Doniphan Smith, George Stone, Alfred Forbes, Hugh Hamilton, Walter H. Robertson. Mary Amelia Smith, daughter of Gov. Billy Smith is the President.

The ladies of Danville, Va., have organized as Daughters of Confederacy, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Berryman Green; Vice President, Mrs. B. W. Flinn; Treasurer, Mrs. Green Penn; Secretary, Miss Nannie Wiseman.

Twenty-three members were enrolled, constitution and by-laws adopted, and the Chapter starts off well.

UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. John C. Brown, President, Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. L. H. Raines, Vice President, Savannah, Ga.
Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Recording Sec'y, Atlanta, Ga.
Mrs. I. M. Clark, Corresponding Sec'y, Nashville, Tenn.
Mrs. Lottie Preston Clark, Treasurer, Lynchburg, Va.

ALABAMA.

POSTOFFICE. CHAPTER. NO. OFFICERS.
Camden—36—Miss Sallie Jones, Mrs. Mary T. Beck.

ARKANSAS.

Hope—31—Mrs. C. A. Forney, Mrs. T. H. Sims.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville—19—Mrs. M. C. Draysdale, Mrs. R. C. Cooley.

GEORGIA.

Mrs. C. Helen Plane, President, Atlanta.
Mrs. L. H. Raines, Vice President, Savannah.
Mrs. J. K. Ottley, Corresponding Secretary, Atlanta.
Mrs. Virginia C. Bates Conyers, Rec. Sec'y, Covington.
Mrs. B. O. Miller, Treasurer, Augusta.
Miss Rebecca Boggs, Registrar, Augusta.

Augusta—22—Mrs. Ida Evans Eve, Mrs. A. J. Miller.
Atlanta—18—Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Mrs. J. K. Ottley.
Covington—23—Mrs. V. B. Conyers, Mrs. R. M. McIntosh.
Macon—Lanier—25—Mrs. R. E. Park, Mrs. T. O. Chestney.
Savannah—2—Mrs. L. H. Raines, Mrs. W. R. Thigpen.
Rome—28—Mrs. M. M. Pepper, Mrs. J. A. Gammon.
Waynesboro—27—Mrs. E. H. Calloway, Mrs. E. E. Blount.

KENTUCKY.

Lexington, Ky.—12—Mrs. O. L. Bradley, Mrs. J. M. Graves.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

McAlester—40— ——— ———, Miss Ida Coleman.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—8—Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Mrs. F. M. Colston.

MISSISSIPPI.

Meridian—24—Mrs. E. T. George.
Columbus—34—Mrs. J. M. Billups, Mrs. Thos. Franklin.
West Point—39—Mrs. M.W.Higginbotham, Mrs.D.C.Lanier.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Wilmington—3—Mrs. E. H. Parsley, Mrs. Justice Meares.
Waynesboro—Margaret Jones—27—Mrs. E. H. Calloway, Mrs. E. E. Blount.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston—4—Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Miss M. B. Washington.
Columbia—29—Miss Kate Crawford, Mrs. Thos. Taylor.
Columbia—42—Mrs. J. M. Barnett, Mrs. N. Holman.
Marion—38—Mrs. M. E. Durham, Miss Kate L. Blue.

TENNESSEE.

Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, President, Nashville.
Mrs. S. F. Wilson, Vice President, Gallatin.
Mrs. J. P. Hickman, Secretary, Nashville.
Mrs. John C. Gaut, Treasurer, Nashville.

Nashville—1—Mrs. John Overton, Miss Nellie Ely.
Jackson—6—Mrs. R. A. Allison, Miss A. C. Clark.
Gallatin—Clark—13—Mrs. S. F. Wilson, Miss M. Rogan.
Franklin—14—Mrs. M. J. Gentry, Miss Susie Gentry.
South Pittsburg—15—Mrs. Will E. Carter, Miss Katie Cooke.
Fayetteville—16—Mrs. F. Z. Metcalfe, Miss M. L. Metcalfe.

TEXAS.

Galveston—V. Jefferson Davis—17—Mrs. H. J. Ballenger, Miss Ruth M. Phelps.
Dallas—6—Mrs. Kate C. Currie, Mrs. L. H. Lewis.
Ennis—37—Miss Kate Daffon, Miss M. Loggine.
Waco—26—Mrs. John C. West, Mrs. Fitzhugh.
Alvin—Lamar Fontaine—33—Mrs. Sampson.
Sherman—35—Mrs. E. W. Brown, Mrs. M. M. Jouvenot.
Victoria—44—Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Mrs. J. P. Pool.

VIRGINIA.

Mrs. Lottie Preston Clark, President, Lynchburg.
Mrs. Samuel Boyer Davis, Vice President, Alexandria.
Mrs. C. W. Hunter, Recording Secretary, Appomattox.
Miss Ruth Early, Corresponding Secretary, Lynchburg.
Miss Virginia Beverly Corse, Treasurer, Alexandria.
Miss Belle Hunter, Historian, Warrenton.
Miss M. Morson, Registrar, Warrenton.

Alexandria—Mary Curtis Lee—7—Mrs. P. T. Yeatman, Miss M. L. Floyd.
Alexandria—41— ——— ———, Miss Alice E. Colquhoun.
Appomattox—11—Mrs. G. W. Hunter, Mrs. M. L. Harvey.
Farmville—45—Mrs. H. V. Edwards, Miss E. W. Johnson.
Lynchburg—Otey—10—Mrs. N. O. Scott, Miss R. Jennings.
Norfolk—21—Mrs. Fannie J. Leigh.
Portsmouth—30—Mrs. S. Magruder Stuart, Mrs. R.M.Nash.
Warrenton—9—Miss Mary A. Smith, Miss M. R. Hicks.
Woodstock—32—Mrs. J.H.Williams, Mrs. Dr. J.L.Campbell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington—Anna Stonewall Jackson—Mrs. E. T. Bullock.
Washington—43—Mrs. Bryant Griner, Mrs. C. M. Payne.

Wm. Gooch, Jr., writes from Perry, La.: Editor Veteran: At the request of my father, who now lies silent in his grave—dying March 10, '96, after six days illness—I write you.

James E. Gooch shed his blood for the Southern cause while a member of Company A, Twenty-ninth Mississippi Volunteer Infantry, Walthall's Brigade. I have his badges; one with the name of his command, which he wore last May at the Houston re-union; two others as Official Delegate.

My father joined the army January 15, '63, the month that he was eighteen, and fought bravely to the end. He was wounded once in the "battle above the clouds." Of this he wanted to write.

Father made a solemn vow never to be captured, but he had narrow escapes. Once all his comrades were captured or killed, and he and his commander escaped by running. He was ensign at the close of the war. His flag had a hundred and twenty-nine holes in it and he tore from it a star and bar.

Additional tribute comes from a brother of the deceased, who was also his comrade in the brigade.—Ed.

A LAD WANTED TO KNOW.—Mrs. John C. Brown. President United Daughters of the Confederacy, is constantly receiving mail and having visitors whose theme is Confederate matters, and her little grandson, Brown, son of Hon. Benton McMillin, a member of Congress, having become much concerned, but not wishing to seem importunate, said: "There is one thing I would like to know; was George Washington an old Confederate?"

Comrade McLean, President of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, tells a good one on his Tennessee comrade, Bennett Chapman, of Lewisburg. Their company was left on a kind of scout service in a section of Virginia that had been robbed by the armies, so that forage was scarce. Some of the boys got together a half bushel or so of corn and got Chapman to take it to a mill in the vicinity. That honest Confederate seeing that no toll had been taken, asked the miller if he hadn't made a mistake. "No" he replied "I never toll my own corn".

Capt. James Gwyn died very suddenly of paralysis at the home of his son, Mr. John Gwyn in Bartlett, Texas, December 1st. He had gone into his room when he was heard to fall, which attracted the attention of the family, and upon entering, they found him upon the floor in a dying condition, and he passed peacefully away shortly afterwards.

Captain Gwyn was born in Walton County, Ga., April 8, 1833. In 1836 his parents moved to Fayette County, Tennessee, where he enlisted in the Confederate service, and was Captain of Company D, Fourteenth Tennessee Cavalry, under General Forrest until the surrender at Selma, May 11, 1865.

Captain Gwyn was a gallant soldier, an honorable citizen. At the funeral there were a number of his comrades.

Notice of the death of Gen. Thomas Jordan, who died at his home in New York City, November 27th, has been delayed. Gen. Jordan was born at Luray, Va., in 1819. He was roommate at West Point with William T. Sherman. He served in the Seminole and Mexican wars, and afterward with the troops in California and Oregon.

In 1861 he resigned his Captaincy in the United States army and joined the Confederate. He was with Beauregard at the First Manassas and at Shiloh as Brigadier General. After the war he was for a time connected with the Memphis Appeal, and in the controversy between President Davis and Beauregard he espoused the cause of the latter.

In 1869–70 he enlisted for Cuba against Spain. In 1871 he came to the United States to intercede for the Cubans and was arrested under the Neutrality laws, but was never tried.

THE FINE WATCH PREMIUM, HERETOFORE DESCRIBED, WITH ELGIN MOVEMENT OR A FINE DIAMOND RING WITH FOUR PEARLS, GUARANTEED GENUINE, FOR 25 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE VETERAN.

VETERANS' DAY AT MONTEAGLE.

Dedicated to the old soldiers and to the organizations striving for their welfare.

CAPT. W. R. GARRETT.

Special Excursions from all points on the N. C. & St. L. Ry. One fare for round trip.

Full accommodations at Monteagle for the thousands who will come. Positively no increase of prices permitted.

Presiding Officer of the Day: CAPT. W. R. GARRETT, Professor of American History, Peabody Normal College; Ex-President of National Educational Association.

8:00 a.m.—Regular School Exercises.

10:00 a.m.—Normal Institute.

11:20 a.m.—Mass Meeting of the DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY; Address by MRS. CLEMENT CLAY CLOPTON, of Alabama. As questions pertaining to the interest of the organization will be discussed it is hoped that large delegations of Daughters will come from all the South. Other meetings will be held if necessary.

MRS. C. C. CLOPTON.

GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.

2:00 p.m.—Address by GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON, United States Senator from Georgia, and Commander-in-Chief, United Confederate Veterans: "*The Last Days of the Confederacy.*

4:00 p.m.—Grand Concert: Patriotic and War Songs, under the direction of Miss Esther Butler, Augusta, Ga., assisted by Eiseman's Orchestra. Recital by Miss Emmie Frazier, of Alabama.

4:45 p.m.—Mass Meeting of Veterans, Capt. W. R. Garrett presiding. Leading topic: "*Rouss Memorial Battle Abbey.*" Addresses by prominent veterans from various States.

COL. GEO. T. FRY.

7:30 p.m.—Twilight Prayers.

7:50 p.m.—Concert by Eiseman's Orchestra.

8:15 p.m.—GRAND BIVOUAC: Address by COL. GEORGE T. FRY, Chattanooga, Tenn., an eloquent veteran.

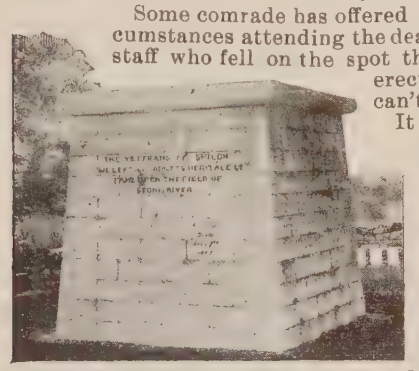
Camp Fire at Warren's Point; Orchestral Music; Songs and "*The Rebel Yell.*"

For Particulars write to A. P. BOURLAND, Nashville, Tenn.

ATTRACTIVE ROUTE TO RICHMOND

The Sixth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans to take place in Richmond, June 30th to July 2nd., promises to be a season of enjoyment to those old soldiers who for years upheld the Southern cause and did with all their might, what they considered to be their whole duty.

The pleasure of Veterans who live in Arkansas, Texas and the Southwest may be greatly augmented by coming through Memphis and on to Nashville, via the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry., and from Nashville by the same line to Chattanooga and on to Richmond. It is the great battle route upon which there were more than twenty engagements during the Civil War. The old soldiers, by stopping over in Nashville for a day, could revisit the beautiful range of hills lying South of the city, where Hood, after the terrible battle of Franklin—November 30th 1864—planted his army and gave battle to Thomas, on the 15th and 16th of December, following. That was the last desperate struggle in Middle Tennessee for supremacy. After this the thunders of battle died away in the distance and Tennessee lost all hope for the success of the Southern Confederacy.



"ERECTED WHERE THEY FELL."

Some comrade has offered to write of the circumstances attending the death of an officer and staff who fell on the spot that this monument erected, but his address can't be recalled.

It is located close by the track of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway near Murfreesboro, Tenn., and where a government park would be seen by many thousands of people. It is near Stone's River.

Near Murfreesboro, 30 miles *en route* to Chattanooga, on the N. C. & St. L. Railway, the sternly contested battle between Generals Bragg and Rosecrans, was fought December 31, 1862, to January 2, 1863. In this series of engagements more than 25,000 men were killed, wounded, or missing from the two armies. General Bragg withdrew to Tullahoma, on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, and went into winter quarters. At the battle of Stone's River or Murfreesboro each general seemed to have anticipated the purpose of the other. Each attacked where he felt himself the strongest, and the attack was made where the enemy was weakest. Ninety thousand men were engaged in both armies. In June following, active hostilities were resumed. Bragg fell back from Tullahoma to Chattanooga. General Forrest made a raid on Murfreesboro, July 13, '62, and released many citizens from jail, took 1,700 prisoners, and many army supplies, valued at $1,000,000 or more. On December 7, '64, an attack was made on the town by Generals Forrest, Bate and Jackson, and the railroad was torn up from Lavergne to Murfreesboro.

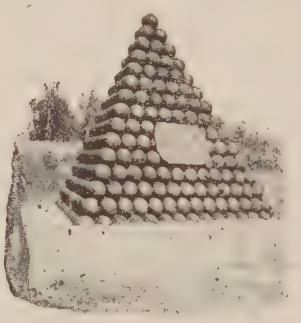
Shellmound, on the Tennessee River, 129 miles from Nashville, on the N., C. & St. L. Ry., has a heritage of ancient renown and is well worthy of the notice of the old soldier. Within sight of this station is Nickajack Cave, which played an important part in the early history of Tennessee. A band of Cherokee Indians had their headquarters at this cave and, watched for the boats of the early immigrants who came down the Tennessee River, with a view to robbing them. A raid was made upon them in 1794 by Major Ore, and seventy of their warriors were killed and their towns destroyed for the second time. Ramsey, in his Annals, says that Andrew Jackson was a participant in this battle and rendered distinguished service.

In September, 1863, Chattanooga became the center of the greatest military activity. The town was evacuated by the Confederate forces under General Bragg on the seventh and eighth of September, 1863, and immediately thereafter was occupied by General Rosecrans, commanding the Federal forces.

There are many points of interest in and around Nashville besides the battlefield that would be attractive to Veterans. The Exposition grounds, growing in beauty daily, with their magnificent structures will be worth a visit. In a word it already promises to be the most beautiful exposition ever held. The surrounding scenes are charming. Towards the East the City of Nashville appears with its crowded streets, its many spires and the state Capitol sitting like a queen upon its elevated throne dominating all the city below.

The Belle Meade Stock Farm, six miles from the city may be seen as one approaches the city from the West. Here one may see stallions worth from $10,000 to $150,000 and scores of the best bred yearling colts in America.

The Vanderbilt University, with its grand piles of buildings, stands out sharply against the western sky as one looks from the dome of the Capitol. There are over eighty schools and colleges in Nashville. There are several mammoth manufacturing establishments in the city that would startle many of the old soldiers and show them how great the advance in this line has been since they laid down their arms. The great foundry of the Phillips & Buttorff Company turns out 45,000 stoves annually. This concern employs 450 men. The large saw mills on the East side of the river handle more than 100,000,000 feet of hardwood lumber annually, which makes Nashville the largest hardwood market in the world. The four cotton mills, with an invested capital of $1,500,000 employ 2,000 operatives and have 51,000 spindles—1.500 looms—producing annually nearly 20,000,000 yards of cloth, will be a grand sight for many. A woolen mill in the city has 3,000 spindles and employs 200 hands.



[Kind of monument at graves of Gen. Ben Hardin Helm and other generals of Confederate and Union Armies in Chickamauga National Military Park.]

"UMBRELLA ROCK."

In sight of N. C. & St. L. railway on point of Lookout Mountain. This overlooked what is known as "battle above the clouds."

The packing house has the capacity of slaughtering 2,500 hogs, 500 cattle and 300 sheep every day, which work goes on through summer and winter. This will be a revelation to those who have only seen such work going on in winter.

The old soldiers should, by all means, select the route by Nashville. Even should they feel no especial interest in the large manufacturing establishments, the associations of the various places with the troublous times of the war will amply compensate them for taking this route.

The scenery will also arrest attention. From Cowan to Chattanooga, the main line of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway passes through the most lovely scenery in that vast region drained by the Mississippi River and its tributaries.

Rounded domes lifting their heights to the blue empyrean above, deep chasms, rocky defiles, gushing streams, broad rivers, dark forests, where the varying tints of the different foliage add a special charm to the landscapes, valley farms embosomed among the mountains; all these have an attractive influence difficult to describe but full of pleasure to the observer.

WINTER TOURS THROUGH TOLTEC TOWNS.

The travel into Mexico annually becomes larger as people come to realize the novelty of the delightful journey and the ease and cheapness with which it can be made via the Southern Pacific and connecting lines in Mexico. At Spofford Junction the Northern and Eastern tourist who has presumably taken the Southern Pacific at New Orleans because of its quick and direct service and splendid equipment, finds his sleeper switched from the main line and a waiting train speedily takes him to Eagle Pass and the Rio Grande. His car goes direct to the City of Mexico via the Mexican International and Mexican Central Railways and the way leads through some of the most beautiful and inspiring scenery in the world. The whole native life is so quaint and so at variance with all preconceived ideas—so different from anything one sees in the United States—that the tourist is in a constant tremor of excitement and finds himself continually edified and interested. The life of the cities is no less unique than is that of the rural district. Making the City of Mexico a center, a great many points may be profitably visited—from the snow-clad summits of the great mountains to the lowlands where the coffee and banana plantations sweep to the sea coast. For additional information call on or write to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La.

The report for 1895 demonstrates the increasing popularity of the Mutual Life and the extension of the benefits conferred upon those fortunate enough to hold its policies. The assets now amount in the aggregate to $221,213,-721.53, and the liabilities to $194,347,-157.58. The surplus fund for the payment of dividends and to insure the policy holder against every possible future emergency amounts to $26,866,-563.75 and is a sum which if added to the enormous amount paid out in dividends to policy holders in past years would largely exceed the surplus cacumulations of any similar institution in the world.

The Insurance and Annuities assumed and renewed in The Mutual Life during 1895 aggregate $813,266,899.50.

MEMOIRS
—OF—
Stonewall Jackson,
BY HIS WIDOW,
MARY ANNA JACKSON,

and SKETCHES by GENERALS GORDON, FITZHUGH LEE, FRENCH, MCLAWS, BUTLER, BRADLEY JOHNSON, LANE, TALIAFERRO, MCGOWAN, HETH, DUKE, REV. J. W. JONES, VISCOUNT (GENERAL) WOLSELEY, and others. A book of NEARLY 700 PAGES, BEAUTIFULLY BOUND and HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED. AGENTS WANTED in every town and county. LIBERAL PAY. Address,
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO.,
Louisville, Ky.

N. B.—Veterans, Sons and Daughters of Veterans and true admirers of greatness everywhere send for descriptive circular.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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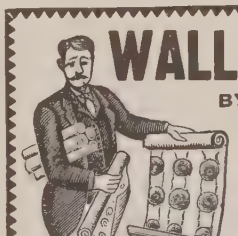

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Mention Veteran when you write.)

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ENTIRELY CURED, SHALL EVER PRAISE THE ELECTROPOISE.

Neuralgia Relieved and Indigestion Cured—Will Save the Expense of a Physician.

The Electropoise saved me from having a physician in my family last year, the first year in twelve. G. PEALE.
Friendship, Tenn., Jan. 26, 1896.

The Electropoise has been of great service to me. It is the only thing that relieves me of my rheumatic pains, and I unhesitatingly tell other parties of its great value. I say this that others may be benefited. H. C. SHAEFER.
Peytonia Stud, Gallatin, Tenn., Feb. 1, 1896.

I shall ever praise the Electropoise.
J. STEVENS.
Peytonsville, Tenn., March 17, 1896.

The Electropoise has permanently cured me of indigestion. W. L. NOEL,
State Pres't Y. P. S. C. E.
Huntingdon, Tenn, Sept. 1, 1896.

The Electropoise is the only thing that will relieve Dr. Key of neuralgia.
MRS. HOWARD W. KEY.
Jackson, Tenn.

I have used the Electropoise for rheumatism in many different forms. Nothing ever gave me such relief. I can attribute my improvement to no other cause than the use of the Electropoise.
LEWIS MOORE.
Bristol, Tenn., March 25, 1896.

A book of complete information regarding the Electropoise together with reduced rental rates for the pocket size, will be mailed free of charge to any address.

DuBOIS -&- WEBB,
Chamber of Commerce Building,
NASHVILLE, - - - TENN.

Lillian Rozell Messenger Author of "Southern Cross" and several other works, will publish at Eastertide her work read in Atlanta at the Exposition in October. It is entitled: "In the heart of America." Her paper on Columbus was read at the Worlds Fair. It will be illustrated, and being Epic in tone and spirit it is patriotic, paying noble tribute to American valor, and to Southern braves especially. The scene is laid in the South. The poem contains a fine tribute to woman. There is a lovely apostrophe, in the first pages, to the South's distinctive singer—the mocking bird. This poem takes the high ground that "God makes the wrath of man to praise him and to do His will."

MORPHINE Opium, Cocaine, Whisky Habits cured at home. Remedy $5. Cure Guaranteed. Endorsed by physicians, ministers and soldiers. Book of particulars, testimonials, etc., free. Tobaccoline, the tobacco cure, $1. Established 1892.
G. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dublin, Texas.

REUNION AT RICHMOND

Of the United Confederate Veterans, June 30-July 2. Reduced rates via Southern Railway.

For the occasion of the Sixth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, which occurs at Richmond, Va., June 30, July 2, 1896, Southern Railway will sell tickets to Richmond, Va, and return at very low rates.

Tickets from points in Georgia and Tennessee, North and East of Atlanta and Chattanooga will be sold June 27, 28 and 29, and from points South and West of Atlanta and Chattanooga, and East of the Mississippi river, tickets will be sold June 26, 27, 28 and 29. Final limit on tickets from all points will be July 6, 1896.

From points South and West of Atlanta, the short and quick route to Richmond, Va., via. the "Piedmond Air Line," and the service is peerless. From Knoxville, Tenn., Chattanooga, Tenn., and points West thereof, the route of the Southern Railway is via Asheville and through the scenic "LAND OF THE SKY." The service of this line is unexcelled.

Call on any agent of the Southern Railway for further information, or E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss.; J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.; W. H. Doll, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.; L. A. Shipman, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala.; J. C. Andrews, S. W. P. A., New Orleans, La.; W. A. Turk, G. P. A., Washington, D. C.; S. H. Hardwick, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.; C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. Robt. Montanus, of 212 West Market Street, Louisville, Ky.,—a bargain offer. Mr. Montanus says, "wall paper at 3 cents a roll is cheaper than having your walls dirty." Try him.

Tub fits bather so two pails of water make submergent bath. Hot bath ready in five minutes. Weight, 10 pounds. Catalogue free. Baths or Boats. World's Fair award.
ACME FOLDING TUB CO., Nashville, Tenn.

CONFEDERATE AUTOGRAPHS.—Parties having duplicates to sell or exchange, are requested to write to BOX 503, Woodbury, New Jersey.

WONDERFUL CURES.

For fifty years Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) has never failed to cure all Blood and Skin Diseases. Book of particulars free. $1.00 per large bottle. Sold by druggists, or send to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Nervousness.

IN ARMS AND LEGS CURED—READ AND BE CONVINCED.

After Using the Electropoise Health is Improved—Sleep as Well Now as a Young Person.

I bought the Electropoise for my mother, who is eighty years old. She has suffered for years with nervousness (or jerks, as she calls it) in her arms and legs. It was so bad it would almost throw her out of bed, and she would be almost wild, and hardly knew what it was to sleep at night or in daytime either.

It is seldom she has it now, and if she does, we run for the Electropoise. She sleeps as well now as a young person. She has been afflicted with rheumatism for years; she has suffered more with it in her hip than anywhere else.

Her health is better and she can get around better than she has for years.

If this will be of any advantage to you, you can use it as you see fit. Respectfully, MRS. M. SALINGER, 712 Quapaw Avenue, Hot Springs, Ark.

A book of complete information mailed free to any address. Write for reduced rental rates on the pocket Electropoise.

DuBOIS -&- WEBB,

Chamber of Commerce Building,

NASHVILLE, - - - TENN.

$5.00

For Two Months' Rent

With liberal terms for the ultimate purchase after renting. Those who are not familiar with the wonderful curative work of the Electropoise should write for booklet giving full particulars. The Electropoise endorsed by thousands in every walk of life all over the country.

WANTED—FIVE GOOD MEN!

Will Give Permanent Employment.

Apply by letter addressed to

SOUTHWESTERN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Nashville, Tennessee.

(When writing mention Veteran.)

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION

At Chattanooga, Tenn. Reduced Rates via Southern Railway.

For the occasion of the Southern Baptist Convention, which will convene at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 8–14, inclusive, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Chattanooga, Tenn., and return, at rate of one limited first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold May 5 to 8, inclusive, good to return fifteen days from date of sale, but limit on tickets may be extended, allowing fifteen days additional time, provided they are deposited with Joint Agent, Chattanooga, on or before May 14, 1896.

The Southern Railway reaches Chattanooga from all directions, and its service is unexcelled. It is the short line and the scenic route from Louisville, in connection with the Queen and Crescent. The Southern Railway is also the scenic route from Virginia points, Washington and other Eastern cities, via Asheville and through the "Land of the Sky." It is the direct line from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida points. The Southern Railway is the short line and operates the quickest and most convenient schedules from points on its line in Mississippi to Chattanooga.

For further information, call on any agent of the Southern Ry., or E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss.; A. Whedon, P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.; J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.; W. H. Doll, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.; L. A. Shipman, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala.; J. C. Andrews, S. W. P. A., New Orleans, La.; L. S. Brown, G. A. P. D., Washington, D. C.; W. A. Turk, G. P. A., Washington, D. C.; S. H. Hardwick, A. G. P. A., Atlanta, Ga.; C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MILLER'S HOTEL,

37, 39 and 41 W. 26th Street,

New York City.

A family hotel on the American Plan, especially adapted for families or for ladies traveling alone or in parties. In the center of retail trade, places of amusement, and the principal hotels and churches.

A Temperance Home, patronized by the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., W. C. T. U., I. O. G. T., Christian Endeavorers, King's Daughters and kindred workers.

Special rates for families and permanent guests. Send for circulars.

CHARLES H. HAYNES, PROPRIETOR.

HAMILTON PARKS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,

ROOMS 53 AND 54,
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUILDING

TELEPHONE 1424. ....*NASHVILLE, TENN.*

REFERS BY PERMISSION TO

American National Bank, Nashville, Tenn.
Union Bank and Trust Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Geo. W. McAlpin Co., Cincinnati, O.
Col. H. E. Huntington, Gen. Manager N. N. & M. V. Co., Cincinnati, O. 9 94 1y

..THE..

Georgia Home Insurance

..COMPANY..

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

Strongest and Largest Fire Insurance Company in the South.

Cash Assets Over One Million Dollars.

Agents throughout the South and the South only.

Patronize the Home Company. 1-95-1y

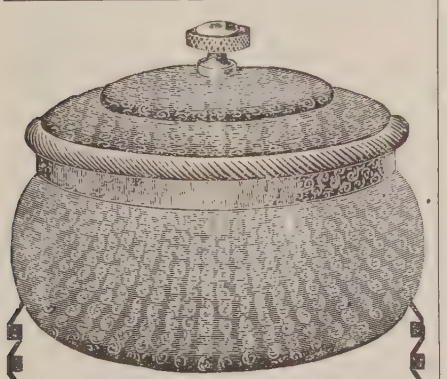
LANDIS BANKING CO.,

STOCKS, BONDS AND LOANS,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

☞We have money to loan on real estate mortgages and collateral security.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA.—Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, Birmingham, Ala., writes that he has "read Sinclair's Two Years on the Alabama with intense interest. I know Sinclair well, and, indeed, most of the officers with whom he sailed on the Alabama, therefore, much of the story appeals to me personally. I sincerely hope that the book will have a large sale."



ONE-HALF SIZE OF BOX.

POZZONI'S

COMPLEXION POWDER

has been the standard for forty years and is more popular to-day than ever before.

POZZONI'S

is the ideal complexion powder—beautifying, refreshing, cleanly, healthful and harmless. A delicate, invisible protection to the face.

With every box of POZZONI'S a magnificent Scovill's GOLD PUFF BOX is given free of charge.

AT DRUGGISTS AND FANCY STORES.

This pretty Lapel Button 50 Cents,

$4.50 per dozen. Also, a nice line of Pins, Charms, Cuff Buttons, and other Confederate Emblems. Send for revised price list to

FRANK EDWARDS,
Dallas, Texas.

"One Country, . . . One Flag."

The ..... BEST PLACE to Purchase.....

Flags, Banners, Swords, Belts, Caps, and all kinds of MILITARY EQUIPMENT is at

J. A. JOEL & CO.,

88 Nassau Street, - - - NEW YORK.

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

W. & A. R. R.

AND

NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

3 DAILY TRAINS 3

TO

CHATTANOOGA, NASHVILLE,
CINCINNATI, CHICAGO,
MEMPHIS. ST. LOUIS.

..McKenzie
..Route

TO ARKANSAS AND TEXAS.

EMIGRANT RATES

The Atlanta Exposition will be the greatest exhibition ever held in the United States, excepting the World's Fair, and the Round Trip Rates have been made very low. Do not fail to go and take the children. It will be a great education for them.

☞For Maps, Folders and any desired information write to

J. L. EDMONDSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., Chattanooga, Tenn.
J. W. HICKS, Trav. Pass. Agt., Atlanta, Ga.

JOS. M. BROWN, T.M., C. E. HARMON, G.P.A., Atlanta, Ga.

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson Common Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
310 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

HEART DISEASE, like many other ailments when they have taken hold of the system, never gets better of its own accord, but ***Constantly grows worse.*** There are thousands who know they have a defective heart, but will not admit the fact. They don't want their friends to worry, and ***Don't know what to take for it,*** as they have been told time and again that heart disease was incurable. Such was the case of Mr. Silas Farley of Dyesville, Ohio who writes June 19, 1894, as follows:

"I had heart disease for 23 years, my heart hurting me almost continually. The first 15 years I doctored all the time, trying several physicians and remedies, until my last doctor told me it was only a question of time as I could not be cured. I gradually grew worse, very weak, and completely discouraged, until I lived, propped half up in bed, because I ***couldn't lie down*** nor sit up. Thinking my time had come I told my family what I wanted done when I was gone. But on the first day of March on the recommendation of Mrs. Fannie Jones, of Anderson, Ind., I commenced taking ***Dr. Miles' New Cure for the Heart*** and wonderful to tell, in ten days I was working at light work and on March 19 commenced framing a barn, which is heavy work, and I hav'nt lost a day since. I am 56 years old, 6 ft. 4½ inches and weigh 250lbs. ***I believe I am fully cured,*** and I am now only anxious that everyone shall know of your wonderful remedies."

Dyesville, Ohio. SILAS FARLEY.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5. or it will be sent, prepaid on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure
Restores Health

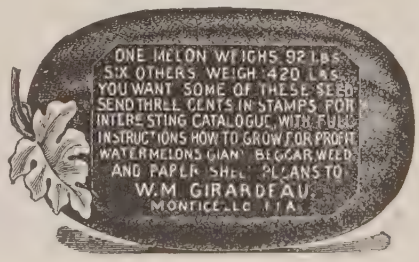
You can find W. H. NICHOL'S

. . CENTENNIAL BARBER SHOP . .

at 316 North Cherry Street,

Opposite the Vanderbilt Law and Dental School, with the following prices: First-class hair cut, any style, 15c.; shampoo, 15c.; shaving, 10c.; seafoam, 10c.; any kind of shoes shined, 5c. Give us a call. W. H. NICHOL

Nichol is proud of being a Veteran; having "served" with Wigfall, of Texas, two years. True he was in Nashville when the war closed, but he was like Zeb Vance, "cotton tail"—he had no reputation at stake.


ONE MELON WEIGHS 92 LBS.
SIX OTHERS WEIGH 420 LBS.
YOU WANT SOME OF THESE SEED
SEND THREE CENTS IN STAMPS FOR
INTERESTING CATALOGUE WITH FULL
INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO GROW FOR PROFIT
WATERMELONS GIANT BEGGAR WEED
AND PAPER SHELL PECANS TO
W.M GIRARDEAU
MONTICELLO FLA

Nashville Business Directory.

[Firms and Institutions that may be depended upon for the prompt and satisfactory transaction of business.] Mention the Veteran.

TEETH—Extracted, 25c; filled with silver 75c; gold, $1 to $2; with white filling, 75c; good set upper or lower, $5; very finest, fully warranted and repaired without charge if broken, $7.50. For these, others charge $20. Teeth extracted without pain. Representatives will visit monthly. Bellbuckle, Shelbyville, Franklin, Columbia, Clarksville. Watch local papers for dates. Persons from abroad can come to city in morning and wear new teeth home same day. Mention the Veteran. NEW YORK DENTAL PARLORS, Nashville, Tenn.

ICE CREAM.—The leading ice cream dealer of Nashville is C. H. A. Gerding, 417 Union St. Caters to weddings, banquets, and occasions of all kinds. Country orders solicited.

RUNDLE & SON.—Dealers in Furniture, Mattresses, and Springs, Etc., No. 214 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—The public to know that we are headquarters for the sale of all kinds of fertilizers, and that we also pay the highest prices for dry bones. J. F. & W. H. SINGER, 939 North College Street.

BARBER SHOP AND BATHROOMS.

:: C. BREYER, ::

Russian and Turkish Baths

FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.

No. 318 Church St., Nashville, Tenn.

Nashville Spice Mills,

J. W. THOMAS & SON, Proprietors,

NASHVILLE, TEN

TO OUR SOUTHERN FRIENDS:

We would suggest that a useless expense is incurred by buying 50 cents Baking Powder. The highest priced ingredient is Cream Tartar, to-day selling for 24 cents to jobbers. Thomas' Pure Baking Powder, manufactured by J. W. Thomas & Son, corner Cedar and Cherry Streets, Nashville, Tenn., is sold for 25 cents a pound and guaranteed the best. Try it. Agents wanted. Mention THE VETERAN.

Webster's International Dictionary

Specimen pages, etc., sent on application.

Successor of the "Unabridged."

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Standard of the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, the U. S. Supreme Court, the State Supreme Courts, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools.

THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY

BECAUSE

It is easy to find the word wanted.
It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.
It is easy to trace the growth of a word.
It is easy to learn what a word means.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

WE PRESENT HEREWITH

27th Annual Statement

of the MICHIGAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., and in connection therewith the following

SUMMARY:

Insurance written in 1894, -	$6,254,713.05
Increase of Assets, - - - -	$400,374.94
Increase of Surplus, - - - -	$82,221.75
Total amount paid Policy Holders since Organization, - -	$5,264,966.55

OFFICERS:

O. R. LOOKER, President.
JAS. H. CUMMINS, Secretary.

Agents wanted throughout the State. Liberal commission. Apply for literature to

J. H. JAMESON, General Agent,
Nashville, Tenn.

Publisher of THE VETERAN carries a $10,000 policy in this Company.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

With all the latest known improvements, at greatly reduced prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for circular. B. MATTHEWS, Cor. 4th Ave. & Market St., Louisville, Ky.

J. S. MACON,

Physician & Specialist,

BELL FACTORY, ALA.

Piles and other Diseases of the Rectum are cured permanently and without pain, by a New Method, within seven to twenty days. No failure. The best of reference given upon application. Only try me and be convinced. The oldest Rectal Infirmary in the South. Stricture of Uretha cured without pain or blood. Female diseases a specialty.

Your Stationery

May be an indication of your business judgment. If you want it neat and tasty and cheap. Get it done by

UNIVERSITY . PRESS,

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Dr. Miles' Pain Pills stop Headache.

POSITIONS GUARANTEED

under reasonable conditions. Do not say it can not be done, till you send for **free** catalogue of

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL

Business College,

Nashville, Tenn.

This College is strongly endorsed by banker and merchants. FOUR weeks by Draughon's method of teaching bookkeeping is equal to TWELVE weeks by the old plan. Special advantages in Shorthand, Penmanship and Telegraphy. Cheap board. Open to both sexes. No vacation. Enter now. **Railroad Fare Paid.**

HOME STUDY. We have recently prepared books on BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND AND PENMANSHIP especially adapted to "home study." Write for "Home Study" circulars at once.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE

COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT

For the year ending December 31 1895

Assets - - - - -	$221,213,721 33
Liabilities - - - -	194,347,157 58
Surplus - - - - -	$26,866,563 75
Total Income - - - -	$48,597,430 51
Total Paid Policy-holders in 1895 - - - - -	$23,126,728 45
Insurance and Annuities in force - - - - -	$899,074,453 78
Net gain in 1895 - - -	$61,647,645 36

NOTE—Insurance merely *written* is discarded from this Statement as wholly misleading, and only insurance actually issued and paid for in cash is included.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct
CHARLES A. PRELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

Report of the Examining Committee

Office of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York

February 11, 1896

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of this Company, held on the 18th day of December last, the undersigned were appointed a Committee to examine the annual statement for the year ending December 31, 1895, and to verify the same by comparison with the assets of the Company.

The Committee have carefully performed the duty assigned to them, and hereby certify that the statement is in all particulars correct and that the assets specified therein are in possession of the Company.

In making this certificate the Committee bear testimony to the high character of the investments of the Company and express their approval of the system, order, and accuracy with which the accounts and vouchers have been kept, and the business in general transacted.

(SIGNED) H. C. VON POST, CHAS. R. HENDERSON, JAMES C. HOLDEN, ROBERT OLYPHANT, WM. P. DIXON, J. H. HERRICK
COMMITTEE

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE — General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD — 2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL — Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK — Actuary

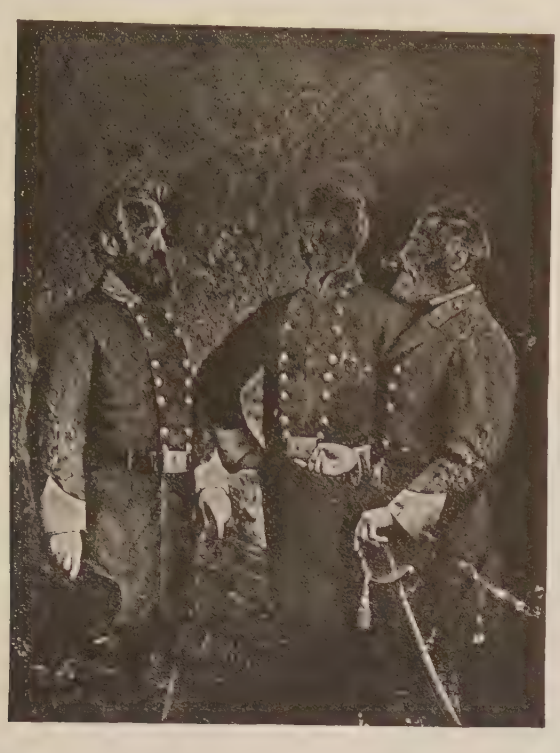
BISCOE HINDMAN,
General Agent for Kentucky and Tennessee,
Louisville, Ky.

FRANK N. VAUGHN, Manager.

T. S. GOODALL, Special Agent,
Nashville, Tenn.

The public will be pleased to learn that Mr. J. W. Johnson, who is so well known to the patrons of the Market House, is located at 103 Public Square, in addition to his regular stalls, and keeps a stock of fresh meats hams, sausages, etc., unsurpassed by any. The Nashville Packing House supplies him, which fact tells that everything will be first-class. Free delivery, urbane salesmen, low prices and the best the market affords will be the motto of Mr. Johnson, 103 Public Square.

JACKSON, JOHNSTON AND LEE.



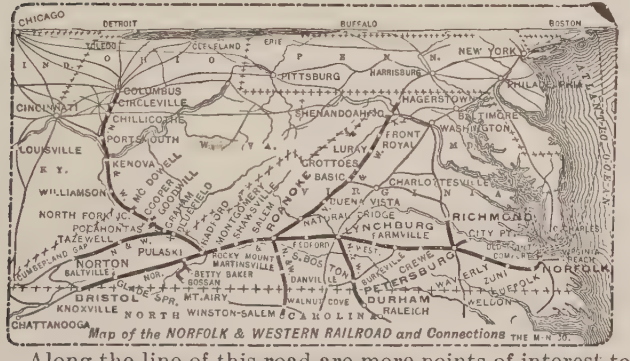
The above is a good illustration of the fine picture of the three famous Generals. The picture is 18x24 inches, on heavy panel 28x32, and price $7.50. This picture sent to camps or individuals at the price, or as a premium for fifteen subscriptions. This splendid picture would be the pride of every Confederate Veteran Camp in existence.

Address, CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

VA. & TENN. R. R. SOUTH SIDE R. R.
NORFOLK & PETERSBURG R. R.
—NOW THE—

Norfolk & Western Railroad,

THE SHORT AND DIRECT LINE TO
RICHMOND, VA.



Map of the NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD and Connections

Along the line of this road are more points of interest to the Veteran than any other in the South. The following named points cannot fail to recall the past:

Glade Springs, Saltville, Central Depot, Lynchburg, Appomattox, Farmville, High Bridge, Sailor's Creek, Petersburg, The Crater, Port Republic, Berryville, Antietum.

When you purchase tickets to the Reunion, remember that via. Bristol and the Norfolk & Western is the direct and interesting line to Richmond, Va.

All information cheerfully furnished.

W. B. BEVILL, G. P. A., Roanoke, Va.
WARREN L. ROHR,
West. Pass. Agt., 119 W. 9th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

On June 30th, 1896, Richmond will be taken by storm. This march on Richmond will be made from all points of the compass, and the Confederate Veterans will march proudly into this, the chosen place for their Sixth Annual Reunion. In choosing Richmond as a place for this Reunion, they have selected a spot which doubtless cannot be excelled in historic interest anywhere in these United States. Thousands of veterans will assemble here on this occasion, and many happy faces will again meet to talk over with their comrades, the trials and hardships of those eventful times long since past.

Cheap railroad rates will be made by the Cotton Belt Route, and every veteran in Arkansas and Texas should attend.

The COTTON BELT ROUTE is the shortest and most direct line to Richmond, and fewer changes are necessary. Comfortable day coaches, free reclining chair cars, and Pullman Sleepers run solid to Memphis without change, making direct connections via. all lines for Richmond. Rates, maps, time tables and full information will be cheerfully given upon application to

S. G. WARNER,
General Pass. Agent, Lines in Texas, Tyler, Tex.

A. A. GLISSON,
Traveling Passenger Agent, Fort Worth, Texas.

E. W. LABEAUME.
General Pass. and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

The Muldoon Monument Co.

(OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE HOUSE IN AMERICA.)

Have erected nine-tenths of the Confederate Monuments in the United States. These monuments cost from five to thirty thousand dollars. The following is a partial list of monuments they have erected. To see these monuments is to appreciate them.

Cynthiana, Ky.
Lexington, Ky.
Louisville, Ky.
Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Calhoun—Sarcophagus, Charleston, S. C.
Gen. Patrick R. Cleburne, Helena, Ark.
Helena, Ark.
Macon, Ga.
Columbus, Ga.
Thomasville, Ga.

Sparta, Ga.
Dalton, Ga.
Nashville, Tenn.
Columbia, Tenn.

Now have contracts for monuments to be erected at
Jacksonville, Fla.
Tennessee and North Carolina Monuments in Chickamauga Park.
Winchester, Va.

When needing first-class, plain or artistic work, made from the finest quality of material, write them for designs and prices.

322, 324, 326, 328 Green Street. **LOUISVILLE, KY.**

THE RICHMOND TIMES.

FINE OFFER TO VETERANS THROUGH THE SOUTH.

A. R. HOLDERBY, Secretary and Treasurer, writes that the WEEKLY TIMES is in reality a semi or twice-a-week paper, and adds: We send it out in part one and part two, every Monday and every Thursday morning. Eight pages every Monday and either six or eight pages every Thursday. It is carefully edited in every respect and contains all the news published in the daily in a condensed form. For instance, if an item of news begins in the Tuesday daily and the further developments are carried along in the Wednesday and Thursday papers, the weekly subscriber will find all the items carefully condensed and consolidated into one story. The home, the farm, the dairy, etc., have well-managed departments.

The position of the paper editorially is well-known throughout Virginia especially. THE TIMES is fearless and independent, yet strictly Democratic, directly Confederate, and all questions of public interest are openly discussed with no effort to cater to any particular class.

Every man and woman of Southern sentiment, wherever living, will be greatly interested in the Reunion proceedings at Richmond and can learn all they may wish to know through THE TIMES.

This twice-a-week edition will be furnished with THE VETERAN for $1.50 a year, or THE VETERAN one year—new or renewals—and THE TIMES six months for $1.25. THE VETERAN commends this cordially, confident that its readers will be delighted with THE TIMES.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

Is what everybody is after, and not to give, and I am again going to "cast my bread upon the waters" for great returns, as before. On your sending me the names of five afflicted friends who need a remedy no man can make, I will send you by mail a free package of **Vitae-Ore**—and **to them too**—that will convince you that man never did, can, or will compound its equal for man's ills of all nature—that it is a God-made remedy, nothing added or extracted; the best thing in, on, or out of the earth for all who suffer from ills and aches brought on from old age, over-work, mental and physical prostration from long illness. It is the most potent, powerful, and antiseptic constitutional, blood, brain, and brawn tonic and rebuilder ever known to man. I do not advertise and sell as quack nostrum-notion-dope makers do their vile and disease-making poisons, but as an honest man, scorning to take anyone's money before being convinced, at my expense, that V.-O. will do more good than all else—a would-be public benefactor whose life is an open book, and whose efforts are in the line of a Christian's duty. If you are ill—I care not what the doctor calls it—give me a chance to prove to you that you need V.-O. worse than I need your money and if you are honest I'll provide the way for you to buy it. No female suffering from weakness and general debility lives but that V.-O. will cure her, no matter from what cause. Try it free at my expense. No man needing strength from general debilitation will use it but to bless it, and no sickly child should be without it. Write on a postal card for free samples and full particulars. THEO. NOEL, Geologist, 713 Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

The Southern Travelers' Railway Guide, published by J. R. Watts, Atlanta, Ga., for March is an up to date number. The Guide begins its eleventh year. It is a neat and convenient volume, combining the very latest schedules of all the Southern roads, a select directory of the hotels and resorts, together with much valuable information pertaining to railway travel throughout the South. It is indeed quite an encyclopedia of useful information to the traveler and business man. Price 20 cents per copy.

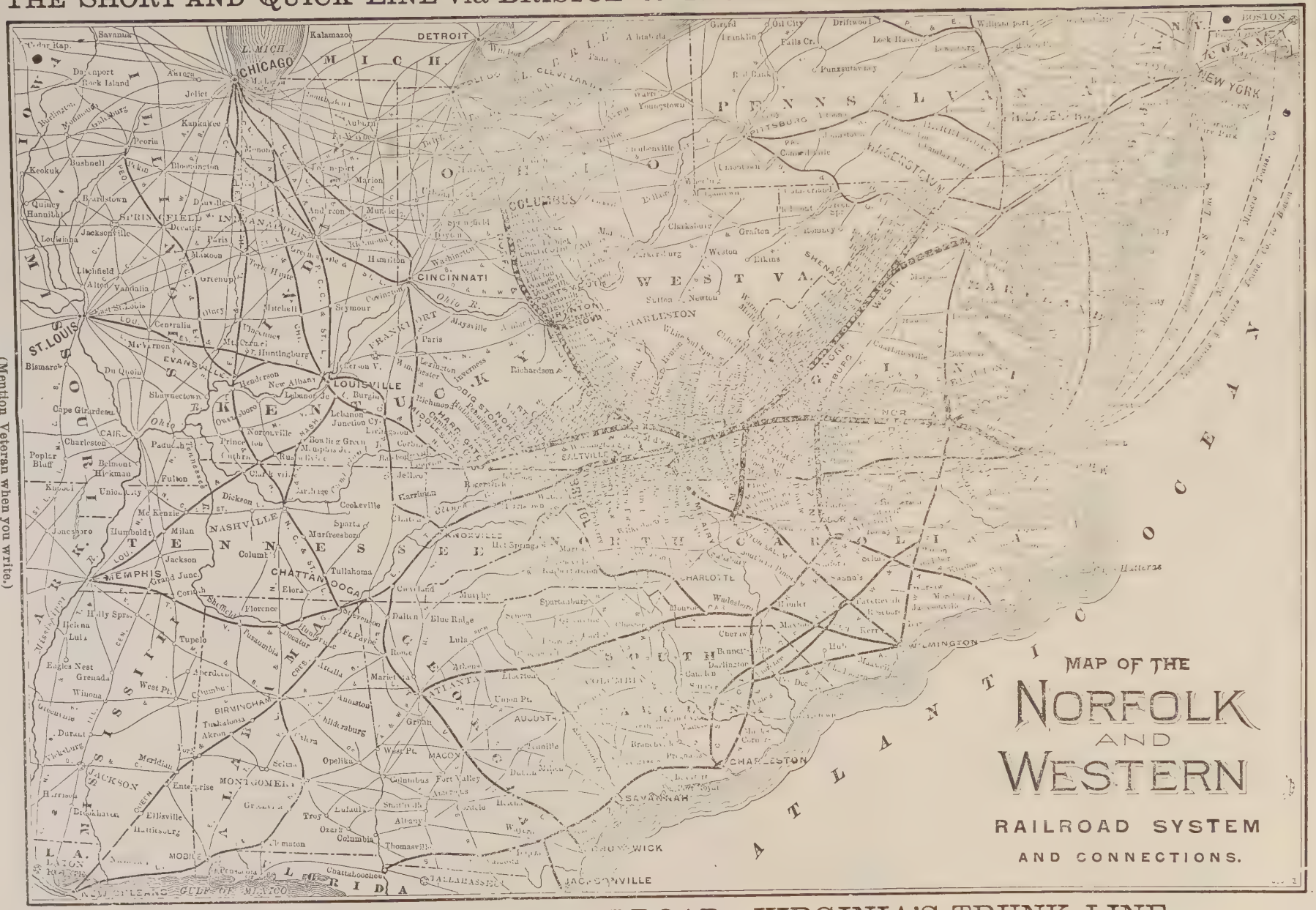
The Miami Medical College,

Of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Regular Session Begins Oct. 1, 1895.

Send for Catalogue. All inquiries receive prompt attention.

THE SHORT AND QUICK LINE via BRISTOL to RICHMOND or the JAMES via APPOMATTOX.



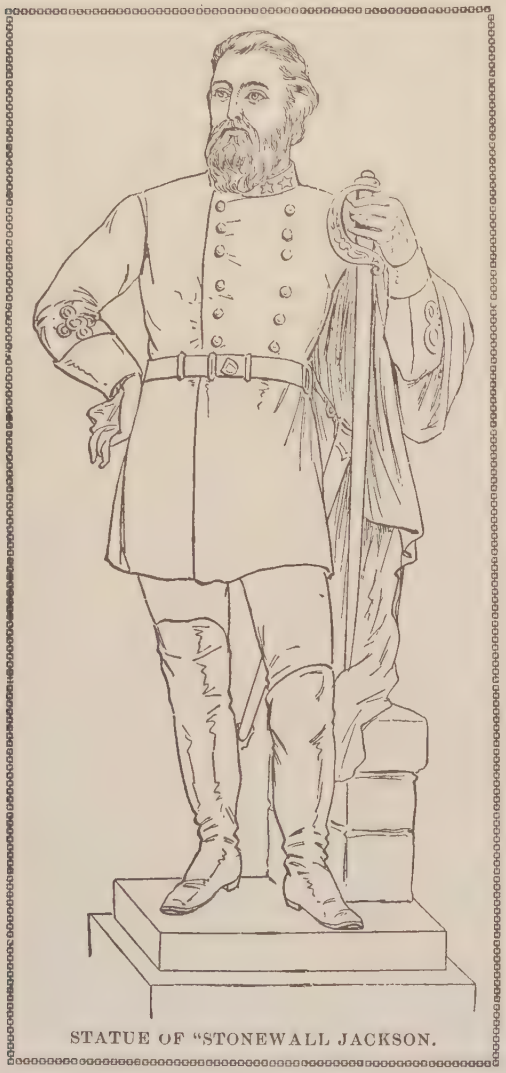
NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD. VIRGINIA'S TRUNK LINE.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

Confederate Veteran.

MANY BATTLES WERE FOUGHT ALONG THE LINES OF THE VARIOUS RAILROADS NOW COMPRISING THE

NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILROAD.



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The Virginia & Tenn. R. R.

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Furnished the means of transportation for the various armies.

1896.

The Norfolk & Western R. R.

Is prepared to handle all who may attend the Reunion at Richmond, Va. Besides the double daily service, special trains will be run.

All information as to terms and rates of fare will be cheerfully furnished upon application. Cheap rates and quick time via Bristol.

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- - Is the Direct Route to - -

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

The citizens of Richmond have determined to make the Confederate Reunion to be held there

JUNE 30, JULY 1 and 2, 1896,

the most successful and pleasant meeting that has yet been held. The old CONFEDERATE CAPITOL will extend a hearty welcome to all the veterans attending the Reunion. Great preparations are making to open wide the door of hospitality. The various Committees are already at work. A large fund has been collected and will be judiciously expended providing the comfort, accommodations, and entertainment of the city's guests.

A TRUE VIRGINIA WELCOME AWAITS ALL.

View From the Capitol Building, Looking West Up Grace Street. St. Paul's Church.

Some of the interesting sights to be seen in and around Richmond: Lee Monument, A. P. Hill Monument, Confederate War Museum, formerly the residence of the President of the Confederate States; the Capitol, used by the Confederate Congress; Hollywood Cemetery, Monument to Confederate Dead, Oakwood Cemetery with its graves of 16,000 Confederate Soldiers.

St. John's Church, the meeting place of the Virginia Convention, March 1775, when its walls resounded with the thunder of Patrick Henry's oratory: "Give me liberty or give me death." Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, Washington Monument, City Hall, Armories of the various State troops, and hundreds of other historical landmarks.

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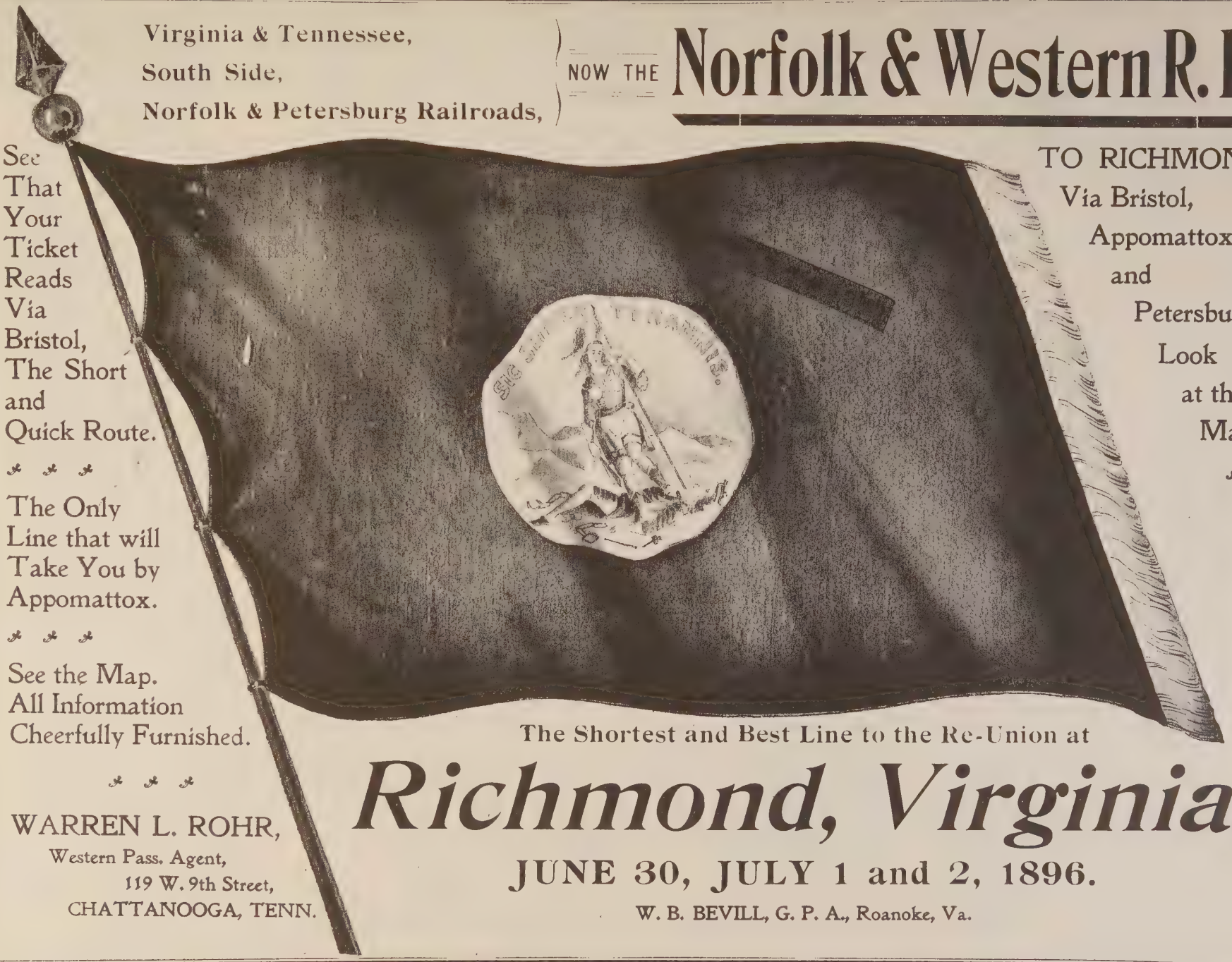

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Via
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The Only
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* * *

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All Information
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TO RICHMOND
Via Bristol,
Appomattox
and
Petersburg.
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at the
Map.

*

The Shortest and Best Line to the Re-Union at

Richmond, Virginia,

JUNE 30, JULY 1 and 2, 1896.

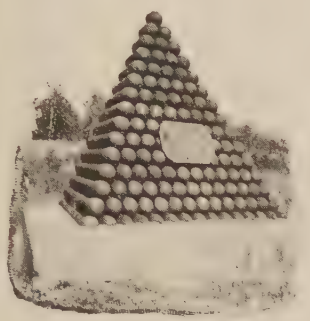
W. B. BEVILL, G. P. A., Roanoke, Va.

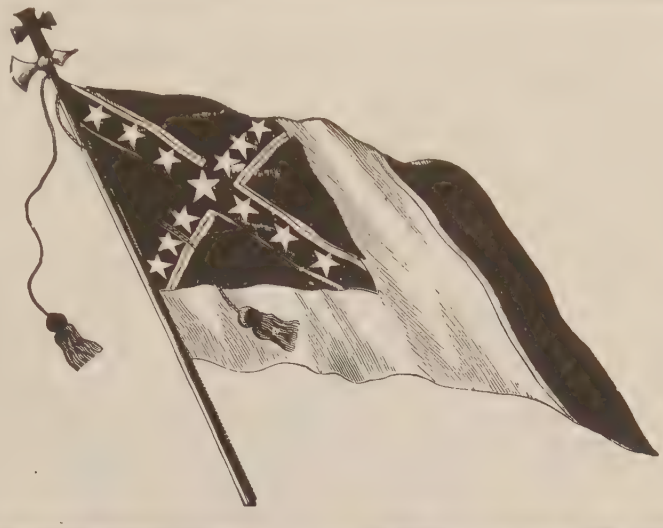
MAY, 1896. PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | VOL. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1896. | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR.





SOUTH CAROLINA UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS AT CHARLESTON.

PRINCIPAL
ATTENTION
VIRGINIA
CONFEDERATE VETERANS
BATTLE-FIELDS
THIS IS THE
DIRECT LINE
FROM EVERYWHERE
TO THE
REUNION
AT
RICHMOND, VA.
JUNE 30th --- JULY 2nd,
1896
MAP
OF THE
SEABOARD AIR LINE
AND ITS
CONNECTIONS
FROM
THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC
LOCATING
BATTLE FIELDS
AND
POINTS OF INTEREST
A.Y.LEE. Dr
BUNKER HILL BOSTON
1775
Providence
New Haven
GERMANTOWN
1777
Philadelphia 1776
Wilmington
NEW YORK
TRENTON
GETTYSBURG
1863
1812
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
FREDERICKSB
RICHMON
PETERSBURG
LEE'S Surrender
APPOMATTOX
1865
Crate
1864
WELDON
Warren Plains
Bentonton
Johnsons
Surrender
Durham
1865
Pittsboro
Lenoir
Lincolnton
Charlotte 1775
Monroe
Cartoogee
Hamlet
COMPENSATION
Chesterfield
Greenwood
CLINTON
Cheraw
COLUMBIA
Camden
HOBKIRKS
Hill
McCormick
AUGUSTA
Macon
Athens
Nashville
Memphis
Chattanooga
CHICKAMAUGA
Kenesaw
ATLANTA
1864
SEABOARD
W. RY. of A.
A. & W.P.
Selma
MOBILE
1865
Montgomery
Nashville
Convention
Met. Feb. 4-1861
BATON ROUGE
LOU.
Pensacola
NEW ORLEANS
1815
862
Savannah
Harleston
SUMTER
ATLANTIC OCEAN
WILMINGTON
FT FISHER
RALEIGH
BENTON V.
S.A.L.
Louisburg
Franklinton
Goldsboro
Warrenton
Lewiston
Murfrees
boro
PORTSMOUTH
NORFOLK
Old Point Comfort
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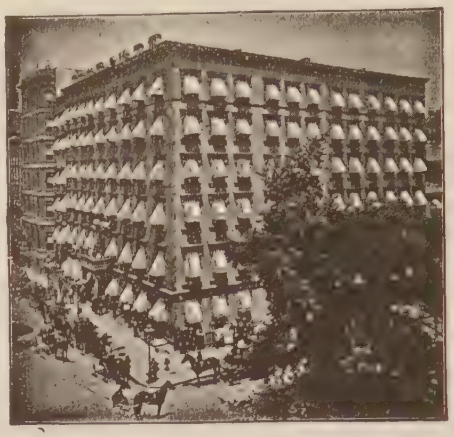

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Rooms single or *en suite*, with private bath. Rates moderate

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Three Buildings. Rooms for 200 boarders. Forty Officers, Teachers and Lecturers. Session begins September 2, 1895. Privileges in the Vanderbilt University. Eminent Lecturers every season.

In Music two first-class musicians are in charge of the instrumental and vocal departments. With them are associated other teachers of fine culture and great skill in the production of the best musical compositions. Pupils enjoy advantages in hearing the highest style of music.

Our Art Department is in the finest studio of the city, beautifully lighted, and amply supplied with models. Pupils enjoy from time to time advantages for seeing and studying best art works, such as can be found only in a progressive and wide-awake city.

For Scientific Studies our classes have the privilege of attending the lectures of Vanderbilt Professors in the Laboratories of Chemistry, of Physics, and of Natural History, giving access to the splendid resources of the leading institution of the South.

Our Gymnasium is fully equipped for its work. Every species of apparatus requisite for full development of the bodily organs is here provided for our flourishing classes. Both the Sargent and the Swedish Gymnastics taught.

Our Literary Schedule embraces a scheme of education extending over a period of four years, and a mode of training which is in advance of competition.

A Kindergarten is in connection with the College; also training class for teachers and mothers who desire to learn Frœbel's principles of child-culture.

The Best Elocutionary Training under the care of Prof. Merrill, of Vanderbilt University, who enjoys a national reputation. Teachers desiring instruction are invited to try this course.

Practical Education is provided for pupils who desire to learn Dress cutting and fitting. Stenography, Typewriting and Bookkeeping.

Magnificent New Building 108x68 feet, facing on Broad and on Vauxhall streets, five stories, grand rotunda, fine elevator, steam heat, ample parlors. This completes and crowns the work.

An Unparalelled Growth from obscurity to national fame, from fifty pupils to begin with to over 4,000 from half the Union.

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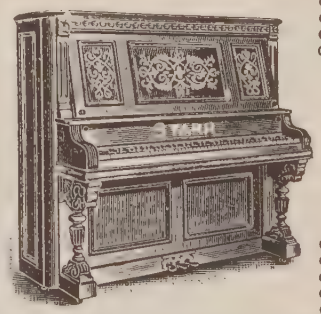


That received the highest award of merit at the World's Fair, Chicago.

FOR FIVE POINTS OF SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE.

They are also Representatives of other Leading Makes of

PIANOS AND ORGANS OF THE WORLD,

And sell direct to purchasers at factory prices, thus saving them all middle men's profit. Write to them before purchasing. A two-cent stamp may save you many dollars.

JESSE FRENCH PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

Nashville, Tenn

There is much omitted from this number that was intended for it. The June issue will contain notes of much that was intended to appear in a more elaborate way. The demand for special reunion space compels these changes. Of the articles delayed, that of acknowledgement to railroads will have special attention.

The Charleston *News and Courier* (April 24th) says: "There is still a bit of vanity about the old soldiers. * * * When General Walker announced that an artist would take a picture of the Division for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, the old soldiers could be seen bracing up and trying to look as young as they might have twenty years ago."

MISSOURIANS GO TO RICHMOND REUNION.

KANSAS CITY, MO., May 6, 1896.

Adjutant-General Newman sends out General Order No. 4, stating that the cost of transportation from St. Louis to Richmond and return is $19.65; that they will have as many through cars and sleepers as may be needed.

The train will leave St. Louis on Saturday, June 27, at 8:30 P.M., arriving at Louisville at 7 o'clock next morning, where there will be a reception by the Louisville Camp U. C. V. At Lexington, Ky., there will be another reception They will arrive at Richmond Monday morning.

The city of St. Louis, through its U. C. V. Camps, "has resolved to attempt to secure the National U. C. V. Reunion of 1897."

The Major General commanding Missouri Division requests each Camp to send its full quota of delegates, if possible, to aid in securing the Reunion.

The Marshall, Tenn., Gazette of May 1896, states that recently while Mr. Henry Pointer, of Spring Hill, was passing through his premises he discovered the remains of a Federal soldier which had been exposed by the overflow of a creek. Various articles were found in a state of almost perfect preservation. Parts of the army blanket in which he was wrapped were in evidence and a minie ball which caused his death, was found between his ribs. He was killed just previous to the battle of Franklin.

BATTLE ABBEY MEETING AT FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—Mrs. F. Z. Metcalfe, President, Zollicoffer—Fulton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Fayetteville, Tenn., May 9, '96, writes: The Battle Abbey Tournament given by our Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Shackleford Fulton Bivouac—Confederate Veterans, April 25th, '96, was, I believe, the first Battle Abbey entertainment given in the State, and was successful beyond our most sanguine expectations.

The proceeds amounted to over two hundred dollars, and though we had a good many heavy expenses we netted a handsome sum.

We placed one hundred dollars in bank to the credit of the Confederate Memorial Association, (to be devoted to the erection of the Battle Abbey), we donated five dollars to the Samuel Davis Monument fund, five dollars to assist in rebuilding a fence around the Confederate burying ground at Resaca Georgia, and we placed the remainder, amounting to about sixty-five dollars, in bank to the credit of our Chapter for future use.

The programme consisted of brilliant attractions, with inspiring music by the Fayetteville and Petersburg bands. The following features were good.

Grand bicycle parade, pony race by boys, bicycling by boys, from 10 to 15 years old, potato race, by men of any age, bicycling by little girls, and an old time game of bull pen, played in the old fashioned way. The entertainment was concluded by a tournament.

UNDERWOOD'S CHICAGO MONUMENT.

Gen. John C. Underwood's connection with the Chicago Monument Movement is widely known. It has been described and commented upon exhaustively. His years of unceasing zeal in its achievement naturally enough make him feel pride in it and a desire to make record beyond the granite and marble structure, so as a work of love and pride he has published a volume that richly merits liberal notice and patronage.

The book contains some 200 elegant half-tone engravings and fine etchings, and it is a complete history of the ceremonies incident to the dedication of the Confederate monument in that city, the entertainments afterward to the same guests at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Fort Thomas, Kentucky. The cover is as perfect a blending of the colors of blue and gray as seems possible.

The frontispiece is a full page scene in Oakwood Cemetery in the springtime, showing the highest artistic skill, while all through the book there are etchings and half-tone engravings of a high order. The record of the beautiful service has been prepared with vigilant care, so if the edition of the book is large enough it will do much good.

Some conception of the work that General Underwood has done for our cause may be had in a review from this book of the Confederates that died in Northern prisons. He has published largely their names in pamphlets, and in this work he compiles the numbers in the various prisons

The aggregate number is 23,532 which are at the following places in part:

In Illinois, at Alton, 2,218; Chicago (Camp Douglas), 6,229; at Rock Island, 1,960.

In Indiana, at Indianapolis, Camp Morton, 1,484.

In Maryland, at Point Lookout, 3,445; at London Park, 100.

In New Jersey, at Finnis Point, Fort Delaware, 1,434,

In New York, at Elmira, 2,947; on Long Island (Cypress Hills), 488.

In Ohio, at Columbus (Camp Chase), 2,161; on Johnson's Island near Sandusky, 206

There are in his report in Pennsylvania, 239, and at Madison, Wisconsin, 137.

The total outlay for the Chicago Monument is $24,571.60.

The price of this beautiful volume is $2.50. Send that, with thirty cents additional for postage, either to the VETERAN or to Gen. Underwood. In renewing for the VETERAN, enclose $3.00 name to be stamped in gold. There are not many extra copies and there will not be printed another edition. The work is too expensive.

HE GOT IT.

Master John Cochran, Columbia, Tenn., is the first to secure a bicycle offered by the VETERAN—see the lad his treasure and his letter.

Columbia, Tenn., April 27th: "The bicycle received promptly. It is a beauty, and I am well pleased. I got up the list of subscribers in three afternoons after school, which turned out at three, and collected the money the following Saturday. I would consider myself well paid had it taken me a month to secure the list. Please accept my thanks."

This is a rare opportunity for you to get a wheel free. The VETERAN'S popularity makes it easy to secure the required number in a very short time. It is beautifully illustrated with half-tone pictures of men, women and scenes made famous by heroic actions. Write immediately for sample copy.

Address, CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Seaboard Air Line, so well presented in the VETERAN has forged to the front in a most enterprising way. It is owned more largely by Southern capital, perhaps, than any of the roads in the country, and its management is enterprising to the credit of its section.

UMBRELLAS and CANES.

Recovering and Repairing. . .

BORGNIS & CO.,

222 N. Summer St., Nashville, Tenn.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE U. C. V. AT RICHMOND, VA.

The Reunion at Richmond, Va., this year promises to be one of the best in the history of the United Confederate Veterans. The committees are pushing the work on a very extensive scale. All of the Veterans who go to the Reunion will receive a welcome that will cause them to feel the greatest pride in the fact that they followed the fortunes of the Lost Cause. Among the many interesting features the committees have inaugurated for the benefit and pleasure of the Veterans, is one of the handsomest souvenir programmes ever gotten up for a like occasion, and its contents will prove a lasting memento of the Reunion. A work gotten up on such a magnificent scale is obliged to be limited in edition. There is a great demand for it already. All those who wish to secure a copy should apply at once by letter to the J. L. Hill Printing Company, Richmond, Va., who have the work in hand for the committee. The price is 50 cents per copy and 10 cents postage.

INTERESTING CAVALRY HISTORY.

"Hancock's Diary," a history of the Second Tennessee (Barteau's) Cavalry, is an octavo volume of 644 pages, containing 20 portraits and 36 biographical sketches.

It is a history of whatever army the author served with from the beginning to the close of the war, including also a history of Forrest's Cavalry for the last fifteen months. The author was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division. The frontispiece is a portrait of General Forrest, made from a fine steel plate.

The price has been reduced from $2.50 to $2.00. Clubs will be supplied as follows: Five at $1.75; and ten at $1.50 each.

It will be given postpaid as a premium for seven new subscribers or renewals; and it will be sent with the VETERAN a year for $2.50.

Hancock's comrades generally are well pleased with the book.

A TRIP TO THE REUNION FREE.

The Gulf Messenger, a monthly magazine devoted to the South, and published at San Antonio, Texas, offers, as a premium for subscriptions, a trip to the Reunion at Richmond. Anyone should be able to obtain the premium on the easy terms offered.

For particulars write to

THE GULF MESSENGER,
San Antonio, Texas.

Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., MAY, 1896. | No. 5. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

SOUTH CAROLINA COMRADES REUNION.

"You could get enough from this meeting to fill the VETERAN," said a comrade in Charleston at the Reunion of United Confederate Veterans in South Carolina last month. The News and Courier introduced an elaborate account as follows:

If there is one spot under the blue canopy of Heaven in which Confederate soldiers should feel at home that spot is Charleston. Not only was Charleston the cradle of the cause for which they fought, but above all other cities she has kept the faith of the Lost Cause sacred. She has not faltered in her devotion to the nation to which she gave birth when the first gun was fired at Sumter, and she has never failed to do honor to the men who bore a gallant part in the great struggle. It is peculiarly appropriate, therefore, that Confederate Veterans should assemble here.

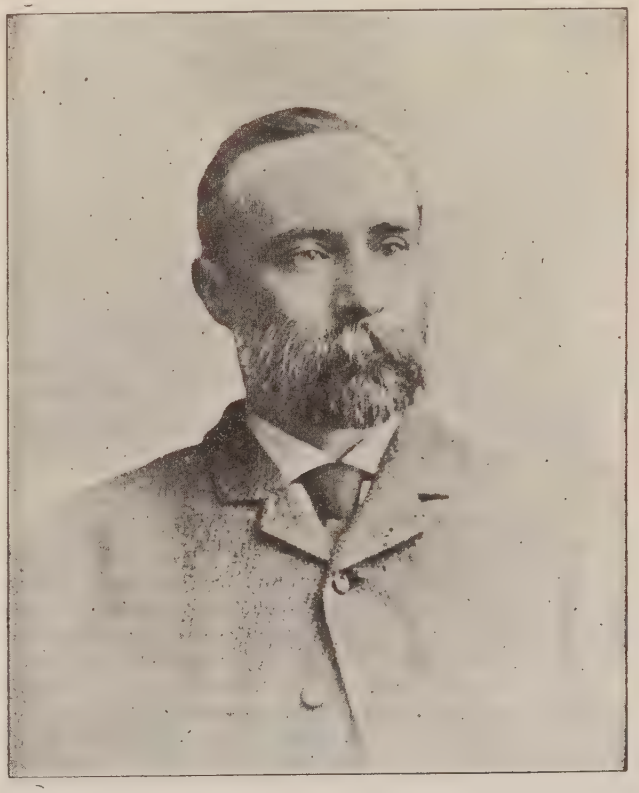
The old soldiers of South Carolina have accepted the invitation so cordially extended to them by the City of Charleston. The Veterans have come from one end of the State to the other, and for one and all of them Charleston has the warmest welcome.

In that spirit the Veterans, Sons of Veterans and the Daughters of the Confederacy had, through the efficient and excellent organizations, arranged all details for thorough hospitality of the South Carolinians who had passed through the terrible ordeal of '61–'65 untarnished.

The paper added: And now that the Veterans are here all that Charleston asks is that they shall enjoy themselves; that they shall accept the hospitality extended to them in the spirit of friendship and good fellowship in which it is offered to them.

Attention was given cordially to the writer, mentioned by the News as the "first man to successfully run a journal entirely in the interest of the Confederate Veterans," and every helpful means conceivable was given in its interests.

'Tis needless to say that the hospitality of the city was extended by Daughters of the Confederacy. On the first day they entertained seven hundred at luncheon. Their President, Mrs. A. T. Smythe, had a multitude of co-workers, and though weariness of severely taxed natures must have laid claim upon them, there was no lack of animated enthusiasm in their happy faces. A happy feature of the entertainments was in the daily excursions tendered by the Young Men's Business League. Its President, Mr. Welch, made a brief address representing the appreciation of young Charleston of the valor of those who risked all and suffered much for the State in years long gone.

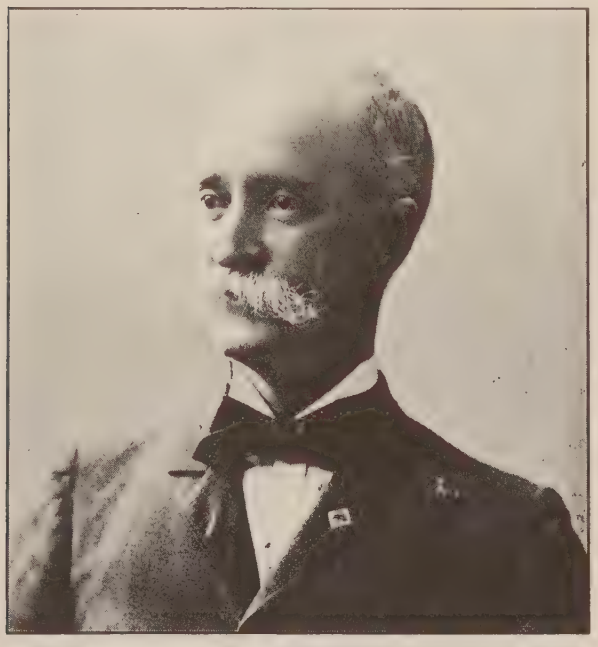


GEN. C. IRVING WALKER.

The Major General commanding U. C. V. in the Palmetto State, C. Irving Walker, is proud of his office. Happily, he is exactly fitted for it. While "one of the boys" socially, he is a fine parliamentarian and a splendid executive officer.

Col. James G. Holmes, the Adjutant General, ever zealous in the cause, has contributed his full share of the work to make Confederate orgnizations effective in his State. To no other person is

the VETERAN quite so much indebted for its beautiful growth. In this connection a memorable event is recalled. En route to Richmond for the burial of Jefferson Davis, at the request of a niece of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson the writer had gone through a special car from Charleston to inquire for a gentleman who was not of the party, when "Holmes is here," was announced by one of the party. Holmes was called, and greeting the editor of the VETERAN, said: "I have just gotten twenty subscribers for you. Here's the money." That was a gratefully remembered event. Since that night Colonel Holmes has been faithful to stand for the interests of the VETERAN, and to his zeal and influence the largest list of subscribers, outside of Nashville, is that of Charleston.



COL. JAMES G. HOLMES.

Gen. Johnson Hagood was called for by his old soldiers, and though he desisted as the soldier whose motto is action, they persisted until he responded, and he did it so as to thrill his audience with the manly qualities of the Confederate soldier.

A sensation of delight occurred when General Walker, observing upon the platform at opposite end of the hall Miss Mildred Lee, announced the fact, and appointed himself a committee of one to escort her to the speakers' stand. It was a very felicitous appointment. Certainly no woman ever had a more enthusiastic reception. REBEL YELLS have now and then been heard, but this one, mildly stated, was superbly typical.

The great speech of the occasion, and an oration that ought to be, in its completion, in the VETERAN and in every Southern home, was made by Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia. Its production, complete, in the VETERAN is desirable.

When General Evans referred to Gen. R. E. Lee so appropriately as to more than meet the expectations of his audience, it was made an occasion for applause again, and the worthy daughter of "Marse Robert" witnessed the testimony of South Carolina's devotion in a way that neither she nor the gray veterans can ever revert to without content.

Miss Lee had been spending some time in Summerville, and at a banquet Camp Sumter, by resolution, delegated Col. James G. Holmes, Adjutant-General, to gather up all the flowers and send them to Miss Lee, and he treasures as a reward her reply:

"DEAR COLONEL HOLMES:—I feel much pleased and flattered at this graceful rememberance by the Confederate Veterans of Camp Sumter, and beg you will thank them for the beautiful flowers and for the honor they have paid me, with every sentiment of devotion to the cause which they represent—every good wish for them personally."

The necessary postponement of much that merits prompt prominence is very much regretted. Most of all does the VETERAN desire to tell of Fort Sumter and the defense of Charleston Harbor. The best of good fortune was had in the attentions of Rev. John Johnson on a trip to the famous fort.

REV. JOHN JOHNSON, D.D.

The almost venerable gentleman was then major and the engineer in charge of Fort Sumter in 1863-5, and was almost constantly about the fort during the great bombardment. The visit was interesting to him as well as it was his third visit only since the war. Readers of the VETERAN may expect some account of the "Defense of Charleston Harbor," for Dr. Johnson, at the unanimous request of the Survivors' Association of the Charleston District, has published a superb volume upon the subject. It contains from four to five hundred pages, and is richly illustrated with its defenders and with maps.

Incidentally it is stated that this elegant volume has never been advertised beyond the coast region, and no doubt those who procure copies through this notice will be grateful to the VETERAN. [It will be sent free of postage to any one who will procure eight new subscribers. This valuable and accurate history, while not sensational, should be in every library. Those who may be sending renewals for the VETERAN can have it for a year with this book at the price of the book alone, $4.]

In the June VETERAN will be an account of what Camp Moultrie Sons of Veterans in Charleston are doing. The work of this camp will be submitted as an excellent model.

The record made by Samuel Davis, his enemies being judges, is the finest of all the six hundred thousand Confederates in service, although "of just such material was the Southern army formed." The subscription inaugurated to build a monument to his memory seems to have met with universal approval. Will each man who was a private soldier, or his descendants, consider the merits of this cause? Let them all testify their approval of the movement to erect the finest and firmest memorial possible to the honor of this private soldier.

The article in April VETERAN about "Heroines of the South" has revived many thrilling reminiscences. Already other reports of "our women in the war" have been furnished. An old poem has been resurrected which was written to Madame de Charette in 1882 and was read by the author at a *fete champetre* where he was a guest of honor.

A SOUTHERN ROSE.

Beneath the sky
Where you and I
Were born; where beauty grows,
Up from the sod,
At touch of God,
There sprang a stately rose.

It grew, and men in wonderment
Beheld the beauteous thing—
Alas, for Hope which wooing went,
And Love which sorrowing,
Learns that the flower it loves the best,
The one it guards the tenderest,
The hand of Fate transplants!
Our Southern rose
Now sweetly grows
Among the hills of France!

Go search the gardens of Vendee—
Which poets long have sung—
Go cull the flowers that blush the hills
Of Picardie among,
Land of romance!
Fair land of France!
With all your glorious flowers,
Lilies of old
And cloth of gold
We needs must lend you ours!
Right well, I guess,
For loveliness,
For beauty in repose,
There is no Lily in all France
Can match our Southern Rose!

DR. JOHN ALLAN WYETH, New York.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.—The ladies of Mary Curtis Lee Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, who recently organized the first branch of the Children of the Confederacy in Alexandria, Va., are very anxious to have other branches of the new organization formed throughout that State, and they ask the aid of the chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Already the membership of the Alexandria branch has increased to over fifty members. They will make monthly contributions, and they will try to enroll the name of every child of Southern parents in that city.

Robert Young of Eatonton, Ga., desires information of the whereabouts of Row Browning, last Sergeant Major of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

UNITED DAUGHTERS IN VIRGINIA.

The Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized at Alexandria, Va., April 17, 1896.

The objects of the chapter are historical, memorial and benevolent. Historical, to collect and preserve memorials of the officers and privates of the regiment, who served during the war, in any branch of the service, to obtain biographical sketches of them, or any reliable incidents of the campaigns of the regiment; memorial, to aid in the erection of monuments, or in any effort to honor and preserve the memory of the heroes of the Confederacy; benevolent, to succor and befriend all needy members of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment Chapter, or such members of their families as may need assistance; also, to co-operate with the R. E. Lee Camp in their benevolent efforts in behalf of their needy comrades. We now number twenty-five members.

President, Mrs. Wm. A. Smoot; First Vice President, Mrs. R. C. Powell; Second Vice President, Mrs. Edgar Warfield; Recording Secretary, Miss Alice E. Colquhoun; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. B. Davis; Treasurer, Mrs. Thos. Perry; Historian, Miss Kate Mason Rowland.

VIRGINIA DAUGHTERS—GRAND DIVISION.

Mrs. James Mercer Garnett reports the following Chapters organized in May and chartered by Grand Division in Virginia: "Caroline Chapter," Golansville, Va., organized May 4, 1895—President, Mrs. C. T. Smith; Vice President, Mrs. G. A. Wallace; Treasurer, Miss M. L. Luck; Secretary, Miss M. R. Wallace.

"Hampton Chapter," Hampton, Va., organized May 5, 1896—President, Mrs. Dr. Plecker; Vice-President, Mrs. C. B. Bryan; Treasurer, Mrs. Schermerhorn; Secretary, Mrs. John W. Brown.

Much credit is due the Dibrell Bivouac, the J. H. Lewis Sons of Veterans, of Lewisburg, Tenn., and the Daughters of the Confederacy in that section for their attention each year to the cemetery near Farmington. It requires travel, averaging twelve to fifteen miles, in addition to arranging much at a distance, with attending inconvenience.

Tuesday, May 19th, is the day set apart for their memorial exercises this year. Scott E. Davis is the Marshal of the Day, Captain W. G. Loyd, Chairman of the Committee, who will give an account of the battle, Judge W. S. Bearden and Rev. J. R. Harris will deliver addresses. The formal welcome is to be by Miss Bennie Chapman.

Robert Young, Adjutant, writes from Eatonton, Ga., May 8, '96. The Confederate veterans of this county have been associated for several years as the Putnam County Confederate Veterans Association, but will be known hereafter as "The R. T. Davis Camp No. 759, United Confederate Veterans. At present we have fifty-two members, Col. R. B. Nisbet is Commander, and the writer is Adjutant.

HONORING SAM DAVIS' MEMORY.

Service to be Held at His Grave, May 24th.

Readers of the VETERAN everywhere will be pleased that a public memorial service will be held at the grave of Samuel Davis, near Smyrna, Tenn., twenty miles from Nashville, near the Chattanooga Railroad.

President Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, which company subscribed through him $50 for the monument, furnishes a special train, and the fare, round trip, is placed at 50 cents. It will leave the Union Depot at 2:10 P.M., and return at 7 o'clock. Passengers may take the train at Glencliff, Asylum, Antioch or LaVergne Stations, for the round trip.

At Murfreesboro, and other stations south of Smyrna, tickets will be sold both ways for one fare on the train passing Smyrna at 10:01 A.M.

Conveyances will be in readiness at Smyrna for ladies and the oldre Veterans. The ceremonies will be under the direction of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, and general charge of arrangements has been assigned to S. A. Cunningham. The J. B. Palmer Bivouac, of Murfreesboro, which includes survivors of Captain Ledbetter's Company, with whom Sam Davis served, will co-operate.

It promises to be a deeply interesting occasion, and everybody who honors this noblest of all Confederates is invited to attend.

MOST WONDERFUL STORY EVER TOLD.

Hon. H. C. Russell, who served in the Second Iowa Infantry and is now Land Commissioner for the State of Nebraska, writes from Lincoln, April 20, 1896.—Mr. Russell is one of the two Union veterans who told the story of Samuel Davis that induced the effort to build a monument in his honor. It was while returning from last reunion at Shiloh:

On my return home, when asked to tell what I saw and how I was treated by the "Johnnies," I was happy to say that I heard no word and saw no act that was offensive to the most sensitive "Yank." Everything was pleasant and the lesson learned tended to make us all better citizens, better Americans. It helped to lift us out of the narrow ruts and broaden our ideas.

I enclose you one chapter of a series of articles written by a lieutenant of Co. C. of our regiment, which gives you his recollections of the Davis affair. I ran across this the other day while looking for some old papers.

I am one of your subscribers, and I hope you will not stop my paper, but draw on me when it is due.

Let every man and woman who honors the memory of those who went down in the strife read this account of that wonderful, wonderful story. Let them consider it well, and if they can do no more, let them write the history to be preserved by their descendants. Let all, who can, contribute to the monument, which should be the grandest ever erected in honor of man. Let us also honor the author of this tribute, printed in the Omaha Bee, April 13, 1885. It may not have occurred to him that any Confederate would ever read it. Like Sam Davis, he acted on principle, and no man would have fought the men he described as making up the Southern army without patriotic motives. While mentioned by Mr. Russell as "a Lieutenant in Company C," there is no name given as author.

* * * Soon after our arrival at Pulaski, one Samuel Davis was captured near our lines with complete plans of our camps concealed on his person. He was tried as a spy, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. * * * He was told that he could save his own life if he would disclose the identity of the parties giving him the information. This offer was declined, and the erection of a gallows, in full view of the jail where he was confined, proceeded with. Several days elapsed while arrangements for the execution were being made, and the offer of freedom was several times repeated, but each time refused. On the day set for his death he was brought out to the gallows in an ambulance, seated on his coffin, in company with a chaplain and preceded by a band playing a funeral dirge. We were formed in a hollow square around the gallows, and when the procession arrived one corner of the square opened and the prisoner and the chaplain entered, with four men carrying the coffin, which was placed at the gallows steps. Prayer was offered and Davis started up the steps, and just then was touched on the shoulder by an officer who for the last time said: "Give the names of the men who furnished you these plans, and you will be granted an escort to Bragg's outposts and given your liberty." The boy looked about him. He was only twenty-one years old, and life was bright and promising to him. Just overhead, idly swinging back and forth, hung the noose; all around him were soldiers standing in line, with muskets gleaming in the bright sunshine; at his feet was a box prepared for his body, now pulsing with young and vigorous life; in front were the steps which would lead him to a sudden and disgraceful death, and that death it was in his power to avoid—so easily. For just an instant he hesitated, and then the tempting offer was pushed aside forever. The steps were mounted, the young hero stood on the platform with hands tied behind him, the black hood was slipped over his head the noose was adjusted, a spring was touched, the drop fell, the body swung and turned violently, then was still, and thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had, with a courage of the highest type, deliberately chosen death to life secured by means he deemed dishonorable. OF JUST SUCH MATERIAL WAS THE SOUTHERN ARMY FORMED. * * * * * * *

[This last remarkable sentence shows how the peerless hero honored us all.—Ed.]

Proof of the above was sent to Mr. Russell and he replied from Lincoln May 4:

I presume it would be no violation of friendship or confidence to give the author of the Omaha Bee

article. His name is John T. Bell, and he is now living in California. Comrade Bell was a resident of Nebraska when he enlisted. He came to Company C. as a recruit in the fall of '61 and won his commission through meritorious conduct.

The following is not for publication but for your own information and that the exact truth may finally be known by comparison of stories and the real truth separated from fiction: I was a member of what was known as Dodge's Scouts, consequently knew of Coleman's Scouts and other parties upon the Confederate side. I heard many stories purporting to give the real history of Davis's capture and conviction, who it was he was protecting by his silence etc. One of these I intended to "run down" at that time. In the latter part of March or first of April '64 we captured a fellow about twenty miles south of Decatur, Alabama, who said he was a captain in the Confederate service, that in the fall of '63 he was in the secret service under General Bragg, and about the first thing he did or said after his capture and disarmament, "Did you see young Davis hanged at Pulaski? It was a shame to hang so brave a fellow, I am the man he died to save."

He was well informed as to Davis's history, his trial and his execution He said he was in our lines at the time, and had Davis given his name, he would surely have been captured. He was an intelligent fellow and apparently an honorable gentleman. We captured him in a fair fight and of course he could not be held as a spy for what he might have done in the past. I do not remember his name, if I were to guess I would say Hunter, but that may not be correct. He was turned over as a prisoner and we were kept so busy then,—so many new things presented themselves every day—that it really passed out of my memory for several years after the war. I have never been able to find any report in the war records giving information on the subject, but I never will forget how anxious we all were as we stood around the gallows that Davis would give the information that would save his life.

I never knew whether this story of the prisoner captured was true or not. We believed it at the time; he told many things that we knew to be true.

If I am living and in health when the Davis monument is unveiled I shall attend.

C. B. Rouss, New York, May 7, 1896: My dear Comrade.—The loss of sight makes me dependent upon others for a knowledge of what is transpiring in this great country of ours. It is only within the past few days I have had read to me the pathetic story of Sam Davis, the glorious young martyr who laid down his life rather than betray a trust confided to him. He was the highest type of noble manhood, and the memory of his heroic sacrifice should be perpetuated for all time. The statue of Nathan Hale stands in a prominent place in this great city; thousands gaze upon it every day and revert with pride to the glorious struggle of our country for freedom. A statue to Sam Davis will be an equally impressive and valuable object lesson. You have my warmest sympathy in the work that you have undertaken, and I take pleasure in forwarding you my contribution to its success. He sends $25.

John Moore, author of the beautiful poem writes: I think I will soon be able to get at some of the bottom facts of Sam Davis. I have found a gentleman here, Mr. John W. Moore, who was scouting with Davis at the time the latter was captured and he tells me that Davis undoubtedly got his information from a Yankee captain in Nashville, and has given me the name of a gentleman in Nashville who can corroborate him. Moore was captured at the same time Davis was but escaped from Pulaski.

The following was first published in the Columbia, Tenn., Democrat last month:

SAMUEL DAVIS.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The General said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly.

The birds ceased singing—happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek—dear sun,
It loves a life that's just begun.
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,
And O, how calm and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills as if to say:
"O save your life for us to-day!"

"Tell me his name, and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the Rebel line—
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue—
(The bayonets were tipped with dew)
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up and this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy, I hate to see thee die—
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As he who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live—
Had I a thousand lives to give—
I'd lose them—nay I'd gladly die
Before I'd live one life, a lie!"
He turned—for not a soldier stirred:
"Your duty, men—I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile—
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile—
The birds broke out in glad refrain—
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again,
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right.
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy! —JOHN MOORE.

Fred H. Honour, Treasurer, Camp Sumter, No. 250, United Confederate Veterans, Charleston, S. C.: Camp Sumter, United Confederate Veterans, wants a brick in the Samuel Davis monument, and at a meeting it was unanimously resolved that the sum of five dollars be subscribed. Enclosed find check.

Just as this VETERAN goes to press a message comes from Mrs. Metcalfe, president of the Zollicoffer-Fulton Chapter, Fayetteville, Tenn., stating that they send $25 for the Samuel Davis Monument.

GROWTH OF THE FUND.

Thirteen hundred and fifty-one dollars for Sam Davis' monument

Adcock, M. V., Burns, Tenn..... 1 00
Akers, E. A., Knoxville, Tenn..... 1 00
Alexander, J. T., Lavergne, Tenn... 1 00
Allen, Jos. W., Nashville.....$100 00
Amis, J. T., Culleoka, Tenn..... 1 00
Anderson, Miss Sophronia, Dickson, Tenn..... 1 00
Anderson, Dr. J. M., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Arnold, J. M., Newport, Ky..... 1 00
Arthur, James R., Rockdale, Tex.... 1 00
Arledge, G. L., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Asbury, A. E., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Atkisson, Marsh, Seattle, Wash..... 2 00
Ashbrook, S., St. Louis..... 1 00
Askew, H. G., Austin, Tex..... 1 00
Ayres, J. A., Nashville..... 1 00

Baldwin, A. B., Bardstown, Ky..... 2 00
Barlow, Col. W. P., St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Barker, Wm., Owingsville, Ky..... 50
Barrett, J. J., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Barnhill, T. F., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Bascom, A. W., Owingsville, Ky.... 1 00
Barringer, G. E., Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Barry, Capt. T. H., Oxford, Ala.... 1 00
Barry, Mrs. Annie, Dickson, Tenn... 1 00
Beard, Dr. W. F., Shelbyville, Ky... 1 00
Beazley, Geo., Murfreesboro, Tenn... 1 00
Bee, Robert, Charleston, S. C..... 2 00
Beckett, J. W., Bryant Sta., Tenn.. 1 00
Bell, Capt. W. E., Richmond, Ky.... 1 00
Bishop, Judge W. S., Paducah, Ky. 1 00
Biles, J. C., McMinnville, Tenn..... 3 00
Blackmore, J. W., Gallatin, Tenn.... 5 00
Blakemore, J. H., Trenton..... 1 00
Bonner, N. S., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Boyd, Gen. John, Lexington, Ky..... 1 00
Bringhurst, W. R., Clarksville, Tenn. 1 00
Browne, Dr. M. S., Winchester Ky.. 1 00
Browne, E. H., Baltimore, Md..... 1 00
Brown, John C. Camp, El Paso, Tex 5 00
Brown, H. T., Spears, Ky..... 1 00
Brown, B. R., Shoun's X Rds, Tenn.. 1 00
Brown, W. C., Gainesville, Tex..... 1 00
Brown, W. A., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Bruce, J. H., Nashville..... 5 00
Burges, R. J., Seguin, Tex..... 1 00
Burkhardt, Martin, Nashville..... 5 00
Bush, Maj. W. G., Nashville..... 2 00

Cain, G. W., Nashville..... 3 00
Cardwell,, Geo. S., Evansville, Ind.. 1 00
Cargile, J. F., Morrisville, Mo..... 1 50
Calhoun, Dr. B. F., Beaumont, Tex.. 1 00
Calhoun, F. H., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Calhoun, W. B., St. Patrick, La.... 1 00
Cannon, Dr. J. P., McKenzie, Tenn. 1 00
Carnahan, J. C., Donnel's Chapel, Tenn 1 00
Carroll, Capt. John W., Henderson, Carter, J. E., Brownsville, Tenn..... 1 00
Cassell, T. W., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Cassell, W. H., Lexington, Ky..... 2 00
Cates, C. T., Jr., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Cecil, Loyd, Lipscomb, Tenn..... 1 00
Chadwick, S. W., Greensboro, Ala.. 1 00
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville..... 5 00
Cheatham, Maj. J. A., Memphis..... 1 00
Cherry, A. G., Paris, Tenn..... 1 00
Clayton, Capt. R. M., Atlanta, Ga.... 1 00
Clark, Mrs. I. M., Nashville, Tenn.. 1 00
Clarke, J. S., Owingsville, Ky..... 1 00
Craig, Rev. R. J., Spring Hill, Tenn. 1 00
Coffey, W. A., Scottsboro, Ala..... 1 00
Coffman, Dan, Kaufman, Tex..... 1 00
Cohen, Dr. H., and Capt. T. Yates collected, Waxahatchie, Tex..... 14 00
Cole, Whiteford R., Nashville..... 10 00
Coleman, Gen. R. B., McAlester, I. T. 1 00
Comfort, James, Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Condon, Mike J., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Connor, W. P., Owingsville, Ky..... 1 00
Cook, V. Y., Elmo, Ark..... 2 00
Cooper, Judge John S., Trenton..... 1 00
Cophin, John P., Owingsville, Ky.... 1 00
Cowan, J. W., Nashville..... 1 00
Cowardin, H. C., Martin, Tenn..... 1 00
Crump, M. V., Brownsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Cunningham, Capt. F. W., Richmond 1 00
Cunningham, P. D., Washington, D.C.. 1 00
Cunningham, S. A., Nashville..... 5 00
Curry, Dr. J. H., Nashville..... 1 00
Curd, Ed, Franklin, Tenn..... 1 00
Curtis, Capt. B. F., Winchester, Ky.. 2 50

Dailey, Dr. W. E., Paris, Tex..... 5 00
Dance, J. H., Columbia, Tex..... 1 00
Davie, Capt. G. J., Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Davis, J. M., Calvert, Tex..... 1 00
Davis, Lafayette, Rockdale, Tex.... 1 00
Davis, Miss Maggie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Davis, R. N., Trenton..... 1 00
Davis, J. K., Dickson, Tenn..... 2 00
Davis, Hubert, Dickson, Tenn..... 1 00
Davis, Miss Mamie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Davis, Miss Hettie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Davis, Miss Bessie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Davis, J. E., West Point, Miss..... 1 00
Davis, W. T., Nashville..... 1 00
Davidson, N. P., Wrightsboro, Tex.. 1 00
Daviess County C. V. Assn, Owensboro, Ky..... 6 55
Deaderick, Dr. C., Knoxville, Tenn.. 4 00
Deamer, J. C., Fayetteville, Tenn.... 1 00
Dean, G. B., Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Dean, J. J., McAlister, I. T..... 1 00
Dean, M. J., Tyler, Tex..... 1 00
Deason, James R., Trenton, Tenn... 1 00
Deering, Rev. J. R., Harrodsburg, Ky 1 00
Denny, L. H., Blountsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Dinkins, Lynn H., Memphis, Tenn.... 1 00
Dinkins, Capt. James, Memphis..... 1 00
Dixon, Mrs. H O., Flat Rock, Tenn.. 1 00
Donaldson, Capt. W. E., Jasper, T... 1 00
Dougherty, J. L., Norwalk, Cal..... 1 00
Douglas, Mrs. Sarah C., Nashville... 1 00
Doyle, J. M., Blountsville, Ala..... 1 00
Duckworth, W. S., Nashville..... 1 00
Duckworth, Alex, Brownsville, Tenn 1 00
Dudley, Maj. R. H., Nashville..... 25 00
Duncan, J. C, Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Duncan, W. R., Knoxville, Tenn.... 1 00
Durrett, D. L., Springfield, Tenn..... 1 00
Dyas, Miss Fannie, Nashville..... 1 00

Edminston, Wm., O'Neal, Tenn..... 1 00
Eleazer, S. D., Colesburg, Tenn..... 1 00
Ellis, Capt. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.. 1 00
Ellis, Mrs. H. C., Hartsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Embry, J. W., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Emmert, Dr. A. C., Trenton, Tenn.. 1 00
Embry, Glenn, St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Enslow, J. A., Jr., Jacksonville, Fla. 1 00
Eslick, M. S., Fayetteville, Tenn..... 1 00
Ewing, Hon. Z. W., Pulaski, Tenn... 2 00
Ewing, P. P., Owingsville, Ky..... 1 00

Farrar, Ed H., Centralia, Mo..... 1 00
Ferguson, Gen. F. S., Birmingham.. 1 00
Finney, W. D., Wrightsboro, Tex.... 1 00
Fisher, J. F., Farmington, Tenn..... 1 00
Fletcher, Mack, Denison, Tex..... 1 00
Forbes Bivouac, Clarksville, Tenn.. 25 00
Ford, A. B., Madison, Tenn..... 1 00
Ford, J. W., Hartford, Ky..... 1 00
Forrest, A., Sherman, Tex..... 1 00
Forrest, Carr, Forreston, Tex..... 2 00
Foster, A. W., Trenton..... 1 00
Foster, N. A., Jefferson, N. C..... 1 00

Gailor, Charlotte M., Memphis, Tenn 1 00
Gailor, Bishop T. F., Memphis, Tenn 1 00
Gailor, Frank Hoyt, Memphis, Tenn 1 00
Gailor, Mrs. T. F., Memphis, Tenn.. 1 00
Gailor, Nannie C., Memphis, Tenn.. 1 00
Garwood, G., Bellefontaine, O..... 1 00
Gay, William, Trenton..... 1 00
Gaut, J. W., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
George, Capt. J. H., Howell, Tenn.... 1 00
Gibson, Capt. Thos., Nashville..... 1 00
Giles, Mrs. L. B., Laredo, Tex..... 1 00
Gilman, J. W., Nashville..... 1 00
Gilvin, John S., Owingsville, Ky.... 50
Gooch, Roland, Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Goodlett, D. Z., Jacksonville, Ala..... 2 00
Goodlett, Mrs. M. C., Nashville..... 5 00
Goodloe, Rev. A. T., Station Camp, Tenn..... 10 00
Goodman, Frank, Nashville..... 1 00
Goodner, Dr. D M., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Goodpasture, J. B., Owingsville, Ky 1 00
Goodrich, Jno. T., Fayetteville, Tenn. 1 00
Gordon, D. M., Nashville..... 1 00
Gordon, A. C., McKenzie, Tenn..... 1 00
Gordon, Dr. B. G., McKenzie, Tenn.. 1 00
Gourley, M. F., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Granbery, W. L., Jr., Nashville.. .. 5 00
Granbery, J. T., Nashville.. .. .... 5 00
Graves, Col. J. M., Lexington, Ky.... 1 00
Gray, S. L., Lebanon, Ky..... 1 00
Gray, Rev. C. M., Ocala, Fla... .... 1 25
Green, W. J., Utica, Miss..... 1 00
Green, John R., Brownsville, Tenn.. 1 00
Green, Jno. W., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Green, Folger, St. Patricks, La 3 00
Gresham, W. R., Park Station, Tenn. 1 00
Gudgell, D. E., Henderson, Ky..... 1 00
Guest, Isaac, Detroit, Tex..... 1 00
Gwin, Dr. R. D., McKenzie, Tenn..... 1 00

Hall, L. B., Dixon, Ky..... 1 00
Hancock, Dr. W. H. Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Hanrick, E. Y., Waco, Tex..... 1 00
Harder, Geo. B., Portland, Ore..... 1 00
Hardison, W. T., Nashville..... 5 00
Harmsen, Barney, El Paso, Tex..... 5 00
Harper, J. R., Rosston, Tex..... 1 00
Harris, Maj. R. H., Warrington, Fla. 1 00
Harris, J. A., Purdon, Tex..... 1 00
Harrison, W. W., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
Hartman, J. A., Rockwall, Tex..... 1 00
Hartzog, H. G., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00
Hatler, Bally, Boliver, Mo..... 1 00
Hayes, E. S., Mineola, Tex..... 1 00
Haynie, Capt. M., Kaufman, Tex.... 1 00
Hemming, C. C., Gainesville, Tex.... 10 00
Henderson, John H., Franklin, Tenn. 1 00
Herbst, Chas., Macon, Ga..... 1 00
Hereford, Dr. S. P., Elmwood, Mo.. 1 00
Herron, W. W., Mckenzie, Tenn..... 1 00
Hickman, Mrs. T. G., Vandalia, Ill... 1 00
Hickman, John P., Nashville..... 1 00
Hicks, Miss Maud, Finley, Ky... .. 1 00
Hill, J. T., Beachville, Tenn..... 1 00
Hillsman, J. C., Ledbetter, Tex..... 1 00
Hitchcock, L. P., Prescott, Ark..... 1 00
Hodges, S. B., Greenwood, S. C..... 1 00
Hollenberg, Mrs. H. G., Little Rock, Ark.. .. .. 1 00
Holman, Col. J. H., Fayetteville, Tenn 1 00
Hollins, Mrs. R. S., Nashville..... 1 00
Hoon, C. H., Owingsville, Ky..... 1 00
Hooper, Miss Jessie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Hoppel, Dr. T. J., Trenton..... 1 00
Hoss, Rev. Dr. E. E., Nashville..... 1 00
House, A. C., Ely, Nev..... 2 00
Howell, C. C., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
Hows, S. H., Newsom Station, Tenn.. 1 00
Hughes, Louis, Dyersburg, Tenn..... 1 00
Hull, Miss Annie, Dickson, Tenn..... 1 00
Hutcheson, W. G., Nashville... .. .. 1 00
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Hutcheson, Miss Katie Dean, Nashville... .. .. 1 00
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Ikirt, Dr. J. J., East Liverpool, O.... 1 00
Inglis, Capt. J. L., Rockwell, Fla..... 5 00
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Irwin, Capt. J. W., Savannah, Tenn.. 1 00

Jackson, G. G., Wetumpka, Ala..... 1 00
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Jarrett, C. F., Hopkinsville, Ky..... 1 00
Jenkins, S. G., Nolensville, Tenn..... 1 00
Jennings, Tipton D., Lynchburg, Va. 1 00
Jewell, Wm. H., Orlando, Fla..... 1 00
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Johnson, Leonard, Morrisville, Mo.... 1 50
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Jones, Master Grey, Franklin, Ky.. 1 00
Jones, Thomas, Franklin, Ky..... 25
Jones, Reps, Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
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Jordan, M. F., Murfreesboro, Tenn... 1 00
Jourolman, Leon, Knoxville, Tenn... 5 00
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Knox, R. M., Pine Bluff, Ark..... 5 00

Lea, Judge Jno. M., Nashville..... 10 00
Lebby, Dr. R., Charleston, S. C..... 1 00
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Lauderdale, J. S., Llano, Tex..... 1 00
Lehmann, Joe, Waco, Tex..... 1 00
Leslie, J. P., Sherman, Tex..... 1 00
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Loftin, Benj. F., Nashville..... 1 00
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Love, Maj. W. A., Crawford, Miss... 1 00
Lowe, Dr. W. A., Springdale, N. C.. 1 00
Lowe, Mrs. W. A., Springdale, N. C.. 2 00
Lowrance, R. M., Huntsville, Mo. .. 1 00
Luckey, C. E., Knoxville, Tenn..... 5 00
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McKinney, R. L., Columbia, Tenn.. 10 00
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McRee, W. F., Trenton, Tenn..... 1 00
McTeer, Jos. T., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
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Malcom, Miss Mattie, Dickson, Tenn. 1 00
Mallory, E. S., Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
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Maull, J. F., Elmore, Ala..... 1 00
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Meek, S. W., Nashville..... 5 00
Meek, Master Wilson..... 1 00
Miles, W. A., Fayetteville, Tenn.... 1 00
Miller, Tom C., Yellow Store, Tenn.. 1 00
Miller, Geo. F., Raymond, Kan..... 1 00
Miller, Capt. F., Mt. Airy, N. C..... 1 00
Mims, Dr. W. D., Cockrum, Miss..... 1 00
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Mitchell, A. E., Morrisville, Mo..... 1 00
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Young County Camp, Graham, Tex.. 7 85
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I. E. Clark, R. E. Grizzard and M. M. Mobley, Trenton, Tenn.; Capt. Chas. H. May and J. W. Fielder, Benton, Ala.; Dr. E. Young and W. W. Powers, Greensboro, Ala.; J. W. Gilman and H. Heverin, Nashville; G. N. Albright, W. A. Ross and Alonzo Gilliam, Stanton, Tenn.; John W. Green and cash, Dyersburg, Tenn.; E. J. Harwell, Stonewall, La..... 7 40

Collins, Mrs. Geo. C., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn..... 25
C. W. Higginbotham, Calvert, Tex.; T. O. Moore, Comanche, Tex.; L. C. Newman, H. M. Nash, J. W. Murnan, G. Shafer, J. F. Coppedge, J. K. Gibson, Stanton, Tenn.; J. T. Bryan, Mariana, Fla..... 1 25

Total subscription, May 20, $1,351.50

HANGED FROM THE SAM DAVIS SCAFFOLD.—Another sad story is told in the same article that is elsewhere copied about Sam Davis:

In the summer of 1862, at Corinth, an orderly sergeant of the Seventh Illinois had an altercation with the colored cook of his captain; the latter took up the quarrel, shots were exchanged, and the captain was killed by the sergeant, who was court-martialed, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. The proceedings and findings of the court were sent to President Lincoln for review. There was great delay in getting returns, and after being confined for many months, the sergeant was returned to his company. In December, 1863, he re-enlisted for another term of service, went north with his company on a sixty days furlough; returned to Pulaski and resumed his duties as a soldier. It was generally supposed that punishment would never be imposed upon him, as so long a time had passed since he was tried; he was an excellent soldier and a favorite with his comrades, but in April, 1864. the proceedings of the court were returned from Washington, approved, the man was taken from a sentry post where he was on duty as picket guard (having been reduced to the ranks in 1862), taken into Pulaski and hanged on the same gallows that young Davis was executed on a few months previously, and which had been left standing.

HEROINES OF THE SOUTH.

Gen. R B. Coleman, McAlester, Indian Territory:

Having noticed in the April VETERAN the array of Southern heroines, I desire to add one to the long list of our patriotic women in the person of Miss Puss Whitty, the daughter of Capt. Bill Whitty, of Johnson County, Missouri. Her father Capt. Bill Whitty, with many others, came from North Carolina, in the fifties, and at the first bugle call raised a company, composed of kinfolks, for the Southern cause. His nice residence, six miles from Knobnoster, a Federal post, which was raided time after time, was finally destroyed. His daughter, a plucky and fearless girl of nineteen, did many acts of daring to decoy the Federals into the hands of her father's company; she went many nights in rain and snow to pilot the little bands of Southern patriots around the Federal post at Knobnoster, besides carrying many baskets of provisions to the brush to feed the Confederates while recruiting in Missouri.

At one time, in the summer of 1863, she rode from home sixty miles, in the night, and carried news to the intrepid Quantrell. At another time, when a company of Federals were at her father's house in the summer of 1864, tearing off the weatherboarding in their search for contraband goods, she drew a pistol from her bosom and shot a Lieutenant in the face, and wounded a private in the arm, then made her escape to the woods. Finally the authorities outlawed her. Sheriff Wilk Williams laid in wait for her uncle, Sam Whitty, who was guard to Colonel Perkins' recruiting office, and shot him from ambush, breaking his under jaw and cutting off his tongue. Puss went twenty miles at night and hunted for her uncle in the woods, carried him home and hid him in an old well, where she nursed him until he recovered sufficiently to ride away. The authorities finally captured her and then banished her from the State. I have not heard from her since the great conflict.

ALABAMA LEGISLATION FOR MISS SANSON.

John W. Inzer, who was Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-second and Fifty-eighth Alabama Regiments consolidated, writes from Ashville, Ala., April 25:

I thought some of our people would be interested in reading the preamble and resolutions adopted by the General Assembly of Alabama in recognition of her great services to our dear cause in the year 1863. I do not remember to have ever seen in the the public prints record concerning Miss Emma Sanson.

The stream she piloted General Forrest across was Black Creek, and not "Black Warrior," as stated in the VETERAN. Black Creek in coming down from the Lookout Mountain near Gadsden, and where Colonel Streight after crossing over, had burned the bridge, on the public road; the banks of the creek were high on each side, making it difficult for the cavalry and artillery to cross over.

Miss Sanson was reared on the western bank of this stream, and knowing how difficult it would be for Forrest to get over, and knowing of a ford below the bridge in her mother's plantation, told General Forrest of it, and as quick as thought sprang up behind him, when he dashed away in a gallop to the ford, piloted by the fair young woman amidst the flying bullets the shot and shell from Streight's forces on the eastern bank of the stream. Her conduct on the occasion was magnificent, and the services she rendered were of great help to our cause.

The legislative proceedings were as follows, towit:

"JOINT RESOLUTION

Donating a section of land to Miss Emma Sanson, of Cherokee County, in consideration of public services rendered by her."

"A nation's history is not complete which does not record the names and deeds of its heroines with those of its heroes, and resolutions sometimes throw the two in such close proximity that the history of the manly bearing of the one is imperfect unless coupled with the more delicate, yet no less brilliant, achievement of the other, and such must ever be the history of the most gallant and successful victory of the imperial Forrest unless embellished with the name and heroic act of Emma Sanson.

"Upon discovering the difficulties which embarrassed the advance of our brave army in pursuit of a Yankee raid under the lead of Colonel Streight, produced by the burning of a bridge across Black Creek near the residence of her mother, in Cherokee County, Emma Sanson, inspired with love of country, indignant at Yankee insolence, and blushing with hope inspired by the arrival of a pursuing force, exalting herself "above the fears of her nature and the timidity of her sex," with a maiden's modesty and more than woman's courage, tendered her services as a guide in the face of an enemy's fire of musketry and amid the cannon's roar, safely conducted our gallant Forrest by a circuitous route to an easy and safe crossing, and left them in eager pursuit of a fleeing foe, which resulted in a complete brilliant victory to our arms within the confines of our own State.

"By her courage, her patriotism, her devotion to our cause, and by the great public services she has rendered she has secured to herself the admiration, esteem and gratitude of our people, and a place in history as the heroine of Alabama. As a testimonial of the high appreciation of her services by the people of Alabama,

1. "Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Alabama, in General Assembly convened, that one secton of the unimproved land of this State be and the same is hereby granted to Miss Emma Sanson, of Cherokee County, to be by her selected in sub-divisions or otherwise outside of the lands reserved for saline purposes for which a patent or patents must issue.

2. "Be it further resolved, That the Governor of the State is hereby required as soon as the same can be consistently done to procure a gold medal inscribed with suitable devices commemorative of the deeds which these resolutions with their preamble are designated to perpetuate, and present the same in the name of the people of Alabama to the said Emma Sanson as further testimonial of the respect and gratitude of the State for her services aforesaid.

3. "Be it further resolved, That the Governor of this State furnish to Miss Emma Sanson an authenticated copy of these resolutions. And it is furthermore the duty of the Governor to issue the necessary notice and instructions to the land office of this State to carry out the provisions of the first of these resolutions."

"Approved November 27, 1863." See acts Legislature of Alabama Session, 1863, pages 213 and 214.

[Does the date above indicate a transaction which occurred in the Federal lines? It was on that very day that Samuel Davis across in Tennessee honored the human race in the sacrifice of his life.—Ed.]

Gen. S. G. French writes from Florida about it: My division encamped at Mrs. Sansom's. My head-quarters were at her house, and my diary says, October 20, 1864 (marched about two miles beyond Gadsden and encamped at Mrs. Sansoms. Our band played for the ladies in compliment, for Miss Sansom, who piloted General Forrest across Black Creek. Near here are the Falls of Black Creek, said to be 100 feet high). * * * So I think Black Warrior should be Black Creek. It is a small matter, but it should be corrected.

He writes the name Sansom, and asks which is correct. It is usually written Sanson and is so copied from Legislative record.

Comrade L. P. Walker, Bessemer, Ala., states that Captain Ridley should have said across Black Creek; the Black Warrior is about one hundred miles from the scene of heroism he was describing. I wish that history may be written as it was made. "Black Creek" is situated in (at the time spoken of) Cherokee County, but a few miles of Gadsden (on the Coosa River). Since the war a new county has been formed and Black Creek is now in Etowah County.

Dear old Mrs. Twyman, of Hopkinsville, Ky., submitted graciously to an interview by the writer some years ago. She had been married about three score years, and did the talking for her venerable husband. Family history being a theme, she said: "I call myself a Virginian. I think that sounds big." She was more accurate than Comrade Ridley was assured of being about the name of the stream that Miss Sanson piloted Gen. Forrest across in his pursuit of General Streight. He discussed the name before handing in his manuscript, and said that he believed he would call it Black Warrior as Creek did not convey as strong an idea.

TRIBUTE BY COL. WM. H. STEWART, OF VIRGINIA.

The heroines of the South must move the hearts of men to the deeds of valor so long as chivalry and honor mark the boundaries of civilization.

Their legions did not move in martial lines, but like lone sentinels on the watch-tower, they braved the storms of war, teaching men lessons of fortitude stronger than bastioned forts, by their patient endurance and unyielding faith.

Everywhere their work gave glory to their faith. Their sewing societies made uniforms for the soldiers, and tender hands, not used to needle, worked beautiful banners from silken gowns, which were replaced by homespun. What an inspiration! Like a glow warm from the throne of love, this devotion of the women lifted the men up to the highest standard of chivalry, and counting not the cost, nor odds, Beauregard's battalions laid the foundation of the fame of the South on Manassas' bloody plains where Jackson's infantry stood "like a stone wall."

Then the women of the Confederacy, day and night, watched by the side of the wounded on field and in the hospital, dressed the scars, soothed the pains, and with the dying soldiers prayed, and wept as Christian faith lifted the departing soul to God.

Away from the scenes of blood they planted, sowed and reaped the grain for food; spun, wove and made the cloth into garments.

These tests of adversity implanted deep memories, and evinced high regard for the great cause of constitutional Government.

When Lee and Johnson surrendered their armies to overwhelming numbers, sympathy for their soldiers came through the beaming eyes and tender touch of these noble heroines, as sweet messengers from the throne of Grace. It gave the men new hope, new life, new strength, renewed faith, and made them cling to a great principle which cannot die. That which now, as ever, and will always underlie Republican government, local self-government, makes States sovereigns and not provinces.

Out of the wrecks of war came the resurrection of this fundamental principle to grow firmer in every section of the Union. The results unfolded the hidden treasures of the South, made her staple product bloom an hundred fold, brought her great factories with millions of spindles, and increased her wealth in fabulous figures.

No Southern woman ever uttered the cowardly sentence, "Believed our cause was right," but our soldiers fought for the eternal principle of justice and inalienable rights; for the Constitution as our fathers made it, and Southern women will always love the memories of the Southern Confederacy above gold and precious stones.

If the infusion of foreign elements should make the men of other generations forget the virtues of their fathers of the Spirit Nations, all the cruel invasions of progress can never efface their heroic efforts from the hearts of their daughters.

So the *memorials* stand out stronger, as time grows apace, in the increasing chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The A. P. Hill Camp of Petersburg are arranging to keep "open house" to comrades attending the Richmond reunion. This is well. There will be many visitors there during the time and it will be fortunate if they can have so cordial a place of rendezvous as the camp quarters of comrades.

C. C. HEMMING AND HIS BEQUEST.

As my old prison comrade and friend, Mr. Chas. C. Hemming, is going to erect a monument in Jacksonville to the memory of the Confederate soldiers of Florida, I thought it might be of some interest to the readers of the CONFEDERATE VERERAN to know something of the prison life of one who has done so much to perpetuate the glorious memory of his comrades, so that the coming generation can look at this monument with a feeling of veneration and pride for the soldiers of the lost cause.

CHARLES C. HEMMING.

Charlie Hemming, as we all called him, is a native of Florida. He enlisted in the Jacksonville Light Infantry in January, 1861, was captured during the Battle of Missionary Ridge, sent to Nashville, then to Rock Island prison, Ill. He arrived there about the 9th of December, 1863. Many of the prisoners from the far South had never seen snow before, and one poor fellow, who did not answer to his name when called, was found to be dead. We all had to wait to be searched and assigned to our barracks, and while waiting this poor fellow froze to death. This was the beginning of one of the coldest winters ever known in the northwest. On January 1, 1864, it was forty-two degrees below zero, and many died from exposure. At this time I met and knew Charlie Hemming, and also found in prison my old friends, Will Rutland, Jesse Ely and Ben Hord, of Nashville, and J. D. McInnis, now of Meridian, Miss., and we all became true friends. These were the times that tried men's souls, for if there was any meanness in a man's nature, it came out. Never will any man who was in Rock Island prison forgot sufferings the hardships of that winter. Over twenty per cent. died.

A short time after we were there the Commandant, Col. Schaffner, wanted to know what was going on in the prison, as he feared an outbreak, so he thought it necessary for him to have spies. He sent for a number of prisoners, and told them if they would act and report to him what was going on in the prison he would release them in a reasonable time. Our young friend Hemming was among the number. He was only a boy then, but when the proposition was made to him, declined so firmly and became so indignant that he was put in irons for three days, and on bread and water. In prison and in irons he was true to his friends and his country, as he is now in prosperity. There was a secret society in the prison, known as the C. K. 7. No man could become a member that had ever intimated in any way that he would be disloyal to the South. This organization was for the purpose of protection against any oath takers who were reporting to headquarters and having men punished. Any one that was a member of the organization will know what it is, and appreciate what good it did. We planned many ways of escape, tunnels were dug, but we were not very successful.

One night Charlie Hemming, John McInnis and I met under an old tree and had a long talk. I bade them good-bye and did not believe I would ever see them again. They had been a long time trying to get two blue uniforms, and when at last they succeded, they arranged to pass out with the detail as guards, the next morning, which they did. They went over to Rock Island City, and there they found some friends who gave them money and citizens clothing. From there they went to Canada and reported to the Hon. Jacob Thompson, the Confederate Commissioner. He assigned them to the secret service in Canada. This was about the 28th of September, 1864. Sometime during the next month, our mutual friend, Will Rutland, made his escape. He went out as a doctor with his book under his arm. He soon joined Hemming in Canada, and they were in all the raids that were made from Canada into the border States. They kept a force of perhaps thirty or forty thousand to guard the Canadian frontier. Hemming was sent into this country with Capt. Beals, who was captured at Niagara Falls, tried and hanged at Governor's Island, New York Harbor. Hemming, after many adventures, got back to Canada, and Col. Thompson then sent him South with important dispatches for the government. He had to go to Nassau, then to Cuba, and landing on the coast of Florida in the wilderness, had to walk most of the way to Richmond. Arriving there, he delivered his dispatches, and was thanked by President Davis for his perseverance; he rejoined his regiment not long before the surrender. He returned to his home in Florida, honored and respected by all his comrades. Then he went to Texas, started to work in Galveston, from there he went to Brenham, where he engaged in the dry goods business and was quite successful. From there to Gainsville, where he started in the banking business. Many years ago he told me

that if he succeeded in making money he would erect a monument to his comrades, as it had always been the dream of his life. There was never a more noble, generous or higher toned man than Charlie Hemming, loved and respected by all who know him. JOSHUA BROWN, New York.

A sketch of the monument and an engraving of the design were expected for this number of the VETERAN, but some changes were to be made and the engraving will be deferred. The location has been fixed at a beautiful spot in St. James Park, Jacksonville, and the city council has

Resolved, That it is with pride and pleasure, in behalf of the city, we acknowledge the magnificent gift of the Confederate monument to this city.

Resolved, That the committee on laws and rules be instructed to prepare an ordinance, dedicating such ground as may be necesssry for the occupancy of said monument.

Mr. Hemming was in Ocala at the State encampment, and made a speech which is complimented by a local paper. It says:

The first part of his speech was a most interesting history of the speaker's experience as a prisoner at Rock Island, his escape to Canada and his secret service for the Confederacy, carrying him, as it did, into many tight places for personal safety. A number of times he was captured and only by his wits, which seem never to have left him, did he escape being hung or shot. Several of his associates who were working with him in the same service were captured and killed. He told his experiences in the richest kind of humor and kept the audience continually amused. In the address he said: "On this soil my father and mother sleep, and here my thoughts have often turned and with strong desire I have hoped, for years, that with God's blessing I might some day make the deeds and names of Florida's noble men, who in her greatest hour of trial did not leave her friendless, go down upon the current of the rolling years, into the unbroken centuries of eternity, honored and remembered."

Of the great struggle he said: "For thrust we gave thrust, and before our flag was struck, Roman courage and Spartan valor had been outdone. Upon a hundred fields the stories of the Alamo and of Thermopylæ were almost repeated. Often along our depleted lines was the Southern soldier confronted four and five and six to one. Not only did he hold that flag above the smoke of battle, but to be sure that his brave combatants might know there were still some to hold it up, he would wave it again and again, inviting with defiant shot, the charge which was sure to come.

"One hundred years from now, when the mists of prejudice and the unfairness of a beclouded history shall have passed away, it will be counted an honor supreme to have descended from such gallant men."

At the last quarterly meeting of the Lafayette McLaws Camp, United Confederate Veterans, Savannah, Ga., fourteen new members were received. Commander J. H. Estill, Second Lieutenant Commander W. S. Rockwell, Adjutant T. S. Bessalieu, and Comrade W. W. Chisholm were selected delegates to the Richmond Reunion.

MEMORIAL DAY AT NATCHEZ, MISS.—F. J. V. Leland Camp, No. 20, U. C. V. Memorial Day was observed here yesterday, April 23d. In the morning graves were decorated at the cemetery; in the afternoon stores were closed and the entire community turned out to Memorial Park, where the monument is located. At 5 P.M. an elaborate programme was carried out. The procession consisted of two companies of military and our Camp of U. C. V. The Camp No. 20 subscribed $25.00 to the Battle Abbey fund.

MISS SUE KNOX,
Maid of Honor from Arkansas. Now at Belmont College, Nashville.

Mrs. Nannie Seddon Barney, of Fredericksburg, writes of an understood antagonism between Virginia Daughters, and states: We are working for exactly the same cause, viz., to care for our dear old soldiers, and to preserve a true record of the deeds of valor wrought by them. We thought it best for the Virginia Chapters, to remain together for awhile and then join the United Daughters in a body. We are all working beautifully now and as harmoniously as possible. I have ninety members in the Fredericksburg Chapter, and fifteen more applications have not been acted on. We are to have an entertainment on May 26th, to aid the Jefferson Davis Monument fund. I have collected and forwarded to Richmond some valuable relics to be placed in the old Davis Mansion, where I was so hospitably entertained during the war. * * *

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is a great source of delight to me I read it carefully, and have frequently seen communications from soldiers I had met during the war. It is a good thing to have such a means of finding out old friends.

There is an interesting group of pictures in the advertisement of the Southern Railway, viz.: the Confederate Capitol, the White House of the Confederacy, and that superb monument in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

INTERESTS OF THE VETERAN.

It is many months now since the interests of the VETERAN have been mentioned in its pages. Comrades and friends have worked so diligently that it seemed unnecessary to make appeal for additional help in its own interests, but a grave question concerns its responsibility. Recently in a long journey through several of the Southern States it was made painfully clear that the VETERAN is not known at all by thousands who would be grateful if they could have had it from the first. The husband of one of the heroines mentioned in the April number, to whom a copy had been sent, subscribed promptly with expressions of regret that it had not been called to his attention before.

Even in South Carolina where the patronage has long been so liberal, there were well-to-do comrades who never had seen a copy of it. What does this condition of things argue? Meditate for a moment. The co-operative help not only of these comrades is lost, but their children are growing up without that ancestral pride which is stimulating to the highest instincts of patriotism and of manhood. These comrades are deprived the comforts that you, who are subscribers, enjoy of the combined intelligence and good fellowship of the thousands who are interested in it. The saddest feature of it all is that so much of our strength to maintain the truth is being lost and each year encroachments are coming upon the territory of "the land we love" wholly foreign to these sacred interests. Do let us all do our duty. Shall we overcome this as far as it be practicable and do it now? Shall we not also co-operate, as a united brotherhood, in securing the influence of all southern people in their glorious heritage? You know that it cannot be accomplished so well by any other means as to place the VETERAN in their homes; you know that its purposes have never been mercenary beyond its necessities as a business enterprise. [Just here mention is made that through the good will of subscribers in returning back numbers far beyond what was necessary we can send several thousand copies to comrades who will never be able to subscribe. Send in their names for gratuitous supply.] Now, in order to revolutionize conditions, a proposition is made with a beseeching appeal to every subscriber who believes in the merit of the VETERAN to help do that which could not be accomplished in any other way:

Procure three new subscribers and your name will be advanced on the list for a year and if you will procure a dozen new subscribers you will be complimented to the end of the century with your own subscription, regardless of anything in arrears. Do it, if not for yourself, to help the cause. Will YOU co-operate in this? Consider the influence and power that this would bring about. The VETERAN ought to have a circulation of at least fifty thousand. Remember that there are good people who actually think "it deals with dead issues," and that its influence is non-patriotic. Do co-operate actively to counteract this untrue influence. If you are a veteran you realize that your work cannot be protracted indefinitely. If you will not accept the return of favor as suggested, won't you respond to this appeal and have the extra copy sent to some worthy comrade or family of like faith who cannot subscribe? This appeal is to any who believe in the good they can do. The growth of the VETERAN list has been through the active co-operation of men in high as well as humble stations; judges, bankers and ministers have worked along with farmers and mechanics to bring it about. Teachers could do good beyond computation by giving attention to this request. It would be an easy matter to secure it for reading rooms in this way. The right spirit in this matter was shown recently by Captain R. D. Smith, President of the Athenæm at Columbia, Tenn., at a Battle Abbey meeting, when he said:

"Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, let me urge upon you to learn your lessons better. Not to know where your father was during those four years is to admit that you did not give him the honor and respect he is justly entitled to, especially as those years were in all probability the most eventful and trying of his life.

Comrades, you do not discuss the matter around the fireside as you should, or your children would be better informed. You should subscribe to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, published at Nashville, and see that your children read it, in order that they may be correctly informed about Southern history. You will find the VETERAN reliable in all of its statements; a magazine that you can always read aloud to your wife and daughters from cover to cover, without having a fear of seeing an immodest statement, or even an allusion of that sort, and you can be assured of having Southern history upon which you can rely."

With burning words, aside from any pecuniary consideration, appeal is made that all co-operate and stand together in these most sacred interests.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Gen. S. G. French, Winter Park, Fla., gives reasons why the Abbey Movement should succeed:

The eloquent appeal made to the Confederate veterans by comrades Evans, Hickey, Williams and Murrey for the purpose of procuring funds to aid in erecting—in such city as may be designated—a Memorial Building or Battle Abbey, commends itself to our thoughtful consideration. It should be borne in mind that the Memorial Building will be the Repository, where, for safe keeping, will be deposited all creditable papers relating to the causes that necessitated the Southern states peacefully to withdraw from the Federal Union, where all official reports, magazine articles, private letters from the fields of battle by participants, diaries of passing events, in short all reliable papers that pertain to the war. Also all official papers emanating from Freedman's Bureau and information of the acts of their agents in the execution of their duties during the eventful years of reconstruction—these in the interests of impartial history, and to the end that the victors shall not be left alone to publish to the world only such accounts as comport to their views, and sustain their acts pending and after the war.

A conquered people seldom have the heart to write the history of their humiliation and defeat, and it is generally left to the victors; and if we consider the abuse and slanders that were heaped on us by northern writers, with accompanying degrading illustrations, it cannot be reasonably expected that they will hereafter, assign the the true causes that led to the war, nor give their real motives in carrying it on, nor acknowledge the overwhelming power that eventually gave them success—even in the pleasing language of fiction or much less in the plain language of truth.

History is the life of a nation. We find yet existing monuments of races that have perished and passed into oblivion because, they left neither written nor legendary history. That the Confederate States may for all time live as a nation, born of, and battling for, constitutional rights won by so many revolutions against personal government, it is necessary to collect the testimony scattered over the country and place it in a Repository, ready for the historian to obtain evidence of the facts he may publish, in vindication of justice of the southern people.

No nation ever rose so high, and passed through battle and blood, and came forth from the ordeal so free from disparagement and guiltless of crime. Will you permit those four years of battle, your labor, your toils, your sufferings, your sacrifices, your homes destroyed, your land laid waste, divided into forty acre lots; desolation everywhere far and wide; comrades in unknown graves; yourself penniless and family in rags, labor disorganized, slaves free, sitting idle in the sun waiting for the promised mule; no work animals, no implements of agriculture, no law, no anything save the lone chimneys where your house once stood, with wild animals around grown tame; crows sitting on your gate posts and a raven on a chimney top—that and nothing more? I repeat, will you let all this pass for naught, and take no steps to preserve a record of it in a truthful account of the struggle you made to protect your homes? I am sure you will not.

We all know the means suggested by C. B. Rouss, For the sum of one dollar subscribed, each Confederate will become a member of the association, and his name will be enrolled as one of the founders of the Memorial Building where his services during the war will be perpetually kept for an honor to his children and their posterity, and thus whatever may be the vicissitudes of fortune to you and your descendants, you cannot be deprived of the honorable distinction, that you were a Confederate soldier.

In the far, far away years to come, perchance some of your descendants, attaining to high estate, will, in tracing up their ancestry, rejoice to learn that the rolls preserved in the Battle Abbey show that you were a soldier in the army of the Confederacy, and claim the honors that pertain to that distinction, just as the many societies do now for descent from ancestors who served in all our previous wars. Pride of ancestory has a refining influence.

Another reason why this Memorial Building should be completed is, that there will be many papers that will shed light to guide historians in describing a few of the most distinguished Confederate generals of the highest rank. Deeds may be fairly chronicled, but character is quite another matter; friends may betray. For over ninety years persons of high attainments have been writing the life of Napoleon and describing his military character, and the peculiar relation that existed between him and the private soldier, and yet, after all he best describes it himself "in the order of the day, on the morning of the battle of Austerlitz, in which Napoleon promises his troops that he will keep his person out of the reach of fire." Here we have disclosed to us the true relation that existed between that commander and his troops; and I know of but one other instance in history that, on a great occasion, has a parallel significance, and that is when General R. E. Lee placed himself at the head of some troops to lead a charge at The Wilderness, and they halted and cried, "Lee to the rear," and moved only when he retired or remained beyond imminent danger. What devotion, what confidence, what abiding trust in each other, arising from that "touch" that makes the world akin! By that act, that noble band of soldiers pledged themselves to win the fight, or die in the attempt. *They won the fight.*

Next comes what might be termed re-butting testimony, wanted to prove the falsity of the many publications made during and since the war. A generation has passed since the war commenced and still the stories come!

Take for instance a volume published by Macmillan and Co., New York and London 1893, written by Goldwin Smith, and entitled, "The United States, Political History." On page 41, he writes:

"Society in Virginia was divided into three classes. The planter oligarchy, poor whites and negro slaves. The poor whites were destined after *two centuries of a barbarous and debared existence to end* in a blaze of glory as the heroic infantry of the South."

The author is certainly misled in the statement in regard to the condition of the poor whites for two two centuries. On page 255 he writes:

"The South to begin with had the contents of the Federal arsenals and armouries which had been well stocked by the *treason* of Buchanan's Secretary of War."

And then he states:

"The South had the advantage of the defensive, which with long range muskets and a difficult country, was reckoned in battle as five to two."

Here the author is not acquainted with the facts, and his declarations are wrong, and such statements are inexcusable in the face of accessible refutations of them. On page 201 is the statement that in 1861,

"The force of spontaneous zeal in the North was in contrast with the iron despotism which grasped the resources of the South, where guards pressed men in the streets and conscripts were seen going to Lee's Army in chains."

He has got the despotism on the wrong side of Mason's and Dixon's line, and as for zeal, the writer says, page 256.

"In the North, after a while, enthusiasm subsided, desertion commenced, and then resort was had to bounties, and bounty jumping,—that is desertion and re-enlistment for more bounty and finally the draft and the accepting of substitutes in whose persons as the jesters said, a man might leave his bones on the field of honor and think of it with patriotic pride as he sipped his wine at home."

I am sorry Mr. Smith did not investigate this matter further and ascertain if these bounty jumpers did not, under an alias or change of name, act as substitutes for several persons—and then the pension roll!

One more reference to this late history, page 266:

"At the taking of Fort Pillow by the Confederates, the negroes of the garrison were shot down after surrender; some were nailed to logs and burned; some were buried alive, and even *whites* taken with the negroes shared the same fate. The evidence for this seems conclusive. Why should we reject it when at this day negroes in the South are being burned alive?"

It is astonishing how hatred and prejudice will mislead a man. There, when the Confederate troops from elevated ground commanded the fort, when their troops were massed in a depression close to the fort and when it was clearly seen that the works would be captured, General Forrest, under flags of truce, asked the force to surrender. *Three times* was this done in vain; and nothing was left for Confederates but to storm the fort. In less than fifteen minutes the works were captured and the garrison retreated fighting. There was no surrender. The firing ceased as soon as the flag could be cut down. There were gun boats and steamers in the river, and under flag of truce they came to the landing. The sick and wounded were put on board a steamer; duplicate receipts made out, signed, and exchanged. All passengers were permitted to land and visit the fort and collect mementoes; and finally two Federal officers that asked the wearied Confederate officer to take a parting glass with them, were, for this courtesy, deprived of their commissions. And so the ghastly picture drawn by the author turns out to be evidence of his gullibility, or the work of a distempered imagination. To the interested, a true account of the capture of Fort Pillow will be found in the VETERAN for November '95.

I have made these extracts few in number, from perhaps the latest northern historian (who, I am informed, owes allegiance to Her Majesty the Queen of England) and made some comments on them to point out to you, Confederate veterans, that, although you made history, and it belongs to you, you will never have it truthfully written unless the means be provided; that done, the coming man—a Gibbon or a Macauley—will arise and enrapture the world with the history of the greatest and most unselfish struggle for the principles of constitutional liberty that has ever been witnessed.

Did you not offer your lives and give up the peace of home, and battle for your rights? And now when thirty years have passed, it is asked, "Is *life* so dear and peace so sweet" that you sit supinely by while in detraction you are still written down a *rebel* and make no effort to vindicate the justness of your cause, the purety of your motives, and blot out the foul aspersion?

That the constitution was a *compact*, that secession was a reserved right, that you were not rebels, that your cause was just—like the light of the morning, is dawning over the world. The subtlety of the higher law, the cry of free soil, the agitation of slavery, party turned into faction, sectional prejudice and jealousy, precluded calm investigation of our rights at the North before the war. These causes of excitement having passed in a great measure away, the examination of the laws without prejudice has enlightened the people; and in the forum of justice ere long the decree will be—that you were soldiers fighting to preserve the inalienable rights God bequeathed to all mankind.

Lord Woodhouselee, Senator of the College of Justice and Lord Commissioner of Justiciary in Scotland, etc. Page 409, Vol. II, Universal History, in discussing the right to behead Charles I, of England, says.

"Government is founded either on superior force, which subjects everything to the despotic will of the governor, or it is founded on a *compact*, *express* or *tacit*, by which the subject consents to be ruled, and the prince to rule according to certain laws and regulations. * * * In the case of a government subsisting by an express or tacit agreement between the prince and subjects, while the prince maintains his part of the contract by a strict adherence to those rules by which it is stipulated that he is to govern, resistence is unlawful and rebellious; where he violates those rules, resistance is legal and justifiable. I hold the principle of *resistence* to be inherent in all government; because it is consonant to human nature, and results from the nature of government itself."

The question then is reduced to this: Did the United States in good faith maintain its obligations to the South in tariff acts and in not executing the fugitive slave law, etc.? If it did not, secession was legal and justifiable, both under the constitution and by inherent right of resistance.

On February 4, 1861, Jefferson Davis was elected President of the Confederate states; on March 4th one month later, Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. Here were two nations alike, in form of government, each perfect in all the co-ordinate branches of government. The witdrawal had been peaceful, and war was not desirable by the Confederate government. It was not rebellion, and we were not rebels. The North through the force of the passions awakened had to

seek occasion for war. They made it in attempting to reinforce Fort Sumter at Charleston. It was not a civil war except in some border states. It was an inter-national war from the beginning, and all its usages were observed to the end. It was a war for *conquest*, *spoliation* and *re-annexation*.

An apology, made or offered, is regarded as an expression of regret for an injurious act. Now, after years of sectional legislation, pernicious to the South, both by Congress, and the northern states, defiantly made, and for which no relief could be obtained, the southern states seceeded as a mode of redress.

"Congress, finding disunion really come," apologized "and fell on its knees and offered the slave owners boundless concessions. It was ready to give slavery new guarantees and extensions * * * to call upon the states to repeal all their personal liberty bills, to extend the Missouri compromise line to the pacific. It offered to place slavery beyond the reach of Constitutional annulment, and a resolution to that effect passed the House by a vote 133 to 65, and in the Senate by 24 to 12, just the requisite two-thirds."

Wendell Phillips said to Lincoln:

"Here are a series of States girding the Gulf, that think their peculiar institution require a separate government. They have a right to settle that question without appealing to you or me" The great organ in New York conceded the right to withdraw. General Scott, commanding the Federal Army, proposed a division of the Union into four separate Confederations. Lincoln himself said. "Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right, a right which we hope, and believe, is to liberate the world.—Or any portion of such people that can revolutionize and establish government over the territory they inhabit."

These offers and apologies were made in vain. The causes of separation were overwhelmed by the question of slavery coming to the front and the irrepressible conflict began. There are hewers of wood and drawers of water in every country; but because ours were bondsmen, and the institution called slavery—a word the Antithesis of Liberty—it was condemned by the world, and the deluge came. I have alluded to this matter to point out that sectional legislation or protection was the main cause, and slavery only the occasion of the war—and history yet to be written will establish this.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MAN IN BLACK.

Comrade C. C. Cumming, of Fort Worth, Texas, writes that Bob and Alf Taylor have just passed through the Fort in their double role of "Yankee Doodle and Dixie," and a crowded house greeted them, laughing and crying alternately at the comedy and tragedy of the "Old South" crucified under the Southern Cross, "for," as Bob says, so truly, "it is the old, old South, with the print of the nails of its crucifixion in its hands." He brought to the memory of the gray heads the old "Black Mammy," and spoke of the monument in the future that would be erected to her memory for her faithfulness before and during the great struggle.

This revives the memory of a faithful man in black who followed me through from First Manassas, Leesburg, where he assisted in capturing the guns we took from Baker, to the Peninsular, the Seven Days before Richmond, Fredericksburg, the bombardment of the city December 11, and the battle, two days after, at Marye's Heights; to Chancellorsville, the storming of Harper's Ferry, and the terrible struggle at Sharpsburg (Anteitam now), and last, Gettysburg. Here he lost his life by his fidelity to me—his "young marster" and companion. We were reared together on "de ole plantation" in "Massippi."

I was wounded in the Peach Orchard at Gettysburg on the second day. The fourth day found us retreating in a cold, drizzling rain. George had found an ambulance, in which I, Sergeant Major of the Seventeenth Mississippi, and Col. Holder of that regiment, still on this side of the river), and an officer of the Twenty-first Mississippi, whose name escapes me, embarked for the happy land of Dixie. All day long we moved slower than any funeral train over the pike, only getting eight miles—to Cashtown. When night came I had to dismount from loss of blood and became a prisoner in a strange land. On the next day about sundown faithful George, who still clung to me, told me that the Yankees were coming down the road from Gettysburg and were separating the "black folks from dar marsters;" that he didn't want to be separated from me and for me to go on to prison and he'd slip over the mountains and join the regiment in retreat, and we'd meet again "ober de ribber," meaning the Potomac. We had crossed at Williamsport.

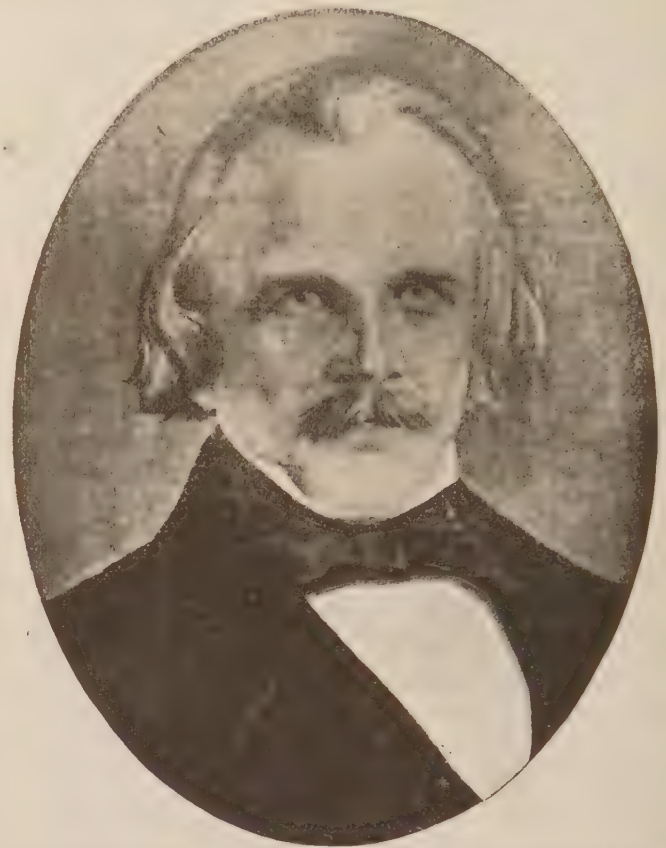
I insisted on George accepting his freedom and joining a settlement of free negroes in the vicinity of Gettysburg, which we had passed through in going up to the battle. But he would have none of it; he wanted to stay with me always. I had him hide my sword, break it off at the hilt and stick it in a crack of the barn (that yet stands in the village) to the left of the road going away from Gettysburg, where I, with about thirty other wounded, lay. I can yet see that faithful black face and the glint of the blade as the dying rays of that day's sun flashed upon them. A canteen of water and some hard tack was the last token of his kindly care for me.

In the spring of 1865, I saw a messmate from whom I was separated on that battlefield, and he told me the fate of poor, faithful George. He had gotten through the lines safely and was marching in the rear of our retreating command, when met by a Northern lady, who had a son in our command, whom George, by chance, happened to know. He was telling her of her son, who was safe as a prisoner, when some men in blue came up. George ran and they shot and killed him. He was dressed in gray and they took him for a combatant. The lady had him buried and then joined her son in prison. She told my messmate of this and he told to the boys in camp the fate of the truest and best friend I ever had. George's prediction will come true—I feel we will meet again "over the river."

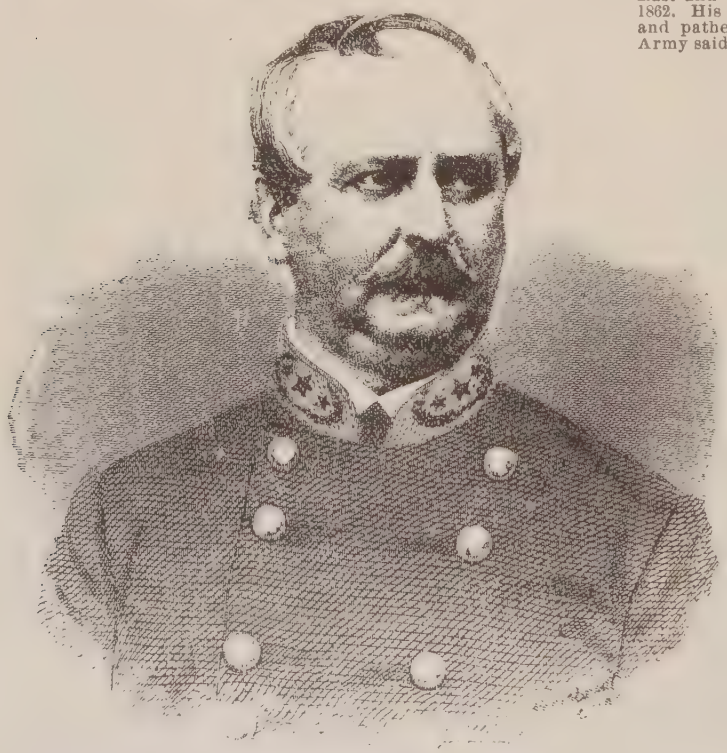
The Tolland, Conn., Leader concludes a liberal review: Though published in the interests of the Survivors of the Southern army, it is free from anything calculated to disturb the harmony between the old veterans of the two armies.

GALLANT KENTUCKIANS WHO FOUGHT FOR THE CONFEDERACY.

John C. Breckenridge was born in Lexington, Ky., January 16, 1821. His career as a Confederate was conspicuous. He took command of a brigade November 15, 1861, and of a division a month later. In April, 1862, he was in command of a corps, (Army of Mississippi). In 1862-3, he held important assignments in Mississippi, Louisiana and Tennessee. In 1864, he was ordered to Richmond, and served in the field in Virginia and in East Tennessee until he was made Secretary of War, February 6, 1865. He died at his home in Lexington, May 17, 1875.



Albert Sidney Johnston was born in Mason County, Ky., February 31, 1803. He resigned his commission in the United States Army in California, came East and was assigned to command of Confederate forces, September 10, 1862. His career, though very brief in behalf of the South, is both thrilling and pathetic. Its perusal will give comfort. A general officer in the Union Army said: "He was almost Godlike."



William Preston was born near Louisville, Ky., October 15, 1816. He was made a Major General in the Confederate Army, April 17, 1862, and reported to General Breckenridge. Five weeks afterwards he was assigned to General Polk's command as Inspector General. He afterwards commanded the Department of East Tennessee. He died at Lexington, September 21, 1887.

Roger W. Hanson was born in Winchester, Ky., August 27, 1827. He was Colonel of the gallant Second Infantry at Fort Donelson. After that battle, he was promoted to Brigadier General, and was mortally wounded in the battle of Murfreesboro, July 2, 1863. His death occurred two days afterwards.

These engravings are from Gen. John Boyd, of Lexington, who has graciously supplied a fine lot of the noble men who served the Confederacy; all of whom are now dead.

ONE COMPANY IN FIFTY-SEVEN BATTLES.

Comrade T. J. Dement, postmaster at Chattanooga, Tenn., furnishes the VETERAN notes from an article by James H. Sheppard:

On the 19th day of April, 1861, Company D, of the Clark Cavalry, marched to Harper's Ferry. It was composed of as gallant and true spirits as ever went forth to battle. Col. J. E. B. Stuart was in charge of it—and all the Cavalry—while Brigadier General T. J. Jackson was in command of all the forces there. Our officers were Captain Joseph R. Hardesty; Leiutenants Wm. Taylor, David H. Allen and George Mason. We were assigned to the First Regiment Virginia Cavalry. In the first battle of Manassas, our Company and one other lost twelve killed. Among the slain was the gallant Lieut. D. H. Allen. After the battle Stuart was made Brigadier General, and Capt. Wm. E Jones was made Colonel and assumed command of the regiment. The Sixth Regiment was then forming, and lacked two companies of having a quota, while the First had too many.

In August, 1861, Gen'l. Stuart permitted the Clark and Rockingham Companies to decide, by vote, whether to go to the Sixth or to remain in the First. They elected to go in the Sixth. Its officers were Colonel Chas. W. Fields; Lieutenant, Col. Julian Harrison; Major J. Gratton Cabell, and John Allen Adjutant. Fields shortly afterwards was made Brigadier General and assigned to the command of an infantry brigade, Maj. Thos. S. Flournoy was made Colonel, and Cabell E. Flournoy was made Major. In 1863, Julian Harrison was made Colonel, but being badly wounded the day he took command at Brandy Station, never came back to the regiment. Colonel Cabell Flournoy was killed two days before the second Cold Harbor fight, when Richards became Colonel, Grimsley Lieutenant Colonel, and J. A. Throckmorton, Major. These gallant officers were leading their men to battle when the banner of the Confederacy was forever furled.

The Company had several Captains. On the 21st of July, 1861, Captain Hardesty resigned and Hugh M. Nelson was elected Captain, but not being present, Lieut. Wm. Taylor—than whom no braver man ever lived—led the Company that awful day.

Of all the officers that commanded Company D. from April, '61, to April '65, but three are living, and Colonel Grimsley is the only survivor of the commanding officers of the Sixth Virginia Cavalry. Our brigade commanders were Generals J. E. B. Stuart, Fitz Lee, Beverly Robinson, Wm. E. Jones, D. L. Lomax and Wm. H. Payne.) He names a long list of battles here.)

Company D. had enrolled from April 1861 to April 1865, one hundred and seventy men, fought fifty-seven pitched battles, had eighty-three men killed, thirty-five to die after the war from wounds received, and disease contracted in prison and exposure, only fifty-two out of one hundred and seventy are alive to-day. Such is the record of this company.

We all hope to have a reunion at Richmond the first and second of July.

SHILOH BATTLEFIELD REUNION MAY 30.

Col. E. T. Lee, of Monticello, Ill., sends this:

There will be a grand reunion on the Shiloh battlefield of the survivors of that battle on May 30, "Decoration Day." Prominent speakers from the North and South will deliver addresses. One feature of the program will be the dedication of a monument, by the members of the Ninth Illinois Infantry, at the National Cemetery in honor of their dead comrades who fell at Shiloh, they having lost 365 men in killed and wounded in the battle. This will be the greatest meeting ever held on the battlefield. The graves of the fallen comrades will be decorated.

Reduced rates will be given on the railroads and steamboat lines. For particulars address Col. E. T. Lee, Secretary, Shiloh Battlefield Association, Monticello, Ill., or James Williams, Ass't Secretary, Savannah, Tenn. In a personal letter Col. Lee says:

"We have all decided to work together in peace for the success of the Shiloh Park, and I hope there will be no more trouble." In asking aid of the VETERAN he mentions it as "fine all the time."

Miss Alice E. Colquhoun, Recording Secretary, Alexandria, Va.: "The Anne Lee Memorial Association held its annual meeting in Alexandria, Va., on the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The association numbers about sixty members in Alexandria. Six ladies, from as many States, have accepted the office of Vice-President, viz.: Miss Maud Lee Davidge, District of Columbia; Mrs. William B. Reed, of Maryland; Mrs. Joseph E. Washington, of Tennessee; Mrs. Winkle, of Texas; Mrs. Judge Thomas, of Arkansas, and Mrs. Emma Thompson, of Georgia. Miss Sallie Stuart, of Alexandria, is the Vice-President of Virginia. Several of these ladies have been prevented until this time from taking any active part in the Anne Lee Memorial Association, but are now ready to enter upon it. Others in Virginia and other States have manifested interest in the object of the association, which is to raise funds to erect a monument to the mother of noble Robert E. Lee in Alexandria. The badge of the association is of crimson satin, stamped in silver, with the initials of the association, 'A. L. M. A.,' over the coat-of-arms of the Lee family, and their motto: '*Non Incautus Futuri.*' They are for sale at 25 cents each for the benefit of the fund. The officers of the Anne Lee Memorial Association feel they have every reason to be encouraged at the progress made in their work. They have been at considerable expense in getting the association chartered, etc., but all expenses have been met, and we have a balance in our treasury. In sending this notice to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, it is to call attention to our association and to secure Vice-Presidents for the several States and subscriptions to the monument fund of one dollar each annually."

T. B. Durnal, Forreston, Texas, inquires for Sam Sublett, who went to the war from Conway County, Ark., in 1861, and has not been heard from since. Information in regard to him is desired.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME FOR TEXAS.

THE VETERAN thanks Henry E. Shelley, Esq., President Board of Managers, Texas Confederate Home, for the following concise sketch:

AUSTIN, April 22, 1896.

As comrades generally would like to know what we have done and are doing for crippled and indigent Confederate soldiers and sailors, I submit with the cut a brief history of its establishment. To give anything like a full history of the struggles of the John B. Hood Camp, in its efforts to establish and maintain the Home, would require too much of your valuable space.

In 1884 the John B. Hood Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized and chartered under our State laws, having for its main object the establishment of a Confederate Home at Austin, Texas. Soon thereafter we purchased fifteen acres of land, with a two-story frame building containing eight rooms. The Home was opened for the reception of inmates under rules and regulations adopted by the Camp. Committees were appointed to raise means for the maintenance and enlargement of the Home, and these committees, aided by a number of ladies of Austin, raised money enough to maintain the inmates then in the Home, and build some additional cottages. By the individual efforts of the members of the Camp early in 1886, the people of the State became thoroughly aroused to the importance of establishing the institution on a solid basis, and sufficient means was raised, from time to time, to enable the Camp to enlarge the Home and admit an additional number of inmates, and maintain them until March First, 1891, when, by authority of an act passed by the Twenty-second Legislature, and approved February 27th, 1891, entitled "An Act to authorize the transfer of the Confederate Home, at Austin, from Private to State Management, and to establish said Home as a State Institution, and Provide for its Support," the John B. Hood Camp, Confederate Veterans, transferred to the State the Home property, amounting in value to about thirty thousand dollars; and the State assumed control, management and maintenance of the same. The institution is now controlled by a Board of Managers, consisting of five ex-Confederate soldiers appointed by the Governor, which Board appoints a Superintendent, who must also be an ex-Confederate soldier. By an amendment to our State Constitution, adopted at our last general election, the Legislature is authorized to make an appropriation for the maintenance of the Home, not to exeeed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars a year. Our appropriation for the fiscal year beginning March first, 1896, is twenty-eight thousand dollars, exclusive of the salaries of officers and employees, and four thousand dollars for improvements.

We now have about one hundred and eighty (180) inmates, who are provided with all the necessary comforts. There have been admitted to the Home, since its opening by the John B. Hood Camp, 377 inmates, ninety-eight of whom have died and are buried in a plot of five acres in our State Cemetery, set apart for that purpose.

Any ex-Confederate soldier or sailor, who can establish his honorable service in the army or navy, and who is indigent and physically unable to support himself, is not a lunatic, and is not afflicted with any contagious or infectious disease, was a bona fide citizen of the State on the first day of January, 1895, can be admitted to our Home, no matter from what State he entered the service. I cannot now classify, by States and character of service, the present number of inmates, but on December first, 1894, there were 147 inmates, and of that number 71 served in infantry, 55 in cavalry, 5 in the navy, and 16 in artillery, and from the following States: Texas 91, Virginia 6, Alabama 5, North Carolina 2, Kentucky 2, Florida 1, Georgia 4, Mississippi 6, Missouri 3, Arkansas 1, South Carolina 3, Louisiana 10, Tennessee 5, and 6 not stated. At that time the oldest man in the Home was 88 and the youngest 48 years of age.

Since the State assumed the maintenance of the Home, the grounds have been enlarged and more buildings added (all brick buildings), and they are supplied with pure water, fire protection and electric lights. The property is now worth between ninety and one hundred thousand dollars.

TEXAS HOME FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS

This institution is situated one and a half miles west of the Capitol, on an elevated position north of the Colorado river. The above picture is a view from the east. The administration building, on the left, is fronting south, viewing the river valley and the picturesque scenery opposite. This building is the residence of the Superintendent, Surgeon, and Quarter master, and contains chapel, library and dining-room for inmates, also the kitchen. To the right a row of cottages is shown, which form the eastside of the court, lined on the west with a like row of cotrages, while in the center of the court there is a hospital with sixty beds. The picture shows the roof of the hospital elevated over the cottages; the western cottages cannot be seen.

WHO CONCEIVED THE BATTLE ABBEY.

It comes in already as appropriate to refer to the files of the VETERAN in regard to the conception of the great enterprise in which all of the South is now interested. All honor to Comrade Rouss for what he is doing in its behalf. The idea may have originated with him, but he will honor a fair maiden of Florida, Miss Nannie Nutt, who wrote in the VETERAN for July, 1893, about "A Confederate Westminister," in which she stated:

"As time advances, removing the actors in the tragedy of the Confederacy from the world's stage, and their memory becomes less and less a matter of personal knowledge and more of tradition, literature and art should be invoked as custodians of their fame.

"War is terrible, but never were soldiers endowed with military genius so unpolluted by its demoralizing breath as Davis, Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and many others who have identified their names with the Confederacy. Their deeds and lives we can place without fear of comparison by the brightest episodes in history. Defeat cannot vitiate such virtue and genius as theirs, and for them, and the principles which inspired their valor before all the world, let us ordain fiitting sepulture for ashes, fitting monument for a just though lost cause, for genius and virtue an apotheosis. Can these ends be achieved more coördinately than by the erection of a Confederate Westminister, so to speak—a national mausoleum?"

Chas. A. Reeser, State Soldiers' Home, Erie County, Ohio, March 25. '96: I herewith hand you the sum of one dollar, the same to apply on my subscription to the VETERAN, which expires next month. Please discontinue the same. As I do not enjoy the luxury of drawing a pension, I am unable to continue a subscriber to your valuable and interesting journal.

The officers of Camp Omer R. Weaver, No. 354, U. C. V., of Arkansas, at Little Rock, are: W. C. Ratcliffe, Commander; J. W. Colquitt and A. Ottenheimer, Lieut.-Commanders; W. F. Blackwood, Adjutant; Claibourne Watkins, Surgeon; J. P. Eagle, Chaplain; W. P. Campbell, Treasurer; W. H. Hicks, Color Sergeant.

SOLDIERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Organizations in the service of the Confederacy from each of the Southern States:

	CAVALRY.				Inf'n-try.		Artillery.				TOTAL.	
	Regiments.	Battalions.	Regiments. Partisan Rangers.	Battalions. Partisan Rangers.	Regiments	Battalions	Regiments.	Batteries. Light.	Battalion. Heavy.	Battalions	Regiments. Artillery.	Batteries.	Regiments.
Alabama	5	..	3	.....	55	11	..	16	....	11	....	16	63
Arkansas	6	2	.....	.....	35	12	..	15	....	14	....	15	41
Florida	2	1	.....	.....	10	2	..	6	....	3	....	6	12
Georgia	11	2	1	1	68	17	..	28	2	22	....	28	80
Louisiana	2	1	1	....	34	10	2	26	....	11	2	26	36
Mississippi	7	4	2	.....	49	6	..	20	....	10	....	20	58
North Carolina	1	5	.....	.....	69	4	..	9	2	11	....	9	70
South Carolina	7	1	....	.....	33	2	1	28	1	4	1	28	40
Tennessee	21	11	.....	.....	61	2	1	32	1	14	1	32	82
Texas	28	1	.....	.....	22	5	..	16	..	9	....	16	50
Virginia	22	11	1	.....	65	10	1	53	....	21	1	53	89
Border States	9	5	.....	.....	21	4	..	11	....	9	....	11	30
C. S. Regulars	6	..	.....	.....	7	....	..	1	....	....	....	1	13
Grand Total	127	47	8	1	529	85	5	261	3	139	5	261	664

After kindly furnishing the above statistics, Mr. Ben La Bree, of Louisville, aggregates the forces as follows: 529 regiments and 85 battalions of infantry; 127 regiments and 47 battalions of cavalry; 8 regiments and 1 battalion of partisan rangers; 5 regiments and 6 battalions of heavy artillery, and 261 batteries of light artillery. In all, equivalent to 764 regiments of 10 companies each.

These were all troops of the line, and they served during the war. The number does not include regiments which served a short time only; neither does it include disbanded or consolidated regiments, nor State Militia, Junior Reserves, Senior Reserves, Home Guards, local defense regiments and separate companies, and yet these miscellaneous organizations rendered effective service at times and took the place of regular troops.

The Petersburg intrenchments, on June 15, 1864, were held successfully by militiamen during the first assault, until the arrival of Lee's army. Partisan bands, like Mosby's and John Morgan's, kept eight or ten times their number of Union cavalry employed in protecting territory in which they operated, or in watching their movements.

If the average enrollment of the Confederate regiments were known, the strength of the army could soon be computed.

There are no muster out rolls of the Confederate regiments. There are partial sets of rolls and monthly returns in the War Record Office, Washington, D. C, but they are defective and incomplete.

The rolls of North Carolina regiments have been printed, and with 8 regiments of the Junior and Senior Reserves, not included in the foregoing list, show a total enrollment of 125,000 men. These rolls, incomplete as they necessarily are, show that 22 of the North Carolina regiments numbered over 1,500 men each, and some of them over 1,800.

The Confederacy organized but few new regiments after 1862. The recruits and conscripts were assigned to the old regiments to keep them up to an effective strength.

BRAVE TEXANS IN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.

From another yellow old letter by J. B. Polley:

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, July 12, 1862.

CHARMING NELLIE:—Crossing the railroad at Ashland on the morning of June 26th, a large force of skirmishers was sent forward. I was one of them, and the distinction cost me the hardest day's work I ever did. We were formed in line, twenty feet apart, and admonished to keep the line well dressed, to maintain the intervals between us and to keep a sharp lookout for the Yankees. You can imagine how difficult this was in the wilderness of pine timber and matted undergrowth into which we plunged. The most important duty seemed to me to keep watch on my front for the enemy, and if I gave my whole mind to that, I was certain to get behind or ahead of my comrades, or to join forces with the man to my right or left. I managed somehow, though, not to get lost, and to be on hand about 11 o'clock A.M., to assist in driving an outpost of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry from its camp in such haste that it left cooking utensils, provisions and forage. Luckily, a halt was called here, and we made good use of the time dining at the enemy's expense. A cup of well-cooked rice and the best half of a ham fell to me in the distribution of eatables. The rice had just been taken from the fire, and was too warm to carry in my haversack, and as the last thing a Confederate soldier can afford to do is to waste provisions, I immediately sat down and downed the rice.

Then noticing a party of men sitting on their horses in the road near me, I sauntered down to interview them. I was on the point of making some impertinent remark—inspired by the contempt we infantry soldiers feel for cavalry—to a particularly seedy, sleepy-looking old fellow, whose uniform and cap were very dirty, and who bestrode a regular Rosinante of a horse, when an officer, all bespangled with lace, came up in a gallop and, saluting, addressed my man as Gen. Jackson. At first I was disposed to doubt, but being convinced by the deference paid him that it was really old Stonewall, I congratulated myself for not disturbing his meditations as I had intended. No one offered to introduce us to each other, and, as we were both bashful, we lost the best chance of our lives to become acquainted. . . . . .

That night we camped within hearing distance of musketry and artillery firing on both right and left, that on the left being between Ewell and the enemy, and that on the right away off in the direction of Mechanicsville. Friday morning, June 27th, we again advanced. The Yankees fell back until they reached a strong, almost impregnable, position on the ground in the vicinity of Gaines' Mill. They occupied a ridge overlooking the Chickahominy and between us and the stream, their artillery being massed behind three lines of breastworks so constructed along the side of the ridge next to us that firing from one could be done over the heads of the troops in the other. All the force of the enemy on our side of the Chicahominy was concentrated to check the advance of Jackson. The Confederates began their assaults on this position about noon, but were constantly beaten back. Brigade after brigade had been ordered to charge. They had charged and met repulse before, Whiting's Division—which consists, you know, of Law's Brigade and ours—reached the scene of action at 4 o'clock in the evening. . . . . .

Said Gen. Whiting to Gen. Hood, pointing to a battery that was doing tremendous execution in the Confederate ranks: "That battery ought to be taken, General." "Then why has it not been done?" asked Hood. "Because the position is too strong," answered Whiting. "My brigade is composed of veterans, but they can do nothing with it." "I have a regiment that will capture it," said Hood; and, galloping to the Fourth Texas, he dismounted and called it to attention. Then marching it by the flank to an open field, he gave the orders to bring it into line of battle, and shouted, "Forward!" . . . . . .

Shot and shell began to come thick and fast as, surmounting the rise of the hill, we arrived in plain view of the Yankees, and half way across the field men began to drop, wounded or dead, from the ranks. We passed over two regiments—said to have been Virginians—who, protected by a depression of the ground, were lying down, apparently afraid either to advance or retreat. At the crest of the hill Hood shouted rapidly the orders: "Fix bayonets! Make ready! Aim! Fire! Charge!" The timber between us and the enemy hid them from our view, but we pulled triggers, nevertheless, and rushed down the hill into and across the branch, and at the Yankees in the first line of breastworks. They waited not for the onset, but fled like a flock of sheep, carrying with them their supports in the second and third lines. Reaching the road which ran along the summit of the hill beyond the branch, and looking to our left, we could see large bodies of the enemy in full retreat, but they were so far behind us that, mistaken for our own troops, not a shot was fired at them. . . . . .

Just across the road from us was an acre lot enclosed by a rail fence. In its center stood a log stable, and from behind this an armed Yankee peeped out. Stringfield, of Company A, saw him, and mounting the fence in hot haste, ran toward the stable, determined to capture the fellow. Lieut. Hughes, of Company F, a mild-mannered gentleman who never really takes the name of the Lord in vain, but comes perilously near it sometimes, sang out: "Go it, Stringfield, go it! Kill him, dod dam him, kill him!" But just as he reached the stable, Stringfield was confronted by the muzzle of a loaded gun, and had it not been for Wolfe, of Company F, who instantly aimed, fired and killed the Yankee, would have been killed himself. . . . .

The regiment had more work to do, and gallantly it did it. Hood formed the remnant of the command in an old apple orchard, while exposed to a terrific fire from the batteries, and once more gave the order to charge. Lieut.-Col. Warwick sprang to the front, shouting, "Wait, General, until I get ahead of them," and fifty yards further fell mortally wounded. The Fourth rushed down into a ravine and up the steep bank, to find that instead

of one battery, there were three so disposed as to attack from the front and on the flank. The enemy made no stand at first, but supporting the second were eight companies of the Second United States Cavalry—among them the very company in which Hood served as a lieutenant. A squadron of this command charged upon the Fourth, but more than half of it were killed and wounded, and the balance forced to retire in disorder. This was the last organized resistance, the third battery being easily captured and the enemy driven a mile beyond it. Then night came on, and human slaughter ceased. . . . . .

After the fighting was over, I was surprised to learn how little of it I had really seen and participated in. It is only the General, who stands back in the rear and directs the movements of an army, who is able to take note of all that occurs. We privates look only to our immediate front, right and left, and are not permitted to stand on eminences which overlook the whole field of battle. Therefore you must bear in mind that much of what I relate comes from the lips of others. Cæsar could say, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," but the privates of his army had to speak in the first person plural, and say, "*We* came, *we* saw, *we* conquered."

Gen. Hood kept the promise made to us when he was promoted to be Brigadier General, and commanded the fourth in its first fight. He exposed himself most recklessly, but was not harmed. The Veteran Morris said to me yesterday: "I tell you what, Joe, I got mighty nervous and shaky while we were forming in the apple orchard to make that last desperate charge on the batteries. But when I looked behind me and saw old Hood resting on one foot, his arm raised above his head, his hand grasping the limb of a tree, looking as unconcerned as if we were on dress parade, I just determined that if he could stand it, I would."

The Texans feel very proud, for they have been complimented from all sides. In general orders, the credit of being the first to break the enemy's lines on the 27th has been given to the Fourth. Yet, elated as we are by that fact, we willingly admit that either the First or Fifth Texas would have done as well if the same opportunity had been theirs. Why other troops failed to take the position earlier in the day is very strange to me, for, judging from the speed with which the Yankees fled at our approach, they would have been equally courteous to any other Confederates who made a determined dash upon them.

The Fifth Texas captured two whole regiments of Yankees—the Fourth New Jersey, raised in the city of Newark, and the Eleventh Pennsylvania, raised in Philadelphia—whose officers insisted on surrendering their swords, in a body, to Col. Upton, and were so prompt in the duty that he was compelled to lay down the frying pan which he carries in place of a sword and hold the weapons presented in his arms. Just when the Twentieth was being rendered to him, he noticed a commotion at the far end of the captured regiment. That was near the timber, and a squad of the prisoners were making an effort to pass by "Big John Ferris," of Company B., who stood there unaided endeavoring to intercept them. Springing upon a log, the armful of swords dangling about in all directions, Upton shouted: "You John Ferris! What in the h— and d— are you trying to do now?" "I'm trying to keep these d— fellows from escaping," returned Big John, in a stentorian voice. "Let them go, you infernal fool," shouted back Upton. We'd rather fight them a d— sight than to feed them."

. . . . . .

That was my first real experience of battle, Charming Nellie. As you know, I have been under fire on the picket and skirmish lines, and with my regiment several times, but on this occasion there was genuine fighting to be done—enemies in plain sight to shoot at and to be shot by. I frankly admit that when I first knew we were going in, I trembled, and my heart seemed to be palpitating away down in the region of my boots. I was in the same condition of mind as the Tennessean at Manassas. As his regiment advanced on the enemy, a little cotton tail rabbit ran through the Confederate lines and sped away to the rear. The Tennessee man watched it a moment or two, and then exclaimed, in accents which betokened heartfelt sincerety: "Run, cotton-tail, run! If I had no more reputation to maintain than you have, I'd run, too." When I got fairly on the way, I felt that it was either fight or run, and as soon as the orders to fire and charge were given, dragged my heart up from its hiding place and restored it to its proper position. This done, I became a trifle anxious to return the compliments our blue coated friends showered incessantly upon us, and lost all sensation of fear, although fully conscious of the danger. The most singular sensation I experienced was when my comrades to the right and left began to drop, dead or wounded. Then a strange curiosity assailed me to know how soon a bullet would hit me, what part of my body it would strike, and how I should feel as I sank to the ground. My curiosity was fully gratified a little later. Something, which I thought to be a ball, struck me fairly in the center of the forehead, and and sent me backward, flat on the ground and unconcious. In the instant between blow and unconciousness, though, I had time to think that it was death. I had been kneeling and just behind me crouched Lieut. Barziza, of Company C, both of us waiting for the command to go forward. When I came to, my first act was to feel for the hole I was sure was in my head, and Barziza's first remark was, "They would have got you that time, Polley, if your head hadn't been so hard." It was only a splinter, however, from a rail struck by a solid shot, but it placed me *hors de combat* for the balance of that day, and will leave a scar that I fear will mar the beauty of my frontispiece.

I will not distress your gentle heart by an account of the horrors of the battlefield after the fighting was over and it was occupied by the wounded, the dying and the dead. In time, perhaps, I will grow accustomed to such scenes, or, perhaps, in the very next battle may become one of the horrors myself. Who knows but God? But, understand, I do not expect to be killed, and am not going to be if I can honorably avoid it—too much happiness awaits my return to Texas "when this cruel war is over."

ABOUT WAR TIMES IN GEORGIA.

The Calhoun (Ga.,) Times, in the "Gordon County History," refers to the war period in this way: * *

COURT HOUSE AND CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CALHOUN.

The tap of the drum and the tramp of marching feet was heard on all sides. The battle and death were at first a long way off, but the clash grew nearer. The boom of the cannon at Chickamauga was the opening of a dark and bloody chapter for fair and favored North Georgia. Mission Ridge, Ringgold and Dalton added their quota to the chain of cemeteries. Then came the fateful field of Resaca, a town whose very name commemorates the valor of American arms. The clash and the clamor of war were everywhere. A great wave of gray swept through Calhoun and down the valley and close behind came a mighty tidal wave of blue!

Ah! the pathos, the heroism, the sublime glory of that time! Yes, a nation glorious in its unequal contest with mighty odds.

What an eventful day it was that the "wave of gray swept through Calhoun!"

At that particalar time the Federals were vigilant in their flank movement and we marched through Calhoun in very quick time. The writer recalls the pathetic sight of a very old woman who seemed to have become insane under the excitement.

The Gordon County Association of Confederate Veterans, with Major G. W. Wells as Commander and H. C. Hunt as Secretary, is in a very prosperous condition, and is growing in membership.

Mrs. Simmons and her associates, who have been working so heroically for the improvement of the Resaca Confecerate cemetery, have completed arrangements for the purchase of one hundred marble headstones. The committee have accomplished much, and the cemetery presents quite a creditable appearance. The trees have been cut away, a tasteful and appropriate arch built, and, as soon as the one hundred headstones are put in, the monument will be improved so that by Decoration Day the cemetery will present quite an attractive appearance.

An iron fence is needed to enclose the graves and three hundred more headstones are necessary to mark the unknown dead. The committee earnestly request all friends of this cause to aid them in completing the work they have begun so well. Persons living at a distance who wish to assist in this good work may send their contributions to Mrs. E. J. Simmons, president of the Ladies' Memorial Association, or Mr. T. M. Ellis, treasurer, Calhoun, Ga.

THE DAUGHTERS AT ALEXANDRIA, VA.

The Veteran reports a delightful entertainment in Alexandria, Va., under the auspices of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. These good women had enlisted a general interest in behalf of needy Confederate veterans in that city and vicinity, and they secured Fitzhugh Lee for an address. An attractive parade was made. The Lee Camp of Veterans were escorted by the Alexandria Light Infantry and by music. At the Opera House, Gen. Lee's address was preceded by music by an orchestra. His address was entertaining. It blended history with humor in a most interesting and fascinating way. These Daughters are zealous in the great cause for which they were organized. Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman is President.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized Feb. 14, 1895. The permanent organization occurred May 23, when the following officers were elected: Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman, President; Miss Mary Lee Lloyd, Vice President; Miss Louise K. Cribcher, Secretary; Mrs. John R. Zimmerman, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Peyton Randolph, Treasurer. Charter No. 7.

Capt. J. H. George, Howell, Tenn., in contributing to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, says: I wish I could give one hundred dollars to perpetuate the memory of so noble a boy, one of so great devotion to country and constancy to friends. Such patriotism was never surpassed. I am proud to have the privilege of casting in my little mite to help point Southern manhood to so great a deed and so noble a character. I wish all old Confederate soldiers would arouse themselves to give, if it be but little, and let us have a monument towering to the clouds. May the Confederate Veteran yet be the companion of all the Southern soldiers and their children.

FIRST EXPERIENCES IN BATTLE.

James Reese, Biltmore, N. C., who was a member of Company A, Twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment, sent the following graphic account of their first engagement, which was in the beginning of the Seven Days fighting around Richmond.

On the morning of June 25, 1862, the twenty-fifth North Carolina Regiment left Richmond for the scene of action, all anxious to see a real live, wild Yankee. We had orders to report to Gen. Huger, who was stationed on a road leading to Richmond in the direction of what was then known as White Oak Swamps or Seven Pines. We passed the general headquarters before we knew it, and as as soon as the mistake was discovered, our Colonel, Henry M. Rutledge, returned to report, leaving Lieut. Col. Sam C. Bryson in charge, who moved the regiment some distance, halted and stacked arms. We had hardly broken ranks when a courier came dashing from the front with orders from Gen. Wright, who commanded a Division composed principally of Georgians and Louisianians, to bring the first troops he found, and he unhesitatingly delivered the order to Col. Bryson, who ordered us to take arms and load. He then moved us down the road in the direction of a brisk rattle of musketry. We soon began to meet men with bloody heads, broken arms, and otherwise variously wounded, the sight of which caused some of us to feel shaky about the knees. Some of the boys, feeling encumbered, delayed not in divesting themselves of such things as a deck of cards, which, upon being pitched out, would display all manner of faces and make a fellow feel like he had played the deuce. "Hurry up!" we hear from the front; "Double quick!" came from our leader; occasionally a fizz, or zip! or "What was that?" Couriers and horsemen were darting in all directions; the very elements seemed filled with excitement. The order was to form line of battle on the left of the road, which was nicely done by right of company to the front. Soon we saw an officer come dashing through the pines, his long beard, parted in the middle, blowing back over his shoulders. He called out, "Where is the commander of this regiment?" "I am he," was the answer of Col. Bryson. "Move your men forward, Colonel," was the order given. Col. Bryson unsheathed his sabre, stepped to the front and gave the command, "Forward, boys!" When we had gone about one hundred yards we came to the edge of an old field, on the opposite side of which we could see the Yankees coming. Col. Bryson gave the command, "Steady! Front rank, kneel! Aim! Fire!" A tremendous crash of musketry was heard for miles away. This was the only fire our regiment ever made by command.

We soon discovered the blue coats did not stand, but hastily disappeared. By this time Col. Rutledge had joined us. He deployed companies A and B, and sent us to the front to ascertain the enemy's position. We moved forward into a dense huckleberry thicket. Part of us got lost and were caught between two fires. We called it a hot time notwithstanding that we felt chilly and almost wished the war was over. We had been sent out to ascertain where the Yankees were, but we now thought it proper to find where our friends were, and with an improved doublequick got back to the regiment.

It was not long before the Yankees charged, but we held our ground. They made several attempts, but were as often beaten back. During one of our moves, Col. Bryson was walking backward in front of the regiment when his heel came in contact with a dead man; his legs misunderstood him and he fell sprawling. The Colonel thought himself killed, but on looking around and seeing a dead Yankee he got up, apparently satisfied. About this time a real Johnny Reb exclamation came from the ranks: "Look out, Colonel, how you fall; you might hit a rock or snag and get hurt."

Our Major was John W. Frances, a large fat man. He enjoyed being with the skirmishers and amused himself by firing his Colt's repeating rifle. It was enjoyable to hear him complain that he "believed the Yankees wanted to get him shot or they would have 'fit' in the woods where the trees growed bigger."

Late in the afternoon one of the enemy's batteries moved up and was shelling our men on the right. A detachment was sent out from our regiment to sharpshoot them, which caused them to bring their guns to bear upon us and we suffered considerably from their shell and grape. Finally, by the aid of an extra battery of our own, we succeeded in drivind them off the field. When night came we were relieved, and rejoined our own (Ransom's) Brigade. On our way out we met the long bearded officer, Gen. Wright. He called for Col. Rutledge, who was on foot, wearing a roundabout jacket and carrying an Enfield rifle. His boyish appearance won the admiration of the General, who paid the highest compliment to him and his regiment for their day's service.

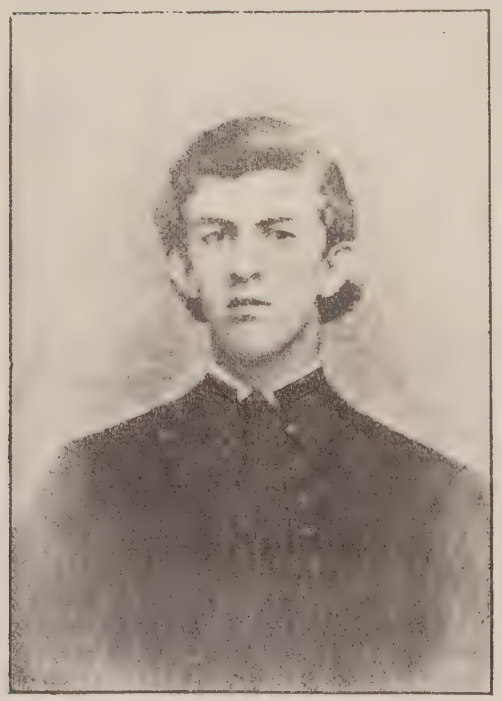
We had next a sad duty to perform for those who could no longer be with the regiment. Part were placed upon stretchers and borne where they could be cared for, but sadder than this was the work of assigning others to their final resting place. Never do we hear rehearsed the "Burial of Sir John Moore" without thinking of that night, and hearing the distant guns that told of something to come on the morrow.

Leeland Hathaway, Winchester, Ky., makes inquiry for Col. Moody, an artillery officer from Mississippi—"a splendid fellow." I heard that he had been shot to death by an unseen hand soon after he went home. He was with our President and family when they were captured and, with others, was sent to Ft. McHenry. I am anxious to learn something of him, if living, and if dead, whether he left any family.

Victor Montgomery, Santa Ana, Cal.: "Since writing you last, Comrade Charles Humphreys, a native of Kentucky, but who joined a Missouri regiment and served under Gen. Sterling Price ('Pap' Price, as we called him), has 'crossed over the river to rest in the shade.' Judge Humphreys was a public-spirited, prominent citizen of this town, dearly beloved, and will be much missed."

GEORGE W. JOHNSON.

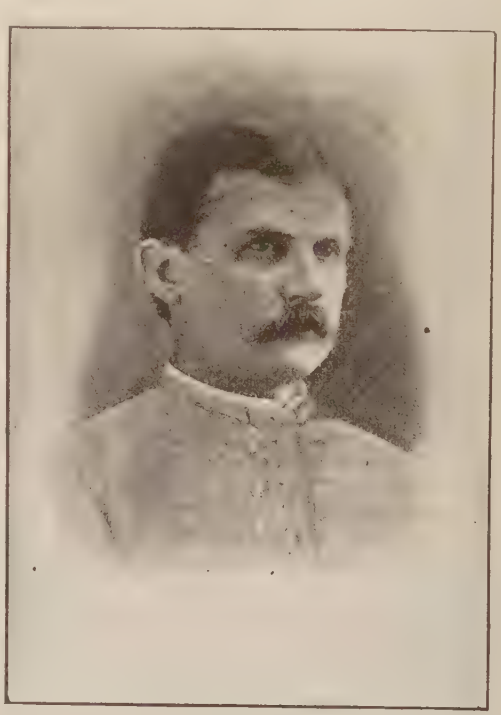
George W. Johnson was born near Georgetown, Ky., May 27th, 1811. In September, 1861, he left his home with Gen. Breckinridge and others and went to Bowling Green, Ky., at which place he organized the provisional Confederate Government for the State, which was effected by a Convention at Russellville, Ky., and a Constitution adopted, and he was chosen Governor, and by formal act of the Confederate Congress the State of which he was the head was admitted as a member of the Confederacy. He was the companion and friend of General Albert Sidney Johnston, and in death they were not divided. At the battle of Shiloh where he fell fighting as a private soldier in Company E, 4th Kentucky Infantry, is better described by a letter from his son, which is appended: "My father was wounded on second day of the battle of Shiloh, Monday, April 7th, 1862. He remained on battlefield until following day, when he was found by Gen. McCook, of the United States Army, and recognized by Gen. J. S. Jackson, U. S. A., about 2 o'clock p.m., April 8th. By order of Gen. Nelson, U. S. A., he was taken aboard a U. S. Transport and received marked attention and kindness until his death, which occurred at an early hour on Wednesday morning, April 9th, 1862. The U. S. Chaplain, Rev. J. F. Jaques, gave my father every attention and kindly wrote my mother fully as to the last sad details. Gen. J. S. Jackson attended to the shipment of the body to Louisville, Ky., where his friends took charge. He was buried in the cemetery at Georgetown, Ky., on April 17th, 1862."



THOS. A. RUSSELL.

Thos. A. Russell was born September 10, 1843, enlisted at Lexington, September, 1862, a private in Company D, Second Kentucky, Morgan's Cavalry. He fought gallantly in many battles and was mortally wounded at Milton, Tenn., April 3, 1863. Later he was buried at Lexington, Ky. He was a great grandson of James Garard, second governor of Kentucky

(Another collection of sketches from Gen. John Boyd is printed on page 154. Through this medium many worthy tributes will be paid to Kentucky comrades.)



W. W. LONGMAN.

Woodford W. Longman was born in Kenton County, Ky., January 21, 1840, and enlisted in the Confederate army July, '61, as a private in Company H, Second Kentucky Infantry. He was a Fort Donelson prisoner, escaped from Camp Morton and joined the Second Kentucky Cavalry. Under Morgan he fought at Gallatin and Woodbury, Tenn., and in his native Kentucky, at Lebanon, Rolling Fork, Green River Bridge, Elizabethtown and Cynthiana. In the latter engagement he lost a leg. He died at Frankfort March 20, 1891, and was buried at Cynthiana.

DECORATION DAY.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
On this field of the grounded arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms:

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of death
No sound your slumbers break:
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers:
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—H. W. Longfellow.

CASUALTIES AT GETTYSBURG.

L. A. Daffan, Esq., Superintendent Houston & Texas Central Railroad Co,, writes about Gettysburg: Ennis, Texas, April 28th, 1896.

On page 114, April issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I notice an article from Hon. A. J. Baker, relative to the battle of Gettysburg. Hood's Division is given as consisting of only three brigades, viz., Law's, Anderson's and Robertson's.

If I am not very much mistaken, Benning's (Old Rock) Brigade was also with us at that time. It being in the brigade constituting Hood's Division. I was in the Fourth Texas Regiment (Robertson's Brigade), and in justice to Benning's, which was one of the best brigades in the army, I desire to make this statement.

In a tribute of W. P. Parks to the memory of Comrade W. I. Snow, of Camp Sam Dill, as reported by the Arkansas Democrat, he stated:

"There was a time in his life, and yours and mine, dear comrades, when all the world bowed in respectful admiration and paid homage to the valor and honesty of purpose of the Confederate soldier.

"But we are growing old. One by one we are falling fast. Soon we shall all pass away with none to do us honor, save the sons and daughters who shall sing our praises till they, too, shall be no more.

"He, like us, journeyed through four years of battle, one of the heroes who bravely fought and bravely fell for liberty and independence. We honor him because he offered his life with faith in his country's cause. We honor him because he was honest and honorable, faithful and brave. * *

"We would not barter the character and fame of the Confederate private soldier for all the wealth of earth. We would not forget the fact that we were humble soldiers carrying the stars and bars, for highest honors in the heraldry of knighthood.

"There were no Confederates before 1861. There have been none since we stacked our arms in 1865.

"Our flag fell to rise no more. The Confederacy perished and its epitaph is written in the blood of the brave.

"We say of our sleeping comrade, 'well done.'

"Those who were once our brave foes join us today in generous acclaim of 'well done.'

"The day will come when there will be erected a monument to our heroes and heroines which will be the admiration of the world."

James T. Bickley, Lynchburg, Tenn.: "For the past few weeks I have been attempting to hear from all the surviving Whitworth Sharpshooters in the war, with a view that in the near future there might be a meeting of us and steps taken towards perfecting an association. I have received letters from Messrs. John M. Ozanne, Nashville, Tenn., Isaac N. Shannon, Goodlettsville, Tenn., W. D. Green, Gallatin, Tenn., and Hon. Chas. F. Vanderford, Knoxville, Tenn. They all speak approvingly of my endeavors and are heart and soul for their success. I am exceedingly anxious to hear from every one of the survivors, and sincerely trust that every one whose eyes fall upon this will write me.

George Wise of Alexandria, Va., Apr. 22, states: The article, "Confederates at Gettysburg," in this month's issue is of great interest. The statistics of the casualties of the several divisions engaged in those sanguinary battles are quoted correctly, but they lack one fact which I trust you will correct: Pickett's Division fought only on the third day, while the others fought and lost heavily on one or the other of the previous days. Especially was this the case with Heth's Division, whose losses on the first day were very heavy. General Heth in his report, says: "The twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment lost in this action more than half its numbers in killed and wounded, among whom were Colonel Rongwyn killed and Lieutenant Colonel Lane severely wounded.

The comparison of casualties as given in the article mentioned is not altogether fair as it pertains to Pickett's Division. Heth's losses during the first, second and third days of July were 2,310; Pickett's on the third were 1,364, and 1,499 missing—many of the missing, as remarked by the compilers of the War Records, were no doubt among the dead.

As to the fighting qualities of the men of the Army of Northern Virginia there need be no comparison. All did their full duty, and have won for themselves a lustre of fame that shall shine brighter and brighter as the flash-light of truth is turned upon their achievements.

S. A. Griffith, Paris, Texas. I notice in the March VETERAN, about the Indians in the war, by Thos. F. Anderson, some errors, or omissions. The writer must have forgotten, or he would credit also the Ninth Texas Cavalry for participation in the capture of the battery at Elk Horn, or Pea Ridge, where, in fact, the battery that was captured there was immediately in its front. Our color bearer, Hyram Duff, was the first man to the battery; he jumped upon one of the guns and waved our battle flag over it. The Cherokees were on our right. I was detailed as one of the escort, Gen. Ben McCulloch's corpse, and our Col. W. B. Sims, who was wounded, to Fort Smith, Ark.

Too much praise cannot be given Watie's men however, for they were the best fighters of all the Indian troops, anyhow, that I saw during the war, and if Watie had been in Gen. Pike's Stead when McCullock and McIntosh fell at Pea Ridge, we would have numbered that as one of our most glorious victories. Pike, being senior in rank after they fell, would not take command of their troops, when we already had the Federals whipped. If he had assumed command and moved forward, the enemy were ready to raise the white flags—but Seigel, said "Wait, I see a movement." *Pike was falling back.*

One of the Dry Docks in the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, Va., was commenced in December 1827 while John Quincy Adams was President—and it was completed during the administration of Andrew Jackson in 1833.

SPONSOR SOUVENIR ALBUM.

In unsolicited testimonials, Mr. W. B. Philpott has much to gratify for his long labors in the above named publication—souvenir of the Houston reunion.

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky., states: I am very much pleased with your work and cheerfully say it is the best I have ever seen of its kind, and it should find a place in every Southern home. The Confederate Soldiers and their families owe you a debt of gratitude which they should, in a measure, at least, repay by buying one of these handsome books.

The Houston Daily Post says: The work is an appropriate commemoration of the Reunion, and is a blending of the beautiful and the historical that cannot fail to make it popular throughout Texas and the South.

This beautiful volume is also supplied by the VETERAN. The prices are $3 00, $4.00 and $5.00 per copy, according to binding. The cloth volume ($3.00) is given free with ten subscriptions and $10—or the VETERAN will be sent a year free with order for either edition.

Mr. Philpott is to be commended for his untiring zeal and unselfish labors, making this book a credit to the cause of United Confederate Veterans. It is well edited and beautifully illustrated, and is a most charming "Souvenir" of the great Houston Reunion.

Captain W. E. Donaldson, Jasper, Tenn.: On the 5th day of May, 1862, I (being Second Lieutenant Company F, Turney's First Tennessee Regiment) saw the occurrence as mentioned by C. C. Cumming, page 91, March VETERAN, I saw the lady referred to, at Williamsburg, Va., come out of the gate with two pistols buckled around her waist. She was crying and wringing her hands and implored the Confederates passing to turn and "Charge the Blue Coats". Our command was then on its way to the right of Longstreet's, which was then hotly engaged with the Federals, and this lady appealed with the enthusiasm of a true heroine, and is entitled to credit for the inspration she imparted in encouraging the troops. This was then the Tennessee Brigade, composed of the First Seventh and Fourteenth Regiments and commanded by Gen'l Samuel R. Anderson, of Nashville. This brigade was immediately preceded by Barkesdale's Mississippians.

Col. A. R. Chisolm, Past Commander Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City, inquiries concerning the circumstances connected with the presentation by ladies of a silk battle flag to the First Mississippi Rifles, and who the donors were.

He also desires to know from what locality came that company, to what regiment, brigade, and division did it belong, and in which army it served. In addition, he would like a list of the battles it was engaged in, and the names of the commanding officers.

Col. Chisolm was Lieutenant-Colonel and Aide-de-Camp throughout the war to Gen. Beauregard. He thinks this regiment was with them in the bloody battle of Shiloh.

Col. N. B. Hogan, Springfield, Mo., March 14: It has been said that there are three great events in every man's life—his birth, his marriage and his death. In my life there have already been three momentous events, and I presume that when my earthly career is closed the fourth will have transpired.

Since the publication of my account of the "Marengo (Ala.) Rifles" in the February VETERAN, I have received many letters from old comrades and childhood playmates, but none gave greater surprise and pleasure than did the one received to-day from Mrs. Susie Marshall-Dansby, of Kaufman, Tex.

This is the charming Susie Marshall of whose inspiring verse I wrote. I had heard that she laid aside the cares and burdens of life many years ago, but my heart-beat is quickened with new inspiration in the perusal of a letter—penned by her own steady hand—inspired by the old-time sentiment of warm friendship—expressed in unrivaled diction.

Among other nice things, Mrs. Dansby says: "Little did I dream that the letter I penned to my brave soldier boy would play so important a part in the annals of war; nor of its influence in cheering him on to deeds of valor and heroism."

Of course she didn't. It was just so with all the noble women of the South. All unconscious of the fact, they were constantly by their devotion to our cause and love for their "soldier boys" doing something to give renewed inspiration and courage to the oft-drooping spirit of the men at the front.

You are doing a grand, noble work through the VETERAN, and I wish you a hearty God-speed.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, McKenzie, Tenn., has received a letter from L. G. Puckett, Winchester, Ind., inquiring for Capt. Stitwell, who commanded a battery in the battle of Nashville. His battery was captured near the Franklin pike and Mr. Puckett has the Captain's tin dinner basket with his name on it. The bucket is made in shape of a half circle with straps to be carried like a haversack. He asks mention in the VETERAN as it might result in information to the Captain or to his family.

Hon. Edmund Cooper, of Tennessee, who was Private Secretary to President Andrew Johnson in bitter reconstruction days and dilligent at all times for the welfare of the Southern people, pays clever tribute to Maj. J. S. Butler, familiarly known as "Jack" Butler, and mentions in the sketch that "he served during the war between the States as a Confederate soldier, and bore with unflinching bravery all of its hardships and dangers."

BICYCLE FOR SUBSCRIBERS TO THE VETERAN.

Master John W. Cochran writes from Columbia, Tenn., April 27th: "The bicycle received promptly. It is a beauty, and I am well pleased. I got up the list of subscribers in three evenings after school, which turned out at three, and collected the money the following Saturday. I would consider myself well paid had it taken a month to secure the list. Please accept my thanks for your generosity."

MRS. MARIA LOUISE BLACKMORE.

Resolutions adopted by Daniel Donelson Bivouac, United Confederate Veterans, Gallatin, Tennessee, in respect to the memory of Mrs. Maria Louise Ewing Blackmore, April 4th, 1896.

Since our last meeting a sad bereavement has befallen an honored and beloved comrade, and a great loss been sustained by this community, and by the Donelson Bivouac.

Mrs. Maria Louise Blackmore, wife of Hon. Jas. W. Blackmore, died at the family residence, in Gallatin, on the 5th day of March, 1896. On the 7th, her remains, accompanied by numbers of sorrowing friends, were taken to Nashville and interred in Mt. Olivet Cemetery.

Mrs. Blackmore was a daughter of the late Wm. B. Ewing and Mrs. Martha C. Ewing, and was born and reared in Davidson County. Her marriage to Mr. Blackmore occurred in 1871, and subsequently her home was in Gallatin. From the first she won the hearts of this people, and retained until the very last their respect, confidence and love. She was a woman of bright mind, thorough education, cheerful disposition and generous nature, and a christain in faith and deeds. The family to which she belonged warmly espoused the Southern Cause in the late war, and made great sacrifices for its support. The well-known devotion of her husband to that cause was fully shared by his wife, and the repeated proofs of her interest in the ex-Confederate soldiers and all that pertained to their welfare and pleasure, and the glorification of their heroic achievements, entitle her memory to the lasting respect and gratitude of every old veteran. We are well aware of her prominence in all enterprises inaugurated in our behalf, and of her faithful and efficient services whenever they were solicited. It is fresh in our recollections that when we called for help to furnish our rooms at the Soldiers' Home and provide needed supplies for that institution, she was in the forefront of the noble women who cheerfully responded and thoroughly performed their task. Nor are we unmindful of the conspicuous part she played in making the re-union here in September, 1894, the brilliant success it is universally conceded to have been. Our sense of appreciation is all the greater in view of the magnitude of that undertaking, the time, thought and labor it required, and the many difficulties which lay in the way of its accomplishment. Poor return as it may be, we find some satisfaction in acknowledging our obligation to her who proved her sympathy with and solicitude for us, and whose career was replete with charitable acts.

While it is sad to reflect that the ravages of death are steadily paralyzing the generous hands that have helped us, relentlessly stilling the gentle voices that have encouraged us and cruelly hiding forever the sweet smiles that were wont to greet us, nevertheless as we pursue our fast shortening march to the end we will find pleasure and a stimulus in recurring to departed friends, and, moreover, we will bear them in grateful remembrance even until life's campaign shall have been completed, and we ourselves pass over the river to join the host beyond. Therefore,

Resolved, That the nembers of Donelson Bivonac sincerely regret the death of Mrs. Maria Louise Blackmore, and extend their warmest sympathies to Comrade James W. Blackmore in the loss of his noble wife.

Resolved, That we entertain a deep sense of appreciation of Mrs. Blackmore's sympathy with the cherished memory of our comrades and cause, and the objects and purpose of our organization; her interest in the welfare of ex-Confederates, and her generous and efficient services in contributing to their comfort and pleasure, and promoting their plans. And we will remember her as a valued friend and true type of exalted Southern womanhood.

Resolved, That the preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Bivouac, and that a copy of the same be furnished comrade Blackmore.

J. A. Trousdale,
W. H. Joyner,
R. B. Wright,
J. Net. Turner,
Jno. T. Branham,

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. MARY WARE.

Southland's great heroes are passing away—
Southland is mourning their absence to-day;
Southland is weeping great tears of regret;
Southland is striving her wrongs to forget.

Scatter bright flowers bedewed with the tears
Of loved ones, whose hearts have been lonely for years;
And scatter them, too, on this hallowed day,
Over the blue, as well as the gray.

Brothers in death, and brothers in life,
Help us forget the unnatural strife;
But memory silently weeps by the urn
Of buried hopes that can never return.

The glory that gladdened the land of their birth
Is wanting the lustre they lent to our earth;
But God, in His wisdom, permitted the blight,
And faith in His love will reveal what is right.

And now, after three long decades have fled,
We meet here to weep o'er our glorified dead,
And wreath with bright flowers their mouldering clay—
The heroes who once wore the blue and the gray!

Captain McFerrin Treasured His "Old Gray Coat."—An interesting and well-written story comes from Lewisburg, Tenn., in which the "old gray coat" is conspicuous. It tells that James A. McFerrin, who belonged to the Thirty-second Tennessee Infantry, while in the hospital at Columbus, Ga., to recover from a wound caused by the explosion of a shell, had made and presented to him a uniform of gray jeans by Miss Glenn of that place. Captain McFerrin returned to his wife and children after the surrender. The Federal soldiers cut the three bars from the collar of his coat while passing through Huntsville, Ala.

A baby girl was named for Miss Glenn afterward. Two years ago Mrs. McFerrin died, and recently Miss Glenn became Mrs. McFerrin. The groom was married in the gray coat that Miss Glenn made for him thirty-two years before. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. R. Harris, chaplain of the J. H. Lewis Bivouac.

The Confederate Veterans' Camp 171, U. C. V. Association of the District of Columbia, 910 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington City, has the following officers: R. Byrd Lewis (Va.), President; John M. Hickey, (Mo.), and Magnus S. Thompson (Va.), Vice-Presidents; W. Q. Lloyd (La.), Secretary; George H. Ingraham (S. C.), Financial Secretary; R. M. Harrover (Va.), Treasurer; A. G. Holland (D. C.), Sergeant-at-Arms; Rev. R. H. McKim (La.) Chaplain; Drs. Samuel E. Lewis (D. C.), and J. L. Suddarth (Va.), Surgeons. The Committees are: Executive: Findlay Harris, Va.; Thos. W. Hungerford, D. C.; Henry L. Biscoe, Va.; John T. Callaghan; E. C. Crump, Va. Relief: John H. Walsh, D. C.; G. Edmonston, D. C.; Thomas Jarvis; A. S. Whitt, Va.; H. B. Wooden. Reception: Hugh Waddell; Robert W. Hunter, Va.; Jas. D. Darden; Leigh Robinson; Wm. P. Young, D. C.

This Confederate Veterans' Association was formed before the United Confederate Veterans were organized, but we have ever affiliated with them. There are over two hundred and fifty members and the number is constantly increasing. The Camp is composed of representative men from all parts of the South and District of Columbia.

Eugene H. Levy, residing on Staten Island, writes an amusing story of his two lads, Jeff and Charley: "President Jefferson Davis, when a planter at Port Gibson, Miss., in the '40s, was a good friend and kind neighbor to my father, who lived in Grand Gulf. The friendship between these two old men extended up to the day of my father's death in 1873. I had met our gifted president at Richmond during the war, and afterwards, quite naturally, when my South Carolina wife bore a particularly noble-looking boy (she was the mother of fourteen children), I named him for Mr. Davis. In 1885 I established business in New York City, and with my family settled on Staten Island, where our last boy was born. He was named for Charles Bayard, of Maryland. It is perhaps needless to remark that our children were reared with profound reverence for the cause for which their father fought. One day, coming home from business, I was met on the doorstep by Charley, who, amid a torrent of tears, blurted out: 'Papa, is it any sin to be born on Staten Island?' 'Certainly not, my child,' I replied; 'why do you ask the question?' 'Because me and Jeff had a fight, and he called me a —Yankee,' was the reply."

The ex-Confederate Association, of Chicago, as Camp No. 8, U. C. V., has the following officers: Commander, S. J. Sullivan; Lieutenant Commanders, B. F. Jenkins and C. R. Tucker; Adjutant, J. S. White; Quartermaster, Theo Noel; Chaplain, Rev. J. Desha Picket; Treasurer, R. H. Stewart. Commander Sullivan has appointed as his non-commissioned staff: Sergeant-Major, R. H. Peale; Vidette, James Hangley; Color Sergeant, Michael Hays; Color Guard, W. P. Phillips, G. W. Levin.

Officers of the George D. Manion Camp No. 145, U. C. V., Kauffman, Texas: Martin Haynie, Captain; J. H. Reierson and J. L. Carter, Lieutenants; H. T. Nash, Quartermaster; Dr. W. A. Mulkey, Surgeon; Dr. D. J. Martin, Chaplain; Ed. Haupt, Officer of the Day; Dan Coffman, Adjutant. The Camp has eighty-six members. They have paid into Jeff Davis monumental fund $50.00, amount contracted at Houston, Texas, and will send a delegation to the Richmond reunion.

Master R. J. Hughes Spurr, Pine Grove, Ky.: I have received the watch and chain, and am much pleased with both. I might have known that any thing coming from the Sunny South and a Confederate soldier would be all right. I have not been so much pleased with any thing since I put on my first pants. Hope I can help you again with your paper, and I wish you much success.

The Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation Company's steamers are now running daily (except Sunday) between Detroit and Cleveland. When traveling East or West, North or South, try to arrange to take advantage of these luxurious steamers between Michigan and Ohio. If you are contemplating a summer outing, write A. A. Schantz, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich., for illustrated pamphlet which gives full information of a trip to Mackinac, via. the Coast Line.

Drs. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor *may* be experienced. But the old doctor *must* be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers — the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment — when you are concerned. The new remedy *may* be good — but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must* be good — judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence — **50 years of cures.** If others *may be* good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla *must be.* You take no chances when you take **AYER'S** Sarsaparilla.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Furnished by the CONFEDERATE VETERAN Office, Nashville, Tenn.

As they were prepared by the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws appointed at the Third Annual Meeting of the organization, which was held in New Orleans, April, 1892, and were adopted at Houston, Tex., May 23, 1895, with J. B. Gordon, General Commanding, and Geo. Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

PREAMBLE.

Believing that a general Federation of all constituted organizations of Confederate Veterans will assist in the accomplishment of the cherished purposes that each body is singly laboring to carry out, and to more firmly establish the ties which already exist between them:

We, the representatives of the following Camps, in general convention assembled at Houston, Tex., on this twenty-third day of May, of the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, do adopt, ordain and establish the following Constitution and By-Laws, revoking and abrogating all previous Constitutions and rules of action.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

This Federation of Confederate Veterans' Association shall be known as the "United Confederate Veterans."

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly "Social, Literary, Historical and Benevolent." It will strive:

1. To unite in one general Federation all associations of Confederate Veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence, or hereafter to be formed.

2. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those who have shared common dangers, sufferings and privations.

3. To encourage the writing, by participators therein, of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes and occurrences of the war between the States.

4. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementoes of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity.

5. To see that the disabled are cared for; that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that the Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

6. To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors and people; and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found.

7. To instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and glory of their fathers, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP, REQUISITES AND LIMITATIONS.

Section 1. Membership in this Federation shall be by camps.

Sec. 2. The various associations joining shall be registered in numerical order, according to the date of their formation or incorporation into the United Confederate Veterans as Camp No. —, in the State or Territory of ———.

Sec. 3. All camps now in the Federation shall retain the numbers originally given them.

Sec. 4. They will be permitted to retain their local and State organizations, and beyond the requirements of this Constitution and By-Laws, they shall have full enjoyment of the rights to govern themselves, and their connection with this Federation shall in no wise be construed as affecting their loyalty to their State organizations outside of this Federation.

Sec. 5. Every camp will be required to exact of each applicant for membership in its ranks satisfactory proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederate States, and honorable discharge or release therefrom.

Sec. 6. The present membership in camps already in the organization shall not be disturbed, and no new applications from such members will be required.

ARTICLE IV.—ORGANIZATION.

Section 1. The camps shall be organized by departments, divisions and brigades.

Sec. 2. The Federation shall have as its executive head a General. There shall be three departments, to be called:

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Army of Tennessee Department, Trans-Mississippi Department.

Sec. 3. The Army of Northern Virginia Department shall include and be formed of the States of Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, and all the camps and divisions not enumerated as belonging to the Army of Tennessee or Trans-Mississippi Departments.

Sec. 4. The Army of Tennessee Department shall include and be formed of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida.

Sec. 5. The Trans-Mississippi Department shall include and be formed of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, excepting Louisiana.

Sec. 6. Each and every State and Territory having within its boundaries ten (10) or more camps, regularly organized, and accepted, shall constitute a division, and no State or Territory shall have more than one division within its boundaries.

Sec. 7. Camps in States or Territories where there are less than ten (10) camps, shall report directly to the department commander, upon whose recommendation to such camps in contiguous States or Territories may be formed into a division by the Commander-in-Chief, until such States or Territories attain the required number of camps to entitle them to become separate divisions.

Sec. 8. Divisions upon recommendation of department commanders may be subdivided into brigades by the Commander-in-Chief, provided each brigade shall have at least five (5) camps, and that a majority of the camps of the division shall demand the subdivision.

ARTICLE V.—REPRESENTATION, DELEGATES, LIMITATIONS AND PROXIES.

Section 1. The representation of the various camps at the annual meetings, general department, division and brigade, shall be by delegates as follows: One delegate for every twenty active members in good standing in the camp, and one additional one for a fraction of ten (10) members, provided every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates; provided, State divisions may fix its internal representation.

Sec. 2. Provided also that camps may be formed with fewer than twenty members, but not less than ten (10) members in remote or sparsely settled localities, or in places outside of the former Confederate States territory, and admitted in the Federation by order of the Commander-in-Chief upon proper application and recommendation of subordinate officers, and after compliance with all other requisites of membership, and after such other investigation into the circumstances of this reduced membership as the General may see fit to institute through the Inspector General; but no more camps will be allowed in the

same locality until the one thus admitted has attained the full number of twenty members.

Sec. 3. In enumerating active members of camps for representation, none shall be counted who are already thus enumerated in another camp of this Federation.

Sec. 4. The General, Lieutenant Generals, Major-Generals, Brigadier Generals and their Adjutants General shall be ex officio members of the annual meetings and conventions.

Sec. 5. Camps will not be allowed representation unless their per capita shall have been paid the Adjutant General on or before the first day of April next preceding the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.—OFFICERS, ELECTION, TERM OF OFFICE AND SUCCESSION.

Section 1. The officers of this Federation shall be:

One General Commander-in-Chief, its executive head.

Three Lieutenant Generals, who shall command and be executive heads of the departments in which they reside.

Sec. 2. The Generals and Lieutenant Generals shall be elected by the delegates at the annual meeting or re-union of the United Confederate Veterans.

Sec. 3. There shall be as many Major-Generals as there may be divisions, but there shall be but one in each State or Territory.

Sec. 4. There shall be as many Brigadier Generals as there may be brigades.

Sec. 5. The Major-Generals and Brigadier Generals shall be elcted by the delegates from the camps within their respective commands at a convention held at such time and place and under the supervision of such officer as the department commander within which the State or Territory is located may direct; provided, however, that when a division or brigade has been once organized its elections shall be held in such manner, at such time and place as has been determined at its last annual convention by its delegates.

Sec. 6. General, department, division and brigade officers shall be elected by ballot and shall be installed in office at the time of their election, or at the option of the meeting or convention.

Sec. 7. All officers shall be elected or appointed for one year or until their successors are installed.

Sec. 8. Vacancies occurring among officers shall be filled until the next annual meeting by appointment of General Commanding, on recommendation of the department.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Sec. 9. Staff officers shall be appointed by the different Generals to serve during such General's term of office or pleasure. No staff officer shall be at the same time a staff officer and and officer of a brigade or division, or hold two staff offices.

Sec. 10. The staff of the Commander-in-Chief shall be as follows: One Adjutant General chief of staff, with rank of Major General; one Inspector General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Quartermaster General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Commissary General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Judge Advocate General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Surgeon General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Chaplain General, and such assistants and aids with the rank of Colonel as in his judgment may be necessary.

DEPARTMENT STAFF.

Sec. 11. Department commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the General, and such assistants and aids as they may deem necessary, but one grade lower in rank.

DIVISION STAFF.

Sec. 12. Division commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the department commander, but one grade lower in rank, and such aids, with the rank of Major, as may be found necessary.

BRIGADE STAFF.

Sec. 13. Brigade commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the division commander, with the rank of Major, and such aids as may be found necessary to facilitate the organization of camps in his district, with the rank of Captain.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 14. Camps may, at their option, adopt the following nomenclature for their officers, viz: Commander, First, Second, Third (or more) Lieutenant Commanders; Adjutant, Quartermaster, Surgeon, Chaplain, Officer of the Day, Treasurer, Sergeant Major, Vidette, a Color Sergeant and two Color Guards, and define their duties.

The Commander, in official intercourse with headquarters, shall be addressed as Captain.

Sec. 15. No one can be elected or appointed an officer of this Federation, or of its subordinate departments, divisions and brigades or their staffs, unless he be a member of one of the camps.

ARTICLE VII.—SEAL AND BADGES, MEMORIAL DAY AND HEADQUARTERS.

Sec. 1. This Federation shall have power and authority to make, have and use a common seal and badge, with such device and inscription as it may adopt, and the same to alter, break and amend at pleasure; but, until otherwise provided for, the seal of this Federation shall be a device similar to that in use by this association, which device is a medal of —— inch in diameter, reproducing the great seal of the Confederate States of America, bearing "United Confederate Veterans, 1861, 1865, 1889," inscribed between the wreath and margin.

Sec. 2. The seal of this Federation shall be in the keeping of the Adjutant General Chief of Staff.

BADGE.

Section 1. The badge of this Federation shall be a device similar to the one now in use by the camps of this association, which device is the representation in enamel of the Confederate battle flag, on a plain metal surface of —— of an inch square, and can be mounted as a pin or button, to be worn on the left lappel of the coat.

Sec. 2. Recognized associations of Sons or Daughters of Veterans affiliating with this Federation shall be allowed to wear the same badge as the United Confederate Veterans, with the letters S. C. V. or D. C. V., as the case may be, inserted in the upper triangles of the cross, from left to right, and with the number of their organization in the lower triangle.

MEMORIAL DAY.

This Federation shall religiously observe the celebration of Memorial Day. Each camp, brigade and division shall have full authority to designate its own.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Section 1. The general headquarters of this Federation is permanently fixed at New Orleans.

Sec. 2. Memorial Hall of the Louisiana Historical Association, in that city, shall be the depository of all records, papers and relics of this Federation.

ARTICLE VIII.—SPECIAL POWERS.

Section 1. This Federation shall have power to make and adopt such articles of organization, rules, regulations and by-laws as its members may deem proper, and to alter, amend and repeal the same, as they may see fit; provided, that such articles, rules, regulations, or by-laws, shall not be repugnant to this Constitution, or to the laws of the United States.

Sec. 2. It shall have power to issue commissions to all its officers, general department, division, brigade,

camp and staff; certificates of membership to camps joining this organization, and to the individual members thereof; to fix and charge fees for such commissions and certificates and for other documents; to levy an annual per capita tax upon its members, to regulate the collection of such income for the general treasury, its custody and disbursement.

Sec. 3. It shall have power to give recognition and affiliation, and regulate and revoke same, to organizations of sons, of mothers, wives and daughters of Confederate Veterans, to constitute them auxiliaries, and to select from them its successors and heirs, they to have representation in all conventions and meetings of the association, the ratio of their representation to be fixed by the conventions of the Federation. It shall further possess all powers and privileges granted by law to associations of this character.

ARTICLE IX.—PROHIBITIONS.

Section 1. No discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, or indorsing of aspirants for political office, shall be permitted within the Federation of United Confederate Veterans.

Sec. 2. No debts shall be contracted by this Federation.

Sec. 3. No assessment shall be levied upon its members other than the fees and per capita, which shall never exceed an adequate amount to meet the indispensable expenses of its management.

Sec. 4. The use of the seal, badges or name of this Federation for business or advertising purposes, and the giving of its badge to persons unauthorized to wear it, are emphatically prohibited.

ARTICLE X.—PENALTIES AND SUSPENSION.

Section 1. No camp shall be permitted representation in any meeting of this Federation until said camp shall have paid the annual per capita tax and all other amounts due the Federation by said camp.

Sec. 2. Suspension of a camp shall not affect the membership in the United Confederate Veterans of comrades of such camps, nor impair their tenure of office or eligibility as officers therein during such suspension. Prolonged suspension of a camp may be declared at an annual meeting an act detrimental to the objects and purposes of the Federation and shall lead to forfeiture of membership.

Sec. 3. Reinstatement from suspension will take effect immediately upon receipt by the Adjutant General of evidence of the removal by the suspended camp of its cause of suspension.

FORFEITURE OF MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared against any camp allowing political or religious discussions or taking any such action.

Sec. 2. Forfeiture of membership may also be declared against any camp committing any act repugnant to this Constitution or detrimental to the objects and purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 3. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared by a two-thirds vote at an annual meeting, after proper investigation of the charges, and only when they have been substantiated.

ARTICLE XI.—AMENDMENTS.

Section 1. By a two-thirds vote of the delegates present at an annual meeting of this Federation, alterations and amendments can be made to this Constitution; provided that notice and a copy of proposed change shall have been sent to each camp, at least three months in advance of the annual meeting.

ARTICLE XII.—DISSOLUTION.

Section 1. This Federation is intended to exist until the individual members of its camps are too few and feeble to longer keep it up, and it shall not be dissolved unless upon a vote or agreement in writing of four-fifths of the camps in good standing. In case of its dissolution any property it may then possess shall be left to our successors, the "Sons of Confederate Veterans," and its records shall be deposited in perpetuo with the Louisiana Historical Association in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Application for membership shall be made through the headquarters of the State or Territory where the camp is organized upon blanks furnished by the general headquarters.

Sec. 2. When the Constitution and By-Laws and roll of members of the applying organization has been examined and recommended by division and department headquarters, and when the application is accompanied by the prescribed fees, the camp shall be admitted, if no defect is found in the record, and a certificate of membership will be issued to it by the Adjutant General Chief of Staff.

Sec. 3. A correct roll of active members in good standing in each camp shall be forwarded annually, before the first day of April next preceding the general annual meeting, direct to general headquarters, upon which certified roll will be based the camp's per capita, which shall accompany it, and computed the camp's representation at the annual and other meetings.

Sec. 4. Membership in more than one camp is not forbidden, but no comrade shall be borne on the rolls of more than one camp for the purpose of enumeration and representation. When a comrade is a member of more than one camp, he shall elect in which one he will be enrolled for representation.

ARTICLE II.—MEETINGS.

Section 1. There shall be held annually a general meeting or reunion of the Federation. Each division shall likewise have an annual meeting or reunion.

Sec. 2. The delegates at these annual meetings shall select the time and place for the next annual meeting.

Sec. 3. The Commander-in-Chief, at the request of a majority of the camps, shall convene the Federation in special meeting. Special meetings of divisions may likewise be called by the Major Generals at the request of a majority of the camps of their division, or in any emergency which they may deem sufficient.

Sec. 4. At all meetings delegates shall address each other as comrades.

Sec. 5. The annual general meeting shall be called to order by the Major General commanding the State or Territory or subdivision in which the meeting is held. He shall first introduce to the assembly the Chaplain General, or, in his absence, the ranking Chaplain, who will deliver a prayer. Any representative of the local or State government, or other person deputized to welcome the delegates, shall then be introduced by the Major General, after which he shall turn over the meeting to the General Commander-in-Chief, who will reply to the addresses, deliver his annual address and announce the meeting ready for business. The Adjutant General shall then call the roll of general officers of the Federation and of the delegates from its camps, by States and Territories, giving the number of delegates each is entitled to by his records; and such accredited delegates answering in person to the roll call of their respective camps shall be duly recognized delegates to the body, and the meeting will proceed to business on the basis fixed by the Adjutant General's roll of accredited delegates.

Sec. 6. Every comrade in good standing will be privileged to attend the meeting of any organization

belonging to the United Confederate Veterans and receive that fraternal consideration they design to foster.

VOTING.

Sec. 7. In all questions submitted to the meeting the chair will first put the question for the ayes and nays viva voce; if the roll of camps shall be called for, then the camps shall be called in order, the number of votes each is entitled to stated, and the vote for and against the motion announced by the chairman of each delegation, and if possible the vote shall be cast by States or divisions.

Sec. 8. Balloting shall be by camps, the chairman of the delegation depositing the written ballots for the camp. In balloting for officers a majority of all votes cast shall be necessary to a choice. If there is no election on the first ballot the name of the comrade receiving the lowest number of votes shall be dropped, and so on in successive ballots until an election is made.

Sec. 9. When there is but one candidate for an office, upon motion and by unanimous consent, a formal ballot can be dispensed with, and the candidate elected by acclamation.

Sec. 10. The ayes and nays may be required and entered upon record at the call of any three delegates from different departments.

ARTICLE III.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. The General shall be head of this Federation, and shall enforce its Constitution, By-Laws, rules and regulations, and the will of its convention and meetings, and to this effect, he may issue all necessary orders. He shall preside over the general conventions, meetings and reunions of the United Confederate Veterans, and shall decide all questions of law, order or usage, and shall be empowered to act for the good of the Federation, as circumstances in his judgment may require, in cases not provided for by this Constitution and By-Laws, subject in all such decisions and acts to appeal to the general convention or meeting. Immediately after entering upon his office, he shall appoint his staff and all other general officers and committees not otherwise provided for, and may remove these officers and committees at his pleasure.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Sec. 2. The Lieutenant Generals shall command departments. They shall assist the General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office, according to seniority in the Confederate service.

They shall push the enrollment into camps of all veterans of the Confederacy in their departments; supervise the work of their divisions and see to the enforcement of all orders from general headquarters, pass upon and forward all communications between division and general headquarters, and send annual reports to the General one month before the annual meeting. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon their office.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Sec. 3. Major Generals shall command divisions, each State and Territory forming but one division and having but one Major General. The Major Generals shall apply themselves to fully organize their States or Territories into camps; they shall be careful to have all the requirements of the Constitution and By-Laws strictly complied with in the formation of camps, and be the intermediary in their relations with general and department headquarters; they shall see to the execution of all orders received therefrom; they shall assist the Lieutenant General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office until the next annual meeting, according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their offices.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Sec. 4. Brigadier Generals shall command the brigades or district in which it may be found necessary to divide a State or Territory. They shall be under the Major General and assist him in organizing the State or Territory; they shall see to the execution of all orders received through him, and they shall take precedence of each other according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall be the intermediary between the Major General and the camps of their brigades and vice versa. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their office, and shall be allowed as many aids as they may deem necessary to facilitate the formation of camps in their district.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 5. Camp officers shall have their duties defined by the Constitution of the camps that create them, to which full liberty has been given to govern themselves, provided the duties so defined be not in conflict with the provisions of this Constitution and By-Laws.

STAFF OFFICERS.—ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Sec. 6. The Adjutant General shall be chief of staff of the Commander-in-Chief. He shall keep correct records of the proceedings of the general headquarters, and general meetings and reunions; a roster of the general department, division, brigade and camp officers, and a roll of the camps; he shall conduct the correspondence of the Federation, and issue the necessary orders under the direction of the General.

All returns received by him from departments shall be turned over to the proper officer. He shall prepare all books and blanks required for the use of the United Confederate Veterans, under direction of the Commander-in-Chief. He shall be the keeper of the seal of the Federation, and shall issue under it all certificates of membership, commissions and documents. He shall draw requisitions for funds on the Quartermaster General, to be approved by the Commander-in-Chief, and he shall perform such other duties and keep such other books and records as the Commander-in-Chief may require. He shall make an annual report to the Commander-in-Chief, showing the work performed by his office and the condition of the Federation.

He shall send out blank muster rolls to the various subordinate camps at least sixty days before the annual meetings, together with blank certificates for their delegates, with instructions to the Adjutants of the various camps to send in such muster rolls or roster of his camp, also the names of the delegates appointed by their camp to the annual meeting of the Federation, all direct to him, before the first day of the month next preceding the annual meeting.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

Sec. 7. The Quartermaster General shall hold the funds and vouchers of the Federation. He shall have charge of the contracting for badges of the association and their sale to the camps upon proper requisition; he shall pay all warrants drawn on him by the Adjutant and appproved by the Commander-in-Chief; he shall have charge of all arrangements for transportation of general headquarters to and from general meetings or reunions, and he shall endeavor to facilitate the transportation by railroads of delegates to the meetings of the Federation.

INSPECTOR GENERAL.

Sec. 8. The Inspector General shall prescribe the form of blanks to be used for the inspection of camps, and with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief give such special instructions in reference to inspections

as may be deemed necessary. He shall prepare an abstract of the reports received from departments for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, and present a report to the annual meeting. He shall have charge of all investigations ordered for infractions of the Constitutions and By-Laws of the Federation of the camps, or for conduct of any camp or individual considered detrimental to the Federation, which may be referred to him by the Commander-in-Chief.

SURGEON GENERAL.

Sec. 9. The Surgeon General shall perform the duties properly appertaining to his office, and present at the annual meeting a report or paper on matters relating to the medical and surgical branch of the Confederate service.

COMMISSARY GENERAL.

Sec. 10. The Commissary General shall attend to any duties the Commander-in-Chief may impose upon him, and he shall, at the annual meeting, present a written report or paper on matters relating to the commissariat of the Confederate army.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL.

Sec. 11. The Chaplain General shall open and close with prayer the annual and other meetings, and perform such duties in connection with is office as the Commander-in-Chief may require. He shall present at the annual meeting a written report or paper upon matters relating to his branch of the Confederate service.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL.

Sec. 12. The Judge Advocate General shall perform the duties appertaining to that office. He shall give all legal advice that may be required of him by the Commander-in-Chief. He shall present at the annual meeting a report and paper on the history of his department of the Confederate service.

Sec. 13. The subordinate staff shall perform in their respective spheres the duties of their offices, in conformity with the regulations imposed on the general staff, as far as they can be applied.

ARTICLE IV.—CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION.

All official communications in the business of this Federation or its subordinate commands, must follow the usual military channels, except details designated, that is, from camps to brigades, to divisions, to departments, to general headquarters, and descending will take a reverse channel.

Direct communication from subordinate bodies or officers to superiors and vice versa, passing around intermediate commanders, will not be permitted.

ARTICLE V.—COMMITTEES.

Section 1. There shall be four standing committees of one delegate from each State and Territory, and one to represent the camps outside the former Confederate States and Territories. They shall be as follows:

Sec. 2. Historical Committee that shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 3. Relief Committee that shall have charge of all matters relating to relief, pensions, homes and other benevolent purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 4. Monumental Committee shall have charge of all matters relating to monuments, graves and the Federation's objects and purposes in these respects.

Sec. 5. Finance Committee, to verify accounts of officers, to fix the compensation of same when it becomes necessary, under the advice and approval of the General Commander-in-Chief, and to attend to such other matters of finance that may be referred to it.

Sec. 6. These committees can sub-divide themselves for purposes of facilitating their labors; and shall keep a record of their meetings, make reports annually or oftener, if required by the Commander-in-Chief, and shall turn over their records to the Adjutant General at the expiration of their term of office.

SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

Sec. 7. Special committees can be appointed by the General Commanding, when a necessity arises, and shall be appointed by him when so ordered by the general meeting.

Sec. 8. All committees shall meet when called by their chairman.

Reports of committees shall be sent to the General-in-Chief one month before the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.—FINANCES.

Section 1. The fees shall be: An entrance fee of two dollars ($2.00) from each camp, which shall accompany its application and entitle the camp to a certificate of membership free from cost of postage.

Sec. 2. A fee of one dollar ($1.00) for each commission issued to officers, or certificate to individual members, of camps by general headquarters, which fee shall include postage.

Sec. 3. A per capita tax of ten (10) cents for each active member in good standing in such camp and not enumerated in any other camp.

Sec. 4. The General commanding shall fix the price of dues for badges, books and blanks required and issued by the Federation, which dues shall not exceed an amount sufficient to defray their cost and distribution.

Sec. 5. All fees and dues shall be received by the Adjutant General and by him turned over to the Quartermaster General, in whose custody they shall remain until properly disbursed.

Sec. 6. The per capita tax of ten (10) cents shall be apportioned out by the Quartermaster General as follows: 7.10 to general headquarters; 1.10 to department headquarters; 2.10 to division headquarters, and shall be kept in the general treasury to the credit of the different headquarters separate from other funds, to be paid out only upon proper requisition of their Adjutants General.

Sec. 7. Divisions may levy additional fees and per capita tax upon their camps, for their own purposes, and to meet their internal expenses.

ARTICLE VII.—AMENDMENTS.

These By-Laws and the rules and the regulations of this Federation shall only be altered or amended at an annual meeting, by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present.

But any section herein may be suspended for the time being, at any annual meeting by a unanimous vote of the delegates present. No amendments shall be considered unless by unanimous consent, if a notice and copy of it shall not have been furnished to each camp in the Federation at least thirty (30) days before the annual meeting. GEO. MOORMAN,

Official. Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

Gen. Moorman has sent a revision for June VETERAN of all the Department Comrades with the Texas subdivisions, etc. Now will not every Camp see that the changes in Commander and Adjutant are correctly reported by reference to April VETERAN.

There is a club rate given elsewhere for the VETERAN and the Richmond (Va.) Times for $1.50, or the VETERAN new or renewal and the Times six months for $1.25.

This extraordinary arrangement was made after considerable correspondence, and is mentioned as a most desirble thing. Whether or not comrades go to Richmond this additional twenty-five cents will enable them to learn much about the reunion. The arrangement was sought by the VETERAN and concession is made to oblige all who may wish elaborate and careful reports.

A BATTLE ABBEY MARCH.

The VETERAN greets the appearance of the Battle Abbey March, a seasonable musical composition of decided merit, written by one of our own Southern girls and dedicated to the United Confederate Veterans. The composer, Miss Omagh Armstrong, of Nashville, is a

MISS OMAGH ARMSTRONG.

musician of unusual gifts, and has, at an early age won many laurels in both the vocal and instrumental branches of her profession. Her enthusiasm for everything Southern has prompted her to write this March with the above honorable dedications. It is pronounced by critics very bright, while to the less acute critics it is attractive and exceedingly melodious, at the same time possessing that dignity which should characterize its name. It is within the easy scope of all piano students.

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Pontotoc, Miss., April 4, '96.

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W. M. MITCHELL.
Opelika, Ala., April 2, '96.

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J. A. WETHERBEE.
Waynesboro, Miss., Jan. 2, '96.

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JOS. WILLIAMS.
Stevenson' Ala., Nov. 29, '96.

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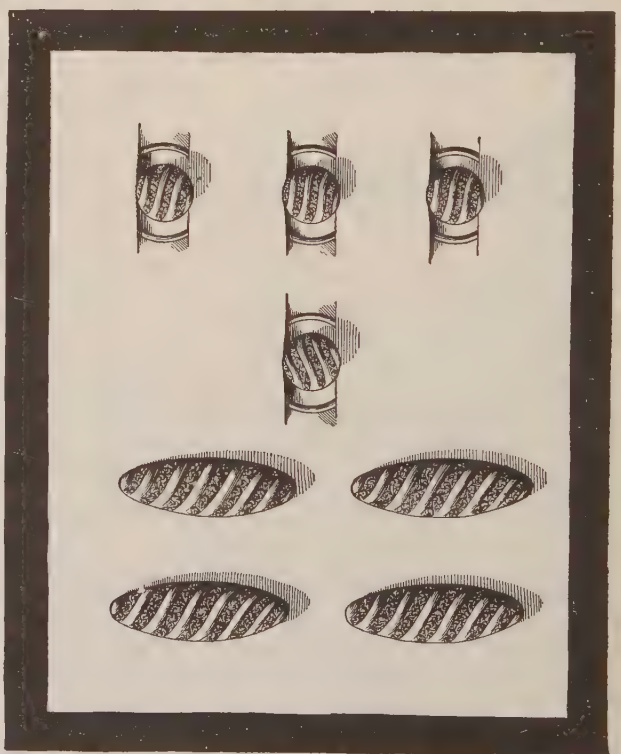

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Ar've Nashville,	"	7:10 a.m.,	"	29.
Leave Nashville,	"	9:00 a.m.,	"	"
Leave Chattanooga, (Southern),	1:50 p.m.,	"	"
" Knoxville,	"	5:20 p.m.,	"	"
Ar've Bristol,	"	9:30 p.m.,	"	"
" Richmond (R. & P. R. R.),	8:00 a.m.,	"	30.

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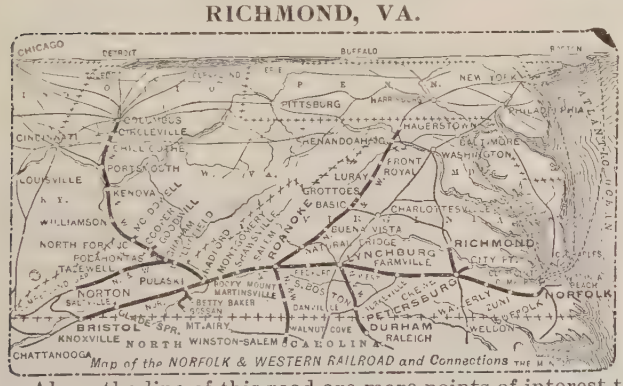

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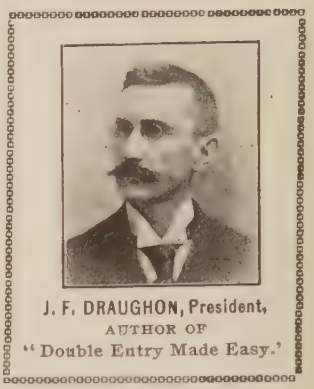

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P. A. SHELTON, Clerk County Court, Davidson County.
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ROBT. HILL, Pastor Cottage Presbyterian Church.

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Nashville, Tenn., March 10, 1896.

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President Draughon's Practical Business College,
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Dear Sir:—The time for which the $600.00 which you deposited some time ago, under your offer to give $500.00 to any one business college, or to be distribute dbetween from one to five business colleges, and $100.00 to a charitable institution if you could not show more written applications for book-keepers and stenographers during the *past six months* than any other five business colleges south of the Ohio river, "all combined" could show in the past five years, has this day expired, and no demand having been made upon us. the same is now held subject to your check.

We have held this money, as agreed upon, thirty days after having seen the certificate of deposit published in the Cincinnati Enquirer, St. Louis Globe Democrat, Louisville Courier Journal, Memphis Appeal, Atlanta Constitution and the daily papers of Nashville.

Yours very truly,
A. S. WILLIAMS, Cashier.

WATCHES FOR VETERAN WORKERS!

To the first 2,000 VETERAN workers or subscribers, who between this and June 1st, 1896, send in nineteen yearly subscribers with $1.00 for each name sent—and thirty-five cents extra to pay postage and registration, we will send free one of the VETERAN Watches.

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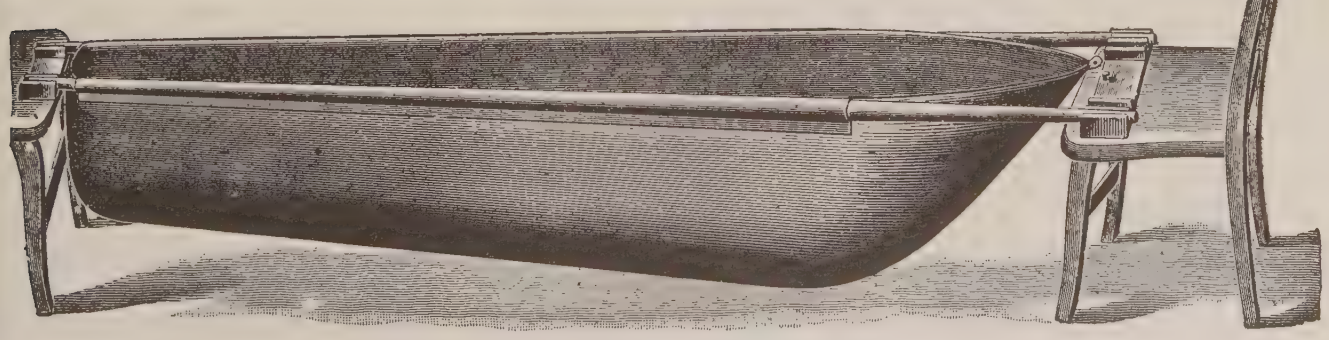

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A. R. Holderby, Jr., Secretary and Treasurer, writes that the Weekly Times is in reality a semi or twice-a-week paper, and adds: We send it out in part one and part two, every Monday and every Thursday morning. Eight pages every Monday and either six or eight pages every Thursday. It is carefully edited in every respect and contains all the news published in the daily in a condensed form. For instance, if an item of news begins in the Tuesday daily and the further developments are carried along in the Wednesday and Thursday papers, the weekly subscriber will find all the items carefully condensed and consolidated into one story. The home, the farm, the dairy, etc., have well-managed departments.

The position of the paper editorially is well-known throughout Virginia especially. The Times is fearless and independent, yet strictly Democratic, directly Confederate, and all questions of public interest are openly discussed with no effort to cater to any particular class.

Every man and woman of Southern sentiment, wherever living, will be greatly interested in the Reunion proceedings at Richmond and can learn all they may wish to know through The Times.

This twice-a-week edition will be furnished with The Veteran for $1.50 a year, or The Veteran one year—new or renewals—and The Times six months for $1.25. The Veteran commends this cordially, confident that its readers will be delighted with The Times.

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The VETERAN desires to aid in every possible way comrades who wish to attend the general reunion at Richmond, and has arranged to furnish free railroad tickets as premiums for small numbers of new subscribers. The general rule for States is established as follows:

To any one in North Carolina who will send in twenty yearly subscribers (new), with one dollar for each will be given a round trip ticket to the Reunion. Tickets to read from any of these points nearest you:

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To any one in Alabama who will send in thirty-five yearly subscribers (new), will be given round trip ticket to read from any of these points nearest to you:

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JUNE, 1896. PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | VOL. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1896. | NO. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, EDITOR.

SCENES IN RICHMOND.—CITY HALL, WASHINGTON AND CONFEDERATE MONUMENTS, GOVERNOR'S MANSION, CAPITOL AND "WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY."

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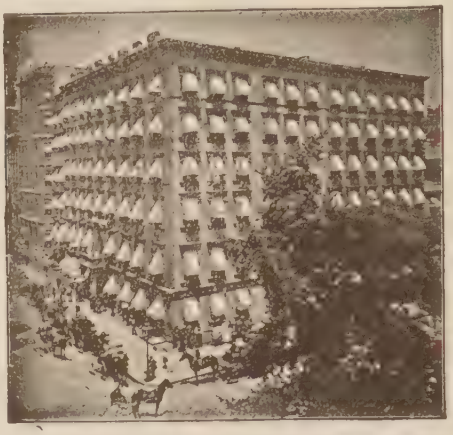

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For Scientific Studies our classes have the privilege of attending the lectures of Vanderbilt Professors in the Laboratories of Chemistry, of Physics, and of Natural History, giving access to the splendid resources of the leading institution of the South.

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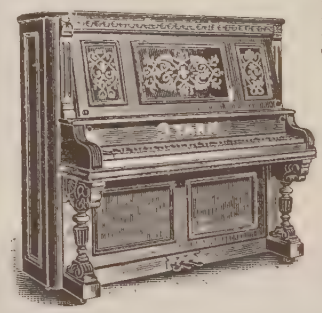

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JESSE FRENCH PIANO AND ORGAN CO.,

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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE, 1896. | No. 6. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Readers will please consider this number of the VETERAN a sort of luncheon—before—dinner. It is advanced in the hope of having at the Richmond re-union the most attractive edition yet published. Advertisers would do well to use that number as it will contain several thousand copies more than its gradually increased editions, and will be read, re-read, and preserved.

Major A. M. Foute, of Cartersville, Ga., commends the suggestion recently made, that comrades attending the Richmond Reunion wear upon their hats a card or badge indicating company and regiment, for, as he says, "old soldiers will be there who bade each other good-bye more than thirty-one years ago and have not met since. These years have brought to many old age and stooped shoulders, to others gray hairs and a less elastic step. Without some such badge many old comrades and friends of the long ago will pass each other in the streets without recognition. By all means, let us indicate in some way our company and regiment."

Adjutant General Moorman, in a letter of May 9, '96, stated that there were 815 camps, with applications for 100 more, and he appeals to Confederates everywhere requesting them to organize and become members of the United Confederate Veterans.

Delegates will be admitted at the Richmond Reunion as follows: One for every twenty-five active members in good standing and an additional one for a fraction of ten members, provided every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates. Each camp can select the same number of alternates as delegates, who will serve in case of any failure on the part of the delegates to attend.

A bachelor friend of South Carolina sends the Cairo (Ill.,) Argus of May 26, with a story of "the babe of Belmont." The substance of it is that when the Federals advanced in the battle of Belmont—one of the first in the war—a female infant "was found sleeping sweetly on the bare ground." It was taken, so goes the story, to a home in Cairo where it was cared for. It was named Belmont Lambert. The editor of the Argus states that there were some errors in the story, and adds:

It was found, as stated, and brought to Bird's Point by some soldiers who came to that place. Just back of Bird's Point there was a little German Catholic settlement, and there the soldiers found a childless couple who were delighted to take charge of the little waif. We occasionally visited that settlement to have mass in their little log church in the woods. * * * It was there we first saw the child. She was then about three years old, and was called Emma Sylvester. Her new parents told how she was left with them by some soldiers who had found her on the battlefield of Belmont—twelve or fifteen miles from there. The little one was too young when found to remember its name, and its kind guardians, who seemed to have a vein of romance in them, told us that they called it Emma, because it was a pretty name, and Sylvester because it was found in the woods, some one having told them that the word was Latin and had some reference to the woods. They wanted it baptized, and so, if we remember rightly, it was named Emma Lambert Sylvester.

DAUGHTERS OF CONFEDERACY.

Election of Officers of the Society Under Its New Name.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Confederate Soldier's Home yesterday it was decided to change the name to "Daughters of the Confederacy," and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Mrs. M. C. Goodlett, State President; Mrs. H. L. Craighead, County President; Mrs. W. J. McMurray, Vice President; Miss Mollie Claiborne, Secretary and Treasurer; Mr. John P. Hickman, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer.

The above is an exact copy of an article in the Nashville, Tenn., American, May 10, 1892, page 3, 4th column. It is to settle controversies about ages of organizations known as Daughters of the Confederacy.

Hon. Andrew J. Baker, Austin, Texas: The May VETERAN contains suggestions of comrades L. A. Daffan, Ennis, Texas, and George Wise, Alexandria, Va., concerning my letter about Gettysburg.

To the former I will say that I have not now before me the records of the rebellion from which I obtained the data, and if Banning's brigade was there placed in Hood's division, and I did not include it in the original manuscript, it was an oversight on my part and I regret it.

To the latter, I reply that I, too, thought of the fact that Heth's division fought on two days (not three) while Pickett's only fought one day, but upon comparing the losses of all of Heth's brigades with Davis' and then comparing the loss of the Eleventh Mississippi of the Davis brigade, which was not in any engagement except the third day, it having been detailed to guard the wagon trains at Cashtown, and finding that regiment lost as many as the others, and more, I could reach no other conclusion than the one stated. It was not my purpose to draw invidious comparisons, but to call attention of the true historian that Davis' brigade and other parts of Heth's division were in that deadly charge, and went up on Cemetery Heights, where many of us were killed and wounded, and are, therefore, entitled to its place, along with Pickett and Armstead, in all that can be said of *them*, and no more. I would not wound the feelings of my old comrades nor mar the memories of any of the brave dead. I only wish fairness to all alike. The criticisms of both gentlemen are proper, and I thank them for calling attention to it. I ought to say that I only included the casualities of all the brigades mentioned to strengthen my main point—*that we were there.*

William M. Hutson: Early on Christmas morning of the year 1864 a meeting between an old slave and his young master, then in camp, is worthy of record as showing the faithfulness of the negro to the Confederate soldier. This is the incident: As a member of the Beaufort (S. C.) Volunteer Artillery, a boy of 17, I was camped in Fort Coosawhatchie, on the line of the Charleston & Savannah railroad. Just across the river a part of Sherman's army was stationed, and back of the army was the old plantation, "Cedar Grove," my old playground, where in childhood I was happy. To reach me, a circuit of some fifteen miles had to be made. On Christmas morning of 1864, John Proctor, a faithful servant of my father, brought me a large case of cooked rice and a fine duck already prepared. He said he knew his young master was in camp, and had slim rations to eat, and he brought him the duck and the rice for one good meal and to remind him of the old days on the plantation.

This kindness I have never forgotton. Old John is still living in Beaufort, S. C. He is 90 years old. I write this for the VETERAN as a tribute to him.

I. T. Miller, Milledgeville, Ga.: We are trying to ascertain the names, company and regiment of all Confederate soldiers buried in our cemetery, for the purpose of cutting slabs for their graves. The effort is well under way. I was asked to see if I could not find out, through the VETERAN, the whereabouts of one J. H. Teeling, who belonged to a Virginia regiment and in D. H. Hill's division. This is all the family remembers about him. He was of an Irish family. Information as to his company and regiment will be appreciated. He came to this section after the war, and was a brick mason.

Comrade Tyler D. Harn, of Waco, Texas, reports that the Daughters of the Confederacy there have rallied afresh for the many duties incumbent upon them. Mrs. John C. West is President, Mrs. M. A. Harn, Vice President, and Mrs. Fitzhugh, Secretary. Also that W. C. Cooper becomes his successor as Adjutant of the Pat Cleburne Camp. In the recent election, T. D. Shaw was chosen Captain, and Steve Turner, First Lieutenant. Comrade Harn volunteers to attend to all matters of interest to the VETERAN in Waco.

Dr. J. C. J. King made an address that thrilled the large audience at Waco on Memorial Day, and a fine oration was delivered by F. M. Maxwell of the Sons of Veterans, and Mrs. J. C. J. King furnished a poem, dedicating it to the Sul Ross Camp, of Sons

There's never a word been spoken,
Never a tear been shed,
No tenderer, truer token
For our unforgotten dead,
Than the tribute we pay, this morning in May,
To the gallant men who wore the gray.

We stand where dust to dust,
The tried, the true, the brave,
The bulwark of a nation's trust,
Lie moldering in the grave,
And strew with flowers each lowly bed,
Where rests our grand Confederate dead.

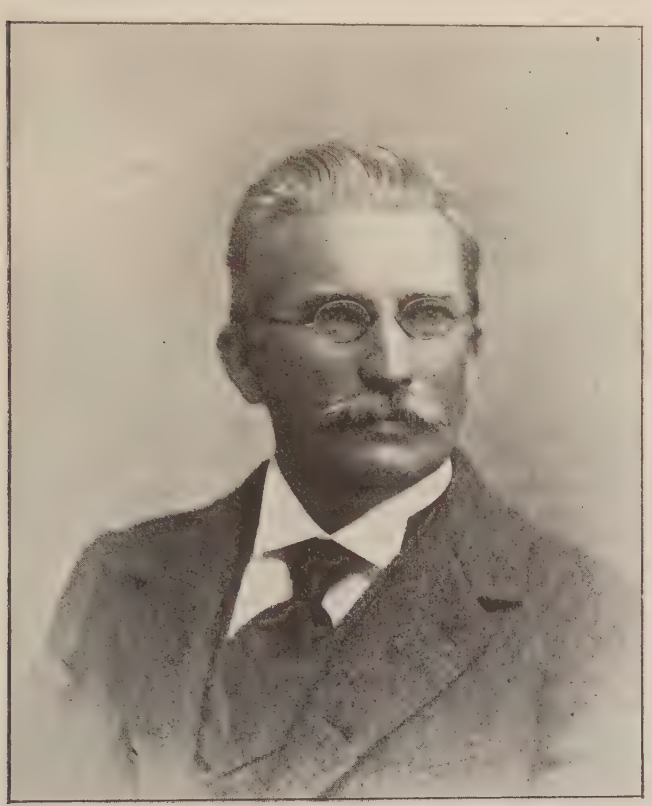
The patriot is ever blest
By his country and his God,
And honored in his grave he'll rest
'Neath his country's honored sod,
And angel watchers from above behold no fairer scene
Than this sweet work of love to keep our heroes' mem'ries green.

Rise up, ye sons and daughters,
The old South bids you rise,
In a voice of many voters,
Stand firm and heed her cries!
She points you to her altars' fires, to where her heroes sleep!
She bids you imitate your sires and Freedom's ceaseless vigils keep!

SCENE IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY VICKSBURG, MISS.

COL. W. H. STEWART ON COM. M. F. MAURY.

Col. Wm. H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., is doing a valuable service to history in a lecture upon the life and character of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury. Col. Stewart is a worthy Virginian to handle the sacred theme—Virginia claims Maury as Tennessee does Andrew Jackson, although Maury was born in the Volunteer State. Col. Stewart entered the Confederate service in April, 1861, as a Lieutenant in the Wise Dragoons. That command having been mustered out of service, he was subsequently elected Major of the Sixty-first Virginia Infantry, and was with his regiment in a long series of battles, in most of which he commanded it. His experience at the Crater may be given later on, in the VETERAN. He was paroled at Appomattox in April, 1865.



COL. WM. H. STEWART.

Col. Stewart is a native of Virginia—born at Deep Creek Village Sept. 25, 1838—and of Revolutionary ancestry. Has been twice married—to Miss Annie W. Stubbs, Oct. 30, 1873—Miss Sallie W. Magruder, Sept. 20, 1888. [The father of Mrs. Stewart, Col. Benjamin H. Magruder, served in the Virginia Legislature during the war, and his brother, Col. John Bowie Magruder, Fifty-seventh Virginia, was killed in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.]

Col. Stewart is a member of the Virginia Society of Sons of the American Revolution, and Past Commander of the Stonewall Camp of Confederate Veterans. He removed from his native county to Portsmouth in 1870 and engaged in the practice of law. In addition, he edited the Norfolk Landmark until sometime in 1876. He served as commonwealth attorney for Norfolk, two terms, and then he edited the Portsmouth Daily Times.

He is thrilled with the theme of his lecture—Matthew Fontaine Maury—"The child of Virginia; the plowboy of Tennessee."

Prof. L. M. Blackford of the Episcopal High School of Virginia, where the address was delivered, wrote the author, after the compliment of stating that the theme was ably handled, that the boys of the school have received an invaluable inspiration in behalf of all that is most profitable for them to learn, and heartily thanking him for so substantial an addition to his own endeavors, in this line, in their behalf.

In a recent pleasant letter, Col. Stewart says:

I am afraid our Southern people do not fully appreciate the force and strength of your patriotic work through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Captain John A. Hutcheson, of the Richmond Howitzers: I am anxious to get the address of some of the surviving officers or men of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment, if possible. Will you endeavor to find out for me, and let me have their names? My uncle, Capt. James W. Patterson, was captain of one of the companies composing this magnificent regiment, from its organization until killed while serving under "Stonewall" Jackson at the battle of McDowell, in the Valley of Virginia. He had 118 men in his company when they came to Richmond, the regiment containing 1,300 men. His company was organized at Valasta, Ga., but he was a Virginian by birth. He located there just before the war.

Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, ever faithful Southener, May 15, '96, copies an old letter that he prizes from "Marse Robert:"

DEAR VETERAN:—You will recollect that in 1867 a severe drouth, following close upon the losses of the war, caused great distress in the South. California—God bless her!—sent over $90,000 for the relief of the sufferers. Of this amount $509 were sent to me, with instructions to transmit it to Gen. R. E. Lee for the relief of the widows and orphans of Southern soldiers in Virginia. The money was sent as directed, and by due course of mail the acknowledgment came from Gen. Lee. It is brief and characteristic, and will be of interest to your readers.

LEXINGTON, VA., 1 June, 1867.—My Dear Sir:—I received from Messrs. Lees & Waller, of New York, $509 in gold forwarded by you for the widows and orphans of Southern soldiers in Virginia, which I will endeavor to apply for the relief of those most requiring aid.

I hope you will permit me to express my individual thanks to you and the generous donors for the aid thus given to the suffering women and children of Virginia, whose grateful prayers in your behalf will, I am sure, be registered in heaven.

With great respect, your ob't. serv't,

R. E. LEE.

Rev'd. O. P. Fitzgerald.

BATTLE ABBEY TOURNAMENT, NASHVILLE.

Remarks of Gen. W. H. Jackson, Master of Ceremonies of the Tournament and drill of ex-Confederate soldiers for the benefit of the Battle Abbey of the South, which took place at Cumberland Park, May 30th:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I am honored by my selection as Master of Ceremonies at this Tournament and military drill of old Confederate veterans, and embrace the occasion with real pleasure and zeal at

GEN. W. H. JACKSON.

this period of my life, when in the sear and yellow leaf, to impress upon the youth of my beloved State and our Southland, including my only son, who is to be a participant here to-day, and who is dearer to me than life, the important and valuable lessons of knightly chivalry from which our people are fast departing in this materialistic age.

A complete history of chivalry would necessarily include a history of Occidental civilization. Its institution marks one of the great epochs in the progress of the human race. It is in fact the only light which illumines the sombre darkness of the middle age. To men of our matter-of-fact era, there may have been, and doubtless was, much in it that was Quixotic and fantastic, but underneath all this lay the bed-rock of a higher manhood, a purer morality, and a yearning for better things. If not an offshoot of Christianity, in it, at least, the Church found its staunchest ally. It brought muscle and morality to enforce obedience to law; and where the moral suasion of the Church failed, the sword of the knight was mighty to convince and reform the tyrant and robber. These allied powers instituted the crusades and snatched from the mailed hand of Islam the almost extinguished torch of learning and civilization. They bore with them to their rude western homes the literature and fine arts of Egypt, Greece and Rome; under the leadership of Charles Martel they beat back the Saracen hordes and redeemed Europe from the yoke of Islamism. On the banks of the Danube, on the rocks of Malta, their iron-breasted legions sentineled Europe against the Turks for a hundred years and until the danger was over past. The vow of knighthood bound its votary to live chastely, to befriend the poor and the helpless, to redress wrongs and punish the wrong doer, and to love and honor the fair. To love one maiden only, to cleave to her, to worship her by years of noble deeds. Previous to the institution of knighthood woman was "either the toy or slave of man;" knighthood lifted her at once and enthroned her as queen of love and beauty, to be honored, loved and protected. To chivalry she owes it, that the shackles which to-day bind her sisters of the Orient were loosed from her, and she became man's ministering angel, but not his slave.

> Dear woman, whose form and whose soul
> Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
> Whether sunned in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
> If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Helm and haubark, lance and shield, crest and spurs, have vanished like "the unsubstantial fabric of a dream." The men who wore them at Agincourt, Bannockburn and Innes are immortals now.

> Their swords are rust—their bodies dust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

But knighthood and chivalry are not dead. The spirit, that vitalized the knights of old, and inspired the splendor of their achievements still lives to-day, and its worth and its deeds may well challenge a Bayard, a Bruce, or a Richard to parallel them: Rome had her Brutus, France her Bayard, Britain her Nelson and Switzerland her Winkelried, but higher than the highest on the roll of honor stands the name of Samuel Davis, of Rutherford County, Tennessee. The former yielded up their lives amidst the roar of battle and the rapture of strife—with friends and comrades to tell the partial story of how they fought and how they fell. Surrounded by his enemies, who bear willing testimony to his matchless courage and his stainless honor, no earthly monarch gave him his "accolade," but touched by the hand divine, he rose from the gallows to the crown—a kingly knight—a knightly king, in patriotism unrivaled, in modest courage and heroism peerless and alone.

This glorious young martyr, only 21 years of age, gave his young life to his beloved South on the scaffold rather than betray a trust confided to him. His tribute to his people and the cause for which he fought induced a Federal officer, Lieut. J. M. Bell, who was an eye witness, to publish in a Northern paper eleven years ago a sketch ending with this remarkable language: * * * "And thus ended a tragedy wherein a smooth-faced boy, without counsel, standing friendless in the midst of enemies, had, with a courage of the highest type, deliberately chosen death to life secured by means he deemed dishonor-

able. Of just such material was the Southern army formed." Mr. Cunningham, editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, who has so happily inaugurated a movement to erect a monument in Davis' honor, credits the inspiration to the testimony of Union Soldiers who were present at the execution.

To honor Southern chivalry, you, sir knights and these fair ladies and brave men, are assembled here to-day; and never did noble knights in nobler cause lay lance in rest. Within Westminster's sacred fane lie England's noblest dead and pilgrims from distant lands throng "its dim religious aisles." In their wanderings through its cloistered courts they pause not before the ornate tombs of titular kings, but gather, with voiceless tongues and bated breath, round the simple tablets that mark the sleeping dust of England's dead heroes, poets and statesmen. The sacred soil of Westminster Abbey hath a magic power to make kings plebeians and plebeians kings.

Felicitous, indeed, was the thought that organized this knightly pageant to forward the purpose so near our hearts. The men and women of the South have determined to carry out the sublime movement inaugurated by that Confederate cavalryman from Virginia, Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, now of New York, that true soldier and most generous and noble-hearted philanthropist, and rear a "Battle Abbey" on Southern soil to perpetuate the fame and glory of her gallant dead.

"Supremely blessed are they
That earth to earth entrust, for they may know
And tend the dwelling whence the slumbered clay
Shall rest at last, and bid the young flowers bloom,
That waft a breath of hope around the tomb
And kneel upon the dewy turf and pray."

The civilization of a nation is best indicated by their care for their dead. Every stately tomb, every lofty monument which marks the spot where worth and valor sleep are silent witnesses, yet eloquent of a nation's grateful love. We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to our posterity, that a new Westminster shall lift its lofty spires on Southern soil.

Crushed beneath overwhelming numbers our Southern dead have bequeathed to you the trust to preserve their fame and honor as unsullied and as stainless as the swords they wore—will you prove recreant to this trust? This splendid pageant, this array of youth and beauty—this "largesse" of benefaction from these valiant knights—all these give earnest for the future of this sacred trust. First in honor, as in place, Albert Sidney Johnston, Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Joseph E. Johnston—the immortal quartette of knightly heroes, far greater in nobility of character and purity of their lives than our Revolutionary heroes—have led the advance guard across the dark river. and one by one the leaders of our hosts have crossed over to rest beneath the perennial shade that gladdened Stonewall's dying eyes; and the small rearguard who remain, veterans of an hundred stricken fields, are waiting and watching for orders for the final march.

Doubtless before your task has been achieved their sacred dust will also be ready to be gathered, with those who have preceded them into our Southern Valhalla, to that spot where chosen pilgrimages will be made, and our children's children, as upon some sacred shrine, will swear fresh fealty to Honor and to Truth.

VISION BY "THE LAST VETERAN."

"We are all here" is the pathetic inscription upon a shaft in Meterie Cemetery, New Orleans. That is the only inscription. It is recalled by a story that is being copied by newspapers from the Brunswick Times-Herald. It is a visionary account of "the last Veteran"

He alone was left alive, and now death came to lay its hand upon him. One soldier's grave still unfilled, and the sleepless sexton waited, leaning on his spade.

A little patch of sunlight fell upon the coverlet, and the dying man placed his only hand there that the tender warmth might kiss it with its lips of gold. And the words he spoke were as the words of one who dreams of distant things, for they had a mystic sweetness, and death tarried that it, too, might hear. His dying words and visions are described as follows:

"Bring me the rusty musket and the faded coat of gray, for yonder in the valley I see the army gathering. Surely that is my General yonder calling to me and waving his sword lest I come too late. Somehow I dreamed that they were all dead, and that I was the last left on earth.

"See! They are marching now, a mighty host of heroes, with their feet no longer bare and their flags no longer tattered. On, on they go, and I see them climbing the golden sunrise hills into an endless day. Company after company, battalion, regiment after regiment—and yonder rise the white walls of the city which they mean to take. But no menacing guns are pointed; no sentinels pace the ramparts; there seems to be no apprehension of danger, no preparation for attack.

"Look! the army is entering the wide portals; not a shot, not a struggle, no dead or dying men. Ah! I see—I see—I know why the conquest was bloodless, for the name of the city is Peace!"

The little patch of sunlight faded, the soul of the soldier passed; and the sexton, leaning on his spade stood looking into the grave.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SAM DAVIS' GRAVE.

The Nashville American comments after the service: The impressive ceremonies at the grave of Sam Davis last Sunday show conclusively that the manliness and courage of the brave soldier who was hanged as a spy because he would not betray the man who gave him information, though his life was offered him, have not been forgotten. Not only physical but moral courage of the highest order are exemplified in the sacrifice made by Sam Davis, and his memory should be lastingly revered.

The Nashville Banner comments as follows:

Mr. S. A. Cunningham and his CONFEDERATE VETERAN are doing a very commendable work in promoting the movement to erect a monument to the memory of the noble Sam Davis, and we are glad to note that success is crowning the effort. * * * Let all who have hearts to help in this most worthy cause send their subscriptions to Mr. Cunningham. The monument should be a grand one.

PORTRAITS OF CONFEDERATES WANTED.

Gen. John Boyd, Lexington, Ky., accurate and reliable in every way, asks a favor:

I am very anxious to obtain a photograph or other picture of the following Confederates. Pictures of Confederate officials wanted are as follows:

Treasury Department.—Clanton, Philip, Georgia; Cruger, Lewis, South Carolina.

War Department.—Myers, A. C., Quartermaster General; Morton, Richard, Chief of Mining Bureau.

Post Office Department,—Offutt, H. St. Geo., Chief Contract Bureau; Olements, B. N., Chief of Appointments.

Governors.—Shorter, John Gill, Ala.; Perry, M. S., Florida; Millon, John, Florida; and Gamble, Hamilton R., Missouri.

Signers of Constitution.—Barnwell, R. W., South Carolina; Cilhton, William P., Alabama; Clanton, A. M., Mississippi; Oldham, W. S., Texas; Owens, J. B., Florida.

Generals.—Frazier, C. W., Miss., Col. 28th Alabama Inf.; Col. 25th Mississippi Inf.; Randall, Horace, Texas, Col. 28th Texas Cav.; Richardson, R. V., Tenn., Col. 12th Tennessee Cav.; Grayson, J. B.; Harmon, J. H., Alabama; Adams, C. W.; Garott, Isham W.; Kelly, J. H.; Nelson, Allison.

Colonels, appointed Brigadier Generals, but whose Commissions did not reach them, as the war ended. —Barnes, J. W., Tenn., Col. 4th Texas Inf.; Cox, John Z., Alabama; Fizzer, J. C., Mississippi; Gibbs, Geo. C., N. C., Col. 42d N. C. Inf.; Harris, D. B., Virginia; Harris, T. A., Miss., Major 2d Bat. State Cav. Miss.; Harrison, Richard, Tex., Col. 43d Miss. Inf.; Henderson, R. J., Georgia; James, T. M.; McMurray, J. A., Tenn., Col. 34th Tenn. Inf.; Marshall, John, Texas Lt. Col. 4th Texas Inf.; Nelson, Allison, Texas, Col. 10th Texas Inf.; Phifer, Chas. W., Texas, Maj. Bat. Ark. Cav.; Reid, J. C., Alabama; Richardson, R. V., Col. 12th Tennessee Cav.; Rouda (or Ronald), Chas. A., Va., Col. 4th Va. Infantry; Rains, George W., Georgia, Col. 1st Local Defence Troops; Robertson, E. S. C., Texas; Ross, R. R.; Rucker, E. W., Tenn., Maj. 16th Tenn. Cav., Col. 1st Tenn. Division Cavalry; Russell, W. W.; Smith, Geo. A., Ga., Col. 1st Confed. Inf.; Whitfield, F. E., Miss., Col. 9th Miss. Inf.

Comrade Boyd adds: I am simply aiding others in the very laudable work of preserving the faces and military history of our comrades. As the labor is entirely without pecuniary compensation to me, I hope my friends and comrades will render every assistance in their power to get these pictures, which I pledge shall be sacredly cared for and returned as soon as copies can be made. They can be sent to me at Lexington, Ky., by express at my expense, or I will forward stamps for mailing, and I will return them free of any expense to the sender.

Chattanooga Negroes Compliment A Confederate.—W. P. McClatchy, Commander N. B. Forrist Camp, Chattanooga, Tenn., has been honored by the negro men of that city. They presented him with a gold-headed cane. Addresses were made by J. W. White and J. G. Burge, negro lawyers there. Comrade McClatchy held the office of City Recorder (Judge of the City Court) last year, and at the expiration of his term he was greatly surprised when these men presented it as a token of their friendship and esteem, and for the just and impartial manner in which he had dealt with their race. He asked them why they had "U. C. V. 1861–65," engraved on it, and they replied that they wished to emphasize that while he was a Southern man, and a Confederate soldier, he had adminis. tered the law justly and impartially. The N. B. Forrest Camp hearing of this compliment to its commander, by a rising vote thanked the donors for their expression of confidence in and esteem for a Confederate soldier, and a Southern Democrat who had "administered the law, in wisdom, justice and moderation."

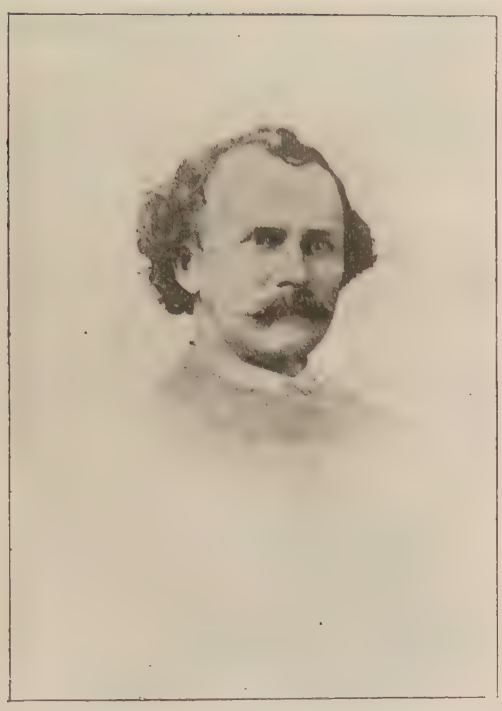
The inscription reads: "U. C. V., 1861–1865, J. W. and J. G. to W. P. McC., 1895." Which stands for United Confederate Veteran 1861 to 1865, J. B. White and J. G. Burge to W. P. McClatchy, 1895.

In a note the comrade says: I never had a present in my life that I appreciated any more than this. Every true Southerner understands and appreciates a good negro, while the negro understands that the Southern man is the best friend he has. But for the meddling of people who really care nothing for the negro, but who are prejudiced against the South, there would be no friction between the races.

CAMPAIGN AND BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Judge E. C. Minor writes from Richmond, Va.:

The old Confederates of Richmond and Baltimore have recently had a great treat in listening to the address of William L. Royall, Esq., of Richmond, Va., on the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. It was delivered in Baltimore on the 20th of January, 1896, before the Army and Navy Society of Maryland, and in Richmond on the 17th of March, 1896, for the benefit of the J. E. B. Stuart monument fund. Mr. Royall has been a profound student of the subject and he collated the evidence that bears on the question whether General Lee ordered General Longstreet to attack Mead's left flank at sunrise on the morning of July 2nd, 1863, and whether he proved that the order was given or whether he did not, he made it perfectly clear that Gen. Longstreet could have made the attack at that hour, and that if he had made it, Meade had nothing there which could have resisted him for a moment. His account of the fearful battle of the third day, when Pickett's division was sacrificed, was exceedingly spirited, and interested his audience most deeply. Altogether the audience both at Baltimore and Richmond was richly rewarded, and received an idea of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg which was entirely new to them. Mr. Royall will deliver this address again in Richmond during the great Confederate Reunion, at the beginning of July, for the benefit of the J. E. B. Stuart monument fund, and I advise all old Confederates who are there to go to hear it.



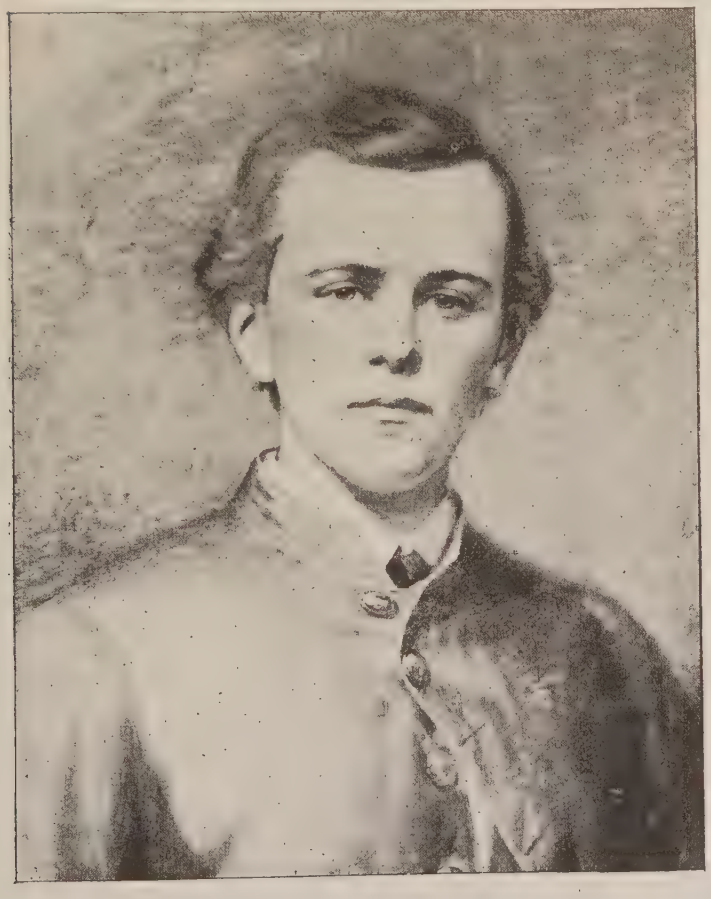
CAPTAIN CALVIN C. MORGAN.

These engravings are from a list furnished by Gen. Boyd, Lexington, Ky. Many others, who risked their lives, and a large proportion who gave all to the Confederate cause, are yet to appear in the VETERAN.

Captain Calvin C. Morgan, born at Huntsville, Ala., June 4, 1827, enlisted in the Confederate service at McMinnville, Tenn., in 1862, and served on the staff of his brother, Gen. John H. Morgan, as Captain. He was in many battles, captured on the Ohio raid, and imprisoned in the Ohio Penitentiary and Fort Delaware until near the close of the war. He surrendered at Augusta, Ga., in May, 1865. He died at his home, Lexington, Ky., July 19, 1882.

MAJOR G. WASHINGTON MORGAN,

born in Calhoun, Tenn., December 1, 1817, enlisted at Knoxville, Tenn., early in 1861. Was Major of the Third Tennessee Infantry until May, 1862, when he joined Morgan's Cavalry and soon became Major of the Second Kentucky. He was in several battles, both infantry and cavalry, and was killed at Ashland, near Lexington, Ky., October 27, 1862.



LIEUTENANT THOMAS A. MORGAN,

born in Lexington, Ky., May 7, 1844, enlisted in the Second Kentucky Infantry, July, '61. In the fall of that year he was transferred to Morgan's Cavalry. He was soon promoted to a Lieutenancy for gallantry and meritorious conduct. After escaping in many battles he was killed in a battle at Lebanon, Ky., July 5, 1863.

F. KEY MORGAN,

born in Lexington, Ky., August 23, 1845, enlisted in Company I, Second Kentucky Cavalry, September, 1862. He was in quite a number of battles in Kentucky and Tennessee, surrendered in May, '65, and died at Lexington October 6, 1878.

SKETCHES OF CONFEDERATE COMRADES.

For a long time it has been our desire to acknowledge the promptness and zeal of two venerable friends in Texas in the cause of the VETERAN. They were first and fast friends although only known by their labors. How much gratitude it would afford to render liberal acknowledgment for every kindness in our work may be imagined.

Judge D. C. Thomas, of Lampasas, was one of its first valliant advocates, and in response to a request for his picture and reminiscences the following is given:

DEWITT CLINTON THOMAS.

Born in Alabama Jan'y 22, 1835. When four years old his parents removed to Mississippi, and five years later, in 1844, they went to Texas and located in what is now Burleson county. His early life was spent on a farm or driving cattle. Game being abundant, he spent his leisure time in the woods with his dogs and gun.

In 1861, while he was a clerk in a dry goods store, the noble and gallant Henry E. McCulloch called for volunteers, and he was the first man to enlist in Burleson county, and on the 18th day of April he was mustered into the Confederate service at San Antonio as Second Lieutenant of Company A, First Regiment of Texas Mounted Riflemen. He served in this regiment on the Texas frontier under Col. McCulloch until April, 1862, when the regiment was mustered out. He went to Washington county and enlisted as a private in the Cavalry Battalion of Waul's Texas Legion, declining all offers for promotion, and went east of the Mississippi river.

On the 23d of September, 1863, he was captured by the 7th Illinois Cavalry—confined for a short time in (the Irvin Block) Memphis, Tenn. From there was removed to Alton, Ill., where he was kept through the winter in the old penitentiary. In March, 1864, he was shipped to "Sheal," familiarly known as Fort Delaware, and remained there until June following Gen. Lee's surrender.

He returned to Texas, when he learned that his father and mother had died during his incarceration, leaving a large family of younger children who became his special care. He was elected sheriff of Burleson county, and served as such until Governor Throckmorton was removed by the military. He then resigned, bought a herd of cattle, and started across the plains to California, but sold out in New Mexico and returned to Texas.

In 1871 he married Miss Jennie Hewlett, of Kentucky, removed to Lampasas, and engaged in merchandising. In September, 1873, he lost all of his effects in an overflow. He was elected County Clerk in 1875, and served as such for ten years; was afterwards elected County Judge, and served four years. He was made a Master Mason in 1860, and is now a Knight Templar in the Belton Commandery, at Belton, Texas. Gen. Henry E. McCulloch said of him: "He was a brave soldier and one of God's noblemen." In 1861 he believed that secession was right, whether advisable or not, risked his life on the issue. He lost "all save honor," and his opinion is yet unchanged.

Henry Mansfield Cook was born in Upson county, Georgia, December 29th, 1825, and was the only son of Arthur B. and Mary Cook, pioneers in Georgia. Young Cook's father was a farmer, a man of limited means, and this son labored on the farm.

In 1840 the family emigrated to Alabama and settled near West Point, and four years later moved to Lowndes county, Mississippi, near Columbus. From 1840 to 1846 Henry alternated between school and work on the farm. For about six years previous to the beginning of the Mexican war, this rule with him continued.

He volunteered promptly and walked thirty miles to Columbus, where he enlisted in the company of the "notorious" Alex. K. McClung, known as the "Tombigbee Volunteers." They marched to Vicksburg and incorporated in the First Mississippi Regiment, the Mississippi Rifles, which was commanded by the peerless Jefferson Davis. The regiment reported to General Zachary Taylor—"Rough and Ready"—then at the mouth of the Rio Grande. Under command of its brave leader, Col. Davis, the

memorable battles at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma were fought. The regiment served under Gen. Taylor, who soon after added fresh laurels to his fame in the capture of Monterey. With 4,500 volunteers he gained a victory over Santa Anna with 20,000 regulars at Buena Vista and also subjugated the northern provinces of Mexico.

At the expiration of his term of service, young Cook returned to Mississippi and again pursued his education, remembering that "where there is a will there is a way," even despite the disadvantages of that period.

In August, 1852, he married Margaret E., the estimable daughter of Thomas and Mahala Carr, of Octibbeha county, Mississippi, and in 1855 moved with Mr. Carr to the "wild and woolly west." They located in what is now Leon county, Texas.

In a short while Mr. Cook was elected Justice of the Peace, and afterwards County Commissioner, offices given unsolicited.

At the beginning of the Confederate war he went to Louisiana and enlisted as a private in Carrington's Company, Baylor's regiment of cavalry. He was elected Orderly Sergeant of the company, and subsequently was promoted to third, second, and first lieutenant, and afterward to commander of the company. He participated in all the engagements with "Commissary" Banks' army until those vandals were driven from that part of the country.

When the Confederate flag went down in darkness and gloom, Capt. Cook returned to his little family, broken down in health and stripped of all his property. He offered what little he had remaining for $600, with a view of migrating to Mexico, but his noble and courageous wife counselled differently and he decided to "accept the situation." In 1869 he sold his farm and engaged in the mercantile business in Centerville, Leon county, Texas. He prospered in this new field, and in 1876 he moved to the railroad, where he aided in building up the town of Buffalo, on the International Railroad. In 1884, with his increased capital, he removed to Belton, Texas, where he resumed business on a larger scale. After this, his health failing, he turned the management of the business over to his son, T. A. Cook, and his son-in-law, T. W. Cochran, and retired.

Capt. and Mrs. Cook had four children, two sons and two daughters; the younger son and daughter have passed over to the Glory Land; the other two are still living, and have interesting families of their own.

Comrade Cook was ruling elder in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church from 1850 until his removal to Belton in 1884. Then, as there was no branch of that Church in Belton, he made a temporary abode with the Prebyterians, as did his good wife until her death, February 6, 1894. She was loved by all who knew her.

Capt. Cook is a man of strong will power, bold and courageous, upright, and conscientious, but is kind-hearted and charitable.

The foregoing is from a sketch by Dr. H. C. Ghent.

TRIBUTE THE CARROLLS, OF CARROLLTON.

Miss Kate Mason Rowland, of Baltimore, Md.:

Please contradict the statement in your April number—a statement which has been going the rounds of Northern newspapers—that Miss Anna Carroll, notorious for her efforts to aid in the coercion of her own State, and of the Southern Confederacy, was a descendant of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, as she was not in any way related to him, and the assertion is dishonoring to the memory of the Revolutionary patriot. The great charter of American liberties, "the Declaration of Independence," gave to the world the States' Rights Principles, already formulated in the Virginia "Declaration of Rights," that the governments of communities derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; and that whenever these become destructive of the ends for which they were instituted, it is the right of the people of each community to alter or abolish such government.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, not the least illustrious of the signers of this paper, left no descendants who were faithless to their heritage. Two out of the three Carrolls, of Carrollton, who in '61 represented the name, were among those gallant spirits who fought for these rights under the banners of Lee—Army of Northern Virginia—and one of them met a soldier's and patriot's death on a Virginia battlefield. They were not unheedful of the trumpet-call of the Maryland poet:

> "Thy beaming sword shall never rest,
> Maryland, my Maryland!
> *Remember Carroll's sacred trust,*
> Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
> And all thy slumberers with the just,
> Maryland, my Maryland!"

Carrolls and Howards alike went to the fray, exiled and landless, with Maryland's 20,000 heroes. And at home, in their down-trodden city and State, the women of the Carroll and the Howard families, with the many others—whose names form a roll of honor Maryland will bear upon her shield forever—suffered and served, dauntless and undismayed, through all the four long years of the sanguinary conflict.

A Virginian, in 1867, dedicated a book on Mosby and his Partisan Rangers to fifty-two of the ladies of Baltimore, giving their names on his title page, "as a testimonial," "not unworthy of the noble sympathy which during the late war, under the most trying circumstances, you displayed for the cause of justice and truth." One of the ladies receiving this testimonial was Miss Emily Harper, a grand-daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, long to be remembered in her native State as the embodiment of gracious and refined womanhood, and celebrated throughout a wide social circle for her piety and benevolence. Elswhere in his interesting and romantic volume, Colonel Scott compliments "the heroines of Baltimore," of whom he fervently writes: "It is not just to compare mere mortals with them. They belong to the order of angels; yes, ministering angels to the sick and imprisoned soldiers of the South."

MAJOR FRANK GAILOR.

One of the prettiest stories ever printed in the VETERAN was on the title page, December, 1894. The authorship of the article was withheld, as were the names of the parties. It was Bishop Gailor's child that told the story. It is reprinted in part:

"She was a tiny maid of three, but she sat upright on the cushioned seat of the well-filled passenger coach with a certain majesty and grace that pleased the more thoughtful travelers, who stopped now and then to hear her quaint, childish prattle. She was unconscious of any interest she had awakened, and told story after story of her home, dolls, playmates, and games to the lady with whom she was traveling. Then she grew confidential and climbed into her companion's lap, and this gave a place at their sides to the gentleman who wished to join them a moment later. The tiny bit of precious humanity noticed, in her quick, intelligent, sympathetic way, that an empty sleeve hung at the gentleman's right side, but she looked out of the window, apparently lost in thought

MAJOR FRANK GAILOR

After a while she spoke, but her eyes seemed still to regard the passing scene: "My farver's farver was in the war, and one day, when they had a battle, he saw ever and ever and ever so many poor men, who had little chillun at home, killed wite there before his eyes; and they was bewied wite there, and nobody could tell their names, and their little chillun never could see them any more." She never seemed to see the empty sleeve, but the gentleman was conscious she had done so, and that the dear little mind had tenderly grasped the truth, that he was one of those who had been "in the war," and that his arm had been left with the unnamed dead on some battlefield—maybe the one where her "farver's farver" had fought. As he rose to leave the train he kissed the child, and the little one's companion saw a tear on his furrowed cheek.

The "farver's farver" was Major Frank Gailor, and was himself killed in battle at 29 years of age. Although he was Chief Quartermaster, which position designated his place in the rear, he insisted upon going into action in every engagement. And he was mentioned for conspicuous bravery in the battle of Shiloh. An old copy of the Memphis Bulletin states, concerning the battle of Perryville, Oct. 8, 1862: When the line was formed, Major Gailor left his wagon train in charge of his assistant and applied for position on the field, to his Commander, Gen. S. A. M. Wood. Gen. Wood was wounded early in the action. In a few minutes every field officer was killed or wounded, when Major Gailor, already conspicuous in the engagement, by common consent, "became leader of the brigade."

Late in the afternoon the enemy advanced rapidly. Major Gailor and Captain L. A. McClung were together, and the latter being wounded urged his friend to save himself, when he replied, "I never will desert a friend in your condition." He had attached a white handkerchief to his sabre and raised it above himself and comrade. It was hardly visible in the battle smoke. Soon a bullet pierced his brain. A grave was dug for him in a churchyard near by, and the broken wheel of a gun carriage was placed as a head-stone. Beneath it rests the body of one of the truest and bravest men whose deeds shed lustre on the fame of Memphis.

"As the years roll on, and our griefs become mellowed by time, our hearts will make pilgrimages to the lonely graves of our dead, and when from fullness of years we can no more deck with garlands their resting places, we will call our children about us, and tell them the sad story of our war and its failure. We will point out to them the spots where our heroes sleep, and tell them that they whose bones lie mouldering there,

> 'Fell devoted but undying;
> The gales their names seem sighing;
> The woods are peopled with their fame;
> The waters murmur of their name;
> The silent pillar, lone and gray,
> Claims kindred with their sacred clay;
> Their memory sparkles o'er our fountains;
> Their spirits wrap our dusky mountains;
> Our meanest rill, our mightiest river,
> Rolls mingling with their fame forever.'"

The purpose of the foregoing is not only to pay tribute to the gallant soldier and patriot, but to note, as example, the faithfulness of the son, Bishop Thos. F. Gailor. His sentiment is set forth in an address at a Confederate Memorial service in Memphis. After an argument in favor of the Bluff City as the location, Bishop Gailor said: * * * The minds that would mistake our devotion to our fathers for disloyalty to our government are too narrow and too few to deserve either notice or explanation. The past is gone. The hopes and ambitions and animosities of Bull Run and Chancellorsville and

Shiloh sleep in graves over which the grass has come and withered these thirty years. We do not wish, even if it were possible, to disturb the sacred peace that has come to us from those who rest where the glitter of the saber and the throb of the drum are heard no more. Yet who shall blame us if we love and cherish every memory and every record that ennobles the land where we were born. For surely the South hath a history that maketh us not ashamed! To her, we are bold to say, first of all and chiefest of all, the colonies owed their independence. Her people were foremost in making the government and constitution. Every State of the Union west of Indiana, and including it, owed its existence to the generosity of the South or the achievement of her sons. Who shall dare to judge them harshly then, because, when the crisis came upon them, they refused to stultify all their previous history; refused to repudiate the lessons they had learned from childhood, and in the defense of what their mothers taught them manifested the same independence and courage that won the victory at King's Mountain and at Yorktown. Let our Battle Abbey be the witness of our gratitude to God that our fathers were men and heroes, not infallible in judgment, not archangels nor demi-gods, but men, true and steadfast, with the noblest qualities of manhood.

The present is not built upon the past. The past lives in the present. What we are to-day our fathers made us. The people that respects its past respects itself.

The Confederate memorial shall be a memorial of manhood and womanhood that had great courage, great conviction, great spirit of sacrifice, great faith and great patriotism. The pure gold runs from the fiery furnace, and we do not ask whence nor how the flame was kindled. The virtues that our fathers showed in their devotion to the Confederacy are the virtues we would have our children love and cultivate in their devotion to their country. Therefore, every grave on every battlefield, from Manassas to Appomattox; every rent and riddled and smoke stained flag that bears the starry cross; every sword their dead hands grasped; every spot of earth their warm blood crimsoned; every relic and every scar, is sacred—as a witness and an appeal—a witness to a love that counted not the cost, a faith that never wavered an appeal to us and to our children, that when our trial comes, our baptism of blood, we may prove ourselves worthy of so great an ancestry.

In this sense certainly for Southern men to forget or depreciate the glory of the heritage that their fathers bequeathed to them is to prove themselves unworthy of sonship, unfit for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, unable to cope with problems that shall demand the same unselfishness of conviction, the same courage, and perhaps the same sacrifice.

My friends, we are Americans. One flag floats over the whole country, and it is our flag. One law rules, one government executes, and it is our law and our government. Thank God who hath knit together in bonds that we trust are indissoluble the people of every State from Maine to Texas. There is only one thing that can destroy this union and that is the triumph of selfishness. Whenever public office shall become no longer "a public trust," but only a private greed; when legislation shall be corrupted by avarice and the ballot sold in the marketplace; when the monster of self-love shall have devoured patriotism; and when the people shall have been so degraded as to love to have it so, then and only then shall American citizenship and American institutions fail.

Let our Battle Abbey stand as the sign and pledge of our love for greatness. Let it tell our children the sad, heroic story of that grand unselfishness. Let its presence breathe into their hearts the warm breath of that splendid heroism. Let it consecrate their patriotism with the honor of sacred dust. Let it stand always as the treasure house of tender and holy memories, over which shall hover the spirits of the men who followed Lee and Jackson and Kirby-Smith and Johnston, of men who lost everything, who gave everything, who suffered everything for what they believed to be the truth.

"Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!"

The personal notes following show his remarkable career: Thomas Frank Gailor was born at Jackson, Miss., Sept. 17, 1856, and the family moved to Memphis in '58. He graduated with first honor, Racine College, '76; graduated and won S. T. D. Degree in the General Theological Seminary, New York City; he also received prize for Classical and Hellenistic Greek in '79. He was ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, '79, and for three years was in charge of the church at Pulaski, Tenn. He was elected Chaplain and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of the South in '82; received the Degree of S. T. D. from Columbia College, New York, '89. He was elected Vice Chancellor of the University of the South in 1890; was elected Bishop of Georgia in '90, but declined to leave Sewanee. He was elected Bishop-Coadjutor of Tennessee, by

BISHOP GAILOR.

unanimous vote of clergy and laity, on first ballot in '93 and accepted.

He has been honored by degrees as follows: Columbia, N. Y., '89, S.T.D.; Trinity College, Hartford, '92, D.D.; University of the South, '93, D.D.; General Theological Seminary, N. Y., '94, S. T. D. Bishop Gailor was chosen to deliver the Church Club Lecture in New York in '89 and again in '95; he was elected to preach the "Flower Sermon" at St. Louis in '94, and also to deliver the "Slocum Lectures" at the University of Michigan in '95, and "Paddock Lectures," New York City, the next year. While this young Bishop does not authorize the statement, it is understood that while Vice Chancellor at Sewanee, he was urged by a congregation in Chicago to go there and was proffered several times the salary he was getting, which he promptly declined to accept.

Comrade M. H. Clark, of Clarksville, Tenn., having stated that Bishop Gailor objected to the name Battle Abbey, inquiry was sent and he replied:

My position about Battle Abbey is simply this. I am enthusiastically in favor of having a Memorial Hall where our relics shall be preserved, but the name to my mind is not appropriate:

Abbey means a monastic church. We are not building a church; then why call it so? I cannot see any reason why we should adopt such nomenclature, when it means absolutely nothing.

There is no doubt that William the Conqueror, in founding the Battle Abbey, and providing for the continual prayers of the monks on behalf of those who fell at Hastings, was performing an act of restitution and remorse for the crime that was committed when a Christian army slew so many fellow-Christians to gratify his personal ambition. This then is not an appropriate idea for our memorial.

Finally, I believe in American institutions and do not see why we should go abroad in order to get a proper name for something that we can describe in our own historic language. Why not call it simply The Confederate Memorial? Everyone will understand that. * * *

As I understand the matter, the name is not yet settled and we can work away for the present and not trouble ourselves until the question comes up.

I send you $5. for the Davis monument. Why not think of having a monument to his memory in the Chickamauga Park where the Government would care for it always? You may credit this $5. to me, my wife, and three children, $1. each.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Instructions for Organizing Chapters—Official.

Let those who wish to be known as charter members sign application for charter blank, seven or more names will be sufficient. Forward this application with charter dues to the President of Charter Chapter of the State for her endorsement, and in States where Divisions have been formed to State President. After endorsing she forwards same to United Daughters of Confederacy headquarters, when a charter properly signed and with official seal attached is sent direct to applicants. Next, call a meeting of charter members and all others who wish to become members—appoint temporary chairman—who presides until the following officers are elected: President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. Application for membershipblanks are then distributed; each and every member must fill out one of these.

A committee on credentials composed of three or five members is appointed, whose duty it is to carefully inspect every record on the applications, as to dates, etc., and if satisfactory to sign and return same to the Secretary, who notifies applicant of her election. Until these applications have been passed on favorably by the credential committee the applicant is not admitted to membership.

All application blanks must be filed away by Secretaries until a State Registrar is elected, then these papers are forwarded her to be registered in the State Register, and by her returned to the Secretaries of the respective chapters, to be safely kept with the papers of her chapter.

The first chapter in a State is the "Charter Chapter," and is authority until after the formation of three or more chapters, and all application for charters must be endorsed by the President of Charter Chapter.

When three or more chapters have been formed in a State, the President of Charter Chapter calls a meeting at which she presides until the election of State officers which are: President, Vice President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Sectretary, Historian, Treasurer and Registrar. Every chapter is entitled to one vote or delegate for every twenty-five members, or one delegate can cast the vote of the entire chapter.

After the formation of State Division, the President of Division becomes authority in the State and all subsequent applications for charters must be signed by her.

Certificates of membership can be had on orders signed by President or Secretary of chapter ordering—and cost ten cents each. Badges cost $2.00, and are subject to same conditions as certificates.

On May 28. 1896, delegates from nine Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, met at Columbia, S. C., organized the South Carolina State Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, electing the following officers:

President, Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, of Charleston; First Vice President, Mrs. Thomas Taylor, of Columbia; Second Vice President, Mrs. Hugh B. Buist, of Greenville; Secretary, Miss Martha B. Washington, of Charleston; Treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Durham, of Marion.

Miss Sudie McAlester, Treasurer, Chapter No. 40., United Daughters of the Confederacy, McAlester, I. T., June 8, 1896: Our Chapter has this day placed in the National Bank, Denison, Texas, $30.00 to credit of Battle Abbey. [Well done.—Ed]

BATTLE DESCRIBED TO CHARMING NELLIE.

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., Oct. 8, 1862.

CHARMING NELLIE:

My last letter to you was mailed at Richmond, sometime in July. Since then we have been so steadily on the go that I have only been able to write the briefest of notes to inform my friends of my continued existence and good health. From the newspapers you will by this time have placed yourself au courant with all important events. To relate my personal experiences and observations will require a longer letter than I usually have the heart to inflict, even upon a lady. Nevertheless,

* * * * * * * *

I overtook the command on the south side of the Rappahannock—the five regiments in bivouac, side by side, on an open hill, and all out of tobacco. So too, was I within five minutes, for not suspecting the condition of affairs, I entered camp smoking, and was at once relieved of my superabundance of Zarvona, and even of the small sack of Lone Jack which in a moment of aristocratic extravagance I had purchased in Richmond for almost its weight in Confederate money. But about sundown Commodore Dunn appeared with a whole wagon load of the weed, and then happiness prevailed and clouds of fragrant smoke ascended in spiral wreaths toward the blue heavens.

At two o'clock of the 26th day of August we began the longest and most fatiguing march we have ever made. All that evening, all that night and all the next day until sundown, it was tramp—tramp—tramp. Jackson was up at Manassas Junction, had captured an immense amount of commissary and quartermaster supplies, but was about to be surrounded and wanted help.

A couple of hundred yards from the road the body of a man dressed in the uniform of a Confederate officer swung from the limb of an oak tree. The story, as I heard it, was this: A message, purporting to be from Gen. Longstreet, was delivered by an officer to Gen. ———. Obeying it, the latter instantly halted his command, but, suspecting treachery and seeing Longstreet approaching, detained the messenger. "Why have you halted, sir?" demanded Longstreet angrily. "By your order, sir," replied Gen. ———. "Who delivered the order?" "That officer on the sorrel horse." "Who authorized you to deliver the order, sir?" demanded Longstreet of the officer. "Gen. Longstreet," replied he without a moment's hesitation, and looking Longstreet full in the face. "Do you know Gen. Longstreet?" "I do, sir." "Is he present?" "He is not, sir." "Arrest that man," said Longstreet turning quickly to the officer in command of his body guard. "Then detail an officer and six privates to carry him to that tree over yonder and hang him—he is a spy." The fellow acknowledged that he was a Federal officer and had been offered an immense sum of money if he would delay the march of Longstreet's Corps long enough to enable Pope to capture Jackson. He had played for a big stake and lost, but, asking neither trial nor mercy, met his fate like a man.

* * * * * * * *

On the evening of the 28th, we passed through Manassas Gap, and at sundown camped on the side of an open hill. Near the top of it the commissaries were busy issuing hard tack. Some idlers gave a couple of empty barrels a twirl and a kick that sent them racing down the hill with a racket like the charge of a regiment of cavalry, and instantly, while many of our men sprang for the guns stacked on the color line, hundreds sprang to their feet intent on seeking safety in flight. I did neither, I am proud to say. Happening to be standing close to the only tree within three hundred yards, I stood my ground like a man. "It's nothing but barrels, you fools," shouted some cool, observant fellow, and thus checked an incipient stampede.

At daylight of the 27th, we were awakened by the noise of musketry and artillery firing. It was several miles away, but still loud enough to convince us that a terrible battle was in progress between Jackson and Pope. At sun-up we were on the way to relieve old Stonewall, the brigade marching in column, but with skirmishers—your humble servant one of them—under Col. Upton, in advance. No enemy appearing to check us, we made rapid progress, and about 10 o'clock in the morning took position on Jackson's right, but a mile or more from the scene of the matutinal battle—the regiment lying comfortably and at ease in line on one edge of a narrow skirt of timber—the skirmishers standing behind and ardently hugging the trees on the other edge. In front was a gently undulating meadow, probably a quarter of a mile wide, but stretching to right as far as the eye could reach, and to the left to the railroad cut from which Pope had been trying all the morning to drive Jackson's men. On the opposite side of the meadow from us was another skirt of timber, and here were posted Yankee skirmishers. But as neither they nor we were so desirous of cultivating an intimate acquaintance with each other as to make ourselves conspicuous, the day passed with but occasional interchanges of hostile compliments.

Indeed, Yankee thirst for gore was so fully and early satiated by Jackson's brave Louisianians and Virginians, that both armies appeared to have regained their good humor and to be enjoying an interregnum of what Cæsar, Cicero, or some other great and famous Roman, denominates as "otium cum dignitate." Deceived into carelessness by these apparently amicable relations, Jack Sutherland and I, about three o'clock in the evening, were finding ease for our weary limbs at the foot of a tall tree at the extreme outer edge of the timber; he, resting his head against its trunk; I, sitting cross legged a few feet from him; our guns held in our laps. Jack was at the most interestingly philosophical part—to him—of a long dissertation on social etiquette, when the boom of a cannon broke upon our ears. The sound came from the right, and, looking in that direction, we became witnesses of a seemingly desperate cavalry battle, but at such a distance from us that we were unable to distinguish Confederates from Federals. Dense black clouds of dust and smoke marked the points where charges and countercharges were made and repulsed, lurid flashes of fire from the mouths of cannon leaped

now and then into sight beneath the overhanging pall, while an incessant rattle of small arms and roar of artillery greeted our ears. Wholly absorbed in watching that scene, it was startling to hear the simultaneous crash of a dozen batteries on our left. This latter demonstration was an effort of Gen. Pope to demoralize Jackson's troops preparatory to charging and driving them in confusion from their position in the railroad cut. This was not more than half a mile long, but running diagonally across our line of vision, we could only see the red banks of clay behind which crouched the defiant Confederates. The Federals, however, forming in battle array, and with flags waving proudly in the breeze, moved forward, a dark and threatening line of blue, in plain view. Advancing to the crest of the hill within a hundred yards of the cut, they halted a second, as if to perfect their alignment, and then, as if moved by a single impulse, sprang forward, with a long drawn "huzzah" ringing from their ten thousand throats. On they went until half the distance to the cut was covered, and then the smoke, flash and roar of four thousand well aimed guns burst from the Confederate intrenchment, and a wild, reckless and terrifying Southern yell echoed and re-echoed over the hills and hollows, and through the woodlands. And scarcely had it ceased to reverberate, when the smoke lifted and disclosed the survivors of that murderous volley fleeing for dear life back to their own lines, and its victims, lying, dark blots on the greensward, writhing and struggling, dead, dying and wounded. That infantry struggle lasted scarcely five minutes, but a thousand men were killed and more than twice as many more wounded! The cavalry fight on our right, continued an hour, but only five men were killed and seventeen wounded. No wonder all want to "jine the cavalry!"

Three such assaults were made on the railroad before the Yanks, on that part of their line, decided they had had enough. About the time they reached this wise conclusion, half a dozen bullets pattered on the ground and against the trees around me and Jack. Some one said, "Jack, you and Joe Polley had better get behind a tree; those fellows are shooting at you two." The advice seemed so sound that I immediately sought the protection of an adjacent tree. Being much lazier than I, Jack did not move as quick. But when, half a second after he had summoned up energy to let his head drop forward toward his knees, a ball struck the tree on the very spot where his cranium had rested, he displayed an activity truly wonderful!

Ten minutes afterwards, orders came to the skirmishers to drive the Yankees out of the timber beyond the meadow. Casting a look behind to assure ourselves that our respective regiments would follow closely enough to enable us to give them prompt warning of danger, we moved forward, the light of battle in our eyes—I reckon—and the fear of it in our hearts—I know.

Much to our delight, the enemy was as swift in retreat as we in advance. They did not even fire on us as we crossed the meadow, and once in the timber, our courage returned in full vigor. It is really surprising how comfortable even a sapling is to a fellow on a skirmish line. But by this time it was getting dark, and before I reached the open field beyond the timber it was not only quite dark, but the skirmish line had melted into utter nothingness. There was no severe fighting going on anywhere, so far as sight and hearing enabled me to judge, but I was alone, not a friend near to advise me, and bullets were whistling around me in such threatening superabundance and from so many directions, that I felt very much as I used to when my mother compelled me to sleep in a room all by "my lone self." Besides, I was getting very tired of dodging.

Just when my patriotism had sunk to the lowest ebb, I heard the command, "Forward, Eleventh Mississippi! Guide center!" and saw a long, straight and dark line moving, apparently sidewise, down the hill in the direction of where I supposed the enemy to be. Following it, I soon overtook the rash fellows, and when the regiment halted at the bottom of the hill to recover the breath it had lost in descending, placed myself in position to support its right flank. I thought the Colonel in command would be too wise to proceed further. But again his hoarse voice shouted "Forward!" while a captain close behind me declared he would shoot the first man who attempted to skulk. Thus you see, Charming Nellie, danger not only confronted me, but lurked in my rear. Rapid thought was a necessity. The Fourth Texas was certainly entitled to the credit of any gallantry I might accidentally or otherwise display. Knowing that I was not with the regiment, Colonel Carter would naturally conclude I was at the front, and would come immediately to my relief with the whole regiment at his back. Obviously the Eleventh Mississippi was going into danger, and it was better to risk the captain's pistol than the thousand and tens of thousands of guns which would be turned against me if I went forward. Thus reasoning, I permitted my Mississippi compatriots to proceed without me. The captain immediately rushed at me, pistol in one hand and drawn sword in the other, shouting: "Move forward, sir—move forward!" so fiercely that I was almost tempted to take him at his word. But better counsel prevailed. "I belong to the Fourth Texas, Colonel," I explained hastily; whereupon, cajoled by my flattery into returning it, he exclaimed, "That's all right then, Captain— nobody would be so far in the front but a Texan."

My trust in Col. Carter was speedily justified by the approach of the Fourth. But we had not gone a hundred yards after I dropped into the ranks of Company F., when we heard the report of half a hundred muskets in our rear. Halting and looking back, we saw a line of camp fires spring up as if by magic on the top of the hill at the edge of the woods, while the tall silhouettes of many men and horses flitted around them and between them and us. Half an hour later the brigade faced to the left, and the First Texas leading, marched toward the lights. Suddenly a loud voice cried, "Halt!" a single gunshot rang out on the still night air, and the command came whispered back, "Silence! we are surrounded by the enemy."

(To be continued.)

So much interest is manifested in the Charming Nellie letters that Comrade Polley has been asked upon his Confederate honor for the facts in regard to them and he replied:

* * * "Yes, Charming Nellie and all the scenes and incidents mentioned are real. The lady was a Miss Nellie ———, a stranger to me personally, but the intimate friend of a Miss ——— to whom I wrote frequently before and during the war.' While the Texas Brigade was in winter quarters at Dumfries, Miss ——— suggested that I should correspond also with her friend, which I did, always addressing her as "Charming Nellie," writing at great length and communicating to her all the happenings of the camp, the march, and the battle, likely to be of interest to an intensely Southern girl. In return, Charming Nellie sent me long, newsy, bright and entertaining letters, portions of which I was in the habit of reading to my intimates. As a result I was often asked by them if it was not about time to hear from Charming Nellie again. I wish I had preserved at least one of her letters. It would be interesting reading to all, for she was a lady of quick, bright mind and superior education. I have never had the pleasure of meeting her but three times, although she lives within 150 miles of me. And on those occasions I was with her only for brief periods. I never think of her without a prayer to God to bless her.

I also enclose the photograph of myself which you are kind enough to desire. Scattered through Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi are many college mates who will scarcely recognize the old gray-haired man represented by it. But I reckon they have changed as much as I.

J. B. POLLEY.

Miss Harriett Talbot, Galveston, Texas, writes: I was the friend and confident of "Charming Nellie" during the war, and read all of Mr. Polley's letters soon after they were penned. Am so glad they are now being published. Possessing an ambrotype of Nellie taken about the time she was receiving those "charming" missives, I enclose it to you for the VETERAN.

Capt. William Ledbetter, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., commanded the Rutherford County Rifles in First Tennessee Regiment. His company has become the more prominent as the first command in which the Confederate martyr, Sam Davis, enlisted, and with which he served until Gen. Bragg fell back to Shelbyville. Davis was here detailed as a scout.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM LEDBETTER.

This company, numbering 150 in all during the war, had its ranks reduced to about fifty at the surrender, and the gallant Captain brought home with him, as trophies of war, three shots in the head. He boasts that he was the oldest captain from Tennessee, the smallest in size—being only five feet six inches—that he had the largest company in his regiment, and more men over six feet. Captain Ledbetter is absorbed in the theme of perpetuating the names and fame of his soldier boys, and especially that of Sam Davis.

H. C. Dumas, Commanche, Texas: During the siege of Petersburg, Va., in 1864, I was on duty near the Crater, and we kept up a continual firing night and day. A boy came down the line selling Richmond papers. He proposed to give me a paper if I would let him shoot some. So I gave him my gun and cartridges and he went at it. I think he shot five or six rounds and got enough of it. He then took up his papers, and went down the line yelling, "Richmond papers!" I would like to know of that boy.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

The Shiloh Re-union ceremonies, May 29–30, will have attention in July. Several official changes of interest and importance have been made.

The general camp list will be printed next month. See that the list in April VETERAN of Commanders and Adjutants of Camps is correct or report it, please.

Owing to continued ill health, Mrs. John C. Brown has felt constrained to resign her position as President of United Daughters of the Confederacy, and all letters pertaining to business of the organization should be addressed to Mrs. L. H. Raines, Vice President, 142 Henry Street, Savannah, Ga.,

Gen. W. A. Smoot, Commander of the Grand Camp Confederate Veterans in Virginia, has exercised sufficient diligence in Re-union arrangements.

Separate headquarters for the different State Divisions have been provided, also the liberal heartedness of "Old Virginia" has been manifested, and in so many ways, that the Re-union promises as much comfort as can be expected in so great a gathering.

It is expected that the VETERAN for July—to contain sixty-four pages, independent of cover—will be on sale at Richmond and that early in the month it will be mailed to subscribers. Also that it will be the best issue of the VETERAN ever published. There will be several thousand extra copies.

Advertisers cannot possibly secure a medium that circulates so generally throughout the South. Schools seeking patrons from the South can have a special rate. Summer resorts should be diligent to use the Re-union VETERAN. But all articles for publication must be ready for the press by June 25th. Patrons wishing space should send copy at once.

Appeal has been made to comrades and friends of the VETERAN to inquire into the reasons why general advertisers do not patronize it. There is more in this than they may suppose. Many, many times have applications to general advertisers been made, at a nominal figure, and never a word of acknowledgment, even in reply. Recently a special offer to a Pencil Company was renewed, and in reply "in pencil" upon our letter were the words, "Please excuse us." That concern ought to have some free advertising. Our people ought to know who these bitter partisans are, and they ought to patronize first those who are willing and not afraid to advertise in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

MESSAGE FROM U. C. V. HEADQUARTERS

Maj. Gen. George Moorman sends out from New Orleans under date of June 1st, the following:

Business of the greatest importance will demand careful consideration during the Sixth Annual Re-union—such as the best methods of secuing impartial history, and to enlist each State in the compilation and preservation of the history of her citizen soldiery; the benevolent care through State aid or otherwise of disabled, destitute, or aged veterans and the widows and orphans of our fallen brothers-in-arms; the care of the graves of our known and unknown dead buried at Gettysburg, Fort Warren, Camps Morton, Chase, Douglas, Oakland Cemetery at Chicago, Johnson's Island, Cairo, and all other points; to see that they are annually decorated, the headstones preserved and protected, and complete lists of names of our dead heroes with the location of their last resting places furnished to their friends and relatives through the medium of our camps, thus rescuing their names from oblivion and handing them down in history; to participate in laying the cornerstone of the Jefferson Davis monument at Richmond, Va.; the consideration of different movements, plans and means to complete the monument to the memory of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, and to aid in building monuments to other great leaders, soldiers and sailors of the South; and as there is no relief or aid for our veterans and their families, outside of ourselves and our own resources, to perfect a plan for a mutual aid and benevolent association; to make such changes in the constitution and by-laws as experience may suggest, and other matters of general interest.

Total number of camps now admitted 833, with applications in for nearly one hundred more. Following is a list of camps by States:

Texas 213, Alabama 87, South Carolina 71, Missouri 69, Mississippi 60, Georgia 54, Louisiana 51, Arkansas 50, Kentucky 37, Florida 30, Tennessee 29, Virginia 27, North Carolina 24, Indian Territory 9, Maryland 6, Oklahoma 5, New Mexico 3, Illinois 2, Montana 2, West Virginia 1, Indiana 1, California 1, District of Columbia 1.

He urges the further organization of camps for the various and important purposes indicated above.

The Tennessee Centennial celebration was an event that deserves attention in the VETERAN, and there will be some fine illustrations in the next issue together with a brief account of the ceremonies.

Comrade J. L. Gee, Orderly Sergeant, Company D, Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, died at his residence in Williamson County, Tenn., May 8, 1896, and was laid to rest by his comrades in the orchard near his home the next day. Comrade Gee made a faithful soldier, and kept track of his old company still as if Orderly Sergeant, until this last roll call, when he had to answer. Sympathy of comrades is extended to his wife, daughter and three sons.

THE DAVIS' HOME AT TIME OF THE MEMORIAL SERVICE TO THE HERO MARTYR.

The Samuel Davis monument theme, inaugurated by the VETERAN has more than usual space this month in the strong address of Rev. Dr. Barbee one of the speakers at the Memorial Service held at the Davis home, twenty miles south of Nashville, but the account of that service and a picture of the decorated monument with brothers and sisters of the hero martyr will be given in the Re-union VETERAN. It will include the addresses of Elder R. Lin Cave and Capt. B. L. Ridley. [Comrade Ridley has since then been in deep sorrow because of the death after illness for a week of his eldest son, Adair, a handsome, intelligent and noble lad of fourteen years.]

There was omitted by some accident from the subscriptions in last month's VETERAN that of Mrs. E. H. Hatcher, Columbia, Tenn., which had been corrected from first estimate of $125.00 to $115.00. This is the largest sum secured by any one person. Subscriptions to the fund are omitted this month. In this connection the valuable suggestion of Mr. Joseph W. Allen, the largest individual subscriber ($100.00) that, on July 21, ten-cent subscriptions be taken in every community of the South for the cause.

S. A. Cunningham, Custodian of the Monument Fund has purchased a new United States four per cent. coupon bond so that every dollar contributed is drawing interest and the security is the best possible to obtain. Don't forget that this is the only movement ever inaugurated to erect a monument to an individual private Confederate soldier, and, too, that it is the sublimest record ever left to integrity of character. Read the presentation by Dr. Barbee of this theme, and while it is called to-day let us honor that boy and the God of conscience so that when other tests may come the glory of man, in the divine image, may be again vindicated.

DR. J. D. BARBEE'S ADDRESS.

If a martyr is "one who sacrifices his life, his station, or what is of great value to him, for the sake of principle, or to sustain a cause," then Sam Davis, who gave up his life rather than betray a friend who had entrusted him with a perilous secret, was a martyr.

The genesis of such a character is a curious study, which cannot fail to engage the interested attention of every thoughtful person who is cognizant of the facts involved in the case. Sprung from a plain, unpretentious stock, and bred amid quiet rural scenes in the place of his nativity—Rutherford County, Tennessee—it is not easy to discern any fact which might probably have suggested to his mind the profession of arms or inspired his heart with the lofty courage and heroic self-sacrifice which made him famous.

But a prodigy is not always as sudden as it seems. A stream may run beneath the surface with none conscious of its proximity or even suspecting its existence. It meanders here and there, seeking outlet, and finally disembarques with increased volume, acquired during its long and tortuous course in the earth, and flows on under the observation of all creatures, fertilizing vegetation and refreshing man and beast. Similar phenomena are seen in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and in the region of psychology as well. Martin Van Buren became

president of the United States, yet he was the only one of his father's numerous children who ever rose above the plane of that obscure Dutch family's life in the State of New York.

But after all our philosophizing on such questions as that under discussion, the argument may finally break down, and we are thrown back upon our faith. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, roughhew them how we will." God selects his own instruments, and when he wants a leader or a hero he is never perplexed in making a choice; for the reason that while man judges by the outward appearance, God looks on the heart. Hence the stripling shepherd boy was chosen to succeed Saul on the throne of Israel, while his older and more prepossessing brothers were rejected. David was accepted because God wanted a man after His own heart; when an example was required to teach men that there is something more valuable than life, and that death is not the greatest evil that can befall man, Sam Davis was selected for the sacrifice.

He was a volunteer in the army of Tennessee, and had been detailed with others to the secret service, with instructions to gather all possible information concerning the enemy. In the execution of his mission he had surreptitiously obtained possession of manuscripts which contained valuable information for Gen. Bragg, the disclosure of which might have proved injurious to the Union army. Making all possible speed to escape he was finally apprehended by the scouts of the Federal army, and upon examination of his person and belongings the fatal papers were found concealed in his boot and in the seat of his saddle. Having been conveyed to Pulaski, Tennessee, he was brought before the Commanding General, Dodge, who endeavored, by all honorable means, to induce the prisoner to reveal the name of his accomplice who was primarily guilty in this affair. He dealt tenderly with the young man, even evincing paternal sympathy and proffered his release from custody, and the sending of him under escort to his own army, if he would disclose the name of his informant. The General suggested that, being quite young, the prisoner might not fully appreciate his peril; adding that if he persistently refused to tell what he knew, it would become necessary to order a court-martial and send him before that tribunal; and that his conviction was inevitable, death being the penalty of the offense charged.

The young hero respectfully assured the General that he thoroughly understood the case, and calmly announced his readiness to die. He put an end to the discussion by saying: "General, it is useless to argue the question with me; my mind is made up, and if I had a thousand lives I would sacrifice them all before I would violate my word and betray my informant." The court-martial was ordered and Davis was tried and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. He received the announcement of his sentence with dignity, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his mother, which, with some mementoes, he requested to have sent to the loved ones at home; then quietly addressed himself to his personal preparations for the final hour.

The next day, when he had reached the place of execution, an officer galloped up to the scene and hastily dismounting went directly to the hapless young man, and at the last moment, touching him upon the shoulder, renewed the proposal which Gen. Dodge had made to him originally. Looking into the empty coffin which was soon to receive his dead body, and at the noose swinging idly over his head, he hesitated a moment, then putting the cup of life from him he mounted the scaffold with a firm step. The black cap was dropped over his face, the noose was adjusted, the trap was sprung, and an ideal soldier leaped from the scenes of blood and carnage to the bosom of his God, leaving an immortality of fame behind him.

It is nothing to the discredit of Sam Davis that he was a spy. Some of the most exemplary Christians in the world have acted in this capacity, and it never once occurred to them that they were violating the law of God or outraging a well regulated public sentiment. One of the most distinguished captains of the world's history, Joshua, the son of Nun, was a spy, and narrowly escaped apprehension. He feared God, and it was he who said: "Let others do as they may, as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." The fact is that every man in an army, from the commanding general to the humblest private, is a spy in character; for character consists in the permanent preferences of the will. Therefore mankind generally vote the spy a hero, and only those into whose secrets he is prying pronounce him a criminal; and they adjudge him to be such and execute him as an act of self-protection, their purpose being to deter others from enterprising in the same hazardous business.

It is a distinguished honor to be selected by the commander of an army for the secret service, and sent on the perilous mission of spy. Only men of known sagacity, cool self-contained men, who are fruitful in personal resources, and confessedly men of high courage, are ever sent on errands so fraught with danger. Hence when one thus employed fails in his undertaking, and is called to pay the penalty of death for his sublime daring it is cause for universal regret and sorrow. Maj. André died wept, honored and sung by his countrymen, and Americans have ever mentioned the name of that unfortunate soldier with tenderness and respect; while George the Third conferred the honorable distinction of knighthood upon his family.

Sam Davis was one of that exceptional class to whom fear is a stranger. He would have stood in the pass of Thermopylæ, and would not have been the sole survivor who fled to the city and reported the result of the unequal contest. Like Nathan Hale, a Captain in the Colonial army during the Revolution of 1776, whose last words were: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country," Sam Davis felt it was a joy to die, rather than to live with blighted honor and a ruined conscience.

There are great lessons in his death, the value of integrity being the first and main fact suggested by it. Integrity is used here in the sense of entirety or completeness, as applied to a thing which has all its component parts, with no necessary element wanting. Air, for example, is composed of oxygen and nitrogen, the union of which two elements in

true proportion is necessary to the integrity of the atmosphere which we breathe and which continually envelops our persons. If either of these elements is wanting the integrity of the air is destroyed, and a poisonous gas is the result. Or if these two elements are both present but not duly combined, the integrity of the air is impaired and an insalubrious atmosphere is the result.

There are certain necessary elements in human character, the lack of any one of which destroys the integrity of the man, and such an one is a bad man and dangerous. Or if all the constituent elements of a true character are present, and yet any one of them is essentially feeble, the integrity is impaired and the man of this description is a weak man who will probably fail finally—no chain being stronger than its weakest link.

The late Doctor Landon C. Garland—for a long period Chancellor of Vanderbilt University—on being asked why many who begin well in the learned professions and business pursuits, break down and end in failure, replied: "It is undoubtedly due to a moral defect. Such men are the victims of congenital weakness, or having met the tempter in an evil hour they have yielded to his fascination and violated their integrity, and crippled themselves for life." Or as a witty son of the "Emerald Isle" once put it, "When the bank is broke inside of a man he can no longer do business."

The value of integrity is manifest in the fact that it enables a man to stand alone. Any man can stand as one of a number associated in the same business or enterprise, but standing in the calm sublimity of conscious rectitude and acting upon one's individual convictions of duty and right, is quite another and different question. Herein are suggested the genesis and philosophy of a mob, which is usually inspired by one man, never more than two or three. That notable mob at Ephesus, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, was originated by Demetrius, who stirred the people into a frenzy with the adroit suggestion that their religion was imperiled. Quickly they assembled at the pagan temple and shouted themselves hoarse with "great is Diana of the Ephesians," and it is significantly stated that "the more part knew not wherefore they were come together."

The same thing might be said of any mob. They behave as lunatics and are fierce as fiends, but there is not one of all that furious crowd who has the courage to perform singly the murderous deed which he madly joins others in doing. And the support of the multitude may enable even a timid man to appear brave in battle who would not face his antagonist in a duel, and he would flee and hide from a single man who might assault him on the streets. Only the man of integrity has the superb courage which can stand and cry:

> "Come one, come all; this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

In life's battles nothing great can be accomplished without enthusiasm, and enthusiasm cannot be sustained unless it is re-inforced by integrity. By enthusiasm is meant the sinking of the man in his cause, and no man is worthy of a cause in whose estimation that cause is not greater than himself. General Forrest said that no soldier could be relied on for faithful service who expected to live until the close of the war. Such a man is more concerned for his own personal safety than for the defense of his country, therefore he would sacrifice the most sacred interests intrusted to his care, yea, he would compromise his own honor to purchase an inch or two of time. In what contrast the great Apostle of the Gentiles appears: "Yea, doubters, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, our Lord."

Enthusiasm in leaders is the want of the age. Men are wanted who are concerned only for their country's good; men who have opinions and the courage of their convictions; who boldly declare what they believe, preferring to be right rather than to be successful. A distinguished politician, in his canvass for the office of governor of his State, was dealing terrific blows upon certain evils and those who promoted them, when some of his own partisans ventured to suggest the wisdom of a more placable method. He made the following wise and memorable reply: "My observation is to the effect, that in politics as in religion, the only effectual way to fight evil is to strike it a direct blow. Hit it between the eyes and drop it to its knees. If it should rise again, continue your blows until, prostrate, it can rise no more. And succeed or fail I will make this campaign on that plan." He was elected by a decided majority.

Of those present at the coronation of David at Hebron, the representatives of the tribe of Issachar are mentioned with peculiar emphasis. They are said to have "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do, and all their brethren were at their commandment." The people are even thus; and while the masses have not the learning to guide the affairs of State they will cheerfully follow intelligent leaders who are manifestly more interested in the public good than they are to promote their own personal ambition. But when the leaders become followers, and politicians students of the people's wishes instead of exhibiting understanding of the times to know what the people ought to do, mobocracy ending in anachy, is only a question of time. Leadership is impossible without enthusiasm, and enthusiasm cannot rest securely upon a narrower or weaker foundation than integrity.

The supreme test of integrity is applied, when in health and in the circumstances which make life peculiarly sweet, a man is called upon to compromise himself or accept the alternative of death. Paul met the issue with sublime courage: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself so that I may finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." Sam Davis had a similar experience, and he chose rather to die than to accept life blighted with dishonor and shame. Hence he died with the respect of his executioners, and the people of his own beautiful Southland speak his name with bated breath.

The story is told,—the future historian will write the name of this young hero down among "the few, the immortal names, which were not born to

die." Of all who ever died for the same cause, there is no record of an instance which, in all its details, presents so clear a case of deep tragedy or so conspicuous an example of strict martyrdom. Let a cenotaph be erected to his memory which will pierce the skies; and is it an extravagant suggestion that those who wore the blue will cheerfully unite with those who wore the gray in thus honoring a typical American who has taught us what enthusiasm enables a man to do? Children of Washington! Brothers! from the Penobscot to the "Golden Gate," and from the Lakes to the Gulf, come, let us unite in paying tribute to one who speaks for us all. The halo which encircles the tomb of Sam Davis is the common heritage of Americans, who generally would die rather than dishonor themselves or throw discredit upon the fair name and fame of this child of Providence—our glorious Republic! Help the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to carry out this scheme which he originated, as a work of love.

Rev. James R. Winchester, Nashville, Tenn.: "I wish to add $1 to the Sam Davis monument. The South will hereafter thank the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for this patriotic work in restoring one of the most beautiful pictures of Southern bravery, and placing it on the honored walk of our national history. The heroism commemorated deserves the highest shaft, because its foundation has been laid on the solid granite of Southern honor. It shall carry with it an object lesson raising the thoughts to God, where the lofty ideal presents itself—'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'"

Pegram Dargan, in writing from Darlington, S. C., mentions the VETERAN as "a paper the timely appearance of which must ever call forth gratefulness from all who truly revere the memory of those men whose lives are the supremest heritage, for all time, of those descended from them. To have brought to light alone the heroism of that noble boy were enough to exhibit at once the need and the glory of the task to which you have given your hands." He refers, of course, to Sam Davis.—ED.

RAILROAD COMPANIES

Comrades who are zealous and loyal to it are requested to show preference to these systems because of their having favored the VETERAN.

St. Louis, Southwestern "Cotton Belt."
Oconee & Western.
Morristown & Cumberland Gap.
Wrightsville & Tenneille.
Darien & Western.
C. N. O. & T. P. "Queen & Crescent."
K. C. G. & L. "Cumberland Gap."
Chester & Lenoir.
Wilmington, Newbern & Norfolk.

The St. Louis and Tennessee River Packet Company, John E. Massengale.

The Nashville, Paducah and Cairo Packet Company, T. G. Ryman. Others to be reported.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Additions to Grand Division in Virginia.

Mrs. James Mercer Garnett reports the following Chapters recently organized and enrolled in the Grand Division of Virginia:

Farmville, March 19, 1896. President, Mrs. Henry V. Edmunds; Vice-President, Mrs. Lelia Jackson White; Treasurer, Mrs. Sallie Edmunds Paulitt; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Clara C. Watkins; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Watkins Johnston.

Emporia, April 9, 1896. President, Mrs. Jennie C. Chambliss; Vice-President, Mrs. E. L. Turner; Trearsurer, Mrs. Vernon I'Anson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Guthrie; Recording Secretary, Mrs. G. B. Wood.

Caroline, Golansville, Va., May 4, 1896. President, Mrs. C. T. Smith; Vice-President, Mrs. G. A. Wallace; Treasurer, Miss M. L. Luck; Secretary, Miss M. R. Wallace.

Hampton, May 5, 1896. President, Mrs. Plecker; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Braxton Bryan; Treasurer, Mrs. Schermerhorn; Secretary, Mrs. John W. Brown.

Franklin, May 14, 1896. President, Mrs. Mary E. Bogart; Vice-President, Mrs. J. R. Knight; Treasurer, Miss Janey Bogart; Secretary, Miss Blanche Edwards.

Bristol, May 20, 1896. President, Mrs. Sarah Rosser Cochran; Vice-President, Mrs. Thomas Hicks; Treasurer, Miss Fannie English; Secretary, Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Gray.

Loudoun, Leesburg, May 25, 1896. President, Mrs. N. S. Purcell; Vice-President, Mrs. Powell Harrison; Treasurer, Miss Emma Athey; Secretary, Miss Carrie S. Wise.

Rappahannock, Washington, Va., May 29, 1896. President, Mrs. C. H. Dear; Vice-President, Mrs. F. L. Slaughter; Treasurer, Miss Belle F. West; Secretary, Mrs. E. T. Jones.

Bluefield Chapter has been chartered, and with several others, will be reported in July.

Twenty-four chapters are now enrolled in the Grand Division with membership of over 12,00, and increasing daily.

RE-UNION NOTES FROM RICHMOND.

Polk Miller writes from Richmond, Va., June 2nd:

I am at home again and don't intend to leave here until the last old Confederate Soldier leaves for his home after the great reunion. I have instructed my Manager to turn down everything that comes along which looks like an engagement to lecture between now and the gathering of the "old boys." The people of Richmond, of every age and sex, seem bent on making everybody happy at the same time. The programme has not been published yet, and I cannot tell you what we are going to do for the visiting comrades from a distance, but I can promise you this much, that those who come will look back to it as a "red letter day" in their lives. May the VETERAN and its editor live long and prosper.

THRILLING EXPERIENCES NEAR MEMPHIS.

Mrs. W. H. Sebring, Memphis, Tenn.:

After Memphis fell and the Federals took possession, mother and family moved out to a country home three miles east of Memphis. We had a variety of fine fruits and the Yankee soldiers soon found it near enough to forage. They made frequent visits to the place and would always get fruits, fresh milk, etc., when they asked for it. However, they preferred a less courteous way and helped themselves.

One night a party of marauders came into our yard after having plundered every kitchen and poultry yard in the neighborhood. An invalid brother and an adopted brother were aroused by voices near their window. They sprang out of bed, and saw several soldiers in the yard. Brother took a pistol,

MRS. W. H. SEBRING.

the other a very fine shotgun, went out and asked what was wanted. They immediately attacked Charley, my own brother and Joe Elliott, who had the gun. One stout fellow struck Joe and felled him to the ground. Charley quickly fired at Joe's assailant, who fell dead. His comrades started to run. Sister Mary, who was aroused by the boys' going out the hall, arose and followed them. Just as Charley was in the act of firing at another, she threw herself between them; the pistol snapped and the man's life was thus saved. I ran into the yard and demanded from them the gun they had taken from Joe. They were so frightened (six in number), one deliberately walked over to where their dead comrade lay, took the gun from under him and handed it to me. I ran into the house and gave Charley the gun. Charley had pulled Joe into the hall, he being stunned from the blow. The marauding party left their dead comrade in the yard all night.

The next morning, about 8 o'clock, they returned, some forty or fifty in number, and surrounded the house. Sister Mary had the buggy ready to go and report the event of the night and have the dead man removed. She went into the garden for fruit to take to a sick friend. Mother had sent Charley off very early to a neighbor's, fearing the Yankees would return. I was standing in the hall arranging some letters to be sent off South, when Joe, from the gallery, saw glistening bayonets in the hands of men double-quicking up the avenue. He ran in to report it and to hide the gun. He crossed the hall just as they got opposite the hall door. Seeing him, they cried out, "There goes the rebel!" and with the vilest curses cried: "Shoot him! shoot him!" Two of them rushed by me, one pulled Joe out, and the other leveled his gun and fired. Just as he did, I threw the gun up and the ball went through the ceiling. He then, with the glare of a demon, placed the gun against my temple and with a vile oath said he would blow out my rebel brains—I was not the least frightened then, though I shudder now at the thought. I said, "All you are fit for is to frighten children." The other demon pulled Joe out and was beating him with his gun when Sister Mary ran in and threw herself over Joe to protect him. A negro girl took up a chair and said, "You strike Marse Joe again and I'll break dis chair over yo head." That enraged the brute who had pinioned me and he let go to strike the "d— nigger." Mary and I got Joe into a corner to ward off their blows; seeing one man with the badge of an officer, she said; "You are an officer. Can you not protect this boy; he has done nothing to you." Two or three were pounding him over our shoulders until he was covered in blood, as was our clothing. The man replied: "I'm no officer, and if I were I would not stop them." I said, "Oh, Mary, don't ask anything of him. Look at him! Don't you see he was born a brute?" He cursed us. They went through the house, turned every bed and piece of furniture into heaps in the middle of the floor, threw everything out of the kitchen and turned the stove upside down. My dear, sweet, gentle mother did all in her power to appease their wrath, but she got only the vilest of curses for it. An Irish girl, who had been as housekeeper and maid, took up a turkey they had left the night before, tied with the cord and tassel off one of their hats, threw it into the wagon when they put their dead comrade in, and said: "There, take all your dead. We want none of them." They left and took Joe with them, telling us we would never see him again. Sister Mary and I followed them. When we got to the pickets those demons who had Joe said, "Don't let those women pass," and they would not. We drove around to another road and passed, following closely after them. Joe turned to look after us, when they told him we saved him once, but we could not now; that they would hang him as soon as they reached camp, and would come back, tie us in the house and burn us up. When we reached the camp the whole regiment crowded around us, cursing and hallooing, "Why did'nt you

hang them in their own yard—they have fine trees there?" We went at once to the young man in command; the Colonel (Blood) had absented himself, fortunately for us. The officer in command (I regret I have forgotten his name) ordered the men back to their camps. They retreated a few steps, then turned and came around, using the vilest of curses. The officer told us to go at once to Gen. Smith, which we did. They, knowing they had been beyond the Federal lines, marauding against orders, followed us to Gen. Smith's headquarters, bringing Joe. Gen. S—— asked, "Whom have you there?" They said, "A guerrilla." "Where did you find him?" They hesitated, and Gen. Smith asked Joe. He told all and said, "We shot one last night." Gen. S—— said, "It's a pity you did not shoot all six." He punished the leader with ball and chain and sixty days hard labor in the fort. We went home, but for many days after received messages from them saying they would yet carry out their threats. The neighborhood was all excitement. Gen. Sherman issued orders that no one should pass the lines that day, Saturday. Every neighbor called for guards. We did not, but were prepared to escape should they come and fire the house. We sent mother off to a safe distance. Sister Mary and I kept watch all the night through. At the dawn of day the soldiers came upon the gallery and rapped at the door—they had guarded our near neighbors. One said, "Do not be afraid, ladies. We honor you for your brave and lady-like manner of yesterday. We are not all such hardened wretches as those who came here yesterday. Rest assured they will be afraid to come again."

Mrs. Sebring had beautiful testimonials by the Missouri Confederates of their appreciation of her friendly services, and quotes from one of the officers in a letter of Nov. 3, '62, as they were leaving Holly Springs. She already had a letter from Gen. Sterling Price that she recalls with patriotic pride.

It Was A South Carolina Brigade.—The Edgefield, S. C., Chronicle relates that during his sermon in Trinity Church, on Easter Monday morning, the Rev. Mr. Gordon, in urging his people to stand fast in the battle of life and in the Christian warfare, recounted this beautiful incident: In Virginia, during the war, in the neighborhood of Petersburg, the Confederate line, weak at best, was very suddenly and unexpectedly borne down upon by whole legions of Northern cavalry. On came the whirling, swooping cavalry—five of them to one Confederate. In this crisis the only hope to Lee's army lay in one small Confederate brigade which held the middle of the line. "And," said the Reverend speaker, a veteran himself, "it was a South Carolina brigade—Jenkins's. Many of the brigade were beardless boys. They received the terrific charge on bended knee with muskets presented and bayonets fixed. And they remained as unshaken as the pillars of Hercules. The line remained unbroken, and they saved the day."

A. L. Scott, Bandera, Texas, makes inquiry for Tom. Hollman, of the Ninth Alabama Regiment.

FINE ENTERTAINMENT IN GALVESTON.

Miss Ruth Martin Phelps, Secretary of the Veuve Jefferson Davis Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, No. 17, at Galveston, Texas, writes:

In response to Gen. Gordon's order regarding raising of funds for the Battle Abbey, the Daughters of the Confederacy at Galveston had a fête, on May 1st, in a beautiful suburban garden of our fair city. It was opened by an eloquent address by Hon. N. A. Kinkaid.

There was a liberal supply of edibles of every description. After a generous patronage of our stands and tables, the crowd witnessed the crowning of the May Queen, who was a sweet maiden of only five summers. The Prince, about the same age, walked by her side with a conscious pride and dignity, and they were followed by a fairy train, dressed to represent the seasons and flowers of our bright Southland. The fine band gave a Grand March, and certainly, the sun never shone on a more beautiful procession—little human rosebuds smiling out from the exquisite hues of their floral decorations. Iris, roses, sweet peas, morning-glories, forget-me-nots, buttercups, daisies, poppies, etc., each had its lovely champion and representative in the following of Spring and Summer, while Autumn came on with her glowing leaves and blooms of neutral tint, and Winter walked near by cloaked in harmony with all that the season suggests of cold and cheer. The throne, trimmed in Confederate colors, was reached, the Queen was crowned by the radiant Summer, and then ensued a jubilant flag dance, most entrancing to behold. Now the roses, buttercups, poppies, sweet peas, daisies and bright foliage flashed in and out, intermingled and tripped lightly by each other in mad little Terpsichorean whirls and mazes, while tiny fingers held aloft copies of that standard so dear to Southern hearts:

"Fame's trophy sanctified by tears!
Planted forever at her portal.
Folded, true!—but what then?
Four short years made it immortal."

The fête was continued far into the gloaming, all the while our Daughters dispensed smiles and dainty viands with winning grace, knowing no weariness, but animated by visions of a stately Abbey in memoriam forever of Southern valor and patriotism. A goodly sum was realized from the sale of flags alone; each visitor being anxious to pin to his shoulder one glorious symbol of Liberty and Truth. Our efforts were a social, as well as a financial, success, and while giving genuine pleasure, we cleared $223.

Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, Tenn., sends one dollar and adds: If I were able to give according to my admiration for that grand hero, and martyr to truth my donations would be thousands! I am proud that such an example and exponent of principle was born in our glorious Southland, and we have a right to claim him; all honor to his great amen!! "She honors him for being strictly truthful and faithful to duty."

One of the most insolent official actions of all the war was a letter by Major Gen. D. Hunter, Commanding "Department of the South" at Port Royal, S. C., April 23, 1863, threatening to retaliate with "man for man" against the sale of negroes captured by Confederates "by murdering as many Rebels." The New York Herald subsequently published the letter as a curious document and stated in comment: * * * "What authority has he to write such a letter to the Rebel President? It is his business to deal with Beauregard and not with Davis. If our generals cannot move on the enemy's works, let them keep quiet."

Col. Paul Anderson was an oddity. For instance, he would call on his command to "dress up on Jim Brit"—James Brittain. Instead of ordering his bugler to blow the "Fall in," he would say, "Jim Nance, give that horn a *dinner-horn toot.*" In cavalry it was the rule for number four to hold horses. One day in counting off to go into a fight, his regiment began one—two—three, and four hallooed "Bully!" delighted that his time had come to hold horses. When they got through, Col. Anderson said: "Boys, Number One will hold horses, and you 'bully' boys will dismount."

CALL IT NOT A "LOST CAUSE."

Call not the Cause they fought for "Lost"!
That silent, ghostly, hero-host,
That sleep upon the eternal plains
Where sound the silver trumpet-strains
Of Angels at their post!

The laurel wreath the warrior wears
Is often wet with widow's tears;
And *silent Forms* float o'er the field
And give the wreath to them that *yield.*
While Victory crowns *her* dears!

There's but *one* cause, and they who fight
To set their *conscience* in the right,
Tho' *Hell* sent forth her friends to aid
The foe, unconquerable is made
The dying patriot's might!

With God the *issues* ever lie,
He sounds to us the battle-cry;
For us, 'tis but to meet the foe
In bloody fray, nor ask or know,
And as the hero die!

But they ne'er fight in vain who fall
In answer to *that* battle call,
Though broken be their shield, and torn
The flag that shook defiant scorn
And now a death-shroud pall!

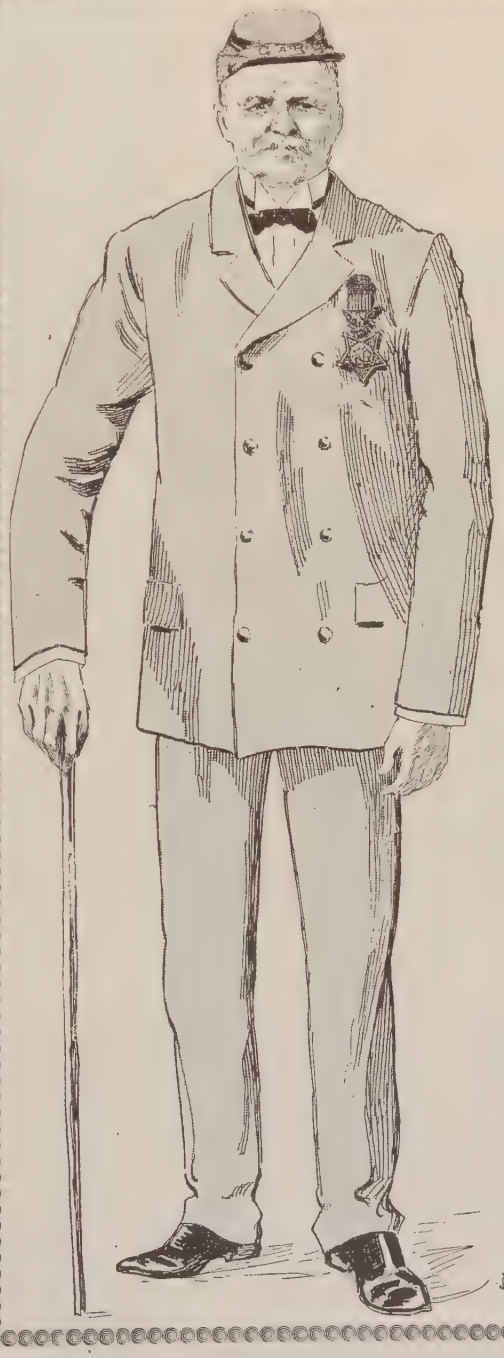
Aye! say not that they fought *in vain!*
Who fell without dishonor's stain—
On their cold brows the victor wreath
By *unseen Hands* is fixed in death—
Oh, hail victorious slain!

Heroic deeds are victories!
He always wins who never flies—
And they, our hero-dead, are gone
To reap the meed of victory *won,*
Beyond the weeping skies!

Then harbor not that leper thought—
That they that silent host—who sought
In vain to stay their Country's Sun—
Did fail, for they have nobly *Won*
The Cause for which *they* fought!

PEGRAM DARGAN.

Darlington, S. C., May 4th, 1896.



THE MAN WITH THE MEDAL.

In a group of grizzled veterans you'll see a man with a medal. Just an ordinary-appearing man, looking like the rest of the rank and file; like the others in all—but the medal. Reading the legend, "For Valor," on that bit of bronze, you know that somewhere, somewhen in the hour of trial and test, the man with the medal towered above his fellows like a giant. "He looks like the others?" But you can't measure him by looks. His measure was taken on that day of test and trial which proved him greater than the rest, and his greatness was marked for all time with the bronze badge that made him—the man with the medal.

There's a medicine with a medal—*Ayer's Sarsaparilla.* In dress and appearance it looks like the rank and file of Sarsaparillas—except that it is marked by the medal. We know the medal marks merit. Somewhere, under test and trial, Ayer's Sarsaparilla towered above the rest like a giant. That "somewhere" was at the great World's Fair of 1893, where the only medal awarded to Sarsaparilla was awarded to Ayer's, for purity of preparation and power of healing.

When you single out Ayer's in a group of Sarsaparillas that look alike, let the medal remind you that it alone stood the World's Fair test, and is alone indorsed as the *Safe Sarsaparilla.*

The medal marks greatness but does not make it. What Ayer's Sarsaparilla was proved to be at the Fair, it had been for half a century—the greatest blood-purifier known. It's not greatest because it wears the medal. But it wears the medal because *it's greatest.*

More about Medal and Medicine in Ayer's Curebook. Sent free on request, by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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It is handsome in design and artistic in every respect, having thirty-two beautifully illustrated pages containing the most complete and conveniently arranged information calculated to answer fully and satisfactorily every question likely to be propounded, such as routes and distances, hotels and boarding houses, names of proprietors, how to reach them, rates of board by day, week and month, etc.

The Southern offers a choice of mountain and seaside resorts, the surf bathing and sea breezes of some of the most delightful resorts on the Atlantic coast or the cool mountain breezes of Swannanoa, Asheville, Lookout Mountain and others 2,500 feet above the sea level.

For copy of guide call at office of any prominent coupon agent or send 2-cent stamp to C. A. Benscotter, Asst. Gen' Pass. Agent, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway is not only the most attractive route to the re-union at Richmond on account of its passing through so many of the noted battlefields, but it is also attractive because of its beautiful mountain, canyon and valley scenery, its smoothness and superior equipment. Those who are fortunate enough to travel by the F. F. V. Limited can boast of having made the trip on the most famous train of America, and from the observation car attached to this train, they have ample opportunity of taking in all of the majestic views en route. Information furnished by C. B. RYAN, Ass't G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

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To anyone, who sends within two months after date of your accepting this offer, *fifty-seven yearly subscribers* for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, at $1.00 each, will be sent free—either a boy's or a girl's *twenty-four inch wheel.*

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To anyone, who sends within five months after accepting this offer, *seventy yearly subscribers*, at $1.00 each, will be given free a *twenty-six inch wheel*, either boy's or girl's. Description and specifications sent on application.

Illustrative of the sentiment about Samuel Davis: Mr. J. R. Park, of LaVergne, who could not attend, wrote: Regretfully absent in the flesh, I am with you in the spirit to commemorate the event of which Sam Davis is the hero—who gave up his young life with all its allurements rather than live it in dishonor. * * * His lofty devotion to principle, even unto death, should be an object lesson worthy of emulation to the youth of all climes from generation to generation. All honor to the gallant young soldier who loved his country, his friends, and his honor better than he did his life!

THE SIXTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE U. C. V. AT RICHMOND, VA.

The Reunion at Richmond, Va., this year promises to be one of the best in the history of the United Confederate Veterans. The committees are pushing the work on a very extensive scale. All of the Veterans who go to the Reunion will receive a welcome that will cause them to feel the greatest pride in the fact that they followed the fortunes of the Lost Cause. Among the many interesting features the committees have inaugurated for the benefit and pleasure of the Veterans, is one of the handsomest souvenir programmes ever gotten up for a like occasion, and its contents will prove a lasting memento of the Reunion. A work gotten up on such a magnificent scale is obliged to be limited in edition. There is a great demand for it already. All those who wish to secure a copy should apply at once by letter to the J. L. Hill Printing Company, Richmond, Va., who have the work in hand for the committee. The price is 50 cents per copy and 10 cents postage.

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"Hancock's Diary," a history of the Second Tennessee (Barteau's) Cavalry, is an octavo volume of 644 pages, containing 20 portraits and 36 biographical sketches.

It is a history of whatever army the author served with from the beginning to the close of the war, including also a history of Forrest's Cavalry for the last fifteen months. The author was a member of Bell's Brigade, Buford's Division. The frontispiece is a portrait of General Forrest, made from a fine steel plate.

The price has been reduced from $2.50 to $2.00. Clubs will be supplied as follows: Five at $1.75; and ten at $1.50 each.

It will be given postpaid as a premium for seven new subscribers or renewals; and it will be sent with the VETERAN a year for $2.50.

Hancock's comrades generally are well pleased with the book.

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NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, CHICAGO, ILL., REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

For the occasion of the National Democratic Convention, which will be held in Chicago, Ill., beginning July 7th, 1896, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Chicago and return at rate of one limited first class fare for the round trip. Tickets to be sold July 3rd to 5th, limited for return passage to July 12th, 1896, but if the Convention continues in session beyond the above final limit, the return limit of tickets may be extended by Terminal lines at Chicago, to include the day following the adjournment of the convention.

For further information regarding rates and schedules, call on any agent of the Southern Railway, or L. A. Shipman, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala., E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss., W. H. Doll, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn., J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn A. Whedon, P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

NORTH AMERICAN SAENGERBUND, PITTSBURG, PA., REDUCED RATES VIA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On account of the North American Saengerbund, which meets in Pittsburg, Pa., June 8th to 12th, 1896, the Southern Railway will sell tickets to Pittsburg and return, at the rate of one and one-third of the first class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold June 6th to 8th, and limited for return passage, good until June 13th, 1896.

For further information regarding rates and schedules, call on any agent of the Southern Railway, or L. A. Shipman, T. P. A., Birmingham, Ala., E. J. Martin, T. P. A., Columbus, Miss., W. H. Doll, T. P. A., Chattanooga, Tenn., J. L. Meek, T. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn., A. Whedon, P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

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(Mention Veteran when you write.)

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Thanks to Mrs. Letitia T. Semple, of Washington, D. C., for her new music to old words composed by her father, ex-President John Tyler. The title is "Virginia," beginning:

"My native land, my native land
Whether thy frown or smile I see,
Still by thy banner will
I stand—wave o'er land or sea."

The price is forty cents—supplied from the Veteran office.

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Low Rates to Asheville.

Tickets to Asheville at half rates for the Young Women's Christian Association Summer School. Tickets on sale from Queen and Crescent points, June 10th to 12th, good until June 26th to return. The Queen and Crescent is the only line operating through sleepers from the North to Asheville.

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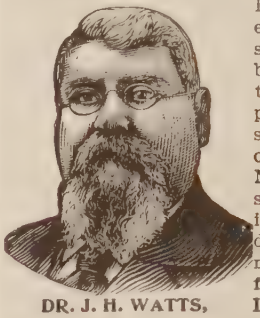

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It was almost unendurable; with shortness of breath, palpitations, severe pains, unable to sleep, especially on the left side. No pen can describe my sufferings, particularly during the last months of those four weary years. I finally tried

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I might add that I am a druggist and have sold and recommended your Heart Cure, for I know what it has done for me and only wish I could state more clearly my suffering then and the good health I now enjoy. Your Nervine and other remedies also give excellent satisfaction." J. H. WATTS.

Humboldt, Neb., May 9, '94.

Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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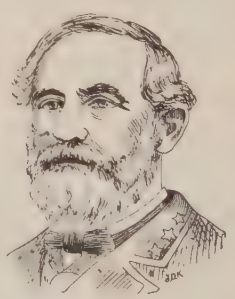

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The position of the paper editorially is well-known throughout Virginia especially. The Times is fearless and independent, yet strictly Democratic, directly Confederate, and all questions of public interest are openly discussed with no effort to cater to any particular class.

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This twice-a-week edition will be furnished with The Veteran for $1.50 a year, or The Veteran one year—new or renewals—and The Times six months for $1.25. The Veteran commends this cordially, confident that its readers will be delighted with The Times.

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HOW TO GET TO RICHMOND!

The old "Battlefield Route," the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, along whose rails many of the surviving Confederate Veterans once bivouacked, marched and fought, where many battle-grounds were once moistened by patriotic blood of comrades and heroes, having been chosen by many Camps as the preferred route to Richmond for the Sixth Annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, June 30th to July 2nd, this is to announce to the veterans of Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Southwest that a special train, to be known as the Battle Abbey Train will be run through from Memphis to Richmond, over the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Ry., Memphis to Chattanooga; Southern Ry., Chattanooga to Bristol; Norfolk & Western R. R., Bristol to Petersburg, and Richmond & Petesburg R. R., Petersburg to Richmond, on the following fast schedule:

Leave Memphis (N., C. & St. L.),		11:00 p.m.,	June	28.
" Hollow Rock Jct.,	"	3:51 a.m.,	"	"
Ar've Nashville,	"	7:10 a.m.,	"	29.
Leave Nashville,	"	9:00 a.m.,	"	"
Leave Chattanooga, (Southern),		1:50 p.m.,	"	"
" Knoxville,	"	5:20 p.m.,	"	"
Ar've Bristol,	"	9:30 p.m.,	"	"
" Richmond (R. & P. R. R.),		8:00 a.m.,	"	30.

The contingent leaving Memphis by L. & N. R. R., via McKenzie, will come to Nashville on this train from Hollow Rock.

This line carries you from Memphis through Nashville, Antioch, Murfreesboro, Tullahoma, Bridgeport, around historic Lookout Mountain, through Chattanooga, Cleveland, Knoxville, Morristown, Greeneville, Bristol, Roanoke, Appomattox, Farmville, Lynchburg, Petersburg, etc, forming almost a continuous battle-ground all the way to the old capital of the Confederacy. The two uniformed companies of Confederate Veterans of Frank Cheatham Camp, Nashville, will travel on this train. Other Camps in Tennessee and Southwest are invited to join in and go in one grand body to Richmond.

Excursion Tickets will be on sale by agents of this line on June 28 and 29, limited to return until July 6, 1896.

For further information write to or call on

A. J. WELCH, Division Pass. Agt., Memphis, Tenn.

W. L. DANLEY, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt., Nashville, Tenn.

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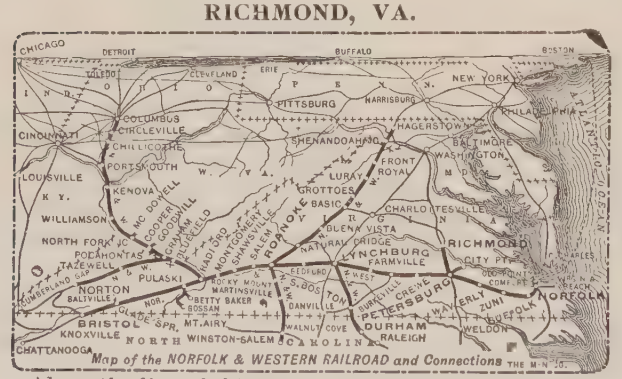

Map of the NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD and Connections

Along the line of this road are more points of interest to the Veteran than any other in the South. The following named points cannot fail to recall the past:

Glade Springs, Saltville, Central Depot, Lynchburg, Appomattox, Farmville, High Bridge, Sailor's Creek, Petersburg, The Crater, Port Republic, Berryville, Antietum

When you purchase tickets to the Reunion, remember that via. Bristol and the Norfolk & Western is the direct and interesting line to Richmond, Va.

All information cheerfully furnished.

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WARREN L. ROHR,
West. Pass Agt., 119 W. 9th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

THE SIEGE OF RICHMOND.

On June 30th, 1896, Richmond will be taken by storm. This march on Richmond will be made from all points of the compass, and the Confederate Veterans will march proudly into this, the chosen place for their Sixth Annual Reunion. In choosing Richmond as a place for this Reunion, they have selected a spot which doubtless cannot be excelled in historic interest anywhere in these United States. Thousands of veterans will assemble here on this occasion, and many happy faces will again meet to talk over with their comrades, the trials and hardships of those eventful times long since past.

Cheap railroad rates will be made by the Cotton Belt Route, and every veteran in Arkansas and Texas should attend.

The COTTON BELT ROUTE is the shortest and most direct line to Richmond, and fewer changes are necessary. Comfortable day coaches, free reclining chair cars and Pullman Sleepers run solid to Memphis without change, making direct connections via. all lines for Richmond. Rates, maps, time tables and full information will be cheerfully given upon application to

S. G. WARNER,
General Pass. Agent, Lines in Texas, Tyler, Tex.

A. A. GLISSON,
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WATCHES FOR VETERAN WORKERS!

To the first 2,000 VETERAN workers or subscribers, who between this and October 1st, 1896, send in nineteen yearly subscribers with $1.00 for each name sent—and thirty-five cents extra to pay postage and registration, we will send free one of the VETERAN Watches.

This watch is 14, K., gold filled. Chronometer balance, seven jewel, stem wind, stem set, hunting case.

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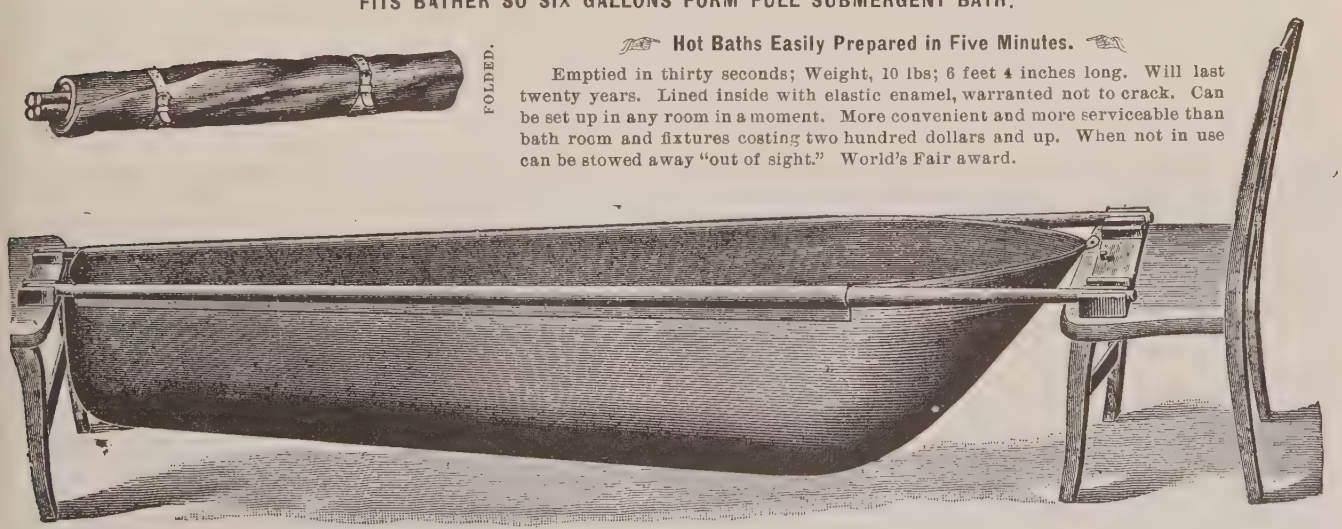

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From Danville, Va., and from points in North Carolina East and North of and including Charlotte, Salisbury, Wilkesboro and Goldsboro, tickets will be sold on June 29 and 30, and from points West and South thereof on June 28 and 29, with final limit July 6, 1896.

From points in South Carolina, Georgia and Tennessee, North and East of and including Augusta, Atlanta and Chattanooga, tickets will be sold June 27, 28 and 29, with final limit July 6, 1896.

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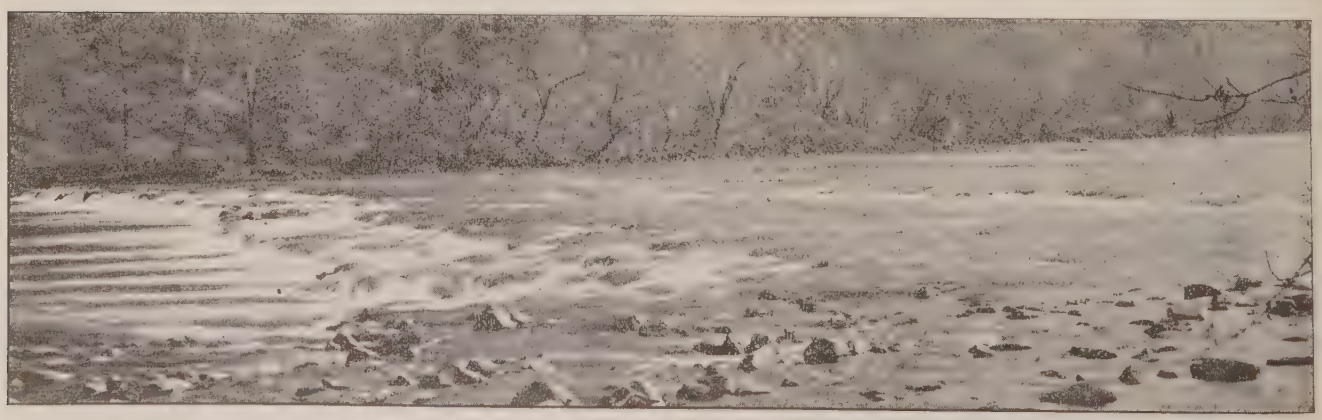

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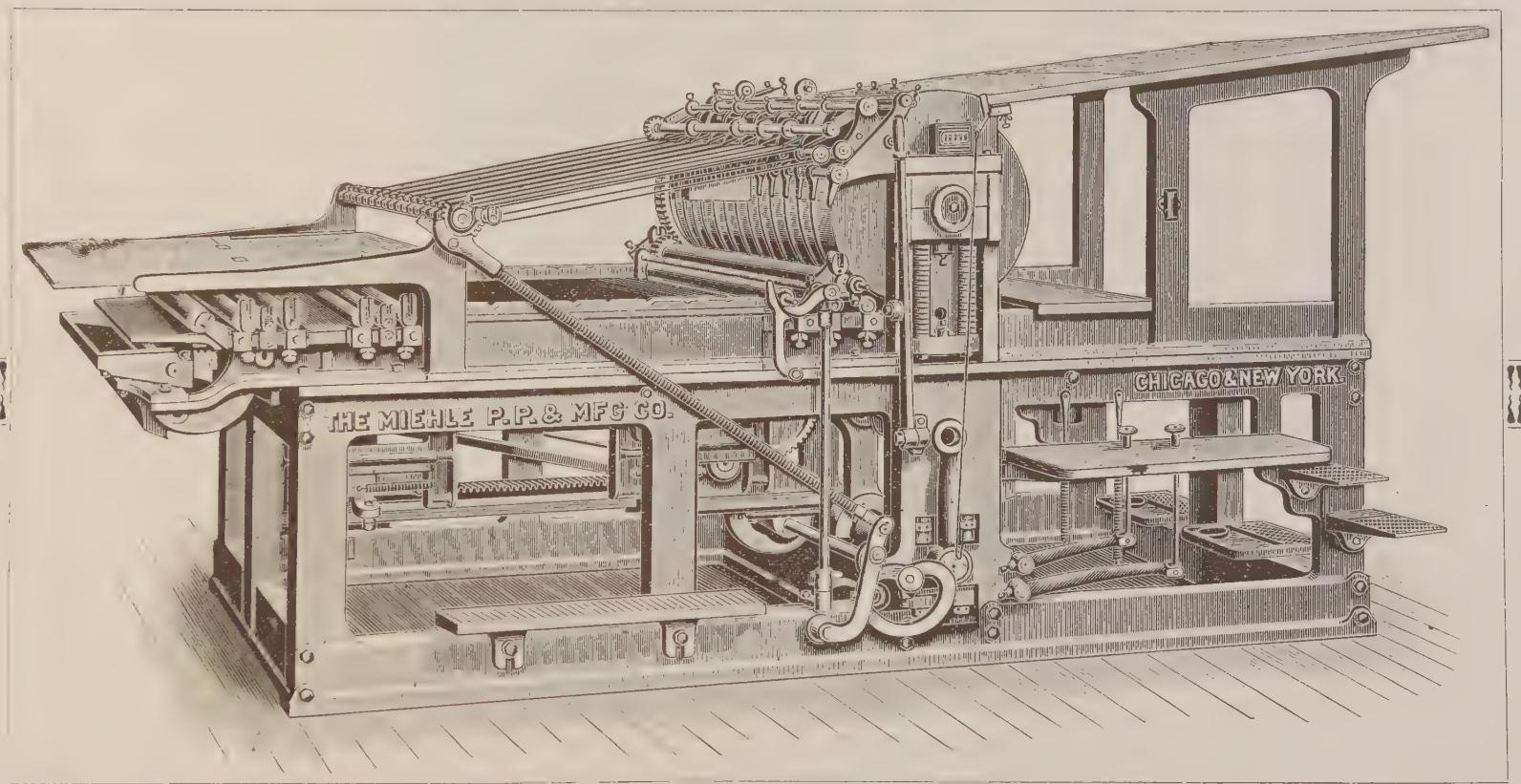

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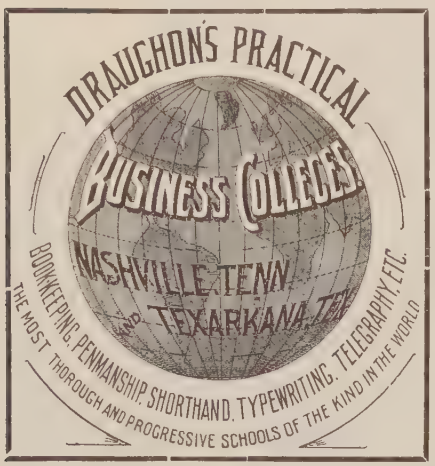
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We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have examined the correspondence of the Employment Department of Draughon's Practical Business College, Nashville, Tenn., and we find that applications from business firms and banks for book-keepers, stenographers and telegraph operators are received in this department almost daily; eighty-six (86) which we have examined have been received during the past 90 days.

From the letter headings, postmarks and other evidences, we are satisfied that these applications were all written in good faith, and were sent in due course of mail; and judging from the character and number of these applications, we would infer that Draughon's Business College furnishes unexcelled advantages to persons who desire good positions, and that this College is managed with energy and success.

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$600.00 Free—City Savings Bank—$600.00 Free.

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 10, 1896.

J. F. Draughon, President Draughon's Practical Business College Nashville, Tenn.—Dear Sir: The time for which the $600 which you deposited some time ago, under your offer to give $500 to any one business college, or to be distributed between from one to five business colleges, and $ 00 to a charitable institution, if you could not show more written applications for book-keepers and stenographers during the past six months than any other five business colleges south of the Ohio River, "all combined," could show in the past five years, has this day expired, and no demand having been made upon us, the same is now held subject to your check. We have held this money as agreed upon, thirty days after having seen the certificate of deposit published in the Cincinnati Enquirer, St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Louisville Courier-Journal, Memphis Appeal, Atlanta Constitution and the daily papers of Nashville.

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FALSE PRETENSES.—Many business colleges advertise that they are continually receiving calls for their graduates, and that they cannot supply the demand for book-keepers and stenographers, when it is a fact that 90 per cent of them do not receive six written applications during the year, and we might say during "six years;" and to induce students to enter their school under such statements is obtaining money under false pretenses, and the school should be prosecuted for doing so.

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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1896. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

IN THE lapse of years from 1865 to 1896 the throng of comrades that has continually been "crossing over the river" to "rest under the shade" has been so large that the remnant is comparatively small. But there is consolation in the fact that the character of men who comprised the Confederate Army has been maintained to the honor of the six hundred thousand who rallied under the banner that was furled without stain. It is a fact not only to console but to gratify and animate, with worthy pride, that the fame of the Confederate soldier in peace, as well as in war, is absolutely peerless, and there is no known record of any Confederate, who had the courage to do his duty and the zeal to remain true, who is not proud of it.

Somehow, an unusually good time is anticipated in Richmond. Despite the thousands of visitors which ever tend to discomfort on such occasions, there is assured such an arrangement through the zeal of Gen. W. A. Smoot, Chairman of the Grand Camp of Virginia, his able corps of workers and the general co-operation of committees in the Capital of the "Old Dominion," as will satisfy veterans that the management shall have done all it could for their comfort.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone for the monument to our honored Chieftain will be of great interest. The appointment of a Board of Administrators to locate the Confederate Memorial, usually called "Battle Abbey," it is hoped and believed, will be fairly and impartially done, looking solely to the interest of veterans, their families, and the families of comrades who have gone to another roll call, and will answer "Here" with all the heroes who went to glory from the battlefield, or have since followed Stonewall Jackson, John Pelham and Sam Davis.

GEN. W. A. SMOOT.

Again, the importance of wisely considering history for our children, promises that careful attention which cannot fail to result in good.

MONUMENT TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Build up a shaft to Davis! Let it tower to the skies,
Let those who fell in battle see the stately column rise.
'Twill represent the cause they loved, the cause they died to save,
And shadow forth our deep respect for every soldier's grave.
For right or wrong, our brethren fell on every bloody field.
They thought the cause they loved was just, and feeling so, to yield
Were braver than all baseness is, and greater to be feared
Than all the guns that ever roared since heaven's light appeared.

For Davis neither better was nor worse than those he led;
He simply represented all we did, or thought, or said.
He was the Chieftain of our State, the leader of our band,
Duly chosen from amongst us to assume and give command.
He erred? It was but human. Which of us that has not erred?
When we made him chief in power, we assumed his every word,
So far as it had bearing on the common cause, we knew;
And all his acts as Chief of State were ordered in our view.

He failed to win the aim he sought? Why, 'twas the State that failed.
They thrust him into dungeons—every man he led was jailed.
The irons that upon his weak and wasted limbs he wore
Were those that as their Chief of State he for his people bore.
The criticism and abuse he silently endured
Were only of the nature that his chieftaincy insured.
And shall we now forget the men who suffered in our stead?
Curst be the craven spirit who deserts his household dead!

We yet are in our father's house; we love our country's flag.
Long may its folds unchallenged fly on sea and mountain crag!
Long may Columbia's gonfalon float proudly to the breeze!
And let no man with angry hand the sacred emblem seize.
But let us grieve over every wound wherein our country bled.
We love the brave of every faith; we mourn our gallant dead.
Secure against fraternal hate they sleep beneath the sod,
The Lord of Hosts hath summoned them. Their fame is safe with God.

Kansas City, Mo. WILLIAM C. FORSEE.

MISS MARGARET THOMAS TOLAND, Sponsor for Arkansas.

The VETERAN shows no partially in printing the sponsors and maids of honor. It is certainly well enough known to merit the sending of photographs without the asking.

MISS MARY ADEAN WILKES, Sponsor for Tennessee.

MR. CHARLES BROADWAY ROUSS.

MISS MARY CLARE MILNER, Sponsor for Alabama.

DAUGHTERS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The house illustrated below is where the first chapter of the Virginia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy met, was organized under charter by the U. D. C. of Nashville, Tenn., February 14, 1895. It is the home of the President of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, Mrs. Philip T. Yeatman and the Vice-President, Miss Mary Lee Lloyd.

It is more than a hundred years old, and in a good state of preservation. Here at a meeting of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter the scheme of uniting all the children of the Confederacy into an organization was devised to perpetuate by their work of charity the honored name of our great Chieftain's wife. It is 220 N. Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.

It was expected to have in this number, also, the elegant and historic old residence of Gen. Smoot.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

General Stephen D. Lee is Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department United Confederate Veterans and Chairman of the Committee on History. To him has been assigned the address at laying of corner stone for the Jefferson Davis Monument at Richmond.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY.—In Camden, Ala., May 9, 1896, there was organized a Chapter of "Children of the Confederacy," being the first in Alabama, and the second in the South. Mrs. D. H. Appicle, of Alexandria, Va., was organizer of the first Chapter, April 18, 1896, which now numbers 150 members, ranging from a few months to fifteen years. The Camden Chapter has sixty members and is known as the "Sam Davis Chapter." They send three dollars of their initiation fee for the monument to be erected to his memory.

The officers elected are young children. President, Amelia Smith; Vice President, Jeb Hawthorne; Corresponding Secretary, Fay McMillan, Recording Secretary, Richard C. Jones; Treasurer, Frank Moore; Historian, Sam Lee Jones; Directress, Miss Sallie Jones.

In this number of the VETERAN, there are several personal sketches that were contributed and proofs were not submitted to the gentlemen, hence if any serious errors occur they are requested to give notice.

"OLD TIGE'S" DEPARTMENT.

There is no feature connected with the great organization approximating one thousand camps that would so amaze the critical reader as the growth of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

Gen. Cabell has been unceasing in his zeal, and this showing will ever stand as a testimonial to his success.

The great Texas looms up in its hundreds of organizations, so as to show that her Veterans must be considered in all kindred matters. "Old Tige's" hope for the faithful Confederate throughout the future is consoling.

GEN. W. L. CABELL,
Commanding Trans. Miss. Dept.

DAUGHTERS IN TEXAS.

Sarah Fontaine Sampson writes from Alvin, Texas, June 18, 1896:

On May 25, at Victoria, Texas, the State Division of the U. D. C. was fully organized with the representatives of seven chartered chapters present. The following ladies were unanimously elected as officers for the State Division: President, Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, of Dallas; First Vice President, Mrs. Sterling Price Willis, of Alvin; Second Vice President, Mrs. F. R. Pridham, of Victoria; Third Vice President, Miss Kate Daffin, of Ennis; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. W. C. Brown, of Sherman; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Henry Sampson, Alvin; Treasurer, Mrs. M. R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston; Historian, Mrs. John C. West, Waco; Registrar, Miss Ruth M. Phelps, Galveston.

Since the organization I have not been able to learn particulars of the work of each chapter. However, the noble monument, the corner stone of which is to be laid in Dallas on June 24, will soon speak for itself of the enterprise, the faithfulness,

J. C. STORY,
Asst. Adjt. General

S. P. MENDEZ,
Quartermaster General.

A. T. WATTS,
Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff.

the devotion of the Daughters of that city, under the able leadership of Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, who will soon gather up the reins of government of the State Division. After the completion of their monument, for which several thousand dollars are already in hand, these large-souled women of Dallas contemplate fitting up a room in a hospital to be called "Confederate," and have it as a refuge for the sick and helpless wearers of the Grey.

The Galveston Chapter, Veuve Jefferson Davis, No. 17, under the presidency of Mrs. Ballinger, is sending assistance to the Confederate Home at Austin which truly brightens the days of the old Confederates, who would otherwise be homeless. This work should suggest to each chapter in the State that a portion, at least, of its proceeds might be devoted to this sacred object.

The work of Lamar Fontaine Chapter, No. 33, of Alvin, Texas, Mrs. Sterling Price Willis, President, has been to contribute to the Jefferson Davis Monument to be erected in Richmond, Virginia.

I hope the Reunion in historic Richmond may be one in which the best attributes of our own Southern people may gloriously shine, and that the cornerstone laying of the Jefferson Davis Monument may be in every way a success.

Later the Secretary writes: The Victoria Chapter, named for Col. Wm. Rogers, has Mrs. J. M. Brownson for President, and up to date has contributed $50.00 to the Battle Abbey fund.

The delegates appointed from Texas to attend the Confederate Reunion at Richmond, are:

Mesdames Kate Cabell Currie, Dallas; M. R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston; W. C. Brown, Sherman; J. M. Brownson, Victoria; S. P. Willis, Alvin; Miss Kate Daffin, Ennis.

DAUGHTERS IN ARKANSAS.

Mrs. William Cummins Ratcliffe addressed the Little Rock Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, from which the following is published:

Daughters of the Confederacy: The time has come for you to assert yourselves in the proper appreciation of the past. Bravery, heroism, selflessness, hardship endured must foretell recognition in after ages, and prove a prophecy of the future. What bravery ever excelled that of our gentlemen soldiers of 1861 to 1865? I use the term advisedly, for was not our army composed of the aristocracy of the South? Even he who served from the lower walks of life was an aristocrat from association and loyalty to a noble cause. What is aristocracy but nobility of action? Was there ever shown by heroic action such a panorama of selflessness? Were hardships ever embraced more cheerfully? Truly, time will never unfold anything comparable to it. The glory increases with the knowledge of it all. Time balances events, waits and justifies their places in records ere history can truthfully inscribe them; but they must be preserved. The hearts that throb tell of the joys and sorrows of the past. This, however, is but transitory, as those must pass away whose lives pulsate with intensest feeling, and whose thoughts are filled with sacred memories.

It is our prerogative, dear sisters, to take up the pen and indite, as best we can, the facts as we recall and as they come to us, perhaps scatteringly. Now and then a line by some faithful daughter, if only a few words from each, when welded together in patience and love, will be ready for the future historian who will prove unprejudiced and great enough to write of our true deeds. Can we not imagine such a one glowing with enthusiasm over a subject unparalleled for splendor, beauty, romance? But, no matter how gifted the poet or historian, unless true records are preserved, justice cannot be done. Then upon us devolves a responsibility. Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy are being organized all over the South. Fourteen States are in line, four of which have divisions composed of from six to nine chapters each. May not the name of our first little town taking leadership in this movement be fitly traced upon our banners, a talisman of good omen? Hope, the inspiration from which we must draw our enthusiasm; hope, the mainspring of our existence, the raison d'etre of our being; hope, then, must keep her armor bright, her shield well raised, that all who follow may run and read. In these things you see the object of this organization. Each chapter regulates its own work of raising monuments, collecting relics, preserving records, etc., appropriating its funds (except the ten cents per capita) as it may direct. There is one main direction, however, toward which all this tends. That is the direction of a "Battle Abbey," a Confederate memorial, somewhere, somewhen. The magnificent gift of Charles Broadway Rouss has, like an electric spark, thrilled into life an instantaneous feeling of loyalty to and recognition of those who struggled and fell for our Southland. This true-hearted soldier was a private in the famous Black Horse Cavalry of Virginia, refusing offers of promotion. After the sad ending of 1865, he went to New York, where a large fortune has been amassed; and to-day he represents $12,000,000, one million of which, it is understood, he now tenders to his beloved Southland. It is with pride that we notice how, in that city especially, our Southern men have forged to the front. As physicians, lawyers, politicians, they lead because of their brain and brawn and large-heartedness.

Our women also are making themselves felt in all great womanly movements of the day. As philanthropists and as Christians, they, too, lead. Let us possess our heritage, taking up tenderly and lovingly the grand work which lies at our door.

We will go on and on in this glorious work till great things are accomplished, until we are called to give into other outstretched hands the unfinished record which tells of Arkansas' achievements right. Nothing can be done without organization, a union of strength. Let us, then, become so united as to be indeed one body of true-hearted and loyal women, striving for that which we consider just and holy, snatching from oblivion the memory of those who stand upon the other side awaiting another reunion, which will be the more glorious because it may be said of each of us: "She hath done what she could."

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE OLD HOME OF SAMUEL DAVIS, NEAR SMYRNA, TENN.

The gathering of more than one thousand people at a country home on a quiet Sunday afternoon to do homage to the character of a plain young man, who was a private soldier in the Confederate Army, nearly one-third of a century after his death, was an extraordinary event. The presence of veteran associations and of ministers eminent in various Christian churches gave it the dignity that was fitting the sacred occasion.

Readers of the Veteran know better than any other persons how it came about. They will recall that it was through the testimony of honorable gentlemen who were enemies of the army to which this young man, Samuel Davis, belonged. Their story of his noble action, under as severe a trial as can come to man, had induced the editor of the Veteran to establish, as clearly as possible, his worthy example. It had induced him to undertake the building of a monument, assured that "if only the name be carved on a curbstone, that would do some good."

The services on that occasion were in all respects fitting. Already the splendid delineation of character by Rev. Dr. Barbee has been read in many thousands of homes. That carefully prepared address becomes not only the history of Samuel Davis, but an important chapter in the history of the great war.

Elder R. Lin Cave, pastor of the Vine Street Christian Church, Nashville, and chaplain of Tennessee Veterans, who bears the scars of many wounds, made the following address:

"Friends and Comrades: It is not my purpose to speak at length. I come to show my high regard for our heroic brother, and unite with you all in this generous and worthy memorial. If Sam Davis were my son, I would indeed be proud of him and his record. I am glad to learn he believed in the Christ, and was sustained by noble principles. Flowers too rich and rare cannot be placed upon his grave, and no monument can be erected to his memory with shaft too polished, or lifting its apex too high toward yonder glorious sun. His example will live and tell for good not only in Tennessee and our entire country, but throughout the world wherever manly virtue is regarded.

"Alas! how sad that all things human perish, and twice alas that the most beautiful and precious often perish first! The frost that kills the rose leaves the thorn untouched and unhurt. Let us then, while we can, be prodigal of gratitude, of admiration, of good will and friendship, and bestow them singly and together and often. We are honoring to-day a beardless youth who gave up his life on the 27th of November, 1863, because he spoke the truth in his heart, because he swore to his own hurt, and changed not, even under the most trying ordeal.

"History furnishes us some fine examples of heroism. Allow me to cite one or two. The plague was making a desert of Marseilles, in France, and death was walking in darkness and wasting at noonday, and the physicians could do nothing. In one of their councils it was decided that a corpse must be dissected, but it meant death to the operator. Dr. Guyon, a celebrated and godly physician, arose and said: 'I devote myself for the safety of my country. Before this numerous assembly I swear, in the name of humanity and religion, that to-morrow, at the break of day, I will dissect a corpse, and write down as I proceed what I observe." He left the room at once, made his will, and spent the night in religious meditation. During the day a man had died in his house of the plague, and at daybreak the next morning he entered the room, and made a critical examination and dissection, writing down all his surgical observations. He threw the papers into a vase of vinegar, that they might not convey the disease to another, left the room, and retired to a convenient place, where he died in twelve hours.

"John Maynard is known as the God-fearing pilot of Lake Erie. One summer evening his steamer was

These engravings are from photographs by W. G. Thuss. The accident of a rubber getting across the lens made a reduction of the grave scene necessary and explains the black mark across the residence view. The three tall men facing the monument are brothers, and the two ladies beyond the grave and facing to the front are sisters of Samuel Davis.

AT THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

making a trip from Detroit to Buffalo, and caught fire some miles from shore. The passengers were placed in the safest position, while the fire raged more and more fiercely, and John Maynard stood to his post. The captain called loudly through his trumpet: 'John Maynard!' 'Ay, ay, sir,' the brave old tar responded, somewhat feebly. 'Can you hold out five minutes longer?' 'By God's help, I will.' These were his last words. The old man's hair was burned off, one hand was disabled, and his teeth were clinched; but he beached the vessel. Every man, woman, and child was saved. John Maynard's body fell overboard, and his spirit returned to God who gave it.

"Other worthy instances might be given of brave men who died at the post of duty. Dr. Guyon was cheered in his noble purpose by the presence of many friendly associates and the great good he would accomplish; and John Maynard was encouraged to die, if need be, in order to save, if possible, the precious cargo of human freight in his care.

"But our young hero stood alone, friendless and in the midst of enemies. His was, indeed, the highest type of virtuous action and moral courage. Let me read you his last words to his mother. He loved her, and he longed to see her; and this desire may seem to some a strong temptation to recant, but it was a mother's training and love that made him brave to die."

The minister here read from that letter to his mother, and the postscript to his mother and father, his last messages on the earth, and added:

"I suspect that when he wrote 'Dear Mother,' the tear-drops soiled the paper; for he must have heard again a mother's prayer for her precious boy; and it may be ministering angels came that night, that last and trying night, and gave him strength.

"The fatal morning came, and I see him, with calm eye and open brow, lip firm and look steady, ready to be offered up. True virtue waits not for another's help. Alone and single-handed, deserted and derided by the multitude, the virtuous man has an eye as clear, a brow just as calm, a look just as steady, and a step just as firm in the path of duty as when the way is trodden by thousands by his side. What others may think or say or do is nothing to him. Sustained by his own conscious worthiness, and the clear conviction of what that demands, he disdains that another should lead or drive him without his own firm conviction of the rightness of his course.

"Gen. Dodge hoped to the last to get him to recant and reveal the name of his treacherous informant; and so, when about to ascend the scaffold, he sent Capt. Chickasaw, of his staff, to him. He came hurriedly, and went directly to Davis, and said: 'It is not too late yet; speak the name, and go free.'"

Mr. Cave concluded by repeating the following from a tribute by John Moore:

The hills smiled back a farewell smile;
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile;
The birds broke out in glad refrain;
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again;
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.

O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire, in truth and light,
Go, tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right;
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy!

Capt. B. L. Ridley, of Murfreesboro, schoolmate and boyhood friend of Davis, delivered a thrilling address, in which he said:

"The respect that is shown his memory to-day is the outpouring of a sentiment that actuates every Southern heart. The coming ages will place his character forward as a typical Confederate soldier and as an American. It will enlist the admiration of the world. I knew him as a schoolmate, as a friend and neighbor, as a soldier, and, as is written on his tombstone, I emphasize the epitaph in which I performed a humble part, under the guidance of

his father and brother: 'A truer soldier, a purer patriot, a braver man never lived. He suffered death on the gibbet rather than betray his friends and country.'

"The Cheatham Bivouac, of Nashville, through Mr. Cunningham, in inaugurating this step, and in having the Palmer Bivouac, of Murfreesboro, and Capt. Ledbetter's Company, of the First Tennessee (of which Davis was originally a member), and also in inviting the old neighborhood to join in with them, deserve the thanks of the South for this beautiful tribute to his memory. All of us, in recollection of what he did, cover his grave with sweet flowers, and cherish in our hearts his noble death. . . .

"Our pride is dashed with sorrow over his tragic end, yet we lift our hats and sing our songs in praises to heaven over the grandeur, the glory, the sublimity attending it. In this old neighborhood he was baptized in that spirit of patriotism which made him bare his breast and nerve his arm against the invaders of his home."

Comrade Ridley gave interesting historic data about Old Jefferson, near by, once the capital of the State, etc., and concluded with that poem by A. S. Morton: "Too Brave to Die."

Gen. George Maney made a brief address of pathetic tenderness in Confederate memories.

Miss Omagh Armstrong of Nashville sang, "In the Christian's home in glory," and "The sweet by and by." Rev. J. R. Winchester, Rector of Christ Church, Nashville, closed the services with a benediction. After the services were concluded members of the family and many friends gathered at the grave and Mr. W. G. Thuss made a picture of the group.

RICHMOND IN '65.

"A Tribute of Respect to the Dead" is the heading of a printed circular prepared at a call meeting of Bragg's Scouts. Capt. H. B. Shaw was selected to preside. He explained that the object of the meeting was to pay tribute to the heroic dead of the Company, viz. Samuel Davis, R. M. Dillard and D. S. Jobe. Concerning Davis the report states: "We can but admire his sublime attitude in that trying hour." In addition to printing the letter (which appeared in the VETERAN) to his mother, the circular contains these notes from his little book:

RICHMOND IN '96.

"Met Coleman in the road—one package tied up, letter sealed, 12 miles from Mount Pleasant—half hour in the road. Had side leave from the army three weeks. Staid near Columbia awhile, at Gillespie's, five miles out."

"Brother and sister members of the Methodist Church.—Would not care about mode of death being changed to shooting.—Hope something may turn up some day to let the officers who convicted me know that I am innocent."

The last note is that to his mother, addressed: "Mrs. C. L. Davis, Smyrna, Rutherford Co., Tenn."

The noted author, Jas. R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke), in a magazine article refers to papers by Dr. J. Berrien Lindsley and Col. J. B. Killebrew as authority for his statements, which he sent to Gen. Dodge for approval, who, in reply, used this hardly complimentary langauge: "I know I tried very hard to save this young man, but he was determined to die." In the article Mr. Gilmore states: "He went in his uniform in order to claim its protection, should he be arrested as a spy." He compared Davis to Nathan Hale, "who merely faced with heroic fortitude the inevitable. He had no hope of mercy. It was not so with young Davis. Mercy was urged upon him with persistent entreaty, even while standing under the fatal rope, but he thrust it indignantly from him, refusing to buy his life at the expense of his honor." In conclusion, Mr. Gilmore honors us all by Sam Davis' heroism, in these words: "The most glorious result of our Civil War is that it has linked to us again in indissoluble bonds the great body of Southern yeomen, from whom this young man sprang, as fine a race of men as this planet has yet produced."

Comrades of Davis and his enemies alike admired his conduct ere the crucial test came. (See pp. 246-7.)

Mrs. Thomas Day, Memphis, Tenn.: Find enclosed check for $23.00 to be added to the Sam Davis Monument Fund, from Adam Dale Chapter, Children of the American Revolution, of which I have the honor to be President. It is sent with the enthusiasm of loyal, loving young hearts, glad to be able to add a mite toward commemorating the bravery, heroism and sublime death of Tennessee's boy-hero and martyr, Samuel Davis. The glorious parallel of Nathan Hale! Although Children of the American Revolution, they realize they are also Children of the Confederacy (though not organized) loyal and true. They are taught to honor heroism wherever they find it, and that their fathers engaged in a cause with the same principles to defend that brought on the first great rebellion. Jefferson Davis was no greater rebel than George Washington—*success* made the difference!

The Chapter was organized December 14, 1895, and named for my own ancestor—a boy soldier of '76, and with Andrew Jackson in later wars.

We vote the State Capitol the proper place for it.

MISS NELLIE ELY, Maid of Honor for Tennessee.

Names of children who raised this money: George Robertson Livermore, Birdie and Susie Powell, Mary Louise Person, Jean Keller Anderson, Lillian Bright Horton, Mary Treadwell Booker, Mary Belle Colquhoun, Mary Alice Thomas, Ellen Marion Cary, Nellie Huntington, Clarke Huntington, Ada Cash, Ada, Margaret and Permelia Polk, Fairfax Cary, Fairfax Proudfit, Mary Read, Mia Merrill Parrish, Latham Wooldridge, Granville Semmes, Roane Waring, Rufus Armistead, Nathaniel Sawrie, Madeline and Ida May Stirling, Katrina Semmes Wright, Sara Macrea, Bessie Taylor, Bessie, Estelle and Richard Pinckney Lake, Talbot Spottswood Mathes, Hallie Knox, Jere Clapp West, Roosevelt Peete, Amy and Rebecca Randolph Morton, Grace LaValle Lake, Emily James, Iovia Peete, Jennie Camp, Edward B. Moseley, Miss Viva Warren, Mrs. Thomas Day, President; Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Vice-President.

In an effort to learn whether the papers in Sam Davis' possession were secured from the office of Gen. Dodge at Pulaski, Joshua Brown, of New York, was written to see General Dodge, found him gone to the St. Louis Convention. Comrade Brown, adds in regard to those papers: They were filed in the War Department at Washington and General Dodge had a copy of them made for me. I suppose they are there yet as part of the records of his trial, but I will ask Gen. Dodge more particularly about them when he returns.

WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS MARRIED.

Hon. John H. Bell, of Nashville, Ark., sends his contribution to the Sam Davis Fund, whom he refers to as "the noblest of all Confederates," and adds:

I regret exceedingly that we Arkansas Veterans have not made progress sufficient to erect a monument for our young man who gave up his life as did Sam Davis. His name was David O. Dodd, of Pulaski County, this State. He was captured and dealt with as a *Spy*, and when urged by the Federals to divulge his secret, he refused to do so, and gave his life instead of the information. We hope ere many months to do something toward marking the resting-place of our noble and brave *Arkansas Boy*.

The VETERAN has had an engraving made from photo of young Dodd, and expects ere long to give space to tributes that have been written of him.

MONUMENT TO SAMUEL DAVIS.

The following is part of a loyal tribute:

They found he bore dispatches—and within the hostile lines—
With papers of great value to the cause the boy espoused.
Ah, wretched, wretched, was the day! See! sabers round him shine!
"A spy! a spy! within our lines," the enemy aroused!

He bore the proofs of fatal guilt—it could not be denied.
"Now tell us, man, who gave you this, if you your life would save!"
Then thought he of his plighted word: how worthless all beside,
"I will not say who gave them me; no, rather mine the grave!"

They urged him sore—they fain would see the hero boy go free,
"Man, tell us who our traitor is," they teased with eager breath.
"I promised I would not unhide the friend who gave them me.
I cannot, will not, speak his name! I fear not pain nor death!"

Ah, think of him with reverence, ye men who wore the gray.
Let all who love the Spartan dead remember well his name.
No braver was the bravest Greek who saw Thermopylæ,
And with the great Leonidas achieved undying fame.

As long as deeds of bravery the scrolls of fame adorn,
As long as Virtue keeps her court, and Honor dwells with men,
This hero's deed shall be rehearsed to heroes yet unborn,
And his shall be the artist's brush, and his the poet's pen.

Kansas City, Mo., May 28, 1896. WILLIAM C. FORSEE.

Vic Reinhardt, of Terrell, Texas, sends a photo of three comrades, each of whom lost a leg in the war.

One of the trio, Joe Savage Jr., writes of his experiences. He was back in Alabama when the war began. He volunteered right away and was afraid it would be over before he could try his hand. He was first on guard in his Regiment— the Thirteenth Alabama—and captured the first prisoner and claims to have done more duty than any other man in the Regiment. He was wounded September 30, 1864, in front of Petersburg, but the amputation did not occur for two weeks.

Sam H. Hannah, a native of Coosa County, Alabama, (March 21, 1842,) enlisted in the Fifteenth Mississippi Infantry, and served in the Army of Tennessee. He was wounded at Peach Tree Creek, near Atlanta, Georgia, and at Franklin, Tennessee, where he lost his left leg. His previous wounds were in the face and right hand. He is now City Assessor and Collector having quit sawing wood for a living.

C. C. Gore, a native of East Feliceana Parish, Louisiana, (August 31, 1838,) enlisted in Fourth Louisiana Infantry, April 7, 1861. He was wounded in his hip, near Kennesaw Mountain, Georgia; got two wounds in the leg, July 28, 1864, which caused the loss of his leg. He is a hard worker and esteemed by all who know him.

Changes are reported in the officers of the Daughters of the Confederacy, at Waco, Texas. Mrs. John Moor is First and Mrs. Judge Walker Second Vice-President. The address referred to in June Veteran was by Rev. Dr. S. A. King.

Eighth New Hampshire Flag.—John J. Nolan, Esq., 415 Broome Street, New York City, who was Color-Bearer and Lieutenant in the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment is extremely anxious to procure the colors of his regiment.

He states: In the fall of 1863, the Eighth New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry was changed to cavalry, and designated the Second New Hampshire Veteran Cavalry, and, as such, was sent on the Red River expedition. The infantry colors of the Eighth New Hampshire were stowed in the baggage wagon, and at the battle of Sabine Cross-Roads, April 9, 1864, the baggage train was captured by General Lee's cavalry division, commanded by Generals Kirby-Smith, Taylor, Green and Moutean. The State colors were captured the same time. The flagstaff of the Eighth New Hampshire was shot in two in my hand, October 27, 1862, and was in that condition when captured.

In the fall of 1864 and spring of 1865 I was in command of military prison at Natchez, and many Confederates passed through my hands, some of whom must be still alive, and I am confident if they knew where this flag and the New Hampshire colors were, they would return them to me. I would be much pleased that they could be returned to the State of New Hamphshire from which I had the honor to receive them.

Any person knowing of this flag, especially if a Confederate, will doubtless write to Mr. Nolan at once. He writes the Veteran: "Being a participant in the conflict from its inception to its close the colors I desire to regain have a priceless value to the Eighth New Hampshire, and if the one who has the colors now, knew of our desire to recover them, the proverbial chivalry of the Southerners would, I am satisfied assert itself, and would assist in cementing still closer the relations between the *blue* and *gray*."

Pending the nomination for Vice President in the National Republican Convention at St. Louis, June 19, Mr. Bailey, of Virginia, said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Convention: When we come to make Presidents and Vice Presidents there seems to be a line that divides us as a people. As a representative of the South, I am here to give the sentiments of my people and to demand at their hands, of this Convention, that the dead line be forever obliterated. (Applause). The Southern people are as loyal to the Union and as loyal to the nation's flag to-day as they were to the flag of the Confederacy. (Applause).

C. B. Beck, of Bryan, Texas, asks information in regard to his wife's brother, Thos. Benton Young, who was in prison at Camp Morton. They have never learned his fate. He went from Talladega County, Ala., and was about nineteen years old.

A subscriber wishes to procure some Confederate buttons, size worn on sleeves, and especially those marked "C. S. A." Those having any will please write us, giving description and price.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta, Ga.
Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Washington, D.C.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Thos. A. Brander, Commander, Richmond, Va.
Col. Jos. V. Bidgood, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Richmond, Va.
Brig. Gen. T. S. Garnett, Norfolk, Va.
Brig. Gen. Micajah Woods, Charlottesville, Va.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Stewart, Commander, Baltimore, Md.
Brig. Gen. John Gill, Baltimore, Md.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Wm. L. DeRosset, Commander, Wilmington, N.C.
Col. Junius Davis, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Wilmington, N. C.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston, S. C.
Col. J. G. Holmes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Charleston, S. C.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John Boyd, Commander, Lexington, Ky.
Col. Jos. M. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Paris, Ky.
Brig. Gen. J. B. Briggs, Russellville, Ky.
Brig. Gen. Jas. M. Arnold, Newport, Ky.
In this department is also included the camp in District of Columbia and the camps in West Virginia.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Starkville, Miss.
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Columbus, Miss.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Atlanta, Ga.
Col. Andrew J. West, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Atlanta, Ga.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. F. S. Ferguson, Commander, Birmingham, Ala.
Col. Harvey E. Jones, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Montgomery, Ala.
Brig. Gen. Jas. M. Williams, Mobile, Ala.
Brig. Gen. Wm. Richardson, Hunsville, Ala.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Jackson, Commander, Nashville, Tenn.
Col. John P. Hickman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Nashville, Tenn.
Brig. Gen. Frank A. Moses, Knoxville, Tenn.
Brig. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tenn.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Holder, Commander, Jackson, Miss.
Col. S. B. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Meridian, Miss.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. G. Vincent, Commander, New Orleans, La.
Col. J. A. Chalaron, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander, Ocala, Fla.
Col. Fred L. Robertson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Brooksville, Fla.
Brig. Gen. W. D. Chipley, 1st Brig., Pensacola, Fla.
Brig. Gen. W. R. Moore, 2nd Brig., Welborn, Fla.
Brig. Gen. S. G. French, 3rd Brig., Winter Park, Fla.
In this department is included the camps in Illinois and Indiana.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas, Tex.
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Dallas, Tex.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. H. H. Boone, Commander, Navasota, Tex.
Col. Walter N. Norwood, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Navasota, Tex.

NORTHEAST TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. N. Bush, Commander, McKinney, Tex.
Col. J. M. Pearson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, McKinney, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Anson Rainey, Waxahachie, Tex.
Brig. Gen. John W. Webb, Paris, Tex.

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Robert Cobb, Commander, Wichita Falls.
Col. Wm. Parke Skeene, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Jos. Benedict, Graham, Tex.
Brig. Gen. W. B. Clemmons, Amarillo, Tex.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. G. Blain, Commander, Fairfield, Tex.
Col. Thos. J. Gibson, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Mexia, Tex.
Brig. Gen. D. H. Nunn, Crockett, Tex.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. D. M. Poor, Commander, San Antonio, Tex.
Col. Taylor McRae, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, San Antonio, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Hamilton P. Bee, San Antonio, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Thos. W. Dodd, Laredo, Tex.

WESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. E. M. Bean, Commander, Cameron, Tex.
Col. W. M. McGregor, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Cameron, Tex.
Brig. Gen. H. E. Shelley, Austin, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Robert Donnell, Meridian, Tex.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Jo. O. Shelby, Commander, Kansas City, Mo.
Col. H. A. Newman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Huntsville, Mo.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John G. Fletcher, Commander, Little Rock, Ark.
Col. W. H. Haynes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Little Rock, Ark.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Hudson, Pine Bluff, Ark.
Brig. Gen. R. G. Shaver, Centre Point, Ark.
Brig. Gen. Ben H. Crowley, Paragould, Ark.
Brig. Gen. Reese B. Hogan, Russellville, Ark.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester, I. T.
Col. Louis C. Tennent, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, McAlester, I. T.
Brig. Gen. John L. Galt, Ardmore, I. T.
Brig. Gen. D. M. Haley, Krebs, I. T.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, Commander, Sac and Fox Agency, Okla.
Col. J. O. Casler, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Also all camps in Montana, New Mexico, California and the West in this department.

WE'VE FOUGHT AGAIN.

DEDICATED TO MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE AND THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Though years have passed away since that sad day
When Southern arms were stacked, and tears like rain
Coursed down the Southern cheeks, I've heard them say,
The veterans scarred and old, "We've fought again!"

The saddest day has come—and it has passed.
What tongue can tell the heart-break and the pain?
Though then we stood through war, not first, but last,
Have we done ill since then? We've fought again!

Though three decades have passed since war did cease,
We have not idly stood upon the plain;
We've won our oldtime place through arts of peace,
But *not* through lethargy. We've fought again!

The death blow to our hopes left Hope alive,
And though we love our dead, who would complain?
They live a better life, while we, who strive,
Keep green their memory—though we've fought again.

The world is ours yet, and who the cur
Would treat our Southern land with such disdain
As not to make our *Union* see in her
The surest anchor—when we've fought again?

Oh, Comrades of the Gray! though laid aside
The arms and banners, can you not explain
When asked, "How have you stemmed ill-fortune's tide?"
By saying, "We had faith and—fought again?"

Crockett, Texas. JACK LE BRUNI.

AN HISTORIC DOCUMENT.

Mrs. E. J. Fuller, of Umatilla, Fla., sends an old faded print gotten up in the form of an "extra." It is from the *True Democrat*, and headed,

"TELEGRAM FROM SENATOR TOOMBS."

"Washington, Dec. 23.—Senator Toombs telegraphs the following, addressed to the people of Georgia:

"*Fellow Citizens of Georgia:* I came here to secure your constitutional rights, or to demonstrate to you that you can get no guarantee for these rights from your Northern confederates.

"The whole subject was referred to a committee of thirteen in the Senate yesterday. I was appointed on the committee and accepted the trust. I submitted propositions which, so far from receiving decided support from a single member of the Republican party on the committee, were all treated with utter derision or contempt. The vote was then taken in committee on the amendments to the Constitution proposed by Hon. J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, and each and all of them were voted against unanimously by the Black Republican members of the committee.

"In addition to these facts, a majority of the Black Republican members of the committee *declared distinctly that they had no guarantees to offer*, which was silently acquiesced in by the other members.

"The Black Republican members of this committee of Thirteen are representative men of their party and section, and to the extent of my information truly represent the committee of thirty-three in the House, which on Tuesday adjourned for a week without coming to any vote, after solemnly pledging themselves to vote on all propositions then before them on that date.

"That committee is controlled by Black Republicans, your enemies, who only seek to amuse you with delusive hope until your election, in order that you may defeat the friends of secession. If you are deceived by them it shall not be my fault. I have put the test fairly and frankly. It is decisive against you; and now I tell you upon the faith of a true man that all further looking to the North for security for your Constitutional rights in the Union ought to be instantly abandoned. It is fraught with nothing but ruin to yourselves and your posterity.

"Secession by the fourth of March next should be thundered from the ballot box by the unanimous voice of Georgia on the second day of January next. Such a voice will be your best guarantee for liberty, security, tranquility and glory.

ROBERT TOOMBS."

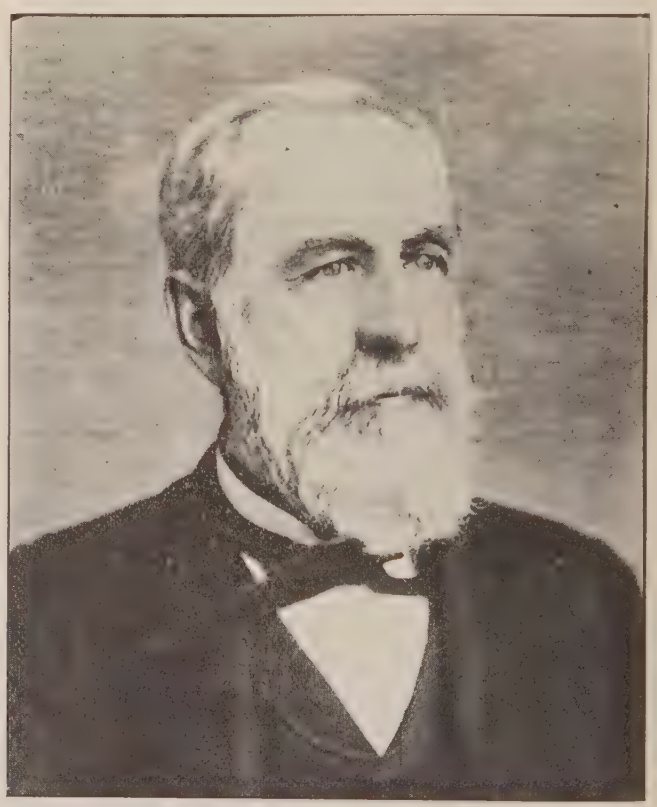
"Washington, Dec. 18.—Mr. Crawford, of Ga., offered the following resolution in Congress yesterday. To-day the test was made and the resolution tabled by a decided vote. So much for our rights in the Union.

"Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States recognizes property in slaves; that Congress has passed laws to aid slave-holders in recapturing their slaves whenever they escape and make their way into free States; that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that negroes were not included, either in the Declaration of Independence or in the Constitution of the United States except as slaves, and that they cannot become citizens; and we, the members of this House, hereby sustain and support this construction of the Constitution, these laws, and said decision of the Supreme Court."

"Washington, Dec. 23.—In the Senate Committee yesterday the Republicans asked for more time before they voted on the resolutions before them. Mr. Toombs opposed delay, and every proposition was voted down. Messrs. Toombs and Crittenden were the only two who voted for Crittenden's resolutions. This attitude of the Republicans had a most depressing effect on the whole community."

MAJOR GENERAL W. D. HOLDER.

W. D. Holder, Major-General of the Mississippi Division is a native of Madison County, Ky. His grandfather, Col. John Holder, having gone from Culpeper County, Virginia, joined fortunes with Daniel Boone in 1775, in the "dark and bloody ground." He has honorable mention in the Revolutionary records. His father, who commanded a company from Kentucky in the war of 1812, moved from Kentucky to Tennessee in 1825; thence to Mississippi in 1839.



W. D. HOLDER.

Colonel Holder finished his education in the schools of Aberdeen and Houston, Miss. He was appointed Deputy Clerk of the United States District Court at Pontotoc in 1843, and afterwards served as deputy marshall of said court. He volunteered in 1845-46 in the war with Mexico, but was not accepted. He was elected to the State Legislature from Pontotoc County in 1853, serving one term. He married Miss Bowles, of Lafayette County, Miss., in 1854, and settled on a farm in Pontotoc County. At the beginning of the war between the States, he promptly organized a company and was elected Captain by acclamation. It became Company C, Seventeenth Mississippi Regiment, with W. S. Featherstone as Colonel. At the expiration of the term of their enlistment—twelve months—every man re-enlisted, and he was re-elected Captain unanimously. Soon afterward, upon the promotion of Colonel Featherstone to Brigadier General, Captain Holder was elected Colonel of the regiment.

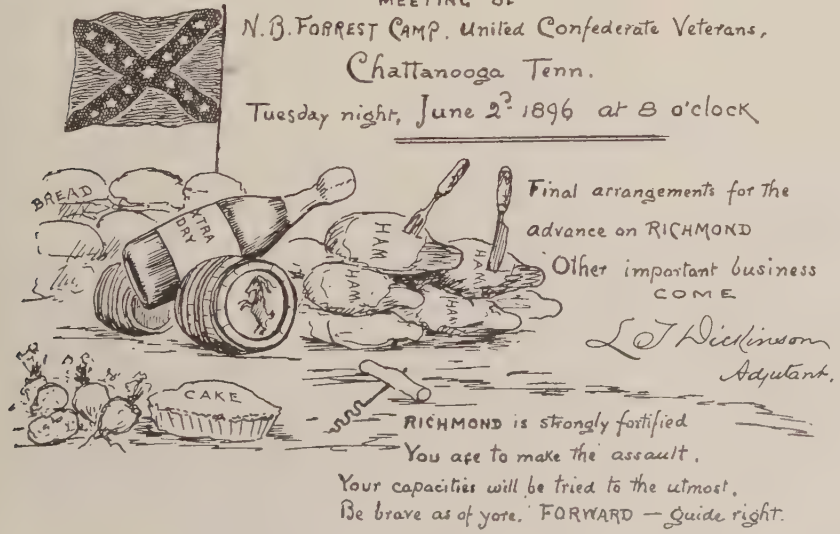
He participated in the battles of First Manassas, Leesburg, Chickahominy "(the seven days' fight around Richmond)," Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, besides numerous skirmishes. His thigh was broken, near the body, at Malvern Hill, and he received a wound in the abdomen, at Gettysburg, supposed to be fatal. This last named wound ermanently disabled him. He was elected to the Confederate Congress, without canvass or solicitation, from the Eastern District of Mississippi, to succeed Gen. Ruben Davis. He did not resign his commission however, until the board of surgeons of Richmond, Va., after a careful examination, declared him wholly unfit for further service in the field. He served in Congress until the close of the war.

After the war he returned with his family to his farm in Pontotoc County, Miss. From there, in 1872, he moved for a short time to Shelby County, Tenn., but returned to Lafayette County, Miss. He was appointed Deputy State Auditor in 1886, and in 1895 was made Auditor of Public Accounts for the term of four years from January, 1896.

Miss Minnie Clopton, of Aberdeen, Miss., Sponsor for the Mississippi Division at Richmond, only daughter of W. H. and Maggie Clopton, is a typical Mississippi girl; of medium size, perfect form, brown hair and eyes, is bright and vivacious in conversation and graceful in carriage and manner.

MISS MINNIE CLOPTON.

Her father was a gallant member of the Van Dorn's, a crack company in the Eleventh Mississippi Regiment, Army of Northern Virginia, and followed the fortunes of his command with unwavering fidelity and courage from beginning to end.


MEETING OF
N.B. FORREST CAMP. United Confederate Veterans,
Chattanooga Tenn.
Tuesday night, June 2? 1896 at 8 o'clock
BREAD
EXTRA DRY
HAM
Final arrangements for the advance on RICHMOND
Other important business COME
L T Dickinson
Adjutant.
CAKE
RICHMOND is strongly fortified
You are to make the assault.
Your capacities will be tried to the utmost.
Be brave as of yore. FORWARD — Guide right.

COL. L. T. DICKINSON.

Confederate Veteran

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

The VETERAN greets comrades after three and a half years of unvarying success, due to their unstinted and never failing zeal in its behalf, with a sense of obligation that subdues, and yet which boldly claims credit for having done what it could, all the time. Its sacred obligations are felt, and its purpose is to battle on and on without loss of ardor. Hence it pleads for continued co-operation.

Enterprising patriotic gentlemen living at Murfreesboro and in the vicinity of the battlefield near Stones River have organized and are taking steps to present the merits of the battleground there for a Military Park. They have secured options on the property at low figures.

While the men connected with it are largely of the Confederate element, Veterans or their sons, Capt. C. A. Scheafe who fought through the war for the Union, is President of the Association. Captain Scheafe never forgot that the war ended in 1865.

The Association is named Stones River Battlefield and National Park. Jesse W. Sparks, Jr., son of a Veteran of the Eighth Texas, is the Secretary.

It becomes impossible to get the great Camp list corrected and complete in time for this Reunion VETERAN. Many Camps have responded to request for corrections, but a large list of new ones have failed must be through error in mail. General Moorman is cordially zealous to aid in the matter. By delaying the list to August, it is hoped that every Camp finding an error in the April number will report it. The note printed on first page of June VETERAN errs in reference to delegates admitted at Richmond. It is one to every twenty instead of twenty-five members as there stated.

So many demands for space in this VETERAN have attention, that the Shiloh Reunion report is abandoned, except to state that there was a large local attendance, and Capt. J. W. Irwin, Confederate, who, as Land Agent for the Government, is much interested in the Park Monument, officiated most creditably in the ceremonial part of the reunion. This reference to the subject is not specially to apologize, but in this off period from interest in matters there to note some facts that should be known and appreciated by our people.

There was no battle of the war, perhaps, in which a more sturdy American element fought for the Union than at Shiloh, and Union Veterans never assemble who have a more exalted regard for Confederates than those who go to Shiloh. Let this important fact be not forgotten when the next reunion time occurs. The April anniversary, 6th and 7th will evidently be the time, and let the Confederate element not forget that, as a National Park is being established there, to meet and greet the Westerners who go annually at considerable sacrifice of time will be a pleasure and a duty. The VETERAN gives notice now that its purpose will be to exercise diligence to make a showing for the South next year, assured that it would be a pleasure to Confederates, and that its influence upon the heroic element who fought to maintain the Union solely will do much good. For reasons which may be explained in detail later, a large gathering of Southerners at Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing can be utilized to profit as well as pleasure.

A pride of the VETERAN is in accuracy of statement. Errors will now and then get in, however, through erroneous accounts by contributors. For instance, in the sketch of Governor Turney, printed on page 235, there are several misstatements.

He was never County Surveyor, though he did surveying on his account; he didn't go to Virginia "with Hatton's Brigade," but before all others from Tennessee with the First Regiment which he organized and commanded. Hatton went as Colonel under Gen. Sam Anderson, and when Gen. Anderson resigned, Hatton was promoted to the command of the brigade. Col. Turney's regiment was in that brigade and he was with Hatton when killed at Seven Pines. After that his regiment was in Archer's brigade. He was in all the battles mentioned and other smaller ones, but he was not wounded at Seven Pines nor at Antietam.

Governor Turney was Chief Justice until January 15, 1893, when he was inaugurated Governor.

The reference to Capt. J. N. Barney in the tribute to his wife mentions him as resigning his position in the United States Navy to join the Confederate Army when it should have been Navy. Capt. Barney commanded the Jamestown in a naval fight at Hampton Roads; was second in command in the fight at Drewry's Bluff; he commanded the Harriet Lane at Galveston. He also commanded the Florida and was promoted for gallantry and meritorous conduct. Mrs. Barney's great work in securing $5,100 for the cemetery at Fredericksburg was accomplished in two years, and on her birthday, 1891, the monument was unveiled.

GEORGIA'S PATRIOTIC WOMEN.

Address to the State Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, by Mrs. W. C. Sibley.

At the State gathering, in Augusta, of United Daughters of the Confederacy, this clever account is given:

The fair hands of women had added additional charm to the already beautiful hall, for vines and flowers and potted plants gave quite a homelike air of festivity to the surroundings. The windows were framed in vines, while on each sill rested a huge palm. The rostrum blossomed forth in vernal beauty, and the sweet perfume of flowers lent their fragrance to enhance the scene.

There has seldom in the history of the city been a more successful meeting than that of yesterday, when from all parts of our glorious old State fair women gathered for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of the ones who wore the gray.

MRS. SIBLEY'S ADDRESS.

Daughters of the Confederacy: Honored by that title! Let it be mentioned with reverence and tenderness. It tells of a nation that is dead and gone; of martyrs brave who fell in defense of their country; of a time that can be no more, and a people that are rapidly passing away. It tells of a Southern Confederacy that blazed forth suddenly into glory; it tells of a nation whose history during the brief years of its existence records one of the grandest struggles for liberty and rights this world has ever known.

Daughters of the Confederacy, coming simply as women of the South, you would have met with cordial greeting; but coming in the name of the Southern Confederacy, to perpetuate the memories of that struggle and our beloved and sacred dead, you are doubly welcome to our hearts and our homes. I esteem it an honored privilege to extend you Augusta's greeting, superfluous though it seems; for there is not a place in all our broad Southland but will throw wide open its gates and doors, and bid you hearty welcome and God speed. Much more should Augusta, so mercifully and wonderfully spared the immediate shock of battle and terrors of war. Not lacking, however, in patriotism, heroism, and sacrifice, she sent thousands of her bravest and best to the front, many of whom never returned. If spared the terrors of shot and shell, she was the theater of scenes exciting and stirring. In the direct route from many points in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas to the seat of war in Virginia, her depots and streets were often thronged with the soldiers passing to and fro, amid the booming of cannon and the beating of drums.

Augusta was also a great hospital center. Train loads of sick and wounded were sent back from the battlefield to be cared for. Wayside homes were established for disabled soldiers; and the women of our city, with loving devotion, tenderly ministered to the suffering and dying, and helped to fit many volunteers on their way to the army.

Daughters of the Confederacy, it is to no "mean" city that we have bidden you welcome, as I trust you will find out for yourselves during your sojourn with us. From the time of her birth in 1735 and royal naming by Gen. Oglethorpe, in honor of Princess Augusta, she has had a noble record.

Hoary-headed with age, venerable and distinguished, as the seat of government of the "Province of Georgia," in the old colonial times, Augusta has been ever prominent in her country's history. Looking back upon its several epochs, she can point with pride to her ever-ready responses to the call of duty, and her participation in every event of moment connected with its interests and welfare. Her soldiers served with distinction through the Indian wars, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Florida War, and the War of the Confederacy.

In addition to these, she has passed through local epidemics, floods, cyclones, earthquakes, and fires; but, surviving them all, has risen, Phoenix-like, from the "ashes of hope," and sprung to new life and grander efforts after each succeeding catastrophe; and to-day she sits a queen fair and happy in her beautiful and historic domain.

On the banks of the winding Savannah,
Where summer is mantled in green,
Is planted a beautiful city—
The loveliest that ever was seen.
Here love in her realm sits supremely,
And angels of friendship abound,
And beautiful maidens divinely
Clasp hands with the manly profound.

'Tis known as the City of Fountains,
From North, South, West, and from East;
And there's water enough in abundance
For all needs of man and of beast.
Here the streets are straight and well shaded,
Here the homes show refinement and care;
To the stranger they give a good welcome,
And also a good bill of fare.

But the pride of that beautiful city
Is its monument, gleaming and fair,
As it stands in its grandeur and beauty,
With its five dead heroes there;
Where the skies are the bluest and brightest,
And clouds in their varying dyes,
And stars in the calm, stilly twilight
Watch over like sentinel eyes.

In woman's nature there is a God-given sentimentality that makes her cling to her loved and lost with a devotion that is undying. Out of such sprang the Ladies' Memorial Association and Decoration Day. Of the many cenotaphs that have been raised in memory of the dead of the war none are handsomer, more imposing, or raise a taller head than the noble Confederate monument erected by the ladies of the Memorial Association of Augusta, sending its shaft heavenward seventy-six feet, its pinnacle bearing the statue of a private Confederate soldier, the four corners of the pedestal bearing life-size statues of Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Thomas R. R. Cobb, and William H. Walker. It is the pride of Augusta, the pride of Georgia, and the pride of the South.

The association, which was organized in 1868, bears honored names upon its lists: Mrs. John D. Carter, its first president; Mrs. M. E. Walton (now

Mrs. F. A. Timberlake), its second; Mrs. Dr. H. H. Steiner, Mrs. John T. Miller, Mrs. J. M. Adams, Mrs. M. E. Whitehead, Mrs. A. E. Dortic, Mrs. J. J. Cohen, Mrs. J. R. Lamar, Mrs. DeSaussure Ford, Mrs. H. W. Hilliard, Mrs. J. T. Derry, Mrs. John M. Clark,

Augusta Monument.

Mrs. Campfield, Mrs. M. A. Danforth, Mrs. W. H. Barrett, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Mrs. Bredenberg, Mrs. J. T. May, Mrs. D. T. Castleberry, Mrs. M. B. Moore, Mrs. C. R. Rowland.

All honor to the Ladies' Memorial Association of Augusta for this beautiful tribute to the Confederate dead! May it prove a monument to their patriotism as well as to the soldiers whose memory they wish to perpetuate.

All honor to like associations throughout our Southland that have placed so lovingly the headstones over brave soldiers, and that have raised monuments to the dead Confederacy, pointing to a better country than this, where war and strife and death are not found, and all is peace!

Let us not forget the handsome monument erected by the Sunday school of St. James church to the memory of the twenty-three teachers and scholars who fell in the war. It bears also the names of the two hundred and ninety-two slain of Richmond County.

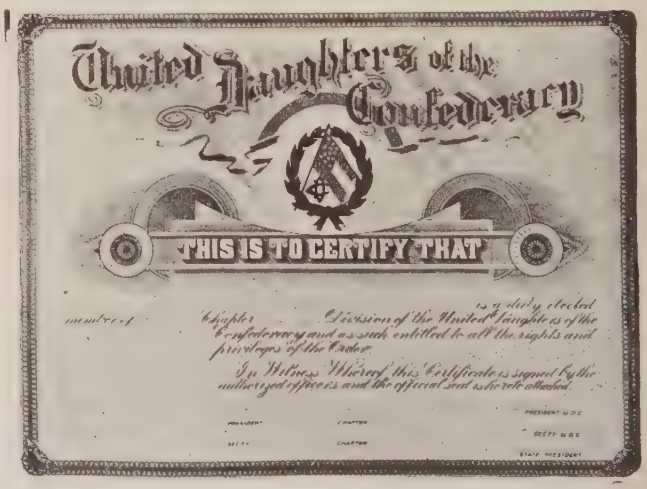
Still another monument is the old Confederate powder works chimney left standing in front of Sibley Mill, on the site of which, during the war, was the largest and most complete powder works in the world, and by which the ammunition and material from the government workshops enabled the Southern armies to hold out so long against such fearful odds.

Calling attention to those, we must not forget the "soldiers' section" at the cemetery, so long and tenderly cared for by the Ladies' Memorial Association and the women and children of Augusta, and where they have placed a fountain in the midst to murmur its gentle requiem for the dead.

To none are we more indebted for keeping alive the memories of the Confederacy than to Mrs. Jefferson Thomas, both by her office as secretary of the Memorial Association since 1886, and by her eloquent and forceful pen that has so often made its appeal for perpetuating its memories and honoring its dead.

Remembering these, shall we withhold mention of the monument to the Georgia heroes of the Revolutionary War: Hall, Walton, and Gwinett? Brightly burn the fires of enthusiasm in honoring all who died in defense of our country! By such is patriotism kept alive and engendered. God speed you, noble Daughters of the Confederacy! In these sordid, selfish, degenerate times, patriotism, chivalry, reverence, and many characteristics of the old times that have gone, and that helped to make our nation the grandest and best on the earth, are rapidly dying out.

The speaker who stands before you remembers, and with keenest longings, the good "old days" when religion, morality, virtue, honor, and patriotism and chivalry occupied high ground, and maintained it. Now they are the things most often scoffed at. God forgive us that it should be so! Living, as the speaker has, during four periods of the South's history, in the days of the old South, the Confederate South, the days of reconstruction, and since, she has seen many changes, some for the better; but many have been so deplorable that we seem a totally different people. Having lived in the days of the glorious old South, with associations, special and hallowed, of a time that has gone forever and a people that will soon have passed away, it is not strange that she loves it best and holds its memories in deepest reverence.


United Daughters of the Confederacy

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Daughters' Certificate of Membership.

Yonder battle-stained flag can never be as dear to the generations to come as to those of us who saw it when first unfurled in the hands of the "boys in gray." There are of us who saw it flying from

GEN. B. F. ESHELMAN,
Commander Louisiana Division U. C. V.

GEN. J. O. SHELBY.
Commander Missouri Division U. C. V.

GEN. THOS. A. BRANDER,
Commander Virginia Division U. C. V.

the standards and ramparts of Confederate camps, as we followed our soldier husbands during the war wherever we could join them with safety. Associations many and the dearest cling around it for us.

For, though conquered, we adore it;
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it;
Weep for those who fell before it;
And pardon those who trailed and tore it.

Daughters of the Confederacy, we turn it over lovingly and tenderly to your care and reverence, with all the relics and memories of that time.

PATRIOTIC SONS OF VETERANS.

The R. E. Lee Camp No. 1, Sons of Veterans, Richmond, will entertain the Camp Moultrie Sons of Veterans, of Charleston, during the Reunion as their own guests. The VETERAN notes this with pride. These two organizations of Sons are a credit to the two cities in which they reside, and also a credit to the Veteran Camps in these cities.

A brief history of Camp Moultrie is given here to encourage Sons in other places.

The Survivors' Association of Charleston, S. C., founded in 1866, is said to have been the oldest Confederate association in the South. Sons of veterans were admitted as honorary members, and nineteen young men were so enrolled on its books. It was decided in May, 1894, to merge the Association into a camp of the United Confederate Veterans, and a committee to arrange the necessary steps was appointed. However, before such a step could be taken, in justice to them, the junior members were consulted, for it would be necessary to drop them from the roll when the camp was formed.

A meeting of these nineteen Sons was therefore called, and a conference held with the committee from the survivors. They unanimously withdrew from this association, and decided to form a camp of Sons. Camp Sumter, No. 250, U. C. V., was therefore formed in October, 1894, by the members of the Survivors' Association, and Messrs. Robert A. Smyth, chairman; Stephen R. Bell and C. Irvine Walker, Jr., were appointed a committee to organize a camp of Sons. This committee went to work with a great deal of enthusiasm and zeal, sending circulars to all sons of Confederate veterans in Charleston, inviting them to be present at a meeting for the purpose of organizing such a camp.

On Nov. 15, 1894, Camp Moultrie, Sons of Confederate Veterans, was formed, and started life with eighty charter members. During the twenty-odd years that the Survivors' Association admitted sons as honorary members but nineteen joined; so the wisdom of forming a camp of sons was clearly proven.

Eligibility for membership in Camp Moultrie is based upon the fact that the applicant's ancestor saw active service in the Confederate army or navy.

Applications are made on printed forms, which set forth fully the record of the ancestor, giving the date when ancestor entered the State service and the Confederate service, and also the company, regiment, and rank. Then the promotions and dates of same; the engagements at which present; when and how wounded; when and where taken prisoner; when and where detailed, and by whose order; and also the expiration of the service. All this must be certified to by at least two members of the ancestor's command. This is read at a meeting of the camp, and referred to the committee on applica-

tion, whose duty it is to carefully verify all information; and, if correct, to approve and report the same at the next meeting of the camp, when the applicant is elected. On the point of eligibility the constitution reads: "All male descendants of those who served in the Confederate army or navy to the end of the war or were honorably retired or discharged, or who died in the service, are eligible for membership." No restriction as to the age of a member is made, except that no member under sixteen (the last conscript age of the Confederacy) can vote, and no member under twenty-one can hold office.

The First Confederate Capital.

The camp has had a wonderfully successful growth, its membership now being over two hundred, and new members join at every meeting.

The regular meetings are held on the second Wednesday in October, December, February, April, and June, and the anniversary meeting November 15th of each year. At these meetings two or more veterans are present by special invitation, and address the camp on Confederate subjects. The meetings are largely attended.

Camp Moultrie has taken a very active part in all Confederate enterprises, and has greatly revived and increased by its enthusiastic efforts the interest of all the people of Charleston in such matters. The attendance upon Memorial Day exercises have been greatly increased in the last two years by the efforts of Camp Moultrie.

Dues of the camp are made very low in order to allow any eligible man to join. The initiation fee is but $1, and the yearly dues $1.

The camp has adopted a beautiful badge, a diamond-shaped background of gold, surmounted by the last Confederate flag, enameled in its true colors, above and below which are two scrolls containing in gold letters the words "Camp" and "Moultrie," respectively. This badge was designed for the camp by a committee of its members.

The present officers are: Robert A. Smyth, commandant; John B. Adger, Jr., first lieutenant commander; E. J. Kinloch, M.D., second lieutenant commander; David Huguenin, adjutant; Edward F. Parker, M.D., surgeon; J. G. Morris, quartermaster; W. Turner Logan, treasurer; Eugene N. Simons, color sergeant; Julian L. Wells, historian.

The Veteran is not so familiar with the Lee Camp of Sons, but they evidently are fully alive to the patriotic and otherwise worthy purposes for which they were organized.

Surely the pride of young men elsewhere will be stirred by these two camps.

Julian L. Wells, historian for Camp Moultrie, stated in an address:

"The existence of Camp Moultrie is in obedience to the divine command: 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Respect for the virtues of our progenitors is the surest road to that epitome of all virtues, self-respect, in itself the cause and the result of virtue. Our object can best be told in the words of the South's sweetest singer: It is to perpetuate 'the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray.'

"Daily the beloved and revered forms of those who bravely bore their part in the South's great struggle are passing from our view to 'rest under the shade of the trees' with Lee and Stonewall Jackson. With the characteristic modesty of true merit they die, for the most part, with their lips sealed as to the mighty deeds in which they bore their share. Too rarely have their pens preserved in lasting form the record of their swords. The story of their lives, replete with inspiration to nerve the hearts of generations yet unborn, is retained only in fragmentary form in the minds of their children. Material that would adorn forever the pages of history, of poetry, and of romance is daily swallowed up in the grave. In so far as we can prevent it, this must no longer be.

Across the James from Richmond, 1865.

"The true historian must have a heart as well as a head. His heart must beat in unison with the feelings of the people whose history he traces; in

GEN. JOHN BOYD,
Commander Kentucky Division U. C. V.

GEN. JOHN G. FLETCHER,
Commander Arkansas Division U. C. V.

GEN. J. J. DICKISON,
Commander Florida Division U. C. V.

sympathy he must be one of them. If this subtle unity of feeling be lacking, the labors of the historian degenerate into a mere dry-as-dust chronicle. The soul of history has fled, and only the dull facts, the mere corpse, remain.

"The so-called histories used in our schools teem with misstatements as to the facts, and with false conclusions; while matters of opinion are stated as facts, and the youthful mind is perverted by being deprived of the opportunity of judging for itself. Hence we have acquired the habit of acquiescing in silence instead of meeting misrepresentation by prompt challenge and sturdy denial, backed by logical argument."

EXPERIENCE OF ESCAPING PRISON.

Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, Tenn.:

Thomas P. Owen, of Col. Ed. Cook's Thirty-second Regiment of Tennessee, was detailed by Col. Cook, when at Lookout Mountain, Nov. 23, 1863, to go after his horse, which had been shot in the nose, and was at a farm some distance away. It was the day of Missionary Ridge battle. While Owen was on his mission he encountered some Yankee cavalry, who gave chase, and captured him and a courier between Rives Station and Tennessee River. They were taken, with other prisoners, to Cleveland, Tenn., where they were told to "jump upon any horses" they could. Owen got an old gray, and, while riding to Chattanooga, was ordered by an officer to dismount that a sick soldier might ride. He refused to obey. Again during the journey he was told to get down, and the officer said: "If I have to tell you again, I'll shoot you." Owen dismounted, and walked for some time, when he got "very sick," and another fellow had to walk. They had to foot it from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, where they were put on cars for the Maxwell House Prison, at Nashville. After a few days, Owen and other prisoners were marched down to the Louisville depot to be sent North. He had determined to escape if possible, so watched for his opportunity. While at the depot he saw that the guard was not watching him, and stepped across to the sidewalk, where a large party of citizens were seeing the prisoners off, and was soon lost in the crowd. However, a negro boy saw him, and called the guard's attention, and he was soon caught, when two Dutch guards made him "double quick" to the Maxwell House. Still he never gave up the idea of escape. About noon that day volunteers were asked for to carry water to the prisoners. Owen quickly presented himself (thinking the pump was somewhere outside); but, alas! he was shown a hydrant in the hotel court, where he and another pumped and carried tubs of water to the fourth and fifth stories until about twelve o'clock at night. Having now fully determined to escape, he tore up his blankets and coverlet, and made them into a rope, which he intended to suspend from a second-story window. He went down to fix his "ladder," and found the second story to be used as a dormitory. He noiselessly stepped over the men in making his way to a window, when a burly "six-footer" arose, and said: "What in the — are you doing here? Getting ready to steal?" Owen took his canteen, and said: "If you come a foot nearer, I will bust your head for you!" The "six-footer" thought discretion the better part of valor, and laid down; but Owen did not get to the window that night.

About a week after this experience Owen was of another detachment of prisoners taken to the Louisville depot for Northern transportation. His "break for liberty" this third time was a charm, for he did escape. While at the depot he got out of sight of the guard. Finding three citizens leaning against a freight car, he also rested himself, and saw the prisoners put aboard. When the train pulled out, he walked back to the Square with the

citizens, but did not talk for fear he would commit himself. It was December 7th, and very cold. He went in the direction of the Franklin Pike. After going some distance, he struck a field of weeds higher than his head, and was making through it, when he saw near him a picket's fire behind a pile of rock. He quickly dropped, and grunted like a hog, when the picket exclaimed: "You fool, you! Don't you know we would ruther kill a horg now than a man?" Owen thought it time for him to "git;" so he moved away as rapidly as possible a la snake. When he had gotten somewhere in the vicinity of Fort Negley, between the pike and railroad, he again came upon a picket behind a stump. "Who comes there?" was heard by Owen, who answered: "A citizen." "Advance, and give the countersign," said the picket. "I haven't it," replied Owen; "I only started to the tollgate for a few eggs; but I believe I am about half-way lost, it's so dark." "Come up here, and I'll take you to my lieutenant," said the picket. Owen did not relish this, but put on a brave front and marched up to the fire, where he sized up his man and jumped at him, took his gun from the Dutchman, and fairly flew into the darkness, leaving "mine frendt" yelling at the top of his voice: "He's got mine gunt! he's got mine gunt!" As Owen ran, he heard the "long roll" beat and the firing of the pickets. He continued to run with the gun until he fell in a ditch so deep that the back of his head rested on the bank, and he thought his neck was broken. He finally scrambled out, and ran on, but dropped the gun. He stopped to drink at a branch, and thought all the Yankee cavalry was after him. It proved the beating of his heart. He is now an honored citizen of this town.

SECOND MANASSAS.

Letter of Oct. 3, 1862, to "Charming Nellie" Continued.

"Silence!" We could well observe the command. "Surrounded by the enemy!" It was a pretty tale to be told on Texans, who had come two thousand miles to capture the Yankee nation and force it to terms, that they had carelessly walked into a trap and surrendered without firing a gun in defense of the flags they had sworn to bathe in floods of glory. Chagrined and mortified, Texas pride humbled into the dust, who wanted to talk? These were, of course, first thoughts; second ones embraced the difficulties and exigencies of the situation and the chances of escape, but were far from pleasant and comforting.

But the humiliation we felt was self-inflicted, the fears idle, and the difficulties imaginary. Within an hour, Gen. Hood found a gap in the circumvaling lines; then he rode, first to Longstreet's headquarters, and next to Lee's, and asked leave to remain where he was, and begin the attack at daylight. He argued that the enemy, imagining they had cooped up only one regiment, would be demoralized, and easily routed when attacked by two such brigades as his and Whiting's. Overruled by his superiors, however, he returned to the command, which, led by him, marched in darkness with bated breath, and without the rattle of a cup or a canteen, between two Federal brigades, and at daylight confronted the foe whose clutches it had so narrowly escaped, in the same position it had occupied the day before.

Had I been consulted previous to learning of the getting out place, I should certainly have indorsed Hood's plan; but not after the avenue of escape was not only pointed out, but we had availed ourselves of it. Then I joined most heartily with my comrades in congratulating ourselves on having, as an illiterate fellow said, so skillfully "unsurrounded" ourselves.

The day and night's work cost us the slight wounding of a few men, and the capture of Bill Calhoun, of Co. B, Fourth Texas. This Bill Calhoun is an oddity of whom we are very proud. Always sad of countenance, there yet dwells in the recesses of his bosom a spirit of constantly effervescing drollery which now and then, and when least expected, bubbles over and explodes. His messmate and bedfellow is Davidge. Carrying out their plan of an equitable division of labor, Davidge, on the day we passed through Manassas Gap, was intrusted with the blankets, while Bill charged himself with the transportation of the provisions and limited culinary apparatus. Davidge straggled, and, when camp was reached at night, was non est inventus. Confident he would come soon, Bill prepared supper, and, Davidge still not appearing, ate it all himself, lighted his pipe, smoked and chatted a while; and, then remarking that Davidge would be along soon, stretched himself out on the bare ground to rest. But here in Virginia the nights are cool enough even in July to make covering acceptable, and though Bill endured the hardness of his couch, and the chilliness of the night with unbroken placidity until midnight, he could stand it no longer. Rising and standing erect in the midst of five thousand recumbent forms darkening the moonlit hillside, he broke into magniloquent apostrophe: "O, Davidge, Davidge! friend of my bosom and possessor of my blanket, where art thou, Davidge, this cold and comfortless night? Art thou indeed false to thy many professions—false to the sacred obligations of true and loyal friendship thou hast sworn—oblivious of duty, and forgetful of the friend who has confided to thee even the blanket on which he dependeth for protection from the chilling blasts of winter? Art thou now reclining peacefully and blissfully on some hospitable feather bed and dreaming of the joys that will come when this "cruel war is o'er," or, art thou beguiled and betrayed by the demon of intemper-

ance, and a damnable thirst for apple-jack, wallowing like a hog in the dust before the door of some disreputable mountain stillhouse; while I, thy friend and messmate, thy boon companion in happiness and adversity, stand here alone—a homeless, houseless orphan, his wandering footsteps guided only by the pale light of yonder refulgent orb of night, his shivering body covered only by the blue canopy of the sky, and his restless slumber watched over only by the myriads of twinkling stars that shine in the heavens above me? Alas! Davidge, thou trusted friend, companion, and confidant of my youth and manhood, thou hast been weighed in the balance and found wanting. The surrounding and circumambient circumstances are proof strong as holy writ that I have been duped, deceived, outwitted, and ungratefully left to encounter the slings and arrows of misfortune alone and unsustained by any human aid." And dropping from the sublime to the ridiculous, Bill nudged the nearest man with his foot and said in a voice of entreaty that would have melted the hardest heart: "Say, Val Giles, let me get under the blanket with you; if you don't, I'll be a standing monument before morning of man's inhumanity to man."

I have told you this story to prepare you for that of Bill's capture, as related by a Confederate who was near enough to see and hear everything, but laid low and kept dark lest he, too, should be captured. It is so in keeping with Bill's unique character that no one doubts it. Bill was on the skirmish line, and, like myself, lost sight of his Confederate friends, and got too far to the front. Carrying his gun in both hands, with a finger on the hammer ready to cock it at the first glimpse of an enemy, he was suddenly brought to a halt by the harsh and totally unexpected command: "Surrender, you d—— rebel; throw down your gun and surrender." Such language, followed as it was by the threatening click of half a dozen gunlocks, was not to be treated lightly. Bill's fingers simultaneously released their grip on his minie rifle, and it dropped, clanging to the hard, stony ground; then he looked to his right and saw, behind a clump of bushes he had almost passed, a squad of Yankees. They were within twenty feet of him, and one of them stood with cocked and leveled gun pointed directly at his breast. Bill was no fool; the enemy had the drop on him, and any appearance of hesitation on his part might be unhealthy. Therefore, he made haste to say, in a voice pitched at a key to be plainly heard: "Of course I surrender. Who the devil is talking about not surrendering?" The celerity with which the gun was dropped, the odd manner of surrendering, and the absurd question asked, set the Yankee to laughing at such a rate, that he forgot to lower his weapon, but kept it pointing in the general direction of the captive as warningly as his shaking sides would permit. Noticing this, Bill protested earnestly: "See here, mister; please quit p'inting that gun at me. I've done surrendered, and the darned thing might go off unbeknownst to you." "O," answered the Yankee between bursts of laughter, but still failing to lower his gun, "I ain't a-goin' ter shoot you." "Mout as well shoot a feller at once as to scare him to death with a wobblin' gun," rejoined Bill. "D—— if I wasn't always afeard of a wobblin' gun; it's just as apt to hit as to miss."

. . . . . .

It was not until four o'clock on the evening of the 30th that our brigade again sought the foe. The same meadow was to cross, the same skirt of timber to pass through. As the Fourth emerged from the latter, the Fifth New York Battery, commanded by Captain Curran, and stationed on a commanding eminence on the other side of a deep hollow, devoted its whole attention to us, and to show our appreciation of the courtesy, we made directly for it. A Federal regiment between us and the battery fired one volley at us and fled as fast as legs could carry them. Another regiment that had been placed in a pine thicket immediately in rear of the battery as a support to it followed suit; but undismayed, gallant Capt. Curran fired his guns until every artillerist was shot down, and he himself fell as he was in the very act of sending into our huddled ranks a charge of grape and canister that would have sent the half of us to kingdom come. A braver spirit than his never dwelt in the breast of man. "You would never have captured my battery," said he, as at his request a Texan laid him under one of the guns and placed a knapsack under his head, "if my supports had been men instead of cowards." We fully agreed with him.

Looking up the hill, a strange and ghastly spectacle met our eyes. An acre of ground was literally covered with the dead, dying, and wounded of the Fifth New York Zouaves, the variegated colors of whose peculiar uniform gave the scene the appearance of a Texas hillside in spring, painted with wild flowers of every hue and color. Not fifty of the Zouaves escaped whole. One of their lieutenants, who had lost an arm, told me that they were in the second line of the breastworks which the Fourth Texas had carried at Gaines' Mill a month before; that in the mad retreat of the first line of Federals they had been swept away, and that, on learning the position in the Confederate line occupied by our brigade here at Second Manassas, they had made a special request to Gen. Pope to be permitted to confront us on the 30th, and regain the laurels lost at Gaines' Mill. There they met the Fourth Texas and suffered ignominious defeat. At Second Manassas they came face to face for a minute only with the Fifth Texas, and suffered practical annihilation.

The Zouaves, it seems, were posted just under the crest of the hill, and a hundred feet from the edge of the timber, and fired the moment the heads of the Texans showed above the crest. Of course they aimed too high, and before they could reload the Texans poured such a well-directed and deadly volley into their closely formed ranks that half of them sank to the ground, and the balance wheeled and ran. Not waiting to reload, the Texans rushed after the fugitives; and, clubbing their muskets, continued the work of destruction until every enemy in sight was left prone upon the ground. Then, as Gen. Hood said, the Fifth Texas "slipped its bridle and went wild." Had they not been recalled, they would have gone right on to the Potomac. That

night I was aroused from deep slumber by the sound of merriment. Rising to a sitting posture, I asked my disturber: "What in the name of common sense are you laughing about at this ungodly hour, Jim?" "About those d— Zouaves," said he. "You know that Belgian rifle with a bore almost as big as a cannon that I showed you this morning. Well, I was with the Fifth when it struck those fancy-dressed fellows. I didn't shoot when the balance did, but just waited until the scoundrels got well huddled together as they ran down the hill, and, getting about twenty of them in line, I put my gun to the back of the nearest one and pulled the trigger; and d— if I don't believe I killed the whole posse comitatus." Honestly, I shuddered with horror and disgust. The idea of such bloodthirstiness as would permit a man to laugh over the slaughter of so many men is repulsive.

I am not writing history, Charming Nellie; only endeavoring to paint a few scattering lights and shadows of this terrible war. The anecdote I have just told is a darker shadow than usual; so let me lighten it by another: Jim Ferris, of the Fifth Texas, found himself at Second Manassas in a dilapidated condition externally. The legs of his pants lacked several inches of the proper length, and in the absence of a pair of socks his ankles were lacerated and bleeding. While running wild with his regiment when it "slipped the bridle" on the 30th, it occurred to him that he might readily supply deficiencies in his wardrobe by administering on the estate of a dead Yankee. A pair of leggins to button around the calves of his legs would answer his purposes admirably.

Being a very large man himself, only the body of a large man could be depended upon to supply Jim's need; and in the search for such a one he wandered to and fro over the silent field of the dead until, awed by the solemnity of his surroundings, cold chills began to run down his back at the least noise; and he expected every minute to encounter a ghost. Finally he found a corpse of apparently suitable size, and, hastily turning back from its legs the oilcloth which covered it from head to foot, began with no gentle hand to unbutton a leggin. At the first jerk the supposed deadest of all the many dead flung the oilcloth from his head, and, rising to a sitting posture, exclaimed: "Great God alive, man! Don't rob me before I am dead, if you please!" In horrified amazement, Jim sprang twenty feet at one bound; but, knowing no ghost would speak so sensibly, natural politeness prompted instant apology. "Indeed, Mr. Yankee," said he, in the most gentle and winning tone that he could assume, "I hadn't the least idea you were alive, or I never would have been guilty of the discourtesy of disturbing you. Please pardon me, and let me know what I can do to make amends for my rudeness." "I would like to have a drink of water," said the revived corpse. "Take my canteen, sir," rejoined Jim, instantly offering it, "and please oblige me by keeping it; I can easily get another."

After this experience, Jim decided that, rather than risk waking another corpse, he would do without leggins; but on his way to camp he came across a stalwart form lying at full length on the ground, and at the very first glance saw that here could be obtained the needed leggins. No mistake must be made, though; and so, laying his hand on the shoulder of the Yankee, he gave it a shake, and asked: "Say, mister, are you dead or alive?" There was no response, and next morning Jim Ferris strutted about the camp in a magnificent pair of linen leggins.

WITH COL. ROGERS WHEN HE FELL.

Thrilling Recollections of Fort Robinette.

J. A. McKinstry, who was a private in Company D, Forty-second Alabama Regiment, now of Wyeth City, Ala., May 26, 1896:

For thirty years I have been urged by comrades to put in print what I saw and did in the storming of Battery Robinette, at Corinth, Miss., Oct. 4, 1862,

J. A. McKinstry.

but for reasons of my own I have until now refused to do so. In a recent issue of the Confederate Veteran my name appears in connection with a mention of that terrible charge, and my gifted college chum, also gallant comrade, Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York, renews the request that I give to surviving comrades a description of the charge, and the death of Col. Rogers, Capt. Foster, and the brave thirteen who fell with them, as I recollect it, and I consent. In doing so, I wish to preface my description by saying that I am not accustomed to write for publication, and that I do not claim to be math-

ematically correct as to time, position, and distance in what I say; but merely give the recollections that were indelibly impressed upon the mind of a barefooted boy, who went as far, and who saw and felt as much, as any one that day.

I was a private in Company D, Forty-second Alabama Regiment, Moore's Brigade, Maury's Division, Price's Corps; and Col. Rogers' regiment (the Second Texas) was a part of our brigade, and acted as skirmishers in that engagement. I was only seventeen years of age, and weighed less than one hundred pounds. Being the smallest member of the company, my position was on the extreme left, which rested upon the regimental colors. On Friday, the 3d of October, we stormed the outer works of the Federals, and carried them. The first shot fired at our regiment was a shell that exploded a few feet in front of our colors. It killed and wounded eleven men, including the color bearer. I was knocked off my feet by the concussion, but not otherwise hurt. The flag was instantly raised by Corporal J. A. Going (now of Birmingham, Ala.), and we were soon in possession of the works. We had several running fights during the day, as the Federals were driven from the outer to the inner fortifications. We lay on our guns during the night, and just before daylight we took position in a skirt of woods, directly in front of Robinette and some four or five hundred yards from it. We were discovered at dawn, and Forts Williams, Robinette, and College Hill opened a terrific enfilade fire of shot and shell upon us. We lay flat upon our faces, and the shells passed a few feet over us (we thought these feet were only inches), doing but slight damage. We remained in this position, hugging the ground, for four mortal hours before the signal gun was fired and the order to charge was given. The forts caught the sound of the signal gun, and ceased firing. We raised the rebel yell, and made a rush for the opening, some fifty yards in our front. There we were met by a deadly volley of shrapnel shells from the three forts, and our men fell dead and wounded all along the line.

In front of us was the most obstructive abattis that it was my misfortune to encounter, or to see, during the war. Beyond this in our front, to our right and to our left, were the forts belching destruction into our ranks; yet our men did not waver or halt, but over the tops, under the limbs, around the stumps, along the fallen trunks of the trees, like squirrels, they scrambled in their effort to reach the fort in front. Forts Williams and College Hill were soon devoting their attention to the columns in their respective fronts; and when about half through the abattis, Robinette changed shells for grape and canister on us. Our yells grew fainter,

and our men fell faster; but at last we reached the unobstructed ground in front of the fort, which was still a hundred yards away. Minies had been added to the missiles of death by the battery's infantry support; still we moved onward, as our badly scattered forces rallied on the flag. Twenty steps further, and our colors went down again. Going had fallen with a bullet in his leg. Comrade Crawford, of Company A, dropped his gun, and, almost before the flag had touched the dust, hoisted it again, and shouted: "On to the fort, boys!" A few steps farther, and the guns of the fort again changed their charges; now whole bags of buckshot were being belched from the cannons' mouths into our now nearly annihilated ranks, and our flag went down the ill-fated third time to rise no more on that battlefield. Poor Crawford had caught nine buckshot —seven in his breast and two in his arm; but we, only a remnant now of those who started, pressed on and reached the outside of the fort, and for a moment had protection; but before we could scarcely catch a breath, hand-grenades came flying thick and fast over the walls of the fort, and, falling in the dust, which was ankle deep, began to explode under our feet, filling the air with dust and smoke, and wounding our men. It took but a moment, however, to put a stop to this; for, having been educated in the tactics of fort defense, we quickly answered the command of a comrade, "Pick them up, boys, and pitch them back into the fort;" and immediately these infernal machines were bursting upon the inside among those who first threw them. Some one at this juncture shouted, "Over the walls, and drive them out;" and up the steep embankment we clambered. Comrade Luke was on my right, and Comrade Franks was on my left. As we scaled the top of the parapet, a volley of musketry met us. Luke went on over, Franks was killed with a bullet in the forehead, and, as he fell backward, he clinched me around the neck and carried me tumbling back with him to the bottom of the ditch on the outside. I was considerably rattled by the fall; but I heard Luke shout from the inside of the fort, "Come on, boys; here they are;" and I picked up my gun to go back to him, when I saw a "blue coat" jump from behind a stump, on the right of the fort, and run back in the direction of Corinth. He was only a few steps from me, and I held my gun on him and tried to fire, but could not. He soon got behind the fort, so that I could not see him, and I took my gun down to see what was the matter, and found that in my excitement I had only half-cocked it Firing had almost ceased, and I heard the shout of "Victory! victory!" and I thought we had won the day. I ran to the left of the fort whence the shout of victory came, and joined a small squad of our men that were standing a few paces from the fort. Col. Rogers and Capt. Foster were in this squad. On seeing a line of Federals approaching, and before giving the situation a thought, I immediately raised my gun and fired full into the breast of a Federal sergeant, who was in front of the column, and only a short distance from us. 'Twas then that Capt. Foster shouted, "Cease firing, men! cease firing!" and waved his handkerchief; and I realized the true

situation. 'Twas too late! That fatal volley had been turned on our little band from the muzzles of fifteen hundred muskets. I was still standing just as I was when I fired my last shot, and within a few feet of Col. Rogers, when a minie ball went crashing through my left hip and turned me half round; another went tearing through my right shoulder, which changed my position to front; and another ball crushed through my left shoulder, causing me to drop my gun and my left arm to fall limp by my side. I looked, and, lo! every one of the fifteen men who were standing with me had fallen in a heap.

Col. W. P. Rogers.

I looked again, and not a Confederate was in sight. The battle was lost, and our men had fallen back to the cover of the woods. Desperation seemed to seize me; and, though the blood was spurting from six gaping wounds, and I was already staggering from weakness, I took my dangling left arm up in my right, and, in the face of that deadly fire, I turned and ran for a quarter (in full view of that column of Federals, who were popping away at me every step that I took), and on for half a mile before I fell. He who seems to take special care of the boys was certainly with me in my desperate flight; for, though hundreds of minies passed uncomfortably near my ears, I was not hit in the back, nor was I captured. I lay on my back for three months without being able to turn over; but twelve months from then I, with a discharge in my pocket, was again with Gen. Moore in the battle above the clouds, and on with Johnston to Atlanta.

I have only to add that Crawford, after being shot down, saved our flag by tearing it from the staff, putting it in his bosom, and crawling out with it. Poor Luke was killed inside the fort. Of the thirty-three men belonging to our company who went into the charge that morning only eleven answered to roll call next day.

Reading the accounts of the battle published in the papers afterwards, and remembering to have heard Capt. Foster shout, "Cease firing, men," and seeing him after I fired waving his handkerchief, I have always thought that perhaps if I had not fired my last shot that day we might have been permitted to surrender without being fired upon. Consequently, while I've always loved to talk about it, I've never thought that I would like to see my terrible experience in that battle put in print. So far as I know, I am the only person near Col. Rogers when he fell who was not killed with him.

OUR CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

By Gen. Clement A. Evans, of Georgia.

The South has been asked why its people still persist in cherishing the memories of the war between the States. Why do we adorn the graves of our Confederate dead and build durable monuments in their honor? Why associate ourselves and our children in camps and chapters to preserve and transmit our history? Why do we look with such tender affection upon the gray jacket, faded by the touch of time and jeweled by the blood of the brave? Why gaze with such fond admiration upon the battle flag, that Southern Signum of loyalty to comradeship, country, and truth, shredded though it was by shrapnel and mangled by minie balls?

I will answer this fair question not only as a Confederate soldier must for the sake of his dead comrades and their cause, but as an American patriot may when he speaks to other American patriots, and as a brave man will when he addresses men as brave as himself who faced him once with loaded and bayoneted gun. My own record and my spirit past and present furnish me with confidence that I may speak without reserve.

I comprehend and respect the honorable motives which induce the survivors of the Northern armies to decorate the graves of their gallant dead and to cherish the remembrance of their campaigns. The South understands why the government is constrained to expend great sums in the purchase and ornamentation of historic battlefields and in the care of national cemeteries. We do appreciate all patriotic devotion to our own national flag, "the star-spangled banner," and with heart and soul we say:

Forever may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

I avow a sincere sympathy for every disabled Union veteran, every widow, every orphan of the Federal forces, and do not envy them their honors or begrudge their pensions, although the South pays one-fourth of all. I honor our countrymen of the North who fondly cherish the relics of the great struggle: the blue coat, the local battle flag, the honorable discharge, and all other insignia of faithful service. Moved myself by such impulses, I am aggrieved when I hear this question sometimes angrily put: "Why do you Southerners persist in cherishing the passions of the rebellion?" Yet I will make fair answer to the question, even if put in this cruel form.

NOT ANIMOSITY, BUT FRATERNITY.

I say at the outset that we do not make these demonstrations to lessen the true glory of the men who met our own in battle or to resent the honors which are bestowed upon them by our country. We accord the warrior's meed to those true Union soldiers who faced us on the field of strife, and oppose no just grant of pensions, although it will pour its golden streams annually over a section already rich. We are not keeping our sentiment alive with any desire to stir the ashes of evil passions which may

GEN. CLEMENT A. EVANS,
Commander Georgia Division U. C. V.

A. J. WEST,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY,
Army Northern Virginia.

have burned in any minds before, during, or since the Confederate struggle. Our Southern honor, our country's interest, all interests North and South peremptorily demand that spiteful malevolence cease, and a sectional good will prevail until the term "section" shall suggest a neighbor, and not a foe. Not one-fifth of the people now living in these United States are responsible for the events which took place from 1860 to 1865. Accountability for State and national conduct, as well as for the destiny of the experiment of self-government, is shifting to the shoulders of another century; and whatever the East or the West may do, the South, having accepted the lot cast into the lap, only seeks to plant lilies in those paths where thorns once pierced the feet of its sons, and to overcast the fields of the old grandeur with the rich verdure of its predestined prosperity.

A recent remark of Gen. Boynton, of the Union Army, is as true as it is creditable to his fraternal feeling. He said:

"Another surprising and gratifying fact to me is the complete reunion of the States and the people, in spite of all our blunders and follies. From reading history I had concluded that the feeling of separation would far outlast my time; but my experience in the South as assistant on the National Park Commission and otherwise has left me without the slightest doubt that the South is every whit as loyal as the North, and as earnestly anxious for the greatness and glory of our common country."

Indorsing this statement of a noble veteran of the Union Army, I declare that the South, with all its just regard for the memories of its struggle for separation, is not skulking in its tents, but throws wide ajar its hospitable doors and urges honorable and enterprising people from every land to share its advantage. It bears in proud remembrance the prosperity it enjoyed preceding 1861. It recalls the facts alluded to by President Fish, of the Illinois Central Railroad, in his recent address at Charleston, that the South before the war equaled the enterprise of the North in transportation facilities; and we thank him for mentioning the truth that the efforts to restore normal intersectional traffic rose to a high plane on the unveiling of the Confederate monument at Chicago. The South remembers its thousands of small domestic factories, its mills, its shops, and its prosperous merchandise. It knows that it grew wheat in the old time at nearly one-half the cost per acre which expert New England had to pay; that its corn outstripped the Western yield, and its monopoly of cotton defied competition. Its cultured, honest, chivalric, patriotic, hospitable people occupied a territory that teemed with divine favors, and was filled with institutions for education, benevolence, and worship.

That glorious South is still on its native heath, with unimpaired faith in itself, and intent on hospitable purpose and patriotic plan. It rejoices in nature's rich resources: soil and sunshine, the waterflow to deep sea and waterfalls on the way; the iron, the coal, the marble, the stone, the salt, the forest, the mountains, the vales, the flocks and herds, cotton and corn, cereals and sugar cane, grass and grapes, fruits and fish, generous men and lovely women; children, promising and plentiful; and all this with the extraordinary advantage of having a population of two colors: black and white. There is no "negro problem" at the South. That mysterious race whose origin is in darkness, whose history is blank until it begins with enslavement by the first infamous traffic in human flesh on the ships of foreign and Eastern speculators, whose slavery in the South was the only elevating force which lifted them to civilization and freedom—that people's presence among us betokens not evil, but good, to both races. Separate, distinct, yet in mutual aid, the lines of progress can run on in harmony. It is a weakness for 60,000,000 whites to entertain dread of 10,000,000 negroes. It is cowardly to fear their aggression; it is cruel to deny them the chance to

prosper; it is criminal to prostitute them to the uses of party.

These negative statements lead up to the more positive reasons which shall answer the question that has been propounded.

SELF-RESPECTING CITIZENSHIP.

I proceed to answer, first, that we persist in these honorable commemorations of the days of the Confederacy because we desire to retain the respect of every truly brave and generous man in the world; but, above all, we are resolved to maintain our respect for ourselves. We know that defeat does not dishonor a noble people, but a desertion of memories simply because the cause which created them failed to win will and ought to bring disgrace without redemption. The esteem which Grant had for Lee was due, in part, to the respect which Lee had for himself. In an interview between these two great chieftains near Appomattox, Lee said to Grant: "Before we speak about surrender, I must say to you that I can accept no terms that will not be honorable to my army." This noble protest was made by the commander of about 12,000 effective men under arms, who were without rations, worn with a week's fighting in retreat, having ammunition for only a few hours of battle, and surrounded by a well-equipped enemy nearly ten times their number. Grant was too true a soldier, too generous as a man, too honorable himself, to levy disgraceful terms upon his noble foe. But I have thought over the issue if such terms had been proposed. I think I know, for I was there in the line of battle. I think I know that, had Grant sought to disgrace that little army, the peerless Lee and his faithful men would have sacrificed themselves that day upon the altar of their self-respect.

In the archives of England there is an old letter written during the rebellion of the colonies against Great Britain by Gov. Moultrie, of South Carolina, in answer to a proposition made to him by an English lord to have honors, riches, and station conferred upon him if he would constrain Carolina to remain allegiant to the Crown; but the more noble American, although a captive, imprisoned and charged with treason, replied at once: "You doubtless have honorable intention, my lord, in making these proposals; but, should I accept them, where could I fly to get away from myself?" Like the great lawgiver of the Hebrew tribes, who chose the lot of his people in preference to the crown of Egypt, this noble Southern patriot in his prison esteemed his own honor in bearing the reproach of the American rebellion above all the rewards of England. Now, had we betrayed ourselves by denying the truth of our convictions; had we in sheer servility to the fate of misfortune pronounced our cause a rebellion, our principles vicious, ourselves rebels, and our leaders traitors, where could we have fled for escape from the presence of our reproaching honor and the spirit of our assassinated self-respect?

But the course pursued by the Southern soldiery on parole and the Southern people in defeat has gained the respect of their countrymen and saved themselves from abject disgrace. Turning from the front of war, they faced the issues of peace at once, and, by bravely breasting all their obstacles, are finally ending them. They made a brave, necessary, and successful resistance to the policy of an odious reconstruction, but agreed to all measures necessary to the perfect fellowship of both States and people in an imperishable union. They taxed themselves to educate the negroes, who had been suddenly elevated into citizenship without preparation. They resumed their own political duties to the nation, and renewed commercial relations with the reunited country. Meanwhile they have maintained their true conviction in a most royal state; they have honored the ashes of their slain comrades; they have cherished the spirit of comradeship; but in all these things they have borne no malice toward our government, nor failed in loyalty to its constitution and laws. Thus have they established themselves in the good esteem of true men everywhere by maintaining the essential quality of self-respecting citizenship, and demonstrated that there are no nations on earth more fairly entitled to the admiring regard of mankind than these people of the Southern States, who bravely fought for their views in actual war, as earnestly contended for their political rights in peace, and are as persistently resolved to advance the interests and defend the honor of their country.

I offer as another sufficient reason why we so earnestly preserve our convictions this important truth: that we are now in the Union with our free and full consent to stay forever. Secession failed notwithstanding the efforts to sustain it. It is a powerful proof of the imperishability of this Union, and perhaps a hint of benign providential purpose, that the Southern Confederacy could not be established even by the exhaustion of all the resources of the South. Of that vast empire it may be said:

> It could not be done, or we had done it;
> It could not be won, or love had won it;

We are now with all other States firmly and contentedly the fixed stars of an indissoluble confederation of these United States, and on account of the permanency of the compact, all States should hold our general government true to the landmarks which our fathers have set. The bonds of our matrimony cannot be loosed by peaceful divorce, and therefore it behooves all parties in the present constitutional contract to preserve the conditions of a happy union, which none will desire to dissolve.

We know now of no such remedy for sectional overbearance or national injury as the withdrawal of a State from the present community of sovereign States. The alliance is eternal. Revolution by violence still remains, indeed, as a natural recourse, and resistance to tyranny is as much as ever a human right. But the South desires no revolution, no anarchy, no violence anywhere. Our remedies for ills are in the Union itself, through conventions, legislation, courts, a free press, free speech, fair and full ballot; but especially through the social and political virtues of an enlightened people. Is it not, therefore, evident that it is our Southern interest, as well as our political necessity, to prove ourselves worthy constituents of a good and great

GEN. E. KIRBY SMITH.

GEN. BRAXTON BRAGG.

GEN. P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

government, and to make this Union worthy of us as a great and free people? We are in the Union to abide, and our loftiest aim is to keep it sound and secure from the bed-rock foundation to its most aspirant final.

Now, it is with this view of a permanent Union and of the remedies which remain inherent in our peculiar dual national structure that we have continued for thirty years through all Confederate demonstrations to press this prime truth into prominence: that political manliness is a vertebra of popular government, and that the nerve of patriots is the safeguard of liberty. There is one simple, sublime power that will more surely bless and greaten a nation than ships of war, standing armies, breadth of territorial domain, and increase of national wealth. There is, indeed, a magnificence, a merely mortal magnificence, in national display which rises in admired splendor over the decayed defenses of freedom, like a costly monument above the corpse of a murdered patriot; but there is another, a moral, magnificence of

REAL POWER AND TRUE GLORY

in the life of a country, incorruptible by prosperity and indestructible by disaster, which will secure its liberties forever. That power and glory are the manly virtues of men, combined with the womanly virtues of women. These make a nation magnificent. These are the national safeguards, the pillars of freedom's temple, the power and the glory of a nation's life.

Now, therefore, you may mark the pure reason why we are saying to our Southern land by every token that reminds us of the Confederate struggle: Let our men who are to make this nation great be such men as Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis. Let them be as heroic in spirit as the chivalric boys who wore the gray. And our women, may they forever be as lovely, as true, and as faithful as their Confederate mothers!

But in still further consideration that the States are indissolubly joined in the Union, we make these public displays because they are adapted so well to keep the old, settled axioms of our government alive in our reverence. Our government is unlike all others in elements and form. It is not like the monarchies or the republics of the earth, and should not covet their policies. It is uniquely formed by States, united to discharge many governmental duties in severalty, and some others in community. The Federal power has no rights which are not great obligations, and the States have no rights which are not grave responsibilities. All rights of the Federal Union are obligations; all rights of States are responsibilities; but all rights of the people are privileges and powers. Now, then, consider that these delegated obligations of the Union, those expressly declared responsibilities of the States, and these reserves of power and privilege in the people were not changed by the war or its results. The Union is not deprived of its constitutional grants, the State is not discrowned of its statehood, nor are the people shorn of their sovereignty; and if these changes ever take place, they will occur on the decline of our political virtues; but as yet the true principles of self-government which are set forth in the constitutions of the Confederate States and of the United States alike have all survived the shock of war, and belong to us as our common heritage. Hence, in every display of reverence for the convictions of the Southern people, and for the courage with which they dared to maintain them, the South only utters a purpose that within the Union and in the employment of its undisturbed maxims and powers to join all patriots in the effort to make our common government the wisest, noblest, and grandest among the nations of the world.

MOTIVES.

I will present as another reason why we persist in public proofs of our regard for the Confederate past that we are not ashamed of our motives. We

desire the white light of investigation, strong and clear as the rays of the ancient sun, to shine above, beneath, around, and through the suspended sphere of Confederate motives, so that they may be fully seen on all the sides in their shadowless radiance.

I would not asperse the motives of the civic leaders of the North any more than I would disparage the courage of the Federal Army. Casting the search light upon the career of President Lincoln, for an example, I behold him moved to action, in great part, by an intense purpose to preserve the Union of all the States. All else was subordinated by him to that one end, as he distinctly and repeatedly declared. He held the Union itself above all the treasure, suffering, and death it cost to subdue secession, all which reverence for the Union I do not underrate, whether I find it in the heart of the President or in the souls of the soldiers who fought in the Northern Army. Let us, then, in this fair spirit, call on our honest-minded countrymen to examine the character and opinions, the actions and general circumstances of the Southern people, and, with the ample data at command, discover and declare the true Southern motives for the act of secession and the defense of the States against armed coercion.

Using example again to illustrate motive, I will take one Southern leader for a type and set him before you for investigation. Let us see him with eyes that look with a right view through the lens of present fraternal justice. Was he a hater of the Union? Why, he had fought for his country in two wars, served it with honorable distinction in eminent civil stations, and his eloquent tongue had pleaded for the Union in chaste, pathetic speech which even the great Webster never surpassed. Was he athirst for high office and inflamed by the fear that he would lose it? I answer that in 1860 he was the Senator of his noble State, with a certainty of retaining that exalted position for the term of his natural life; but was he not ambitious to be the President of the new republic? No, my countrymen; no. On the contrary, he avoided that honor; he declared that he did not desire it, and stayed away from the convention of Southern States when they met to choose their civic leaders. Instead of seeking this high distinction in civil life, he only asked to be made a soldier in the army of the South, where he might offer up his life for his people. He was patriotic, like Jefferson; conservative, like Madison; learned, like Marshall; firm, like Jackson; noble in character, like all these sages of liberty; and courteous in his bearing as a cavalier. Surveying carefully his character, opinions, and career during a long life, upon which beat the fierce flame of unfriendly criticism, but around which now play the clear but softer rays of friendly investigation, who would not blush at the suggestion that there was infamy in the motive of Jefferson Davis, the illustrious civic chief of the Southern Confederacy?

Let us examine another name around which gather glories as bright as the splendors of the stars and durable as the firmament in which they are set. I summon a man before you who served his country with renown in the war with Mexico, when the triumph of our arms brought a vast extension of our domain. He afterwards rose in the regular service from rank to rank, until in 1861, before his State seceded, he was proffered the chief command of the marshaling armies of the United States. He loved the Union, he loved its flag, and he honestly and sincerely desired the peace and happiness of his countrymen. Near by Washington City lay his magnificent estate, which would surely be sacrificed by confiscation if he cast his lot with the South. He had everything to lose, nothing to gain, by secession; but when his State seceded, his profound convictions concerning the course which honor and duty dictated moved him to decline the proffered command of the army; and, resigning his commission at once, he followed the fortunes of the South. In her service he made a fame that belongs to our whole American Union, and fills the world. Now I ask again: Who is there so unjust as to impugn the motive of our great military chief, the incomparable Lee? But the time will not allow me to mention others whose motives were equally noble. I must pass all leaders by to march in review the rank and file of the South: the soldiers, the people, the patient, patriotic, self-denying women of the South. What motives impelled them to that unexampled heroism and sacrifice which distinguished the Confederate struggle except those noblest of all human impulses: fidelity to principle, devotion to duty, and that love of country which counts no cost too great to win the cause they "held so dear to their hearts, the truth of which we would now transmit to our children?"

Ask the spirit of valiant Maccabeus, the patriotic Jew who drew the sword for downtrodden Israel; ask the Spartan band, who died in the pass for Grecian rights; ask Robert Emmett, the patriotic leader of the United Irishmen, who spoke and fought and died for Ireland; ask Robert Bruce, whose brave heart beat and broke for Scotland; ask Arminius, the German chief, why he rose against the invaders of Germany with such destructive attacks upon their armies as to extort the cry of Augustus: "Varus, Varus! Give me back my legions!" ask our own Washington, the rebel chief of the American Revolution—ask these patriots what motives inspired their actions, and you will learn from their answers why the Southern States sought redress by separation and resisted armed coercion by a brave defense.

Another reason for these celebrations of our defeat is that we made a record with which we are satisfied, and therefore freely and openly expose it to public criticism. I do not affirm that every Confederate act was right. Mistakes were made, opportunities lost, and passions sometimes made men err; but, conceding all errors which both sides may confess, I say for the Southern people that the record for the legality which marked their procedures—for the patriotism which constituted their motive; for the calm consideration of great questions which distinguished their counsels; for the brave facing of current events, whether they brought victory or defeat, which shows their fortitude—establishes an enduring, honorable monument that appeals to all history for fair chronicle, and vindicates the Southern

States from the charge of passion in the conception and lawlessness in the conduct of the Confederate movement. The Southern records for patient waiting under provocation, for earnest expostulation against fanatical assaults, for compromises and settlements agreed to in the hope for national peace—are they not all written in the annals of our country?

But let us pass over the whole of that melancholy controversy of a half century and take up that record which we made in our choice at last of the mode and measure of redress. That mode was separate secession by the ordinance of each State, passed in regular convention of delegates elected by the people after full and fair discussion, and upon the advice of jurists who were among the profoundest lawyers of America. Was the act lawful? Did the Southern States rashly act on this momentous question in passionate defiance of known law? The answer is supremely important, because Southern patriots cannot afford to let a biased history praise them for their courage, while it denounces them as outlaws. The answer will not affect our present loyalty to the Union, because the States are now in the fraternal bonds of a compact which makes secession no longer legal; but, considering the Union as it was in 1860, the question is put: Was the State ordinance of secession plainly unlawful then? Had the Southern States no color or right to secede? Was armed coercion unquestionably legal? Replying as a student of my country's glorious history, I can say that, without the understanding that States could withdraw in peace, it is not probable that the Union, under our wise constitution, would have been formed at all. Viewing the question as a patriot, I can see how our forefathers regarded this privilege as a conservative, beneficial provision adapted to restrain the general government from acts of sectional injustice, and why it was so long expressly avowed by States and statesmen not of the South alone, but also of the East and North, as a just defense of the States against the accumulation of Federal power. Answering as a lawyer, I present the first records of the States that formed the Union; and, reading the debates of that period to interpret the various terms by which one State after another had entered into the great confederation, I must say that if this privilege was not strongly implied, then the States were betrayed into ratifying a constitution which they did not understand. But we see further that some States expressly provided for the exercise of this privilege as a condition of their accession to the Union, and by a just principle it is made clear that a right reserved by one State became at once the right of all States. President Buchanan and other statesmen who were embarrassed by the political situation in 1860 tried to argue that secession and coercion were both equally illegal; but if the constitution conferred no power to use the army and navy of the Union and the militia of the States to coerce a seceded State coercion was illegal, being unconferred and without sanction of a penalty or the power to enforce it. Doubtless our government always had the constitutional power to command a State to obey the law or go out of the Union; but if the armed coercion of a seceded State was unlawful, then secession must have been the lawful procedure which the original States contemplated as their rightful resort. So clear to the minds of many jurists in 1865, so doubtful in others was this doctrine of secession, that our government was compelled, in view of the great interests at stake, to concede to the States the color or right to secede in every measure adopted by Congress, State convention, and constitutional amendment, adopted to re-establish the relations of the seceded States with the other States after the Confederate armies were destroyed; and, in fact, the whole question was yielded by the final decision not to try Jefferson Davis on the charge of treason.

The South did not attempt nullification or rebellion or any form of unlawful resistance to our government. It did not dissolve the Union, nor even attempt its dissolution; for how may our Union have been lawfully dissolved? By one method alone, and that is by agreement of all the States. Our Union could not have been dissolved by one State or by a majority of States, but only by all States; but the South made no call for such a measure, preferring to leave each State to act for itself according to its pleasure, and accordingly each seceding State dissolved only its own connection with the Union, and left the government of the Union undissolved. The President, the Congress, the courts, the army and navy, the constitution and the flag, together with every function of government, were left in power and place. Suppose the State had resolved to remain in the Union, and had marched its army toward Washington to resist the inauguration of President Lincoln. That would have been rebellion; the overt act would have been treasonable; the failure of the act would have made it a felonous crime, and its success would have imperiled free government on this continent; but no State rebelled, no statesman plotted a conspiracy, no soldier committed treason. In lawful and dignified measures the South sought an honorable separation, and, with equally honorable acquiescence in its failure, re-entered the Union to defend its honor and maintain its glory forever.

Such is the record of the lawful course of the South in separating from the United States, and this procedure was followed by a record of the civil administration of the Confederate States Government, which will bear the severest criticism, and has won the rare encomium from a noble soul beyond the seas, who said:

> No nation ever rose so fair,
> None fell so free from crime.

And that civil fame was accompanied by a record written in battles that gained for its soldiery the admiration of their brave antagonists, and that military renown is equaled in its glory by a record of popular, patriotic sacrifice which will be numbered among the best examples in human history. Can you wonder, then, my countrymen, why we would engrave all this worthy record in the true, durable, and illustrious history of the American people in equal honor with the record of the courageous men who composed the army of the Union in order that both may stand fraternally together in a common

fame with the record made by the army of the revolution?

I will merely touch another potent cause of all these perpetuated celebrations. We have a deep and honorable respect for some things which are our own and which we call our mementoes. They are many, and all are sacred; but I will mention only three, each of which deserves our perpetual commemoration.

The first is a battle melody, every strain of which once fired the Southern heart. We love every note of that martial air, and would stir the enthusiasm of all liberty-loving people by its thrilling music. It is now ringing around the earth on land and sea, and the souls of freemen are being strangely moved by that battle-born march which the Southern struggle gave to patriotic humanity. O you cannot ask us to forget the campaigns when the bands played and the soldiers sang:

> For Dixie land I take my stand;
> I'll live or die for Dixie.

We have also a just as well as a tender affection for the old battle flag whose crimson fold reflects our view that the price of patriotism is the patriot's blood, and whose clean, white stars, set in a cross of heaven's blue, declare the pure motives of a patriot's deed. Every rent in its red folds is a reason for our reverence, and every bullet hole in that bunting is a portal through which pours the light of our love. We saw it furled and stacked at Appomattox, but we have seen it flutter in the front of the desperate charge, and then proudly wave on the captured crest. It is now but a memento of comradeship in war, only the ensign of a martial brotherhood; and no generous man will ask us to dishonorably deny that we bore it with pride, loved it in truth, and fought under it for our political faith. It was no treason to follow it once; it is no disgrace to own and honor it now.

There is another memento which we fondly cherish: the jacket of gray which uniformed our army. That color was caught from the hue of the May morning sky when the dew of the day's youth sparkled on the springing verdure of a field of hope. It was in homespun gray which women wove that our Revolutionary rebels often fought, and that color covered the form of many a patriot who died for the freedom we enjoy. The tall monument erected to Washington in the capital of the nation rises five hundred feet in a glory of gray stone, and tells the world that even the hue of the Confederate soldier's coat is the chosen sheen of honor and the emblematic color of liberty. It is the shade of a dove's eyes, but it also is the color of battle smoke. The moving Confederate lines in the great conflict of arms sometimes looked like gathering clouds of a leaden cast, out of which the lightnings flung their fury, and it may be that unforgotten sights like these still cause some men to say, like the confessors in the liturgy: "The remembrance of them is grievous unto us;" but the battle smoke uplifted to the skies was gathered into clouds that broke in blessings; and the Confederate cause now looks from the eyes of a dove with the olive of peace in its beak. We wore the gray jacket with fidelity until it went to shreds, and we hang its remnant now upon the hook of a dear remembrance. Our sisters wove it, our mothers made it, our old fathers blessed it, and we have buried many a comrade in it.

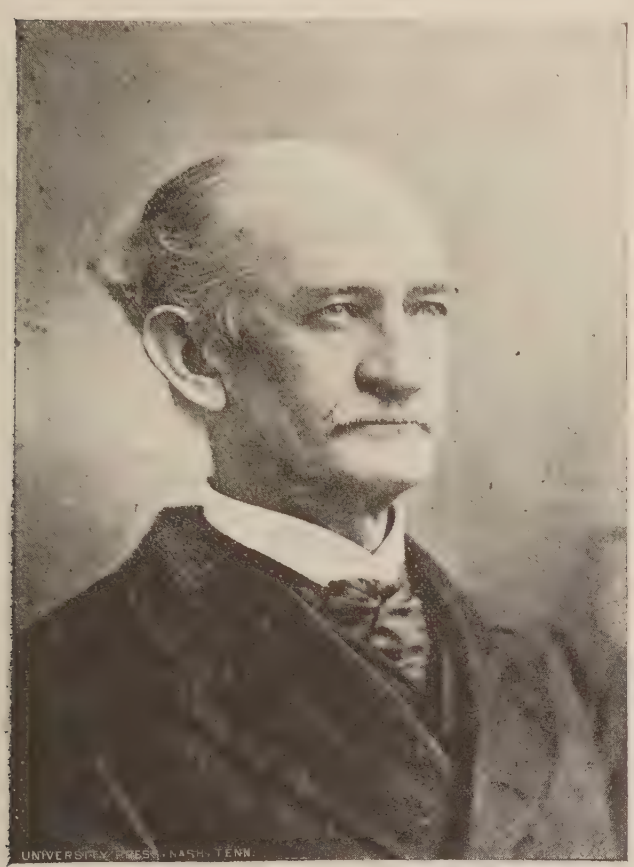
> Clad in this color and sworn to be true,
> We went into battle with boys clad in blue.
> Brave foemen they were, and worthy our steel
> For they gave to their cause their blood for its seal.
> So we too have honor: we'll never betray
> Our uniform color—the Jacket of Gray.

I have made my answer before you, my brothers of the two old armies; before you, my countrymen from all States, now citizens of one country; before you, the sons and daughters of South and North—to the fair question which this day's pathetic ceremonies put before us all. Differences will exist as to the bearings of ascertained facts and the application of acknowledged principles, but I have answered as one who has faith in the imperishable patriotism of his countrymen and in the stability of his country's free institutions. We may and must incorporate with our nation's living structure all things that are true and noble to increase its growth and glory until it shall lead the world into a freedom realized in fact as well as in form. Let us recall the saying of Southey that Westminster Abbey is a part of the British constitution. That venerable pile contains mementoes of English strife, but the collusions only produced a resultant force which happily moved that country toward stable government under common law; and therefore wise Englishmen honor equally all their honorable ancestry. So, indeed, do all mementoes of our own strife: the monuments, the battle parks, the battle abbeys, the decorated graves, with every other memorial form, become part of our own national life. If on one side a sentiment for the constitution elevated that sacred instrument higher than the Union, and on the other side the beneficial Union was felt to be better than even the constitution; if on one side a Union without the revered constitution was feared as a bastile, and on the other a constitution that could not save the Union was distrusted as a rope of sand, the hostile meeting of these two views in debate and battle did not (thank God, did not) cause a wreck of the matter of our government nor a crash of our sphere of free principles, but, uplifting our country to a serener empyrean, only projected it on the direct and higher line of development, bringing the people of the United States in a yet more perfect Union, where it is the consensus of common, patriotic opinion that all sections must be fair to each; that the constitution must not be violated to promote sectional ends, and the Union must be preserved as the castle of common rights.

EDWARD D. HALL OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The death of Col. E. D. Hall, of Wilmington, N. C., will not surprise friends of the venerable veteran. It occurred at his home June 10th, in his seventy-third year. He was born in Wilmington, and was one of the best known men in the Cape Fear section.

He entered the Confederate States service as



Captain in 1861, and soon rose to the rank of Colonel. As Commander of the Forty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, he honored his grand old State.

Col. Hall served his State as legislator, and was nominee for Lieut. Governor by the Democratic party. He was honored some years ago with the rank of Major General in command of this department of Confederate Veterans.

He was ever active and zealous since the close of the war, in behalf of unfortunate Confederates, until infirmities prevented. He secured free excursions to their State reunions and other favors for them with remarkable diligence. He survived two wives and left five children, three sons and two daughters.

Gen. Wm. DeRosset succeeded Comrade Hall as the Major General Commanding U. C. V. in the "Old North" State. The glory of the North Carolina Confederate soldiers has never been surpassed. A fact demonstrated by the statistics established by the United States Government in the Rebellion Record and freely admitted by the Northern press.

CHARLESTON HARBOR.

C. A. Doolittle, Augusta, Georgia: According to promise I give you some points connected with Fort Sumter during its occupancy by Major Anderson, and its bombardment by South Carolina troops.

As you are aware, the Ordinance of Secession was passed by South Carolina on December 20, 1860, and Major Anderson, with his small garrison, feeling insecure in Fort Moultrie on account of its land approaches, evacuated it on December 27th, moving his garrison to Fort Sumter, which he held until April 13, 1861, when he surrendered to the South Carolina forces after a furious bombardment of thirty-six hours.

During the bombardment hot shot was used so effectively as to set the quarters on fire, and forced the garrison to the casemates, as the men could not endure the heat and smoke from the burning quarters.

Major Anderson saw at once that it would be foolhardy to attempt to hold out longer and gracefully surrendered after a gallant defense. On the 14th, Major Anderson was allowed to salute his flag, after which he and his garrison were taken outside the bar and turned over to a United States transport lying there.

While the bombardment was attended with very few casualties, it was carried on under great excitement, the Battery in Charleston being crowded with men, women and children, anxiously awaiting the result, and when the white flag was displayed on the ramparts of Fort Sumter the concern was intense, the witnesses, not anticipating the trouble and hardship that came to their lot in after years during the prolonged and terrible bombardment of the city.

It being the first time I was under fire, I felt as much interest in it as a child with a new toy, but realized later in the war that that bombardment was child's play.

While the preparations were going on, the command of which I was a member, the famous Washington Artillery of Charleston, was stationed on Morris Island, having in charge the Stevens Iron Battery in which were two 64 Columbian guns.

One morning during our drill there was quite a commotion caused by a ball having been placed in one of the guns and instead of firing a blank cartridge as we supposed, we astonished Major Anderson and a force of men who were working on the outer wall of Sumter, by landing the 64 shot in close proximity to them. One of our officers was at once sent over to Sumter to make an explanation and apology to Major Anderson, which he very gracefully accepted on the condition that it should not occur again. How the ball got into the gun is a mystery up to the present time.

The able and beloved Rev. Dr. John Johnson has established in history a record of the achievements of Confederates in defending the Charleston Harbor, and especially Fort Sumter, against the most powerful and persistent siege with ability to blockade that was ever maintained upon this continent. The Veteran commends his record with sincere pride

CONFEDERATE DEAD AT FREDERICKSBURG.

The VETERAN is pleased to present an engraving of Mrs. J. N. Barney, of Fredericksburg, Va.

MRS. NANNIE SEDDON BARNEY.

Mrs. Barney is President of the Fredericksburg Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, with one hundred members, but this special tribute is to honor her for an unparalleled achievement to our Confederate comrades buried in that historic old town—the home and burial place of the mother of Washington. The Memorial Association was in session one day a dozen years or so ago, and deploring the general dilapidation of the Confederate lot, the headboards of which were fast falling into decay, when it was proposed that they all be removed and the ground made smooth so the grass could be mowed occasionally. To Mrs. Barney, an active member of the Association, the proposition was acutely painful and she begged that a committee go with her to the cemetery and consider the conditions. The members agreed with her that the headboards might, by careful attention, stand another year. Upon returning to the meeting she appealed in behalf of individual memories, proposing to undertake by herself, to raise the funds to preserve the names and locations of the 1,700 Confederate soldiers buried there. She begun the work at home. Penny boxes were established and babes in their nurses arms were given the joy of depositing the yellow coins. She seems never to have thought of failure, and with her pen she wrote and wrote appeals to Southern people who caught the spirit of her zeal and co-operated. There was an amazing result; in a year or so that dilapidated burial spot of men who died for Dixie was the prettiest Confederate Cemetery in existence. Beautiful headstones of Georgia marble, with names engraved, were in place of the rotted boards, the entire area transformed, and in the center of the grounds there was erected a beautiful monument representing a private Confedrate soldier. This patriotic and beautiful tribute to *our dead* was achieved with $5,160, secured by this noble woman, wife of a Confederate naval officer who resigned his position in the United States Army to serve his own Virginia and her sister States of the South.

Mrs. James H. Mills, of Canton, Texas, makes an inquiry that will enlist the prompt attention of any comrades who can give her information. Mrs. Mills is the wife of a veteran, but it is of her brother, James J. Samuels that she seeks information: Can readers of the VETERAN tell me if the remains of the Southern soldiers killed in the seven days' fight around Richmond were ever removed to any cemetery? If so, when and where? I lost a dear brother at Gaines' Farm. He was a native of Tuscaloosa, Ala., but enlisted at Selma, Ala., where he was engaged in printing.

I would be thankful for information concerning where he was buried or if his grave was ever marked.

I also wish information of the descendants of the daughters of John J. Samuels, Jr. My father was a native of Caroline County, Va., emigrated to Tuscaloosa, Ala., in the early thirties, married Catherine Lee, his second wife, and died at Tuscaloosa in 1859. The children of his first wife remained in Virginia.

Mrs. Mills sends a certificate from R. E. McNeil, Assistant Surgeon, Fourth Alabama Regiment, dated Richmond, November 5, 1862, that John J. Samuels served in Goldsby's Company, Fourth Alabama Regiment, but that he was afterward in J. M. West's Company, and that he fell at Gaines' Farm, Friday, 27th of June.

President Davis—Where Captured and Where Buried.

R. G. Wood, of 408 Taylor Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio, would be pleased to have addresses of members of the First Virginia Battery and Sixth Mississippi Rifles. He wishes to send to them badges of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and "would be pleased to shake hands at the reunion at Vicksburg, July 4th, '98."

Quarters of the R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Virginia Veterans and United Confederate Veterans; erected at a total cost of $30,000, and all paid.

The R. E. Lee Camp has done much good in Virginia. Its financial management has been extraordinarily successful, enabling it to contribute many thousands to the needs of unfortunate Confederates in the Soldiers' Home.

MEMORIAL DAY IN MISSOURI.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., JUNE 8th, 1896.

ADJT. GEN. N. B. HOGAN:—On June 2nd a large concourse of gray-haired Veterans, their wives, children and friends gathered at the Confederate Cemetery four miles south of this city (at terminus of the National Boulevard), and with appropriate ceremonies placed beautiful flowers upon the graves of 505 Confederate heroes who fell upon the glorious and victorious field of Wilson Creek, near here.

The ceremonies were held under the auspices of Campbell Camp, No. 488, U. C. V's., and Commander, Dr. W. F. Toombs, whose arm was torn away by an exploding shell at Gettysburg—a nephew of grand old Bob Toombs, of Georgia, delivered a stirring address. He was followed by Col. Thomas C. Love and Chaplain H. B. Boude.

Mr. Charles F. Goffe, of this city, but a native of Louisiana, a poet of ability, read during the exercises at the cemetery, a poem which caused the tears to trickle down the cheeks of the Veterans.

At night the Camp elected as officers for the ensuing year: Commander, Major D. D. Berry; First Lieutenant Commander, Thomas C. Love; Second Lieutenant Commander, J. E. Elliott; Adjutant, N. B. Hogan; Quartermaster, J. S. Snodgrass; Paymaster, St. F. C. Roberts; Chaplain, Rev. Dr. H. B. Boude.

The Camp fixed the third Saturday in May as Memorial Day on account of the difficulty of securing flowers for decorative purposes at a later date.

This is the only Confedrate Cemetery in Missouri, and we hope to erect a monument some day, but funds for that purpose come in slowly on account of stringency in money matters. Our cemetery could not be surpassed for loveliness in every respect. A handsome wall surrounds it, while regular rows of soft maple cover the entire grounds with ample shade. Rev. I. J. Carter, the sexton, keeps the grounds in perfect order. He and his wife live in a cottage on the cemetery grounds which were purchased from the city of Springfield at a cost of some $12,500, raised by private subscriptions.

The above granite monument was erected to the memory of about a dozen Confederates who are buried near Lexington, Missouri. Their names are carved on the opposite side. Mrs. S. A. McCausland was diligent in securing this monument.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF GEN. R. E LEE.

BY J. WM. JONES.

In complying with the request of the editor of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to furnish a short sketch of our grand old chieftain, R. E. Lee, the difficulty is not want of ample material, but to compress within the required space even a small part of the things which crowd mind, memory and heart whenever we think of

> "The knightliest of the knightly race,
> Who since the days of old,
> Have kept the fires of chivalry,
> Aglow in hearts of gold."

The son of "Light Horse Harry Lee" of the Revolution, and descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors who played conspicuous parts in English History, a careful Genealogist has traced his ancestry back to King Robert the Bruce.

But ROBERT EDWARD LEE needs no royal lineage to fix his place in history, or account for his stainless character and noble deeds, for he was himself a born leader, a very King of Men, and derives no lustre from even royal ancestry.

So bright, cheerful and manly as a boy he met so fully his obligations at school and home that his widowed mother exclaimed, when he was leaving for the Military Academy at West Point, "How can I do without Robert? He is both son and daughter to me."

He passed through the academy and graduated second in a brilliant class without ever receiving a single demerit. Of the bright galaxy of American officers in the Mexican war, no other won greater fame, or performed more distinguished service. He was covered with "brevets" for "gallant and meritorious service," and General Scott did not hesitate to speak of him as "the very best soldier I ever saw in the field."

In 1852 he became Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and introduced a number of changes, and reforms which abundantly showed his capacity as Superintendent of the Academy, and manager of young men.

In 1855 the famous "Second Cavalry" Regiment was formed, and Hon. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War appointed to it that splendid corps of officers among whom were Albert Sidney Johnston, Colonel; Robert Edward Lee, Lieutenant Colonel; Geo. H. Thomas, and Wm. J. Hardee, Majors; Earl Van Dorn, John B. Hood, E. Kirby-Smith, Stoneman, and others, Captains; and Fitz. Lee, and others, Lieutenants.

Happening at home on furlough he was sent to Harper's Ferry to command the Marines who captured John Brown who was then "firing the first gun" of the great war that was to follow.

In March 1861 he came from his regiment on the frontier of Texas, in obedience to orders summoning him to Washington, and was made full Colonel of Cavalry. General Scott and other friends used all of their influence to induce him to "stand by the old flag," and he was offered the supreme command of the Federal army in the field. But although not a secessionist, and ardently attached to the Union, and the old flag and saying emphatically, "If the millions of slaves in the South were mine I would free them with a stroke of the pen to avert this war," he promptly replied to Mr. Lincoln's messenger, the elder Blair, "I cannot bear arms against my state, my home, my children." He went at once to General Scott, told him his decision, resisted all of his entreaties, and the next day wrote his famous letter of resignation.

He was made Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces by the "Virginia Convention," and afterward full General in the Confederate Army, Gens. Sidney Johnston and Cooper ranking him. His services in organizing the new levees (in the West Virginia campaign, where the failure was due to causes beyond his control), and in preparing the seacoast fortifications of South Carolina and Georgia for the magnificent defense they afterward made, were all invaluable, but may not be detailed here.

When Gen. J. E. Johnston was wounded at Seven Pines the last of May, 1862, and Gen. Lee put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, the situation was perilous in the extreme. McClellan, with 105,000 men, was strongly fortified within sight of the spires of Richmond, with 10,000 more men at Fortress Monroe, and McDowell's column of 40,000 which was to have moved down from Fredericksburg, only detained by the brilliant "valley campaign" of Stonewall Jackson. Lee's plans were soon formed and brilliantly executed. Sending Stuart on his famous "ride around McClellan," he secured the information he wanted as to the enemy's position, ordered Jackson to join him, concentrated other troops which swelled his numbers to 78,000 (the largest army he ever commanded) and then, by a series of splendid maneuvers and brilliant victories, forced McClellan to cower under the cover of his gunboats at Harrison's Landing, defeated John Pope on the plains of Manassas, drove his army into the fortifications at Washington, and sent him to fight Indians in the West, and persecute gallant Fitz John Porter at Washington. Then followed the advance into Maryland, the capture of Harper's Ferry, the battle of Sharpsburg, where Lee, with 33,000 men, defeated every effort of McClellan's 87,000 to drive him from the field; and the battle of first Fredericksburg, where those plains were made forever historic as "Burnside's slaughter pen."

In May, 1863, Lee, with 52,000 men, won over Hooker's 132,000 the splendid victory of Chancellorsville, attacking Hooker in his entrenchments and driving him pellmell across the river. Then followed the Pennsylvania campaign, in which Lee captured Milroy's garrison, artillery, wagons, and immense supplies at Winchester, and with 62,000 men fought Meade's 105,000 at Gettysburg, where he won a decided victory on the first day, gained important advantages on the second day, and was defeated on the third day, only because (as he always believed and said to his intimate friends) of the failure of Longstreet to carry out his orders.

In the campaign of 1864 Gen. Grant had more than 275,000 men in four converging columns (in Southwestern Virginia, the Valley, Culpeper, and up the James), which set out simultaneously to capture Richmond, and the world never saw armies more splendidly equipped. To oppose this mighty host Gen. Lee could muster, all told, during the campaign, scarce 75,000 men, destitute of every thing save the heroic courage and patient endurance of as true soldiers as history records. The result of the summer campaign was that after losing more men than Lee had Grant sat down to the siege of Petersburg—a position which he might have taken at first without firing a shot or losing a man—while Lee made his lines impregnable to a direct assault, and sent Early's Corps to defeat Hunter

and threaten Washington. He had outgeneraled Grant at every point and defeated him in every battle. Then followed the siege of Petersburg and that slow process of "attrition" by which Lee's army was reduced to 33,000 half-starved men to hold over forty miles of breastworks, and the thin lines were stretched until they broke, the retreat to Appomattox begun, and 7,800 ragged, starved heroes stacked their bright muskets, parked their blackened guns (nearly every piece wrested from the enemy in battle—two of them that very morning), and yielded to the "overwhelming numbers and resources" which surrounded them.

But grand as he was in war, Lee was even grander in peace. Refusing every offer of pecuniary assistance, he only sought a place for honest work, and accepted the Presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., where, as he expressed it, he "could teach young men to do their duty in life." He was only spared to fill this position five years, but even that brief time (I do not hesitate to declare from personal observation and careful study) he proved himself the greatest college President this country ever produced. It was my privilege to follow his standard during the war, and to see something of him during those stirring days, but my prouder privilege to know him intimately during the five years of his life in Lexington, and to have had free access to his private letters and papers. I speak, then, from careful personal observation and full study of his character and career, when I unhesitatingly pronounce him not only the greatest soldier but the noblest gentleman, the truest patriot, the purest man that ever figured in American history. And far above all this, he was one of the humblest, sincerest, most consecrated Christians whom I ever met. Taking Christ as his personal Savior, and fully trusting in him alone for salvation, he was a constant reader and student of God's word, a man of prayer, an earnest and efficient worker for the salvation of others, "an Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile," who lived and died in the service of the Great Captain, and now wears his glittering crown.

That crown with fadeless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

University of Virginia, Nov. 28, 1893.

Senator Ben Hill is credited with this tribute:

He possessed every virtue of the other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought, watchful as a Roman vestal in duty, submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!

DISLODGE the sentiment that this publication is only for veterans. It should be more for those who were not in the war, since its contents will make them more patriotic and prouder of their ancestry. The war was not against the principles of our parent government.

THE WARREN BLUES AT MANASSAS.

W. A. Compton, Sheriff of Warren County, Va., writes an entertaining letter about Gen. Lee in the memorable battle of Spottsylvania C. H. Sergeant Compton was one of the sharpshooters and in front of the lines, but near Gen. Lee when he started in advance, and when Gen. Gordon "refused to permit him to do it," he "took hold of the bridle and started the horse to the rear." When he afterwards heard that others did it he was much confused, as he "did not wish to controvert historians and poets who had written the matter up." He was relieved when he saw in the VETERAN that others had done the same thing in two other places.

Thanks to this same Comrade Compton for scrapbook leaves with a history of the Warren Blues—officers and men eighty-four—which left Front Royal, July 16, '61, received guns on the 18th, and went into the Manassas battle on the 21st. That company, one from Warrenton under Capt. Murray, and one from Amherst County under Captain C. B. Christian, were commanded by Col. Wm. Smith, afterwards known as "Extra Billy" while Governor. They carried their ammunition in their trousers, having no cartridge boxes.

In the battle this command was near the Henry

THE OLD HENRY HOUSE.

house, and made a terrible assault upon the enemy. A Federal officer states, "I saw that regiment," (at least it was believed to be that command which became a nucleus of the Forty-ninth Virginia Infantry), "start towards us in a charge, and in less than five minutes we were either all killed or captured, and we lost fifty-five horses out of 101."

Sergeant Compton is credited with having led Gen. Lee's horse to the rear, in that old sketch.

The Warren Blues had seven commissioned officers. The first, Captain Mandly T. Wheatley, was promoted to Major in a short time, but died of camp fever in December, '61; another, Captain B. S. Jacobs, was mortally wounded at Gettysburg. Capt. J. P. Updike was severely wounded and did not return to the command. The entire company was captured at Hare's Hill in front of Petersburg, March 25, '65.

WHITEHOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY.

THE CHARGE.

Sublime beyond discription is the scene:
Two armies are in conflict. The stern crash
Of muskets rises from within the screen
Of mingled dust and smoke; the vivid flash
Of the incessant cannon plays like a lash
Of lurid lightning o'er an angry cloud.
The sounds that tell when hostile legions clash
Combine to raise an uproar fierce and loud,
Of which contending fiends in hell might well be proud.

Beyond yon wooded hillside's sheltering curve,
Along whose front the storms of battle play,
A picked brigade is stationed in reserve,
Who take, as yet, no portion in the fray,
But wait to watch the fortunes of the day.
They may at any moment hear the call
To hold the too successful foe at bay
And for their wearied comrades form a wall,
When on their shattered ranks o'erwhelming numbers fall.

In thoughtful silence they await their task,
While bleeding sufferers from the front pass by,
Of whom, with anxious brow, they sometimes ask
News from the doubtful conflict raging nigh.
But few the words they speak—the stifled sigh
Reveals what solemn thoughts their bosoms fill;
Remembrances of loved ones dim the eye
And cause the overburdened heart to thrill,
While prayers ascend from earnest souls whose lips are still.

For what prophetic tongue can now make known
Who of their number shall go unharmed hence,
When yon death-laden cloud has overblown,
Or who must martyr fall in home's defence.
Approaching action quickens every sense;
They long, yet dread, their fate at once to try
And end the torpor of their forced suspense,
While overhead the lingering sun hangs high
As though some Joshua held it spell-bound in the sky.

The sun at length sinks slowly towards the West,
The wavering battle surges to and fro,
Like tempest-troubled sea that cannot rest,
And nearer still its blasts of fury blow
To those who next their fearful power must know.
And now begins to fall the leaden spray
Of war's advancing tide, whose swelling glow
Now threatens seriously to sweep away
The sadly broken barriers which resist its sway.

Now the expected trial hour draws near;
From mouth to mouth is passed the quick command,
Above the rising din distinct and clear,
And soon in battle's solemn line they stand
To strike or suffer for their native land

Could not that land they serve so well forgive
A faltering now in this devoted band,
If they but share the common wish to live
And shrink before the storm which others fail to drive?

Not so—but, without pause or backward glance,
Loud rings the joyous Southern battle cry,
Which ever hailed the star-cross flag's advance,
As on they spring the combat to defy.
Like some huge meteor on a midnight sky
Their line of bayonets flashes into sight,
Reflecting back the sunset's golden dye,
Which bathes the hillside in a flood of light,
Then swiftly sweeps towards the point of fiercest fight.

Stern is the greeting they receive from grape,
From whistling bullet and from screaming shell;
Death comes—and pain—in many a ghastly shape,
To strew the ground with mangled frames, that tell
Their track across the bloody vale too well.
A banner falls—it scarcely strikes the plain
Before another hand uplifts the magic spell
And bears it onward through the fiery rain;
For that must never drop till the last man be slain.

But see, the hostile ranks begin to break,
And one by one the cannons cease to roar,
Stilled by the shouts which now the echoes wake,
Because their banners float in triumph o'er
The lines where other banners waved before.
They have achieved another glorious name
To write upon their standards, where a score
Of other names are clustered, which may claim
A place among the highest on the scroll of fame.

But warm and loving hearts must soon be chilled,
When the proud story of this charge is told.
And distant homes with aching grief be filled
For some who charged to-day with footstep bold,
Whose fevered pulse is now forever cold.
This hour of fame cost many a house its heir
And broke the staff of many a helpless fold.
The crutch, the empty sleeve, the vacant chair
Will tell for weary years the price of victory there.

JAMES E. WILSON.

The author of the above enlisted at Augusta, in the First Georgia Regiment. He served in the Army of Northern Virginia and also in the Army of Tennessee. Some time after the war he brought his family to Nashville and died here. Veterans will proudly recall their experiences in this thrilling description.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT CHICAGO.

GOVERNOR PETER TURNEY.

The present Chief Executive of Tennessee was born in Jasper, Marion County, Tennessee, September 22, 1827. He received a fair education at Winchester-Tenn., and at the age of seventeen was appointed Surveyor for Franklin County. He commenced the study of law in the office of his father, Hon. Hopkins L. Turney, who was United States Senator for Tennessee, completed his studies in the office of William E. Venable, and on September 22, 1848, he was licensed to practice law.

At the commencement of the civil war he organized a regiment, and was elected Colonel of the troop, the First Tennessee, C. S. A. His regiment was attached to Gen. Robert Hatton's Brigade and sent to Virginia, where he took part in many of the bloody conflicts—Seven Pines, Antietam, Manassas, Cedar Run, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. At the latter place he received a wound in the mouth, and was also wounded at Seven Pines and at Antietam.

When the war ended Colonel Turney returned to his home in Winchester, resuming the practice of law until 1870, when he was elected to the Supreme Bench, re-elected in 1878, again in 1886, and in his third term was made Chief Justice, which position he held until 1892, when he was elected Governor of Tennessee.

Governor Turney is serving his second term as Chief Executive of the Volunteer State.

He is a Mason, a Knight of Pythias and a Knight of Honor.

GEN. W. H. JACKSON

Was born in Paris, Henry County, Tenn., October 1, 1835. His education began early, no means being spared to give him the best advantages then obtainable. While a member of the Senior Class in West Tennessee College, he received an appointment to West Point, entering that famous military school in 1852. He graduated in 1856 with honors, and in the fall of that year reported at the cavalry school of instruction at Carlisle, Pa. One year later he joined his regiment of Mounted Rifles in Texas and New Mexico, remaining in this service as First Lieutenant from 1857 to 1861. When the tocsin of war sounded in his native Southland, bidding farewell to his comrades of the Union Army, he resigned and ran the blockade through Galveston. Upon reaching New Orleans he tendered his services to the Confederate Army and was commissioned captain of artillery by Governor Harris of Tennessee. He first saw service at the battle of Belmont, where he received a minie ball in his side, which he still carries. Immediately after his recovery from the wound, he was promoted to command of the Sixth Tennessee and First Mississippi Cavalry; at Holly Springs, to Brigadier General; and finally to Major General, having command of Forrest's old division and a Texas brigade.

At the close of the war Gen. Jackson turned from the battlefield to the ploughshare. In 1868 he was married to Miss Selene Harding, daughter of the late Gen. W. G. Harding, owner of Belle Meade. Since the latter's death, Gen. Jackson has had full charge of that beautiful stock farm of world-wide fame.

EVANDER SHEPARD.

Lieutenant Shepard, who is now a resident of Shelbyville, Tenn., was born in Fayetteville, same State, November 2, 1843. He received his education in the University of Greensboro, Ala., and later at the Cumberland University at Lebanon, Tenn., where he was when the war broke out.

Although his parents, through their great love for their boy, endeavored in every way to detract his mind from the thought of enlisting, he was determined to do so, and joined the company which was raised by Captain Abb Boone, which became part of the Forty-first Tennessee, organized November 4, 1861.

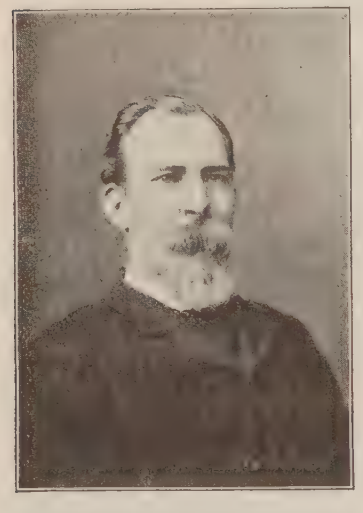
He was in the battle of Fort Donelson, and was captured with his command and sent to prison. He was afterwards exchanged at Vicksburg, and was

in the campaign of North Mississippi under General Lovell; at Port Hudson under General Gardner; at Raymond and Jackson and the Big Black under General Johnston; at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge under General Bragg; again under General Johnston from Dalton to the Chattahoochee River, fighting every day. He was under Hood at Jonesboro, Ga., Franklin and Nashville. The stay on his native heath was brief, however, and in a short time the command was ordered south again, through Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and on to Bentonville, N. C., where the last battle occurred, and where they surrendered.

On returning to his home Mr. Shepard studied law, and was soon admitted to the bar. He has continued the practice of his chosen profession since in his adopted city, Shelbyville, Tenn.

CAPTAIN B. F. BINKLEY

Was born in Davidson County, Tenn., May 3, 1837. He enlisted July, 1861, in the "Hatchie Hunters," Twenty-second Tennessee Infantry, and on May 8, 1862, he was elected First Lieutenant. On June 17, 1862, the Twelfth and Twenty-second Tennesssee Regiments consolidated, at which time he was promoted to Captain and placed in command of the "Hatchie Hunters" and "Harris Guards." The company engaged in the battles of Belmont, Corinth, Richmond and Perryville, in Kentucky; of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, in Tennessee, and in nearly every engagement between the latter point and Atlanta, under Gen. Joe Johnston, and was subsequently with General Hood at Jonesboro, Ga., at Franklin, Tenn., and Bentonville, N. C.



□Captain Binkley was paroled at Macon, Ga., May 11, 1865, and returned to his home near Nashville, where he at once engaged in commercial pursuits, in which he has been very successful. In August, he was elected Register for Davidson County, 1870, which position he held for eight years, and in 1883 he was elected City Tax Assessor for a term of two years. He has been engaged in the Abstract Title business since 1885, and is now General Manager of the Nashville Title Company.

The sentiment of a CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL now being mentioned as Battle Abbey grows in every part of the South. A recent Pine Bluff, Ark., exchange reports $200 in the name of J. Ed. Murray Camp. The last shows that J. B. Trulock, R. M. Knox, W. J. Galbraith, Ice and Coal Co., Mrs. M. E. Speers and V. D. Wilkins, have given $25 each. A recent note from Capt. T. B. Dallas, of Nashville, states that he will give $25 through the VETERAN to the cause.

HON. THOMAS H. MALONE

Was born in Limestone County, Ala., in 1834. He was educated at La Grange College, and then entered the University of Virginia, where he took the degree of M. A. in 1855. He was Professor of Mathematics at the Wesleyan University at Florence, Ala., in 1856-57, from which place he removed

to Nashville. He studied law with Houston and Brown, later becoming a partner of Mr. Houston.

When the war came on he enlisted in the Confederate Army, and was made First Lieutenant of Company A, First Tennessee. He was later made Assistant Adjutant General on Gen. Maney's staff and served in that capacity until after the battle of Murfreesboro. At Perryville he was placed in charge of a battalion and led the forces in that terrible fight. On many occasions he had narrow escapes, having had several horses shot from under him. At Shelbyville, Tenn., as staff officer of Gen. Wheeler, he lost two horses, and there he was captured and sent to Johnson's Island, where he remained until released in 1864. He soon engaged in the practice of law, which he followed continuously until two years ago, when he retired from active business. However, at the urgent solicitation of friends, he accepted the appointment as Chancellor of this Chancery Division, which he now holds.

JAMES DACE PLUNKET, M. D.

The subject of this sketch is of Scotch Irish parentage and was born August 20, 1839, at Franklin, Tennessee. In the schools of the day he received a thorough education, and early developed a preference for medicine as a profession, which he began the study of in 1859, attending the University of Pennsylvania and from the medical department of which he graduated with honors in 1863. He immediately went South and offered his service to the Confederate Government at Richmond, Va., where he was commissioned an Assistant Surgeon in C. S. A., and ordered to the charge of the "Frank A. Ramsy Hospital," Knoxvillle, Tenn. Here he remained until the Department of East Tennessee was evacuated by General Buckner when this hospital was removed and re-established by him at Cassville, Georgia. Upon Gen. Joseph E. Johnson's retreat from this latter place, Dr. Plunket was transferred upon his own request from the hospital service to the field, and was assigned to the Fortieth Georgia Infantry, Stovall's Brigade, Clayton's Division, Army of Tennessee. During the battle of New Hope Church which soon afterwards occurred, beginning, as it did, late in the afternoon and continuing far into the night, Dr. Plunket with the field hospital—a log cabin which he was using for the purpose were twice captured by the Federals, and subsequently retaken before the dawn of the following morning. After the battle of Jonesboro his division being so badly cut up, in the consolidation which necessarily followed, Dr. Plunket was transferred to the Fifty-second Georgia Infantry with which he served through the memorable campaign of General Hood into Tennessee. At Florence as the army came into Tennessee he was commissioned a full surgeon. While lying in the ditches around Nashville he was detailed by a special order from headquarters to go back to Columbia and prepare hospital accommodations for two thousand wounded, and in the retreat that followed the great battle which occurred soon afterwards, he became a prisoner together with those of the wounded whom it was thought unadvisable to move. He was not released until 1865, several weeks after the surrender had taken place, when he returned to Nashville and began the practice of medicine, and he holds justly an exalted position.

Dr. Plunket's special interest in and knowledge of sanitary affairs early attracted attention, and he has since become an authority in sanitary science. He was treasurer, and also secretary, of the Medical Society of Tennessee for many years, is a member of Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans, the American Medical Association, Medico-Legal Society of New York; Nashville Academy of Medicine; American Public Health Association; American Association for the Advancement of Science; Masonic Fraternity, Royal Arcanum also of First Presbyterian Church, this city; is President of the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, and is a member of the National Conference of State Board of Health; and has been President of the State Board of Health since its organization. Dr. Plunket's intelligent and energetic measures in 1879 practically confined the yellow fever to Memphis, where it was epidemic at that time. His contributions to the medical and secular press have been numerous, and have attracted wide attention. He is Chief of the "Department of Hygiene, Medicine and Sanitary Appliances" of the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition, a feature which is destined to attract a great deal of professional and popular attention in this to be truly great Exposition.

MAJ. THOMAS F. P. ALLISON

Was born April 28, 1832, in Williamson County, Tenn. His education was received at the academies at Triune and Franklin; Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio; Jackson College, Columbia, Tenn., and the Lebanon Law School. He obtained a license, but never practiced. He farmed in Williamson County for some years, sold out and engaged in cotton planting in Tunica County, Miss. When the war broke out he returned to Middle Tennessee and enlisted as private in the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry (Starnes' Regiment). When Company "F." was formed, he was elected Second Lieutenant, and was later appointed on the staff of Colonel Starnes, where he remained until the Colonel died in 1863. He was then ordered to report to General Forrest for duty on his staff, remaining with him until the formation of Gen. Tyree H. Bell's brigade. He served on General Bell's staff—in Forrest's Cavalry—until the surrender. He was with Forrest in all his campaigns, battles and raids, and was paroled at Gainesville, Ala., April 11, 1865.

After the close of the war he resumed farming in Williamson County, and in 1871 was elected to the Legislature, and to the State Senate from Williamson and Maury Counties in 1873.

Major Allison was appointed Commissioner of Agriculture by Governor Turney in 1893, and reappointed in 1895; which position he still holds.

MARCUS B. TONEY

Enlisted as a private, April, 1861, in Company B, Rock City Guards, First Tennessee Regiment. His command served under General Lee in the summer and fall of 1861; at Valley, Cheat and Sewell Mountains under Stonewall Jackson, also in the Bath and Romney campaign, the most severe winter campaign in the record of the late war. The regiment was recalled to Tennessee to protect Fort Donelson, which fell when the command reached Chattanooga. The regiment was then sent to Shiloh, in which it participated. After that battle the regiment made the campaign in Kentucky under General Bragg. Mr. Toney was captured at Perryville, Ky., October 8, 1862, exchanged at City Point, April, 1863, and rejoined his regiment at Shelbyville, Tenn. After the battle of Chickamauga and of Missionary Ridge, he was transferred at Dalton, Ga., to General Lee's Army at Orange C. H., Va. He participated in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, May 5th to 12th, 1864, and was captured in the "Dead Angle" at Spottsylvania on the 12th of May. He was a prisoner of war three months at Point Lookout, Md., transferred to Elmira prison camp, from which he was released after serving eleven months, returning home in July, 1865.

In 1877 he published a pamphlet entitled "Prison Life in the North," which he has illustrated, and by the use of the stereopticon and an hour and a half recital he gives a better idea of the scenes and incidents of prison life than any amount of reading would. This he gives for charity, having frequently refused any pecuniary benefit for himself.

Mr. Toney is a member of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and of the Confederate Grays.

CHARLES SYKES

Was born October 14, 1857, at Columbia, Tenn., and when twelve years of age his parents moved to Memphis, where he attended school, afterwards completing his education at Huntsville, Ala. He came to Nashville in 1880 and entered the wholesale business. In May, 1895, Governor Turney appointed him Adjutant-General of the State of Tennessee, in which position he has been very active in advancing the Military of the State to a high standard.

Mr. Sykes is Chief of the Military Department of the Tennessee Centennial, and is a member of the Sykes-Baxter Company, bankers and brokers.

HON. JAMES A. HARRIS.

This young man was born in Washington County, Tenn., December 3, 1863. He attended school for a brief period, and at the age of thirteen came to Nashville. Here he was made Page of the State Senate, serving for three terms, and at the called session was made Sergeant-at-Arms. In 1883 he was elected Assistant Clerk of the Senate, and two years later re-elected. In 1887 he was elected Chief Clerk, and re-elected in 1889–'91. In 1893 he was exalted to the position he now holds, that of Comptroller of the State, receiving a large Republican vote at his re-election in 1895–'96.

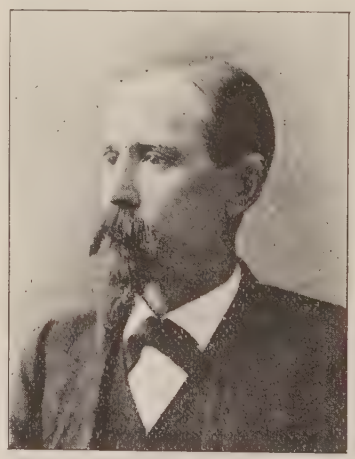
Mr. Harris has ever been progressive, and, being anxious for an education, he appropriated the money earned for his services as Page and Clerk of the Senate and attended Vanderbilt University, from which he graduated with high honors as B.A. and B.L.

During the early part of the present year (1896) he made an earnest canvass for the candidacy of the Governorship, and, after his withdrawal, was urged by his friends to stand for re-election to the office of Comptroller of the State.

Mr. Harris was born during war times, and although too young to have known the service, he has a lasting respect for the memories of the "Lost Cause."

JOHN P. HICKMAN

Was born in Davidson County, Tenn., September 25, 1846. He enlisted in in the Confederate Army, September 10, 1862, and was captured at the battle of Farmington, remaining in prison during the latter portion of the war, and was confined at Fort Delaware at the surrender of the Confederate Armies.



Col. Hickman is now a practicing attorney in the city of Nashville. He has devoted a great deal of his time since the war to organizing Confederate associations and to the preservation of Confederate history and relics, a large collection of which is carefully arranged in his office.

He is Adjutant-General of the Tennessee Division United Confederate Veterans, and Secretary of the following Confederate organizations: Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Confederate Pension Examiners, Confederate Soldiers' Home, Tennessee Chickamauga Park Commissioners, Tennessee Division of "The South's Battle Abbey," and Tennessee Monumental Association.

J. ROBINSON BUIST

Was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1834. He received his early education from his father, and chosing the medical profession, he first attended the South Carolina College, where he graduated and received the degree of A. B., in 1854. He then attended the University of New York City, from which he received a diploma in 1857. He served eighteen months in Bellevue Hospital, six months at the University of Edinburgh, then attended at the Hospitals of London, and finally completed his education at Paris.

He came to Nashville in 1859, and when the war broke out he volunteered in the Rock City Guards, and was made Assistant Surgeon of the First Tennessee Regiment. He served in the campaigns in Western Virginia under Lee and Jackson, and was in the battle of Shiloh. He was made Surgeon of the Fourteenth Tennessee, but in August 1862, was transferred to Bragg's Army as Brigade Surgeon of Gen. Geo. Maney. He was taken prisoner at Perryville, and also at Nashville after Hood's retreat, December 1864, but again joined his command in North Carolina a few months before the surrender of Gen. Johnston.

After the war, Dr. Buist resumed the practice of medicine in Nashville, where he has met with wonderful success. He was elected on the first Board of Health, serving from 1874 to 1880. In 1879 he was elected to the chair of Oral Surgery and Surgical Pathology at the Vanderbilt University, serving two sessions, and for one session he was Professor of Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of the South at Sewanee, Tenn. At present he is Professor of Diseases of the Nervous System and Mental Diseases in the Vanderbilt University Medical Department.

HARRY T. SINNOTT.

Mr. Sinnott was born in Richmond, Va., in the year 1845, and reared in that city. He entered the service of the Confederate Government in the Forty-fourth Virginia Infantry, June, 1861, and served two years. He was then transferred to the Forty-third Virginia Cavalry, (Mosby's famous command), where he served the remainder of the war.

Mr. Sinnott was paroled at Richmond, June 13, 1865. He then removed to Tennessee, and has been a resident of Nashville for the past fifteen years. He is a contractor and bridge engineer, and is the General Southern Agent for the Youngstown Bridge Company which is one of the largest bridge companies in the Union. In this position Mr. Sinnott has met with enviable success. He has lately closed a contract, for his company, for the erection of a magnificent steel bridge over the Tennessee River at Knoxville which when finished will cost $225,000.00.

Mr. Sinnott is a member of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac. and "Co. B.," Confederate Veterans of Nashville.

The following was received from Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, Corresponding Secretary, under date, June 13th. A large and enthusiastic meeting of the Little Rock Memorial Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was held this week at the hospitable residence of Mrs. U. M. Rose. The following officers were elected:

Mrs. James R. Miller, President; Mrs. Mary W. Field, First Vice President; Mrs. U. M. Rose, Second Vice President; Mrs. Gus Blass, Third Vice President; Miss Bessie Cantrell, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Jennie Beauchamp, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Georgine Woodruff, Treasurer.

A unanimous resolution was adopted heartily endorsing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as its official organ, promising to give all the aid possible in extending its noble influence.

Capt. George H. Walter, who commanded the Washington Artillery of Charleston during the war, and his battery had high praise from Beauregard. He was prominent in many ways, was highly esteemed. He was seventy-six years old.

SENECA D. KIMBARK, OF CHICAGO.

Evidence of a business tenure during a period of forty-three years is an occurrence rarely met with in cities even many times older than is Chicago. A firm with that many years attached to its record is one that essentially comprises in its existence a history of the business in which it is engaged. Such credit, however, falls to the iron and hardware firm of Seneca D. Kimbark, of Chicago. In the year 1853, Mr. Kimbark entered into what proved to be a remarkable career as the junior member of the firm of E. G. Hall & Co., engaged in the iron and steel business. Seven years later the name of the firm became Hall, Kimbark & Co., and afterward was changed to Kimbark Brothers and Co., of which Mr. S. D. Kimbark constituted the controlling spirit, and in the year 1876, he succeeded to the proprietorship of the whole business under the name of Seneca D. Kimbark.

The business standing of the house was so excellent and its affairs so well handled that when the big fire of 1871 swept away, or wrecked many business houses in Chicago, this one was able to re-establish itself after the severe losses incurred by the great conflagration. The ability shown in the management of the business it established before the fire subsequently equipped Mr. Kimbark for the work of re-establishing the business, consequently his firm was one of the very first to resume after the disaster.

The immense business done now in the iron and steel trade by S. D. Kimbark in the interstate commerce of this country is one of Chicago's enterprises that has become especially prominent. Its trade has become so valuable and important as to give to it the prestage of doing the largest business in its line of any similar enterprise in the world. The buildings and grounds occupied for its business are much larger than those used by any other concern in this country. The main building extends from 74 to 84 Michigan Avenue, in one of the richest wholesale districts of Chicago.

Year after year new lines have been added to the iron and heavy hardware trade of its business until its bulk and detail of handling is a matter of much consideration. The warehouses and offices constituting the remodeled establishment of S. D. Kimbark are consequently the largest and best arranged in this line of trade possible to conceive of, so well has the plant been planned. The main building has a shipping frontage on Michigan Avenue, Lake Street and Central Avenue of over 400 feet. In the basement of the building 50,000 sets of hubs may be placed at one time to be seasoned. Carriage parts, sawed felloes and wagon materials, forges, blowing machines, drill presses, bulky machinery, blacksmith tools and supplies, bent stuff, wheels, spokes, buggy shafts, poles, wheel barrows and similar wares carried in great quantities, have their separate floors or departments. The firm also owns a large factory for carriage and wagon wood work, located at Elkhart, Indiana. S. D. Kimbark is, perhaps, one of the heaviest shippers from the South of lumber used in the manufacture of buggy bodies, having capacity for 500 piano box buggy bodies daily. Machines in this factory are original and unparallelled.

Whilst Mr. Kimbark is too wise a merchant to undertake "to send COALS TO NEW CASTLE" *or to ship* IRON TO BIRMINGHAM, *yet it is probable that among Southern people the manufacturing branch of his business is destined to receive substantial recognition*, and those who will request a copy of his small illustrated catalogue will find over 2,000 articles indexed and quoted, some of which he ships to every State in the Union.

S. D. KIMBARK.

An esteemed citizen of Chicago, and a successful man of affairs, S. D. Kimbark is another instance of the self-educated man reaching the highest distinction in mercantile life unaided by other agencies than such as were afforded him by willing hands, sterling character, and ability possessed by few for the handling of extensive enterprises. Mr. Kimbark is a New Yorker by birth where he lived with his parents on a farm until he was twenty-one. He then determined to carve out his own fortune and at this time he came West to make his start.

Mr. Kimbark married Miss Elizabeth Pruyne, daughter of State Senator Peter Pruyne, and they have four children, two daughters and two sons. The eldest son is Chas. A. Kimbark, who is now the financier and manager of his father's business and gives evidence of a most promising career. Walter Kimbark, his second son, who is equally devoted to business, is at the head of the carriage goods department of the store.

John W. Inzer, Esq., of Ashville, Ala., who reported the proceedings of his State Legislature in behalf of Miss Emma Sansom in May VETERAN, states that he was in error by writing the name Sanson, so General French was right—Sansom is correct. The Sansom place is about half way between Gadsden and Attalla. Comrade Inzer adds:

"I have just received through the Governor of Alabama the flag of my old regiment. It has many bullet holes in it, and is torn in several places with shell, but it is rather well preserved. It looks natural. God bless this dear old banner. I love and reverence it for the precious cause it represented. I saw it waive in the face of the enemy on many battle fields. Although it came from Evansville, Indiana, it never fell in the hands of the enemy. The bearer of this flag, one of the bravest, died about three years after the war from the effects of wounds received while carrying it. The flag then went into the hands of his son, James L. Freeman, Jr., who has since been the possessor of it, until he sent it to Governor Oates somes months ago. I expect it to be in Richmond at the reunion.

The Fifty-eighth Alabama Regiment was in Bate's brigade, and this flag was borne through the battle of Chickamauga, where the regiment lost over 60 per cent. of its men. One of the tablets makes this record.

There was not a better fighting regiment in the army than the Fifty-eighth Alabama. In November, 1863, the Thirty-second and Fifty-eighth Regiments were consolidated under the command of the field officers of the Fifty-eighth. The Ninth (9) Alabama Battalion was organized in 1861, with eight companies, and remained a battalion until July 1863, when it acquired additional companies, and these made the Fifty-eighth Regiment. This is how the regiment got a high number. The old battalion commenced its active work at Shiloh in April, 1862, and was in all the great battles of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh to Nashville, and finally was paroled at Meridian in May, 1865. At the surrender, color-bearer Freeman tore the flag from the staff, placed it in his bootleg and brought it home with him. The Fifty-second was composed of as good material as could be found.

E. A. McKenney, Esq., Waco, Texas, May 8th, 1896: I have been referred to you as one likely able to give me some information for the benefit of the widow of Solomon Bradenburg, from Arkansas, who served in the war with Mexico. He enlisted in Desha County, Ark., and died before the pension bill was enacted. His widow, living here, is in very great need. She thinks he was in Yell's regiment and Reader's company, but is uncertain. Upon her application for pension the Department reports name not found in either regiment or company. I have proof that he actually served in the war, but she can't find any one who knows his regiment or company. Can you help her?

The Chapter of United Daughters in Baltimore is, perhaps, the strongest in existence. It would seem that other localities in "my Maryland" might rally and form other organizations.

If that patriotic woman who refused to accept greenbacks in '63, and even gave away as worthless, a pile of the bills,—if she be still living the VETERAN votes her eligible to membership.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[The following well-known poem was written by Col. Toeodore O'Hara, a heroic soldier of the Mexican war, a Southern poet and journalist, who for some time was the editor of the Mobile *Register*. He died in Columbus, Ga., in 1867.]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind.
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal,
Shall fill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear is the blood you gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—*butterflies*. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

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Mrs. Laura C. Phoenix, Milwaukee, Wis.

"Matron of a Benevolent Home and knowing the good Dr. Miles' Nervine has done me, my wish to help others, overcomes my dislike for the publicity, this letter may give me. In Nov. and Dec., 1893, *The inmates had the "LaGrippe,"* and I was one of the first. Resuming duty too soon, with the care of so many sick, I did not regain my health, and in a month *I became so debilitated and nervous* from sleeplessness and the drafts made on my vitality, that it was a question if I could go on. A dear friend advised me to try *Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine.* I took 2 bottles and am happy to say, I am in better health than ever. I still continue *Its occasional use, as a nerve food,* as my work is very trying. A letter addressed to Milwaukee, Wis., will reach me."

June 6, 1894. MRS. LAURA C. PHOENIX.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at $1, 6 bottles for $5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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COLONEL JOHN B. CAREY.

The meeting of the Confederate Memorial Committee at Richmond will be specially interesting. They have co-operated patriotically and will have finished their report. Col. John B. Carey, the local member, will look anxiously to their entertainment. He is a veteran of three-score and ten; and a Virginian in the strongest sense. He was educated at Hampton Academy, and William and Mary College, Williamsburg, whence he was graduated in 1839.

He became Assistant Principal in the Hampton Academy the same year, subsequently Principal, and taught school consecutively for twenty-two years, until the secession of Virginia in 1861, when he established the Hampton *Military* Academy.

He was appointed Major of Virginia Volunteers by Governor Letcher in May, 1861, and was placed in charge of volunteers then organizing, two companies of infantry, one of cavalry, and one of artillery, in the County of Elizabeth City, and directed to report to Lieut.-Col. Ewell, at Williamsburg.

After gallant service in the battle of Bethel as Aide, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thirty-second Virginia Regiment, Col. Ewell, commanding. After the battle of Bethel, under Magruder, Col. Carey became Assistant Inspector-General until Magruder was ordered to the Trans-Mississippi Department, when he was made Paymaster for the hospitals about Richmond.

Upon his return from Appomattox he engaged in farming, but later he was chosen by his State General Agent of the Penitentiary. He afterward engaged in the wholesale grocery and commission business for three years, but was "decapitated" by the military when Virginia became "District No. 1."

PRESIDENT FRANK CHEATHAM BIVOUAC.

Comrade R. O. McLean is a well-known and public spirited business man of Nashville. He is a native Tennessean, born in Marshall County, his father having emigrated from Kentucky many years ago. His mother, who was Miss Elizabeth Ogilvie, was from Williamson, the adjoining county. These parents combined the best blood of our old Tennessee families; they were typical of Southern society before the war, and were known for their sterling integrity of character. They reared a large family on their magnificent plantation, situated upon Duck River, and they dispensed royal hospitality. They ever took a leading part in all public enterprises.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, R. O. McLean enlisted in Capt. Dave Alexander's Company, the first organized in Marshall County. Though quite young, McLean's popularity secured to him a lieutenancy in the Company. He served with that Company through the celebrated West Virginia Campaign under General Lee. They had thrilling experiences at Cheat Mountain and Mingo Flats. In 1862 it was transferred to the Army of Tennessee and became a part of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Baxter Smith.

As a Confederate soldier, McLean was one of the best, most faithful and gallant sons of the "Volunteer State." He participated in the battles, marches and campaigns of the Army of Tennessee from Shiloh to Greensboro, N. C., surrendering with the command of Gen. Joe Johnston, his parole bearing date May 3, 1865. His brigade was comprised, in addition to the Fourth Tennessee, of the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, and Third Arkansas, and they were proud of being known as the "fighting cavalry brigade" of the Tennessee Army.

After the surrender, Capt. R. O. McLean returned to his home, which he found desolated by the war, but, like others of his comrades, with a brave heart he went to work to build again upon the wreck that was left of a once independent estate. He married a Miss Burnside, of Kentucky, and has reared a family of intelligent, interesting children, who have also been successful. Captain McLean appreciates the Presidency of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac of Confederate Veterans as a high honor. He was never offered for public office, but if he should be, his fellow citizens know that the public interests would be guarded with watchful vigilance, and the duties of the office would be faithfully and satisfactorily performed.

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(Mr. Cheatham is a son of the late Gen. Frank Cheatham, a hero of two wars. The position of Assistant Secretary for the Nashville Board of Underwriters, which he now holds, was given young Cheatham as soon as he left Jennings' College.)

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For the past twenty-seven years Mr. Seay has been engaged in the wholesale grocery business in Nashville, first with A. Tyler & Co., and as a partner with their successors, Tyler, Stratton & Co., the firm now being styled Stratton, Seay & Stratton.

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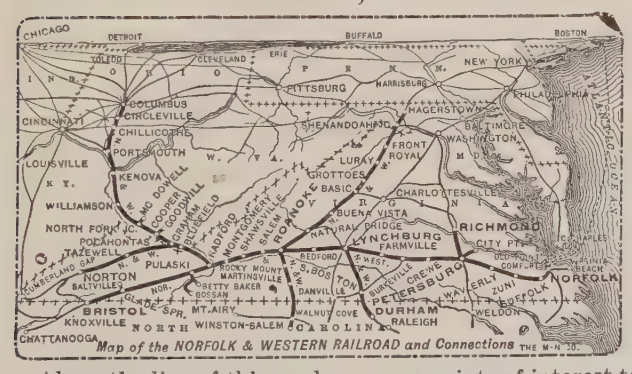

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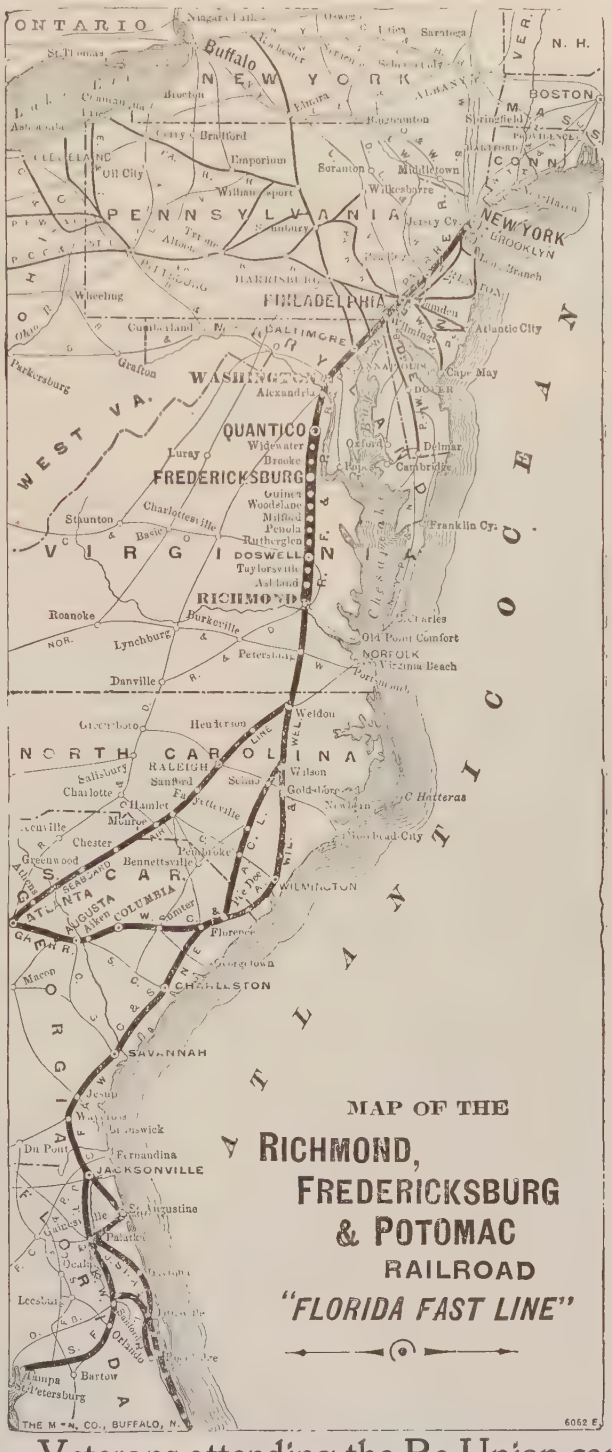

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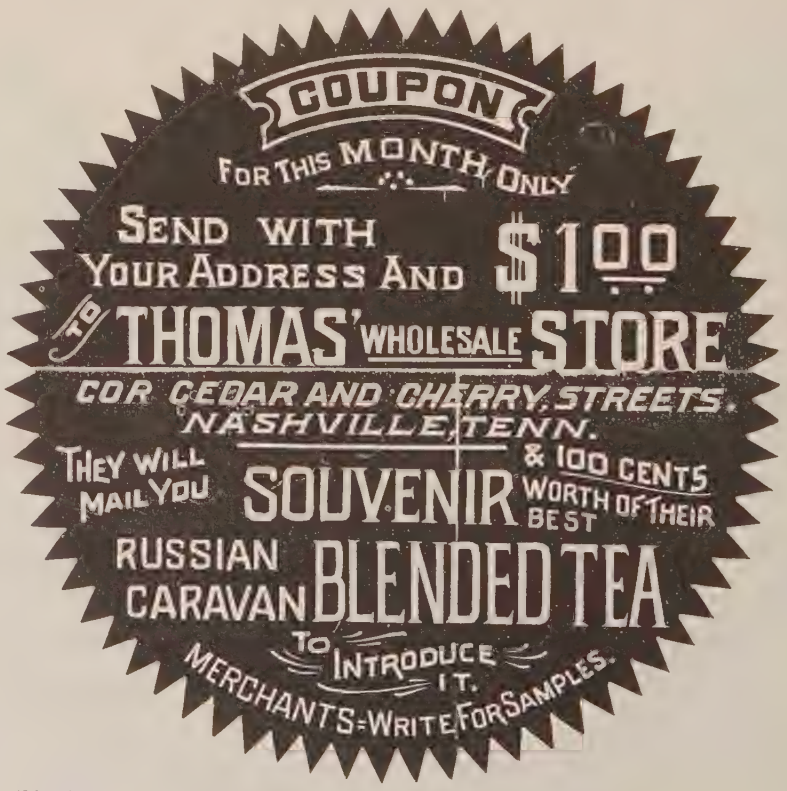
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thing Southern has prompted her to write this March with the above honorable dedication. It is pronounced by critics very bright, while to the less acute critics it is attractive and exceedingly melodious, at the same time possessing that dignity which should characterize its name. It is within the easy scope of all piano students.

It is published by the H. A. French Co., Nashville, Tenn., and although only a month old, its popularity has already made a second edition necessary. The regular price is sixty cents, but the publishers will mail it, postpaid to VETERAN readers for fifty cents.

"WAR TALKS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS" is a book of 325 pages, neatly bound in cloth, with maps and illustrations, containing many interesting and valuable accounts of war experiences, by participants, including the fullest account of the Battle of the Crater. Price $1.25 and postage 14 cents. Send for circular. George S. Bernard, Petersburg, Va.

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At a seasonable period in 1895 and this year, Belmont College has been fortunate in securing the best advertising page in the VETERAN. Miss Hood and Miss Heron realize its advantages in reaching the best elements in the South, and the VETERAN can afford to commend this Institution. Its career has been of unvarying success.

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An Autobiography

OF A COMMON AMERICAN CITIZEN OF NO RANK BUT OF GREAT NOTORIETY.

[*Written by request for the Confederate Veteran, and publication paid for.*]

My ancestors for several generations past, are like potatoes planted in Virginia soil, and for aught I know the best of the brood is there. I am not a F. F. V. myself for my father had visions of the greatness of the North-west, when a brother-in-law, Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1806, told him of the unexplored, and after serving through the war of 1812 with another relative the late Mr. Winfield Scott of the U. S. A. he, my dad—he did—concluded to go with a Mr. Lewis Cass also late U. S. A. West and grow up with it. Wherefore I, Theophilus was born in a cabin in the tall timbers of the St. Joseph River in Southwest Michigan and was rocked in a sugar trough on a puncheon floor, and wherefore I am a "Wolverene" and not a "Texan," as so many take me from the fact that I was a Texas Ranger, and have a Comanche Indian brand on my left breast over my heart, put there by an arrow.

Now it would take too many pages to tell what all I have been, but only a line to tell that I have not been a saint, and never expect to be, but I do hate a two-faced lying hypocrite, title-stealing thief just the same as I do a coward who seeks to wear a lion's mane or an eagle's name, when he was only a *conscript*.

Dad—he did—sold out and went to Texas in 1853, where he died at the age of 92, and yet had not done talking when he was called away. I was only 13 years old and a natural born rebel that did not like Czarism of any sort, no more than Granddad did, who went into business with Mr. Washington—of hatchet fame—and forced an English gentleman a Mr. Cornwallis into bankruptcy, wherefore I got up and got away from home, and dad's old Virginia way of bringing up a boy the way he should go, by the strap route. I left home when I was sixteen, to become all else than a preacher, or a highwayman surely not a goody goody, but a long ways from being afraid to express my sentiments, beliefs, ideas or notions on any subject, religion, politics or what not.

My mother was a devout Christian of the Methodist persuasion, and has been dead many years. I know just exactly where to go to find her, but the getting there is the all absorbing question with me, as with all of my age and past life.

I taught myself to consider one man as good as another and sometimes considerably better, and when in battle I learned that all in front were foes and that brave men die but once, cowards many times. Had I have tried to make a saint of myself, life would have been a failure, but as I only sought to be a man—who on dying left the world better than I found it, my life has been, or is called by others, a success. My father, as was his, was an M. D.—both surgeons in 1776, and 1812, so was a brother of mine and is a son. None of them however were quacks, for their blood, blue as indigo, would not mix with the base. If there is one devil I have hated worse than another it is the sycophant and sneak, the one who is any man's menial, dog and vassal who has money to feed him, such I have always preferred to fight than feed. In my day I have been many things worse than being a Confederate soldier, let the living of that crowd say as to whether I was good, bad or indifferent, one thing sure I was not so poor a one, as to be afterwards ashamed of it or ever played the Judas act. I got thrashed in that deal, not however from any fault of mine.

In the war I was many things in many places, under many circumstances and sometimes under guard, twice in prison, and more often scared than badly hurt. If I attained high rank I lost it all when "Lincoln's boys bound me" to keep a parol etc., and I found the real reason why the Confederacy was whipped, i. e., she had—and yet has living—on the average of 100 Generals, 500 Colonels, 1,000 Majors, 2,000 Captains to every private, and he only from among the poor, white trash.

When the Confederate Monument in Chicago was dedicated last May (1895) there was present about the above proportion, and I, (who by the way was the author, originator and sole sponsor for the erection of said Monument until the move was made popular) was the only *private* there, and was called upon to spike the cannon, I suppose because the officers (so-called) feared danger as of old. One thing sure, I never took the oath of allegiance to get out of a Yankee prison as one of that day Colonels is said to have done, or denied being an ex Confederate.

I have come across in my travels in all parts of the world, enough Southern Generals and Colonels to have whipped the combined armies of the world, that is, if they really would fight like they talked away from home.

If the curious would know of what, whom, and where I was, when others were hugging the band wagon, they will have to read "*A Campaign From Santa Fe To The Mississippi*," a book I printed in December 1864, in order that the world might know of what the other fellows and the boys I was with did. Then if you would know still more of myself and all my selfishness, just write to me on a postal card addressed Theo. Noel, Chicago, Ill., and you will receive a sample copy of *The American Home*, that is *Sui Generis* and is as unlike any other paper published in America as is possible for a free born unfettered belong to nobody party, clique, ring, church or society think-for-himself-man can edit. Money making has not been the chief aim of my life and from the fact that *I tell the truth*, which is more strange than fiction, novel readers, and the common herd don't swear by me, only at times, but honest people find therein that for which they thirst.

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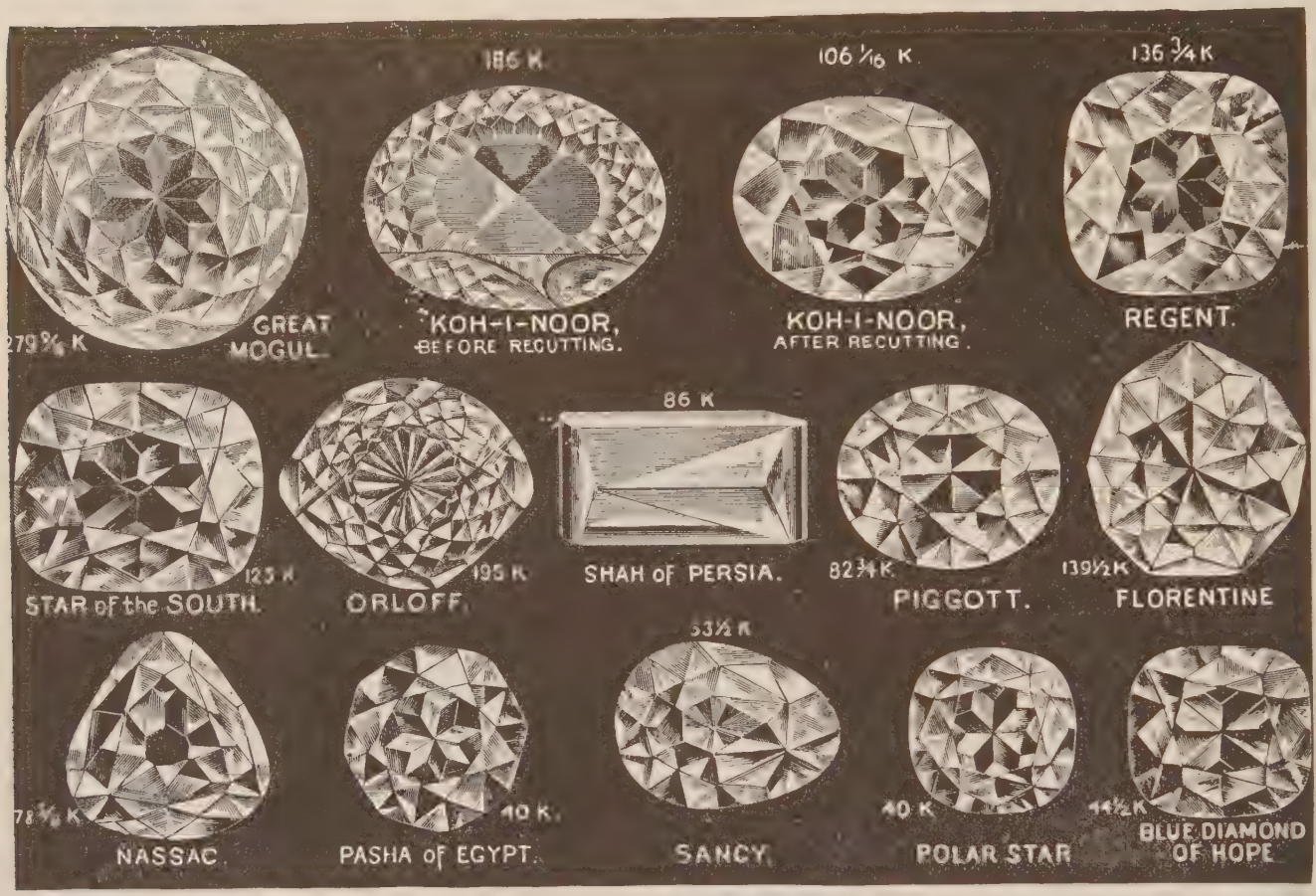

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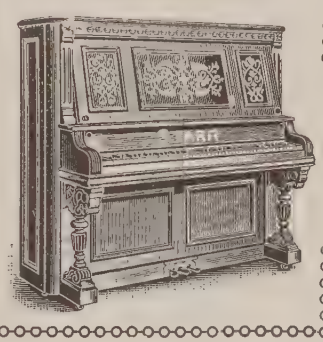

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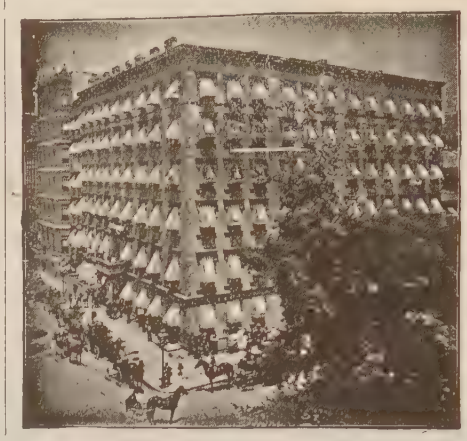

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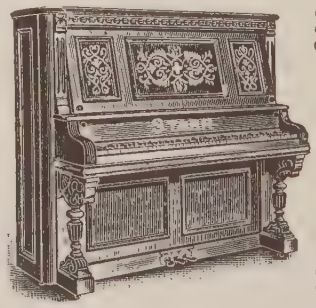

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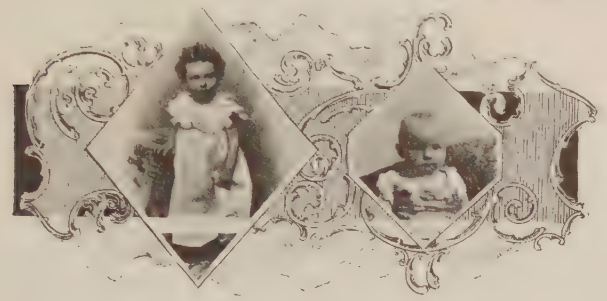
Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.



REUNION AT RICHMOND.

In 1861 there was a familiar song—

"Off for Richmond early in the morning,
Off for Richmond, the whole war to stay," etc.

From another direction the current expression was "On to Richmond." Strange, the latter term took precedence in the beginning of the late reunion gossip, and has been carried on in the South without protest.—Will the term "Battle Abbey" be fixed irrevocably just because our people used it in the beginning, not having a suitable name for "Confederate Memorial," which would ever be a far more satisfactory term?

Many thousands were *off for* Richmond in time to attend the great reunion. They occupied the famous city and were captured. Preparations were ample as could be expected. The Old Dominion F. F. Vs. are still represented, if is meant by "first families" that hospitality which bids welcome to homes and to feasts.

There were occasionally criticisms not complimentary to the management, but when so many thousands were entertained so satisfactorily, the few who missed it should consider themselves unintentional exceptions. The writer had an experience however here mentioned to illustrate that official subordinates ought to exercise discretion on such occasions. When delegates and others were entering the auditorium, on the first day, badges for delegates had not been placed in their hands, and there was an emphatic halt at the line beyond which delegates and special guests only were to pass. Gen. Jackson, Commander of the Tennessee Division, his Adjutant General, John P. Hickman, and others, went together to this guard line, where they were promptly halted. A porter had piled stacks of the VETERAN by this line, and the editor had been detained there. Seeing the crowd of delegates without their badges, he volunteered to aid in passing such. His services were accepted, and soon relief was given, the delegates passing on to their State Departments. But, after this, he was not allowed to pass until he procured a badge. Pending his urgent appeal to pass in and to have the porter execute his mission, the leading Chairman, who is a fluent orator, called by that entrance and was appealed to, but his engagements were of too high a character to give the matter his personal attention. Then the Chief Marshal was appealed to, but he had been given "a high office in Henrico County for obeying orders," and so, for the first time in all the history of reunions, the comrade who has been so much honored in his work was obliged to find the delegate who had the badges in charge before he could pass on to Auditorium Headquarters.

The usual rules were adopted in welcome addresses and responses. These addresses may be be given in part from time to time. Delightful weather for the closing of June was enjoyed. The streets were crowded from opening day until the close. There were thousands of Veterans who had never seen Richmond since before its fall in 1865, and other thousands who, serving in the Western Army, had never been there before, and every characteristic of the city was interesting to them. A disappointment occurred, which has ever been and must continue to be the rule, that comrades who were personal friends in the eventful years could not find each other. To avoid this worst of misfortunes, the VETERAN will inaugurate a system very soon whereby, as nearly as such things can be done, the delegates and visitors of same regiments, battalions and companies, will be assigned together. With proper co-operation, when request is made

the VETERAN expects to list every comrade in advance, so that when he arrives here he can at once locate every fellow who served with him in the war.

Much room is given in this number to the address of Corporal James Tanner because he has been much misunderstood in the South—and North, too, and because the address was the sensation of the reunion with those who knew the "Yank." In all these years, even while he so construed pension laws as to threaten exhaustion of the United States Treasury, he was the steadfast friend of the Confederate who had suffered in the war. The writer knew him before that time, and recalls with gratitude that when a movement was inaugurated in New York City to build a general Confederate Home, this same maimed Union Veteran was its leader. As Secretary of the Committee for a mass meeting in Cooper Union in that interest, with a great audience present, our distinguished General Gordon among the number, there was a long wait before proceedings began, specially for Corporal Tanner. He was the hero of the occasion, and he "made the welkin ring" that night for heroes of Dixie. As told in the Richmond speech, he did likewise on other occasions. The statement is added, but not by authority, that he would like to share the pension fund with Confederates.

CORPORAL JAMES TANNER'S ADDRESS.

It is an extraordinary fact that the leading sensation of the Reunion was the address by the maimed ex-Federal Soldier, known beyond national lines as "Corporal" Tanner. It was he who created a sensation in financial departments of the Government by his extravagant disbursement of the Pension Fund. The editor of THE VETERAN long before that knew him well—knew him as the soldiers' friend; he believed then and now that if in his power he would have shared that fund with badly crippled and maimed Confederates as well.

The Richmond Times (July 2, 1896) refers to Tanner's speech as one of "two great events." Its report is about as follows:

The great tumult of the day was divided between the presentation of Mrs. Jefferson Davis and the introduction of Corporal Tanner.

The latter was named by Gen. Gordon as "a gallant Federal Veteran with whom he had stood upon platforms in the North, pleading for the erection of Homes for Confederate Soldiers."

When Corporal Tanner advanced upon the stage he received an ovation of which any man might truly be proud. Cheers followed cheers, and from ten thousand tongues exclamations came, and by ten thousand hands handkerchiefs, fans and hats were waved. Minutes passed, and from all over the great hall tumult raged, while the efforts of the band were pantomimic, so lusty was the cheering for the Federal Soldier.

Gen. Gordon, advancing upon the platform, said:

"My comrades, I shall now have the pleasure and the honor of introducing to this audience a Veteran of the Union Army, who had both his legs shot off by a cannon fired by Virginia Soldiers. Soon after the war I met him on a railroad train headed for Richmond. I asked him if he was not afraid to come down here where he would find so many old 'Johnnies?' He replied, 'Not at all, for I think that certainly a man has a right to visit his own graveyard, and both of my legs lie in Virginia soil.'

MISS FLORA MARTIN, Sponsor for Texas.

Long years ago I had the pleasure of standing with him on Northern platforms when he appealed eloquently, forcibly and effectually to his Northern friends to contribute funds to help us build a Home for the needy and destitute of our Confederate Army. Since the war ceased he has been an apostle of Peace and Fraternity. We welcome him to this platform to-day, and accord to him what no other class of men on God's earth can give so heartily, a soldier's welcome and the utmost freedom. My comrades, I have the pleasure of presenting to you Corporal James Tanner, of New York." (Tremendous prolonged applause.)

Corporal Tanner came to the front of the platform escorted by Col. Archer, Past Commander of Lee Camp, No. 1, of Richmond.

Continuing, Gen. Gordon said: "My comrades, here is the man you shot through the legs in war time, and I guarantee you have pierced his heart to-day by this glorious demonstration."

"My fellow Veterans," he said (and these words were greeted with loud cheering), "I have heard Gen. Gordon in New York when he was the lone Confederate there. Conditions seem to be reversed to-day, and I am possibly the lone "Yank" in all this vast assemblage. Possibly I should feel lonesome, but I assure you that since I arrived in Richmond, night before last, I have not seen a lonesome moment (a voice, "You are at home here"), and there are quite a number of you gentlemen who know that it has been with some difficulty that I have been able to turn the key of my bedroom door to get even that small amount of sleep which is absolutely necessary in order that a man may be around the next day. (Laughter.)

"I am reminded, as I stand here looking at you, that thirty-four years ago this hour I, with my comrades in blue, were looking into the faces of some of you at Malvern Hill. Then, we were looking along our rifle barrels—to-day, we are as we are, and I thank God Almighty for it. (Great cheering.) For my comrades who went to death under your fire—for those who survived, upon whose heads the hand of war fell with terrible effect—those to whom surcease of pain shall not come until the longed for rest and peace of the grave are theirs, one and all, I declare that in the contemplation of a reunited country, 'devoted to liberty,' standing under one flag, ready to defend it against the world in arms, we find ample compensation for all the sacrifice and all the misery. This condition of affairs is what we fought for, and we have it. (Applause.) If it does not suit any soul within the confines of the Republic, then I am satisfied that it is a soul belonging to a creature who never got mad until all opportunity to fight had gone by. (Loud cheers, and cries of "That's right.") As I told the boys in Lee Camp last night, we had those among us who were with us geographically, and yet were not with us in body or in spirit. They were very free in their criticism; they often yelled themselves hoarse, 'On to Richmond, on to Richmond! why don't the army move?' And yet, when Father Abraham, of sainted memory, called through the draft, you could find those same individuals with a draft list in one hand and a time-table of the nearest route to Canada in the other, ready to move across the border if they found their names among the chosen. (Great laughter.) * * * I stand here to-day with so much respect for the men into whose faces I am looking, that I am firm in the belief that if I showed the slightest disposition to truckle one iota regarding the principles of the cause for which I fought and suffered—if I had the disposition to lower my flag one hair's breadth, these representative men of the Armies of the South would have nothing but contempt for me.

"We are not here to discuss the causes or the principles of secession. We are here for a reunion, for the revival of old memories, for the revival of old associations born out of those awful days when the land was aflame.

"All my life I have been broad enough to recognize that religion and politics are largely a matter of education and association. I have told my Northern comrades so often, I am entitled to repeat it here to you to-day, that, had we been born and brought up in the South, as you were, educated in the doctrine of States' rights, drinking it in with your mothers' milk until you came to believe in it as you did your mothers' God, the chances are that ninety-nine out of one hundred of us would have worn the Southern gray instead of the Northern blue. (Loud applause.) Yes, gentlemen, reverse conditions and you would have been following Grant and Sheridan and Sherman, instead of Lee and Jackson and Johnson.

MISS LEOMA COBB, Sponsor for Oklahoma.

"For quite a number of the years that lie next behind me I have had the pleasure and the honor of knowing many of the Veterans of the South who are in this assemblage to-day; and I am entitled to say to this audience at large what these acquaintances well know, that I do not stand here to-day trying to pitch my voice to any new tune. Since the hour struck on the clock of Time at Appomattox—when God and the heaviest artillery decreed that the Union was to remain one and indissoluble—my voice has been for Peace, for fraternity and for good will between all sections of this glorious country of ours. Without considering through what channels it might have been accomplished, the Veteran Soldiery of the two Armies ought to have joined together immediately following the war, in the interests of good government, in honest and intelligent administrations; and had we thus acted together, we would have escaped the infamy, the degradation and the despoliation of the reconstruction period. (Great cheering.)

"Gen. Gordon, in the kindness of his heart, h-

alluded to one matter in which I played a part, and of my connection with which I am very proud. I am a New Yorker, but for the past seven years have been living in Washington City. At the time of which I speak, I was residing in the City of Brooklyn, and one day there came in my mail a circular which some of the boys in Richmond did me the honor to send to me. It set forth the needs of the Confederate soldiers. It called attention to the fact that they had no pensions, that war had sapped the substance and the power to struggle in the battle of life from many of them. I read it, and reading between the lines, with my mind's eye, I saw many an old Confederate soldier who, from Appomattox, wended his way wearily to the spot endeared to him by associations, sanctified by the name of

STATUE TO GEN. W. S. HANCOCK.

[Erected on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. Across may be seen the top of railway station in which President Garfield was shot.]

home, too often to find but the chimneys standing. I recalled readily what these men had been, the part they had played in the great arbitrament of the court of last resort—the battlefield. I knew that their courage was unimpeachable, and that, without regard to my own or anybody else's opinion of their cause, their efforts in its support had added glory to the name of the American soldier. I recalled how often, after exhaustive marches and fierce contests on bloody fields, they dined upon bits of hardtack—possibly an ear of roast corn—and for dessert drew their body belts one buckle hole tighter. Now, this appeal spoke of their wants, their absolute need; and as I read and thought, I am not ashamed to confess that my eyes were moist. I picked up my pen and wrote five brief notes. I asked five gentlemen to come to my office as near four o'clock that day as was convenient. They came. Every mother's son of them was short an arm or a leg, given as a sacrifice for the cause of the Union. I asked them to be seated. They looked at me and at one another, and one of them said: "Tanner, what the d— have you got on hand now that causes you to assemble such a bouquet of cripples?"

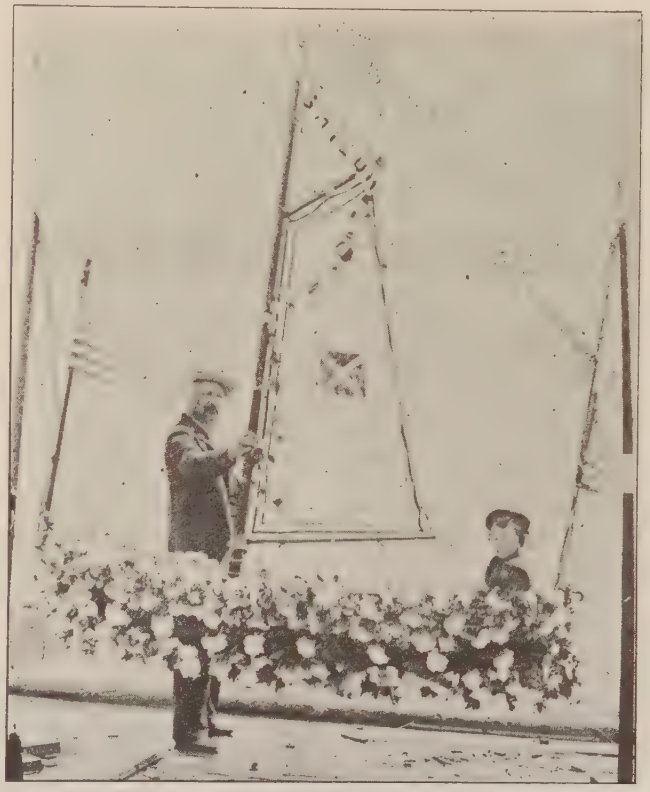
I read the circular to them, and they asked me what I proposed to do. I read them a call I had drawn up for a meeting of Union soldiers in the Common Council Chamber of the City forty-eight hours thereafter. We signed and published that call. The soldiers came and packed the audience chamber. Gen. McLeer, of Brooklyn, short one arm and three inches of bone gone out of one leg, was called to the chair, and called upon me to state the object of the meeting. I did so, and voiced the suggestions we had agreed upon, to the effect that we ought to have a public meeting in the Academy of Music where we were warranted in saying that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher—a man with patriotism and heart enough to look out over all the land and consider the needs of every citizen thereof—would take the chair and make the opening address, and the Chaplain-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic deliver a lecture for the benefit of this Richmond Home fund. Everything went like a Methodist camp-meeting, with a hearty 'Amen.' Out of it came a great assemblage in the Academy of Music. Mr. Beecher, of course, delivered a grand and thrilling address. The Chaplain-in-Chief delivered a magnificent lecture on American Citizenship. I made a brief appeal for the benefit of the cause, and as a result we had the great pleasure of sending down to Richmond $1,768, conveying with it the simple message, that we desired to own a few bricks in that Home for the needy old 'Johnnie Rebs.' (Great applause.)

I believe, Mr. Chairman, that the gentleman who immediately preceded me upon this platform was your comrade, Gen. Underwood, of Chicago, and that he is the gentleman mainly responsible for the erection of a monument to the Confederate dead who lie entombed on the shores of Lake Michigan. (Gen. Gordon, "It was.") Well, sir, you will remember that when the project of that monument was first bruited abroad there was considerable kicking. A great many of my Northern comrades wrote and asked me what I thought of having a monument erected to the Rebel dead in our reunited country. There was no hesitation and no uncertain sound in my response. I replied to them, my first thought was that, where a man who was in the Confederate Army sees two thousand unmarked graves—(several voices, "Six thousand") sees six thousand unmarked graves of his fellow comrades and is moved to build a monument to mark their last resting place, there is evidence of a warm heart and manly attributes, and I would like to touch elbows with that man. I said further, that when you ask me what I think of erecting a monument to the Rebel dead in a reunited country—I do not draw the line at the United States, I take in the whole civilized world—I say that a people who will encourage

men to go out and fight and die, if necessary, in their cause, and who then will permit them to sink into unknown, unmarked graves, are utterly contemptible. (Tremendous applause.)

I desire to say furthermore, and with particular pleasure, in the presence of these women of the South, that yesterday I sat in the body of that hall listening to your speeches and your music, and my eyes ranged over the assemblage and I thought, sir, the Confederate Veterans' Association ought to be very proud of the fact that they had the countenance and the inspiration of the presence of so many of those who, in my opinion, are God's best gift to man next to the religion of Jesus Christ. And I say very frankly to you old 'graybacks' here that if you had not had the ladies with you as they were, we would have licked you eighteen months sooner than we did. (Laughter.) Why do I say this? Because heart and soul, with all their power of love and hate, of inspiration, of absolute devotion, the women of the South were with you, and every one of you knew that if you did not stand up in the front line of battle, keeping step to the music of 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and 'Dixie'—that if you skulked from the contest in the slightest degree and returned home in aught but soldiery honor, the fires of h—l would not scorch your unshriven soul as you would be scorched by the scorn and the contempt of Southern womanhood.

"Mr. Commander, I notice that there are in this assemblage to-day a great many stalwart young men. I am inexpressibly delighted to have them within the range of my voice. Some word of value, I trust, may drop from my lips upon their listening ears. Oh! sir, how we envy them as they are here in the plentitude of the powers of young manhood, with so much of life in prospect for them. The frosts that never melt have not gathered in their hair, nor have the years built the terraces upon their brows as they have upon ours. I can appreciate how natural it is for the young men of the South to flutter around the great bevy of magnificent beauty which adorns this occasion. Ah, sir, the boys have the instincts of the bees—they know where the honey is; and yet, sir, though a Northern man and a Union soldier, speaking to this Confederate assemblage, I can speak for Northern and Southern soldiers on one point, and of Northern and Southern homes alike, for, sir, you can draw no geographical lines that will divide the affections and the devotion of woman. And while we gray-haired fellows bare our heads in all the respectful admiration that men can, and do, so willingly bestow at the shrine of beauty, I want to say to these young men of the South that there are other girls to us, and, thank God, so many of them are here to-day. The boys look at them and they see gray hairs and wrinkled brows; but to us they are raven in the hue of their hair, their brows are fair and their cheeks are rosy. They are the girls of '61, the girls who stood on the threshold of Northern and Southern homes alike, on village street and depot platform; who, with agony of heart of which we had but the faintest conception at the time, buckled on our swords or packed our knapsacks and sent us out with all the encouragement—that boundless encouragement that a woman can give—to battle for the cause we had each espoused. We, in our army life, had the diversions of camp; we had the scenic variety of the march; the fun of the bivouac; the fierce excitement of the contest on the field. These women sat at home and carried our causes to the altar of God on their trembling lips—waited with strained ears and throbbing hearts for the latest dispatches from the front—made bandages and picked lint. And how often it was that the echo of the rifle shot that laid a stalwart form prone upon the field of battle was heard in Northern and Southern cottage, and hearts broke, perchance; but still the fingers went on picking lint. Oh! beauty of the North and the South, fair young women, ordained of God to be the mothers of the sovereigns



[This floral tribute is consecrated to the memory of the soldier marine of both armies, who fell and sleep at Shiloh—by an "Old Johnnie" participant in that mighty battle. "C. L.," (late) Company "A," Forty-ninth Tennessee Infantry, C. S. A.]

of the republic in the future! We are not so old yet, nor the blood so sluggish, that we do not look upon you with joy and thank God that He has given us such fair presentments of our ideas of His angels. But as you are the daughters of your mothers, you will readily pardon us, if, while we bow our heads to you, we bend low to the feet of the matrons of to-day who were the girls of '61. (Applause.)

"Out of all, my friends, has come a reunited country. We stand to-day under one flag. If the tocsin of war shall ever be heard again in this land, then, once again, our young men may hear the Yankee hurrah and the old-time Rebel yell—but it will be with Virginia and Vermont answering together (applause), New York and the Carolinas

(continued applause), Maine and Mississippi (great cheering)—all down one line in support of one flag, a common cause, and a reunited country. (Tremendous and prolonged cheers.) No man will deprecate war more than those who have seen fields run red with blood and hospital walls quiver with the agony they contained. And yet, my comrades, I could wish that Gen. Gordon, or some other such, was in the White House (cheers), believing that if there he would give one great American kick which would result in propelling the last semblance of the puny monarchy of Spain from the neighborhood of our shores. We have no room for the shadow of monarchical government on the borders of this country. Most earnestly do I hope that freedom in the most particular sense may be achieved and guaranteed to that gem of the Antilles—the blue island of Cuba. (Great applause.)

"And now a word to you young people here. They tell us up North that the most trouble is with the young generation which has come up in the South since the war. I simply ask, young ladies and young gentlemen, that you observe how your fathers meet the old soldiers of the other side, bearing in mind that those men were so mightily in earnest they made their very lives the guerdon of the fray. Do you see them with their fists doubled up as if they were going to pitch into one another again when they meet? Oh, no. You see them sitting down very amicably, touching glasses with something in them that might not have come out of the bed of the River James. Don't you young people get mad until your fathers get to fighting again; and then—my word for it—you will live in perfect peace to such an age that, in comparison, Methuselah would be rated as a child. Remember that you are soon to be the absolute proprietors of this great Republic of the United States. We had to have our great contest of four terrible years—and it cost a great deal of blood—in order that we might get to a proper appreciation of our position. We have reached it, and now you young people hold fast to it and take good care of it for your children and your children's children; and when we turn our backs upon this world and its sufferings, when we lie down in "that low green tent whose curtains never float outward," we will thank our God that we lived when we did, that the trouble came in our day and generation, and that to our boys and girls, North, South, East and West, we leave such a glorious prospect of unbroken peace and unbounded prosperity. I desire to say particularly to my Veteran friends here assembled that I fully realize that you put up a magnificent fight against us, but I don't want you to think for a moment that you surprised us. (Laughter.) You would have disgraced our common American brotherhood if you had not made it dusty for us.

"My comrades—and I choose the term—(applause)—the heart of our great leader welled up with absolute peace when he said to Lee: "Tell your men to take their horses home with them; they will need them to do their spring work with." When once armed opposition to the cause of which he was the leader had ceased, the great heart of Grant welled up instinctively with sympathy for the South. He wanted to see its desolated places made to bloom and blossom again at the earliest possible moment. I believe we have met here to-day and had this little variation from the stated programme of this assemblage in the spirit of fraternity and fraternal love in the fullest sense, absolutely without regard to sectional lines. (Renewed applause.)

JAMES TANNER.

"As I step from this platform my soul is filled with this one thought, that if it be granted in the immortal regions of beatific peace that spirit-eye can gaze upon material scenes and forms, I am confident that Grant and Lee, Sherman and Johnston, and their colleagues gone before, are looking upon us to-day and thanking God that this spirit exists at this time." (Long continued applause.)

Proceedings about the Jefferson Davis Monument, the Confederate Memorial Institute, not "Battle Abbey," and the Historical Committee are of too much importance for a passing notice, so each will be considered carefully in subsequent numbers. Another reason for postponing much of it is because so many pages are given by previously promised agreement to print the Camp lists and that of Daughters of the Confederacy revised and complete.

Another misfortune for this issue very much regretted is in failure to get an auditorium scene for front page.

CAMP CHASE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

The Adjutant General, in his report of 1867, said: "The burial places of the unfortunate dead are entirely neglected and are overgrown with weeds and briars. Some care should also be bestowed on these cemeteries and that at an early day, as otherwise they will soon be entirely obliterated and forgotten. The bitterest enmity should stop at least at the edge of the grave, but the condition of these burial places would indicate that such is not always the case."

Land bought April 23, 1879, from John G. Holloway by executors to the United States of America; consideration $500, property known and described as the Confederate Cemetery, on the lands formerly occupied by the Camp Chase rebel prison, and being the same lands now held by the said second party under lease made by the Secretary of War. Deed signed by M. J. Marshall, E. S. Holloway, P.

S. Holloway, and Wm. S. Holloway, residents of Kentucky.

At the close of the war the barracks were torn down and the old lumber taken to build a fence around the burial ground. There were wooden headboards put at each grave, number and name of Company and state inscribed on each when they were buried; subsequently the Government had them replaced with a substantial plank and same inscription put on; but in a very few years they decayed and together with the fence disappeared and the ground became a common brier and bramble patch.

When Ex-President Hayes was governor he ordered a Mr. H. Briggs, who was a farmer in the neighborhood, to clean it up and take care of the ground and he would pay him twenty-five dollars per year from the contingent fund; that was done each year until the first Democratic governor, which was Governor Bishop, was elected, and his adjutant general then ordered it stopped and would not allow it to be paid. Then the place became a wild waste again until Governor J. B. Foraker (now United States Senator) became Governor. He then caused his adjutant general to correspond with the United States Government and explain to them the condition and the disgrace it was, and urged them to fix it up, and it resulted in an appropriation sufficient to build a substantial stone wall around the plot and an iron fence around the Confederate burial ground at Sandusky; since then nothing has been done with it.

The fine, large trees that now beautify the ground were planted at the close of the war by Mr. H. Briggs, a strong Union man and Republican, and he now looks upon them with great pride. When the wall was built, the same Mr. Briggs was hired to get a large stone; he found a large boulder about one and a half miles from the place, and got it raised from its bed by derricks, and had it drawn to the road by block and tackle, then with eight horses and a large quarry wagon got it to the place. It weighed about fifteen or sixteen tons.

There are three marble headstones in the place. During the war some of the dead were buried at different places; when this ground was bought, those buried at other places were taken up and reburied in it.

It is a fact that in the last three or four months of the war there were 1,084 that died, showing the mortality to have been greater than at any other time. Those that were marked as known, when buried, were from: Virginia, 327; Alabama, 431; South Carolina, 85; Mississippi, 202; Missouri, 8; Kentucky, 158; Texas, 22; North Carolina, 82; Florida, 62; Louisiana, 52; Tennessee, 337; Georgia, 265; Arkansas, 25; Maryland, 9. The balance of the 2,260 are unknown.

GROUND BOUGHT BY UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT AND ENCLOSED AS A CONFEDERATE CEMETERY AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The foregoing illustrations and historic data will surprise and gratify many a Confederate. The VETERAN is indebted directly to Col. Wm. H. Knauss for it—and the Southern people generally will remember gratefully his patriotic service in decorating the graves of the 2,200 men and boys of Dixie, who died there, true to their convictions.

Col. Knauss had his share of sacrifice in the war. At Fredericksburg a piece of shell so terribly lacerated him—see scar in face—that although kept in the hospital, he was referred to as "the dead man," and when food was given to others, flowers were placed by his body. He declares that those flowers saved his life. He writes pathetically about them.

COL. WM. H. KNAUSS.

Col. Knauss belongs to a family of patriots. His ancestors fought in the Revolution under Washington; in 1812 under Jackson; and again in Mexico; while he and a brother fought to maintain the Union in '61–65.

The decoration this year on National Memorial Day was successful in every way. Three others who engaged to join him in expenses "backed out, thinking best not to do it," so he "went through with it," feeling, when it had succeeded, proud as when he married or when his first child was born.

In an address at the Cemetery, Col. Knauss took upon himself all the responsibility as an American and an honorably discharged Union Soldier.

He said: If I were in the South and saw an Ex-Confederate soldier do honor to an unknown Union Soldier's grave, I would say with all my soul: "God bless you! God bless you and yours forever!

When the war closed, the Barracks were torn down and used for a fence around the burial place, but soon rotted down. Then there was a wooden headboard put to each one, and when these rotted down they were replaced by the Government; but finally the place became wild and these boards rotted away until there were none left. The United States Government paid for the stone wall.

This noble patriot sends a large list, perhaps 2,000 names, of our comrades there buried, their States, Regiments, etc. This Subject will have attention hereafter. Meanwhile, all honor to Col. Wm. H. Knauss, Columbus, Ohio.

An Arkansas Daughter of the Confederacy writes for the Little Rock Gazette about the great reunion:

While there I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederacy. It was a strictly business meeting to determine whether they should join the United Daughters or remain a separate State Division. They voted to join as a Division only, not by Chapters, with the understanding that they were to retain their State Constitution and not to be in any way subject to or restricted by the United Daughters, nor required to do any but local work. Whether the United Daughters will receive them in that way is to be determined in the future.

While at the headquarters of the Daughters I had a conversation with the President of the Richmond Chapter, Mrs. Randolph, in regard to the proposed Battle Abbey. She said: "We have a Memorial Hall and have local work enough to do to keep us busy, and do not intend to work for the Battle Abbey, but at the same time I think it should be located in Richmond." Taking into consideration the fact that the United Daughters of all other Southern States are intending to help with the great Battle Abbey, it is but just and right that it should be located in some other city than Richmond. We do not want to work for a city that won't work for itself. Besides, Richmond is too far East. Hundreds of willing workers will never be able to see the result of their united efforts. By all means let it be more centrally located, and be on strictly Southern soil. There has been some talk of Washington, D. C. That city cannot be called Southern soil, strictly speaking. I do hope when the committee meets to determine where the monument to Southern valor and heroic sacrifice shall be placed, they will wisely determine to plant it on Southern soil, made rich by the blood of brave men who fought for a principle, because they believed they were right, and where those who worked to make it a success can see the work of noble women and brave men. Let it be near the center of the South.

She writes: Put it in Little Rock, and I will give $500.00. I am opposed to it going to Washington, D. C. That soil was not enriched by the life blood of Southern heroes. Let it be put where all the South can reach it. If Mr. Rouss wants to honor the South, he will not object. We don't want it on the border of Yankee land; they have enough—the South has nothing. Use the influence of the VETERAN to have it centrally located.

LADIES' MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

The First Organized in the Southern States—The Historic One at Montgomery.

The "Ladies' Memorial Association," of Montgomery, Ala., was organized April 16, 1866. Its original purpose was to provide befitting burial for Alabama's Confederate soldiers who had fallen in battle, to tenderly care for the graves of the Confederate dead in the Montgomery Cemetery, to erect headstones at their graves, etc., etc. The 26th of April was chosen as Memorial Day because of the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at that time.

It was the outcome of the Ladies' Hospital Association, organized by the ladies of Montgomery in 1861 for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers of the Confederacy, and the purposes of these two Associations have been so interwoven that the history of one would be incomplete without that of the other.

Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb was elected President of the Hospital Association, and remained its guiding genius and chief executive during the war. The cottages first used as hospitals were suburban, and were kindly donated by Mrs. S. Bellanger, a woman noted for her patriotism and generous charities. She was the wife of Dr. Bellanger, who, on greeting President Davis, eloquently expressed his sympathy in these words: "Let me clasp the hand that was manacled for us." For nearly two years Mrs. Judge Bibb, with her devoted band of co-laborers in the city, and in the country adjacent, maintained this institution, supplying from their own resources all that was necessary for the comfort of the soldiers.

When the war assumed such proportions as demanded the establishment of a hospital on a larger scale, a building was procured in the city, which at one time contained five hundred soldiers. When the ladies could no longer supply the increasing demands, Mrs. Bibb applied to President Davis to furnish from Confederate stores whatever might be lacking for the proper management of the Ladies' Hospital. This request the President promptly granted, giving Mrs. Bibb *carte blanche* to draw upon the Quartermaster, Major Calhoun. He said to Mrs. Bibb, subsequently, that the Surgeon General had reported it as "the best managed hospital in the Confederacy," and then he said to her, "Madam, if you were a man, I would make you a General." In the sewing rooms of that Hospital the fair hands of Montgomery's gentlest daughters daily knitted socks, comforters, gloves, and made uniforms and garments of every kind for the soldiers of the South; and daily through its wards during those weary years of war came these true-hearted daughters of the South, showing how divine a woman may be in ministering to suffering humanity.

Intensely Southern as Mrs. Bibb was, however, it was not only the Confederate soldier who received her care, but when wounded Federals were brought to Montgomery, after the battle of Shiloh, she received them into the Hospital until suitable provision could be made for them elsewhere, because, she said, "They are suffering, and shall be made as comfortable as practicable." In acknowledgment of this amenity of war, when the United States troops entered the city, the commanding officer, without application from Mrs. Bibb, graciously placed a guard about her home to protect her and her property from molestation.

When the war was ended and the heroic soldiers of the Confederacy no longer needed the tender care of the faithful women in their hospitals and homes, this same noble woman, with the ladies of the Hospital Association, immediately began making arrangements for the reorganization of the Ladies' Memorial Association. There devolved upon them the raising of funds for the removal and burial of the Alabama soldiers on various battle fields, placing headstones and a monument in the Cemetery.

On April 16, 1866, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Judge B. S. Bibb; Vice-President, Mrs. Judge John Phelan; Secretary, Mrs. Dr. W. O. Baldwin; Treasurer, Mrs. E. C. Hannon.

MRS. SOPHIA BIBB.

Executive Committee: Mrs. John Elmore, Mrs. W. J. Bibb, Mrs. Dr. Wilson, Mrs. W. B. Bell, Mrs. James Ware, Mrs. Judge F. Bugbee, Mrs. C. Housman, Mrs. Fort Hargrove, Mrs. J. Mount.

Under Mrs. Judge Bibb's administration the Ladies' Memorial Association placed marble headstones over the graves of eight hundred Confederate soldiers buried in the Montgomery Cemetery and erected a monument near by, expending in all twelve thousand dollars, besides considerable sums in aid of soldiers' families impoverished by the war.

In 1884 the Ladies' Memorial Association, having completed their first work, determined to labor for the execution of a purpose cherished since its organization, the erection of a monument to the Confederate Soldiers of Alabama on Capitol Hill, near the spot where Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President and the "storm-tossed nation was cradled." Some funds were accumulated for this object, and sometime afterwards the Monumental Association, comprised also of Confederate Veterans, was organized for the same purpose. The corner stone for this monument was laid by President Davis, and on one side of it is engraved: "This corner stone was laid by Hon. Jefferson Davis, April 29, 1886." President Davis came from Beauvoir to make the address.

The most touching of the many incidents that made the visit of this illustrious man a time of tears as well as joy, was his meeting with Mrs. Bibb. He had known her as his friend during his brief residence in Montgomery, and afterwards as the guardian of the sick and wounded soldiers, who had suffered from the fiery ordeal of war. He called to see her, and found her sick. Approaching her bedside he kissed her pure forehead—a kiss made sacred by bitter sorrow. The monument, consecrated by the participation of the honored and beloved President of the "Southern Confederacy" in these ceremonies, when completed will be a magnificent testimonial of grateful remembrance to the heroes who died for us.

In less than a year afterward, on the 9th of January, 1887, this noble Southern woman died. The *Montgomery Advertiser*, in chronicling her death, said: "The demise of no woman in Alabama would carry a message of sorrow to so many hearts as does that of this most admirable lady, because, more than others, she was womanly, the model of her sex and of her time. The last work upon which her heart was set was the monument to Alabama's Confederate dead. Loftier and whiter than she ever dreamed of for her dead heroes, is her own temple that she builded in the hearts of those who loved her." Never in the history of Alabama have so many marks of public respect been paid to the memory of a woman. Both the Supreme and Circuit Courts adjourned in honor of her philanthropic and patriotic services, also the Code Committee of the General Assembly. An immense procession of Confederate Veterans, military companies and citizens, with reverential tread, followed her remains to the Cemetery, and the Ladies' Memorial Association attended in a body. She was laid to rest in sight of the graves of the soldiers to whom she had so tenderly ministered in life and in death. On each recurring Memorial Day a military salute is fired above her grave, and there is no more honored spot in there than that which holds all that is mortal of this pure, noble hearted "Daughter of the Confederacy."

After the death of Mrs. Bibb the honors and responsibilities of President were placed upon the daughter, Mrs. M. D. Bibb, who has performed its exalting duties with unremitting zeal.

In this connection the editor of the VETERAN mentions a regular visitor to the Ladies' hospital during those troublesome times, with sentiments of gratitude that can never, never die. Carried there unconscious, after days and nights of dreadful illness, as his command was being transferred to the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Braxton Bragg, his restoration to knowledge of himself and surroundings occurred while the dear gentle woman by his bed and asked about his MOTHER.

No more memorable event in that great war is ever recalled than the continued friendship during all the intervening years of his "mother number two"—Mrs. Sarah Herron—who, though an invalid for a quarter century, is blest with vivid memory and a Christian faith which never questions anything that happens.

THE LATE MAJOR TOWSON ELLIS.

Captain Louis Guion, of New Orleans, writes the VETERAN of Major Ellis, brother to Mrs. Braxton Bragg:

In the death of Major Towson Ellis the world has lost one who never sought its applause, who never posed before the foot-lights, but who pursued the even tenor of his way—modest, unassuming, courteous, and illustrating by his daily life that title, when worthily won is greater than the rank of any earthly potentate—that grand old name, Gentleman.

MAJOR TOWSON ELLIS.

Major Ellis was the son of Richard G. Ellis and Mary J. Towson, and was named after his distinguished uncle, Gen. Nathaniel Towson, Paymaster General, U. S. A.

He was born in Adams County, Miss., but brought up on his father's plantation in Terrebonne Parish, La. Reared in affluence and among cultivated people, he received all the advantages which could be given to a Southern gentleman. He was first a favorite pupil of Bishop Otey at his school in Tennessee. He went from thence to Yale, and was in the graduating class of 1853, having as contemporaries and classmates Randall L. Gibson, Stoddard Johnson and Edward Billings. He was travelling in Europe just preceding the Confederate war, but returned at once, and was appointed Aid on the staff of his brother-in-law, Gen. Bragg, remaining with him during the whole war and participating in all the battles fought by Gen. Bragg.

He was several times mentioned for gallantry and promoted. After the war he resumed business as a

sugar planter, and so continued until 1882, when he removed to New Orleans, where he obtained a position in the office of the Gas Company, and remained there until his death from apoplexy on Thursday, May 14, 1896.

He was buried from St. John's Church, Thibodeaux, and tenderly laid to rest by old friends and by Braxton Bragg Camp, No. 196, United Confederate Veterans.

The writer well remembers him in his early manhood as a very handsome young man, dignified in his carriage, graceful, and deferential to women.

Major Francis Parker gives this sketch:

Towson Ellis, Confederate States Army, was first assigned to duty as a First Lieutenant in 1861, in the capacity of Aid-de-Camp on the staff of Brigadier General Braxton Bragg, reporting for duty at Pensacola, Fla. Gen. Bragg, in command, was then conducting the coast defences against Fort Pickens and the United States Navy. In the staff formation Gen. Bragg enforced the same thorough organization that he always pursued in disciplining forces in his command.

Thus the camp at the Navy Yards and vicinity was the "School of Instruction" for Lieutenant Ellis and many other citizen soldiers who stood the test later on in the strife upon fields of fierce conflict.

Lieutenant Ellis' first experience was in the night attack, projected by Gen. Bragg, across the Bay of Pensacola, and against the "Billy Wilson Zouaves" (of New York), encamped on Santa Rosa Island, outside of Fort Pickens and under the guns of the frowning fortress.

After the bombardment of Fort Pickens, Gen. Bragg was transferred to a larger command as Major General, with headquarters in Mobile, Ala. In March the massing of troops was commenced, and Corinth, Miss., was the objective point. The shock of bloody battle soon ensued upon Shiloh's historic ground, and during the concentration of forces, and the carnage of the fateful 6th and 7th of April, Lieutenant Ellis was unceasingly engaged in discharge of responsible duties as Senior Aid to the Commander. Gen. Bragg's official "report" to Gen. Beauregard, commanding, records the efficient services of Lieutenant Ellis.

The Kentucky campaign followed quickly, General Bragg (by promotion) in command of the Army. In the busy, silent, strategic transfer and concentration of the forces at Chattanooga, in their crossing of the Tennessee River and rapid projection over perilous mountain paths, all so fiercely conceived and as faithfully executed, was his own conception, and was approved by President Davis.

Aid-de-Camp Ellis, and late Major of Confederate States Cavalry, was indefatigable in rendering intelligent service. His experience in military methods under the leadership of his chieftain was of much value. He was with him in the forced march, turning the Federals in position at Nashville under Gen. Buell, and on to Lexington, Ky., on the hotly fought fields of Perryville, Ky.; thence back to Knoxville, Tenn., and next in the subsequent establishment of the Confederate forces at Murfreesboro, Tenn., there to encounter the trying midwinter campaign between the United States forces under Gen. Rosecrans and that fearful carnage of the several days on the field of Murfreesboro, during which Major Ellis was constantly "at his post" of duty as the true, tried soldier.

Following his leader, his active services continued in the retrograde movement to Shelbyville and Tullahoma. Thence, south to Chattanooga, and on, participating in the events of bloody Chickamauga, and the culminating reverses attendant upon the hasty retreat from Missionary Ridge.

Amid all conditions of camp routine and its daily round of duty, in the saddle formulating field notes or survey of the situation, on the march by day or night, amid scenes of deadly strife and conflict, successful achievement or in trying times of adversity, Major Ellis was ever calm, resolute and fearless.

In 1864, Major Ellis was the bearer of "confidential" dispatches to General Kirby-Smith, commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department. He was selected especially for the important mission of conference and transmission of secret counsel.

By Congressional Enactment in 1864-65, the Aids on the staffs of "Generals" Confederate States Army, two on each staff, were promoted "For Service" to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of Cavalry, so that rank was due him.

THE LATE COL. JAS. A. ASHFORD.

New York telegrams of May 19th announced the death of Col. J. A. Ashford under peculiarly sad circumstances. He was picked up, a stranger, unconscious, and taken to a hospital. His disease was pneumonia, and he died in a few days. He mentioned the name of Rev. Dr. B. B. Taylor just before he died. Dr. Taylor had various letters for him, but had not known where to find him.

Gen. W. L. Cabell, one of those who had written to him, gives the following for the VETERAN:

Col. James A. Ashford, who died in New York, was as true and brave a Confederate Soldier as ever drew a sword in defense of any cause. He was the Senior Captain in Rapley's Battalion of Sharpshooters, of Cabell's Brigade. He commanded the Battalion at Corinth, as Major Rapley was absent, sick. He distinguished himself at Corinth both days, and again at the Hatchie Bridge. He distinguished himself also at Iuka, on the Big Black and in the siege of Vicksburg. After the war he lived in El Paso, Ft. Worth and Dallas, Texas. At the solicitation of a friend he went to New York, hoping to get employment. He was properly buried there.

The "Daughters of the Confederacy," at Jackson, Tenn., appropriated twenty dollars from their treasury toward placing a marble slab in the Battle Abbey in memory of our faithful slaves. This chapter has a large membership and is in a flourishing condition.

LIEUT. ISAAC LIGHTNER,

Member of the Tenth Missouri Battery, C. S. A.

A Nashville gentleman who was a boy at Shelbyville, Tenn., during the war, pays this tribute:

While the VETERAN is doing its noble work of perpetuating the memory of brave deeds and heroic sacrifices by those who followed the fortunes of the South during the stormy times of 1861–65, the writer wishes to pay a tribute to this gallant young officer who gave his life for the cause he loved. His home was in Lexington, Mo., and when, in 1861, Governor Jackson called for volunteers to defend the State Capitol, thirteen young men in Lexington promptly responded, and "Ike" Lightner was one of the "original thirteen." This small squad was soon increased to a Company, with Capt. Hi. Bledsoe in command, and organized as mounted rifles; but having three guns on hand and none to man them, the Company reorganized as Artillery. After serving a while in Bledsoe's Battery, our young friend was transferred to Barrett's Tenth Missouri Artillery, with the rank of Second Lieutenant, and when I knew him he was serving with this Command.

Lieutenant Lightner was very young, scarcely more than a boy, and gifted in many ways. He was an artist of no mean ability, as a number of pen and pencil sketches, left with his friends, bear wit-

A specimen of his work in Autograph Album belonging to Miss Lipscomb, now Mrs. H. C. Whiteside, Shelbyville.

ness; and, as was easily seen, a gentleman by birth and by instinct. His disposition was of that bright and happy kind that always wins friends. A lady of this city, whose husband held high rank in the Artillery service under Generals Bragg and Johnston, and who was near her husband much of the time during the campaigns in Tennessee and Georgia, recently said of Lieutenant Lightner: "I knew him well, and when my husband told me he was mortally wounded, I just laid down and wept. I felt that he was one man who ought to live always." He was in active service through Tennessee and North Georgia, and fell, mortally wounded, while gallantly working his guns on the slope of Kennesaw Mountain on June 17, 1864, both feet having been carried away by a cannon shot. Even when thus torn and bleeding, his happy, genial nature did not forsake him. When being borne from the field, he met his beloved General Cleburne, and, saluting gaily, asked: "General, have I not won promotion to-day?" Though far from his home and kindred, friends were near to minister to his last wants, and when death came, tender, loving women were there to fold his hands and see that he was buried as fitting one who had lived so well and died so bravely. A noble woman, banished from her Missouri home because she loved the South, heard of his desperate condition, hastened to the battlefield, and had him carried to La Grange, Ga., under her personal charge, and there nursed him tenderly until his death a few days later. His remains were buried with military honors in the Cemetery at La Grange.

Thus has been written another chapter in the

"Story of the glory of the men who wore the Gray."

All praise to the VETERAN. Let the work of perpetuation go on. Such men, such deeds, must not be forgotten. "A land without memories is a land without liberty." "L."

A member of the Chapter of Hope, Ark., states:

We received our Charter No. 31, on March 7, '96, and now have a membership of Twenty, with increasing interest. The officers are, Mrs. C. A. Forney, President; Mrs. Laurence, Vice-President; Mrs. Hattie Penney, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Sallie Hicks, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Nannie Bridewell, Treasurer. We have $50.00 in bank for the "Battle Abbey," and vote for it to be put in Nashville or some other centrally located city.

The "Anna Stonewall Jackson" Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, Washington, D. C., was organized November 7, 1895. This Chapter numbers twenty-eight members: President, Mrs. E. T. Bullock; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Frederick Fairfax and Mrs. E. W. Ayers; Treasurer, Mrs. Magnus Thompson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Albert Akers; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Carrie Wilson Lavin.

Mrs. James Mills, Canton, Texas writes that it was of her brother, John J. Samuel, of Golby's, afterwards, West's Company, Fourth Alabama Regiment, instead of James J., as published, and his descendants, that she wished to hear.

A. L. Maxwell, Hico, Texas, would like to know what became of the young woman who joined the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment as a man, and wore the gray. If living, can anyone give her name and address?

THE SAM DAVIS LIST.

The VETERAN for July contained five hundred and eighty subscriptions, ranging in amount from one dollar to one hundred dollars, to erect a monument here in Tennessee to a plain, unassuming private soldier in the Confederate States Service. The aggregate amount was $1,495. In the long list there are not more than a dozen, perhaps, who ever saw him or knew anything of his family. Many of the subscribers never saw and never expect to see the state in which he was born and wherein is to be the monument. Of the thousands of heroes who went down to death, he became the most conspicuous in having the offer of life and of return to liberty for a price involving his personal honor. The price was too high. He would not pay it.

D. M. GORDON, THE FIRST SUBSCRIBER.

This spontaneous contribution of money in these hard times means much. The editor of the VETERAN hesitated to undertake it, but, impelled by the connection that it is the noblest record ever made by a human being, the undertaking was resolved upon.

Mr. DeWitt M. Gordon, son of Lieut. Col. Thomas M. Gordon, who was wounded while in command of his Regiment, the Third Tennessee Infantry at Fort Donelson, the efficient foreman where the VETERAN is printed, gave the first dollar to the fund. He knew it would help to "carve the name on a curbstone," if no more.

All honor to every contributor to this sacred fund. Let their names, every one, be published in the history of Sam Davis, whenever that is printed.

Let all who raised funds on July 21st, as suggested by Mr. Joseph W. Allen, and at other times, send in their lists.

Let all who are interested consider what may be done on his birthday, October 6th, (1842), and that of his death, November 27th, (1863). Let us all, dear friends, press on in this cause to $5,000 at least.

Col. J. B. Killebrew, of Tennessee, in sending his subscription of five dollars, writes from St. Louis, Mich., July 1st.: Please find my check for five dollars to assist in building a monument to Sam Davis. I wish it was $1,000. Sam Davis' example should be perpetuated among men, for it will teach the coming generation to place a higher estimate upon character and attach less importance to money. His lofty devotion to principle will inspire our youth with nobler purposes. The world will be better because he lived. Of the many thousands who perished during the civil war, posterity will place no higher estimate upon the character of anyone than upon that of Sam Davis. He gave his life for a principle and he won immortality. He died for the love of truth, and the lovers of truth will guard his memory and wreathe it in immortal honors. His name will shine in undimmed lustre as long as virtue has an advocate or truth a votary. * * * All honor, then, to the memory of Sam Davis, the patriot, the hero—the man whose soul was so lofty that he preferred to die rather than to betray the confidence of a friend.

Rev. Dr. James R. Winchester, Rector of Christ Church, Nashville, in alluding to our hero-martyr, said: Entrance into heaven is described in the Bible as through gates of pearl—*a pearl* represents the beautiful result of suffering—being the secretion formed by a wound inflicted on the shellfish. We forget pain when in possession of its blessing. The disciples, on the way to Emmaus, spoke to the Master of the things which had come to pass in connection with the tragedy at Jerusalem. He replied in the words, "What things?" As though unconscious of anything but the blessing of salvation wrought for the world. In view of joys eternal amid the glory of heavenly splendor, which many of us must enter through excruciating suffering, we shall be oblivious of the past pain. I so think of our young hero, Sam Davis, God's martyr, faithful unto death, a soldier of whom the whole South should be proud. He met suffering like his Lord, and entered into the rewards of the just. If he should now be asked regarding his sufferings undergone for conscience sake, he would no doubt reply, "What things?" So intense is the thrill of pleasure in God's right. One who has so endured as a good soldier of Christ, deserves a monument pointing heavenward, for he exemplifies the text, "I reckon that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

The source of Sam Davis information continues to be pursued diligently. Dr. W. H. Hancock, of Paris, Texas, reports a conversation with Davis' father soon after the war, who believed a Federal Colonel furnished the information. From another source comes the information that it was doubtless a Federal officer who unwillingly served the Confederates through his "rebel" wife.

Whatever theory may be accepted as to the source of his information, it stands out bolder and bolder still that Samuel Davis was America's greatest hero.

Amounts reported in July, - $1,495

Lincoln, H. B., Thompson's, Tenn... 1 00
Long, R. J., Kansas City, Mo..... 1 00
Kein Camp, Bowling Green, Miss.... 1 50
Reeves, Dr. R. H., Asheville, N. C.. 2 00
Harris, Geo. H., Chicago..... 5 00
De Rosset, Wm. L., Wilmington, N.C. 1 00
Kerr, J. W., Celina, Tex..... 1 00
Confederate Veteraness, Washington, D. C..... 1 00
Ogilvie, J. P., Beasley, Tenn..... 1 00
Peabody, H. A., Santa Ana, Cal..... 1 00
Hinkle, W. F., Saltillo, Tenn..... 1 00
Blakemore, Dr. Henri, Saltillo, Tenn 1 00
Blackman, J. M., Springfield, Mo.... 1 00
Drane, Ed, Nashville..... 1 00
Drane, Paul Eve, Nashville..... 1 00
Feeney, R. Ed, Fayetteville, Tenn.. 1 00
Peck, Nannie King, Lynchburg, Va.. 1 00
Stubblefield, W. L., Reidsville, N. C. 1 00
Jones, Russell, Brunswick, Tenn.... 1 00
Wyatt, J. S., Arlington, Tenn..... 1 00
Overby, N., Selma, Ala..... 1 00
Terry, W. C., DeLeon, Tex..... 1 00
Godwin, Col. J. W., Mossy Creek, T.. 1 00
Lownsbrough, T. H. C., Woodland Mills, Tenn..... 1 00
Tarrh, Miss M. E., Florence, S. C.... 1 00
Coltart, James, Hoboken, N. J..... 1 00
Morgan, Judge R. J., Memphis, Tenn. 3 00
Christy, J. H., Odessa, Mo..... 1 00
Adams, A. A., Washington, D. C.... 1 00
Kirkman, Jackson, Wash'gton, D.C. 1 00
Con. Vet. Ass'n, Savannah, Ga..... 5 00
McGlathery, J. M., Wilson, La..... 1 00
Burney, Dr. J. W., Des Arc, Ark.... 1 00
Hedgepith, Mrs. M. E., Des Arc, Ark..... 1 00
Haley, J. C., College Grove, Tenn... 1 00
Wise, Chas. J., Hollins, Va..... 1 00
Forney, Mrs. C. A., Hope, Ark..... 1 00
Peck, Myron K., Jr., Nashville..... 1 00
Peck, Sadie B., Nashville..... 1 00
Peck, Alexine K., Nashville..... 1 00
Gibson, W. P., Warrensburg, Mo.... 1 00
Carter, Capt. Jno. H., Avon, Ky..... 1 00
Arnold, Col. Brent, Cincinnati..... 5 00
Bradford, Col. H. P., Cincinnati.... 2 00
Colston, Edward, Cincinnati..... 5 00
Reierson, J. H., Kaufman, Tex..... 1 00
Truesdale, James, Del Rio, Tex..... 1 00
Trimble, S. W., Del Rio, Tex..... 1 00
Gildea, A. M., Del Rio, Tex..... 1 00
McFarland, L. B., Memphis, Tenn.. 1 00
Skeen, R. H., Pearl, Mo..... 1 00
Douglas, Richard, Nashville..... 1 00
Douglas, Sarah, Nashville..... 1 00
Douglas, Martha, Nashville..... 1 00
Bemiss, J. H., Tuscumbia, Ala..... 1 00
Total, - - - $75 50

FIFTY-CENT CONTRIBUTIONS.

J. S. Partlow, Greenwood, S. C.; W. Raiburn, W. S. Gudgell, Jno. S. Gilvin, Polk Manly, John Webb, Wm. Barker, Owingsville, Ky.; C. W. Barber, Edwards, Miss.; J. J. McCallan, Richland, Tex.; A. A. Lowe, T. S. Cowan, A. T. Fountain, N. C. Jelks, J. O. Jelks, P. H. Lovejoy, R. W. Anderson, Hawkinsville, Ga.; L. Meyers, New Orleans, La.....$ 8 50

TWENTY-FIVE CENT CONTRIBUTIONS.

Thos. Jones, Franklin, Ky.; T. H. W. Barrett, Edwards, Miss.; H. H. Sparrow, Jno. B. Lewis, W. A. Ferguson, C. C. McPhail, R. H. Vaughn, Hawkinsville, Ga.....$ 1 75

The foregoing additions, - - $85.75.

Additional amounts too late for classification, aggregate about $1,600.

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Tuscaloosa—64—Mrs. V. H. Rhodes, Miss M. H. Blount.

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Little Rock—Memorial—48—Mrs. M. W. Field, Mrs. J. G. Woodruff.

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Palatka—70—Mrs. Walton Anderson, Miss S. M. Moragues.

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Atlanta—18—Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Mrs. J. K. Ottley.
Augusta—22—Mrs. I. E. Eve, Mrs. Ella Franklin.
Barnesville—49—Mrs. L. H. Rogers, Mrs. S. L. Taylor.
Columbus—60— ————, Miss A. C. Bunning.
Covington—23—Mrs. V. B. Conyers, Miss Mattie Beal.
Dublin—Oconee—58— ————, ————.
Gainesville—46—Mrs. J. C. Dorsey, Mrs. E. M. Clayton.
Macon—Lanier—25—Mrs. W. L. Ellis, Mrs. T. O. Chestney.
Rome—28—Mrs. J. A. Gammon, ————.
Savannah—28—Mrs. L. H. Raines, Mrs. H. A. Crane.
Waynesboro—M. Jones—27—Mrs. E. H. Calloway, Mrs. E. E. Blount.
West Point—Ft. Tyler—39—Mrs. W. B. Higginbotham, Mrs. W. C. Lanier.

KENTUCKY.

Lexington—Appomattox—12—Mrs. J. M. Graves, Mrs. O. L. Bradley.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

McAlester—Stonewall Jackson—40—Mrs. P. A. Doyle, Mrs. J. J. McAlester.

LOUISIANA.

Berwick—Winnie Davis—59—Miss Grace Price, Miss J. C. Parke.
New Orleans—72— ————, Miss Katherine Noble.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore—8—Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Mrs. F. M. Colston.

MISSISSIPPI.

Columbus—34—Mrs. J. M. Billups, Mrs. Thos. Franklin.
Meridian—24—Mrs. E. T. George, Miss L. McIntosh.
Vicksburg—77—Mrs. S. N. Collier, Mrs. A. W. Duncan.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Washington—Pamlico—43—Mrs. B. Grimes, Mrs. C. M. Payne.
Wilmington—3—Mrs. E. H. Parsley, Mrs. Justin Meares.

SOUTH CAROLINA (DIVISION NO. 4).

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Mrs. Thos. Taylor, First Vice President, Columbia.
Mrs. H. R. Buist, Second Vice President, Greenville.
Miss M. B. Washington, Secretary, Charleston.
Mrs. L. A. Durham, Treasurer, Marion.

Columbia—Wade Hampton—29—Miss Kate Crawford, Mrs. Thos. Taylor.
Edgefield—50—Mrs. F. W. Pickens, Mrs. K. W. Cheatham.
Florence—E. Capers—70—Mrs. F. Church, Mrs. V. Tarrh.
Georgetown—A. Manigault—63—Mrs. J. H. Read, Miss O. V. Williams.
Greenville—57—Mrs. H. B. Buist, Miss M. S. Dean.
Marion—38—Mrs. S. A. Durham, Miss K. L. Blue.
Spartanburg—Spartan—54—Mrs. C. Petty, Mrs. S. B. Lee.
Sumter—75— ————, Miss E. M. De Lorme.

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Mrs. J. P. Hickman, Secretary, Nashville.
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Columbia—Maury—42—Mrs. J. M. Barnett, Mrs. N. Holman.
Fayetteville—16—Mrs. F. Z. Metcalfe, Miss M. L. Metcalfe.

Franklin—14—Mrs. M. J. Gentry, Miss Susie Gentry.
Gallatin—Clark—13—Mrs. S. F. Wilson, Miss M. Rogan.
Jackson—5—Mrs. R. A. Allison, Miss A. C. Clark.
Nashville—1—Mrs. John Overton, Miss Nellie Ely.
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Mrs. John C. West, Historian, Waco.
Miss Ruth M. Phelps, Registrar, Galveston.

Alvin—Lamar Fontaine—33—Mrs. S. P. Willis, Mrs. S. F. Sampson.
Galveston—V. Jefferson Davis—17—Mrs. H. J. Ballinger, Miss R. M. Phelps.
Lubbock—Sul Ross—55—Miss E. Cathart, Mrs. J. C. Coleman.
Sherman—35—Mrs. C. W. Brown, Mrs. M. M. Jouvenat.
Victoria—W. P. Rogers—44—Mrs. J. M. Brownson, Mrs. J. P. Pool.
Galveston—V. Jefferson Davis—17—Mrs. H. J. Ballenger, Miss Ruth M. Phelps.
Dallas—6—Mrs. Kate C. Currie, Mrs. L. H. Lewis.
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Miss M. Morson, Registrar, Warrenton.

Alexandria—17th Va. Regt.—41—Mrs. N. M. Davis, Miss
Alexandria—Mary Custis Lee—7—Mrs. P. T. Yeatman, Miss M. L. Lloyd.
Appomattox—11—Mrs. C. W. Hunter, Mrs. M. L. Harvey. Alice Colquhoun.
Chatham—68—Mrs. R. Treadway, Mrs. E. S. Gilmer.
Cheriton—Eastern Shore—52—Mrs. C. S. Morgan, Miss H. Nottingham.
Culpeper—73—Mrs. T. S. Alcocke, ————.
Farmvillle—45—Mrs. H. V. Edwards, Miss E. W. Johnson.
Lynchburg—Otey—10—Mrs. N. O. Scott, Miss R. Jennings.
Lynchburg—Old Dominion—69—Mrs. C. C. Heald, Mrs. J. D. Christian.
Martinsville—Mildred Lee—74—Mrs. N. H. Hairston, Mrs. M. M. Mullins.
Norfolk—Pickett-Buchanan—21—Mrs. F. J. Leigh, Miss E. Taylor.
Pearisburg—McComas—66—Mrs. F. G. Trasher, Miss Lillie Fry.
Portsmouth—30—Mrs. S. M. Stewart, Mrs. R. N. Nash.
Warrenton—Black Horse—9—Miss M. A. Smith, Miss M. R. Hicks.
Woodstock—Shenandoah—32—Mrs. J. H. Williams, Mrs. J. L. Campbell.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Washington—Anna Stonewall Jackson—20—Mrs. E. T. Bullock, Mrs. A. P. Akers.

The Mary Custis Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Alexandria, Va., has organized a band of little workers as Children of the Confederacy. These little people will prove efficient workers and when they are grown there will be a few needy Confederate veterans who will get benefit from what they learn as children.

Dr. J. H. Curry, Assistant Postmaster, Nashville, has an invitation from A. C. Morris, Secretary of the Ninth Georgia Battalion of Artillery, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of its reorganization. The event will occur at Charleston, Ga., Sunday, August 16. Trains will go out from Atlanta at 7:15 and return at 6:15 p.m. Secretary Morris is anxious for the address of all survivors. His address is Atlanta.

The Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac, at Brownsville, will hold its annual reunion there August 13th. Comrade P. B. Watson who was ordinance officer for Gen. O. F. Strahl, reports that E. T. Cuthburt, Jr., of New York, son of a veteran, sends $500 to aid the Bivouac in having a good time.

Comrades at Bolivar, Tenn., have organized a Camp and named it for the venerable and much beloved, Gen. R. P. Neely. Rev. C. C. McDaniel is Commander, and W. A. Caruthers is Adjutant. They will have a large reunion at Bolivar, Aug. 26.

The splendid showing of the Ward Seminary, on back page of this VETERAN will revive pleasant memories of women throughout the South, who have ever been proud of the noble record of their Alma Mater. The new catalogue is a fine work of art. Write for it.

R. T. Fleming Plumber's Landing, Ky., wishes to know if any of the officers of Company H, Twenty-ninth Virginia Infantry are still living. Information about any of them would be appreciated.

An error in printing, ran through part of the July VETERAN on page 215, the names under Generals Eshelman and Brander being reversed. The erroneous one gives Brander as Brandon.

The Orphan Brigade Morgan's Cavalry and other Kentucky comrades are to have their reunion this year at Nashville, October 15. The Tennessee Division U. C. V., will hold its reunion in Nashville at the same time, but will convene October 14.

A treat for VETERAN readers next month comes the last night in July, from Lieutenant-General Stephen D. Lee. It is a poem by Major S. A. Jonas, who served on his staff in the great days. Its title, "They have donned the gray again," fitly expresses sentiments worth more than even "the promise to pay" on our Confederate bills in the poem that made fame for this author.

H. A. Peabody, of Santa Ana, Cal., makes the following addition: In the VETERAN for May, page 163, credit was given to the Indians and Ninth Texas Cavalry for capturing Federal Battery at Elk Horn. Two Batteries were captured in that battle—the one referred to on the extreme west line, or in Cross Hollows; the other, the Dubuque (Iowa) Battery, on the North, or near Elk Horn Tavern, was captured by the First Missouri Brigade, Colonel Little, commanding, and in the thickest of the fight was Col. Elijah Gates, First Missouri Confederate Cavalry.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.
Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

We still have calls for different numbers of Vol. I, and subscribers who have any of the first seven numbers, and do not care to preserve them, will confer a favor by writing the VETERAN. Do not wish numbers of any other volume.

On page 115 of the VETERAN for April a poem without authorship answers why it is that Southern women who were active participants in the thrilling events about their homes, during the period of war, write so little of them. The person who sent the poem could not at the time furnish the name of the author, but does so now. It is Miss Henrietta Henderson Dangerfield, of Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Joseph Bryan, of Richmond, has made a plea for that City as the location for the Confederate Memorial Institute Her idea is to make the White House of the Confederacy the building with additions that may be desired. She gives an elaborate description of the building, and notes that there is plenty of room for all necessary additions.

Without purpose to argue in favor of one place or another, the VETERAN utilizes this occasion to testify to the admirable career of this noble woman in unabating zeal for every sacred Confederate memory. It would like to make record of what she has done with hand and purse, since all was lost save honor.

An important lesson has been learned from the achievement of comrade W. A. Smoot, who, as Major General in command of the Grand Division in Virginia, rallied so many thousand veterans for the reunion at Richmond. Those comrades should rally to the general organization. So should all other organizations of Confederate Veterans. In union our strength will be accelerated. Appeal is made now, to Tennesseans especially, to organize the full quota of strength and to join the United Confederate Veterans. The gathering of the great brotherhood next year is the occasion for earnest appeal to us all to be up and doing in the cause.

United Daughters of the Confederacy are appealed to as well. If these good women co-operate as they should, they will contribute a large share to a history that will honor the South and the race. And, too, Sons of Confederate Veterans should rally everywhere, so that our own people and the world will learn unmistakably that the Southern people will ever demand just recognition of what was done in defense of honor and constitutional rights when the bitter test was on.

Measures will be inaugurated to make the Nashville Reunion typical of all, and more, in this respect than has ever before been demonstrated. The people of Nashville and Tennessee never again will have such an opportunity to honor themselves.

PROPOSED JEFFERSON DAVIS MONUMENT.

The design of the monument to Jefferson Davis, as the typical Southern monument, here illustrated will hardly inspire general enthusiasm, however much credit may be given the committee in its purposes. This premium design, costing $1,000 is for a $259,000 monument, and with only ten per cent. secured, the unhappy prophesy is now made that if ever completed it will be by the posterity of those who were actors in the great war drama. Let us hope that action will be reconsidered upon the design and its magnitude before the funds in hand shall have been expended upon a foundation.

In this connection the instinctively patriotic and benevolent words of Mrs. Davis are recalled. When told (by the writer) a few years ago of the determination to build a monument to our President, she said in quick emphasis that she hoped it would be after a plan that would be "a constantly recurring benefit to mankind."

LEARNING LESSONS OF CHARITY.

The Christian Advocate, connectional organ of the M. E. Church, South, tells how Rev. Mr. Twichell "Tore a passion to tatters" because some of the students of Yale College, New Haven, Conn., had planted a piece of ivy procured from the grave of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and Rev. Newman Smyth endorsed the protest in a speech. The Advocate says:

"They are slow to learn the lesson of charity. At a time when even a Republican National Convention has forgotten to say a word about the war, they are still seeking to tarnish the names of the great men who led the South, in the terrible times of our civil strife.

We speak with full knowledge of the facts when we say that there is no pulpit below the Ohio in which a minister would dare to assail the memory of Lincoln or Grant. The people simply would not tolerate it. The feeling among us is that every great American belongs to the whole country, and is entitled to be honored accordingly. And yet the South is reckoned narrow and provincial!

As to Robert E. Lee, his fame is secure. The English speaking race has produced no loftier character. His father—the famous "Light-Horse Harry"—wrote of him while he was still a boy: "Robert was always good." From his youth to his venerable old age he was never guilty of speaking an unclean word nor of performing an ignoble deed. Modest, unpretentious, magnanimous, he is worthy to be linked in memory with that other lofty Virginian who led the Continental armies to victory. In contrast to the above, the following brief note is given: "It shows what the attitude of Tennsssee is to the man who carried on the war against the South."

STATE OF TENNESSEE, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
NASHVILLE, June 19, 1896.

To his Excellency, the Governor of Nebraska, Lincoln, Nebraska—Dear Sir: There will be forwarded to you to-morrow from Knoxville, Tenn., blocks of marble from the "Grey Knox" quarries to be used in a monument to the memory of President Abraham Lincoln, at Lincoln, Nebraska. In notifying you of this shipment, I take great pleasure in presenting this marble through you to the people of Nebraska as a testimonial of the respect which the people of Tennessee have for the memory of the greatest of American citizens. Very respectfully,

PETER TURNEY, Governor.

RECORD MADE BY THE TAR-HEELS.

Capt. W. H. Day of First North Carolina Infantry, Raleigh, N. C.: In his remarks at Richmond on the occasion of the reunion last week, General Jackson, of your State, said: "Tennessee was the daughter of Virginia." This, though complimentary to the Old Dominion, is not the fact. In 1784, if I remember correctly, North Carolina ceded the territory to the United States Government, and the State of Franklin was formed and existed till 1788. Immediately after the act of cession, the same was reversed by the North Carolina Legislature. In 1790 this State finally ceded the same territory to the United States Government, and in 1796 the State of Tennessee was formed out of it and admitted into the Federal Union. General Jackson also claimed for Tennessee 115,000 soldiers for the Confederate cause, and that it was the largest number of troops furnished by any of the Confederate States. This is also incorrect. North Carolina, with a voting population of something over 112,000, sent 125,000 men to the different branches of the service of the Confederacy, and over one half of the number of soldiers who surrendered at Appomatox were North Carolinians. Her total loss in killed and mortally wounded was 14,522, and she also heads the list in the number that died of wounds, and 20,602 of her sons died of disease. These statistics are corroborated by the War Records' Office in Washington.

Of course we "Tar-Heels" do not complain of any laurels placed upon the brows of sister States, but we must ask that they be not taken from us for that purpose. We gave more men, more blood, than any other State to the Lost Cause, and yet in thirty years after the conflict—a conflict which startled the world by its magnitude—hardly any mention is made of the chief actor. "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," cried Job in his mad anguish. Oh, that our friends and brothers would do North Corolina justice in their books and specches.

Hon. Washington Gardner, Secretary of the State of Michigan, a Post Department Commander of the Grand Army, a constant patron and friend of the VETERAN, in writing that he is looking anxiously for report of the great reunion at Richmond, adds:

I wonder if the time will not come when somewhere on the border land we cannot have a joint reunion of the survivors of the two great armies which shall result in pleasure and profit to all concerned.

Mrs. L. R. Messenger, Washington, D. C., states:

"Many Northern people including ex-soldiers, try to maintain that because the Southern armies were defeated in the great war, and their cause lost, that survivors should bury, and not cherish, memories of that conflict, forever blotting out the record of the unsurpassed bravery of the Southern Soldier, never before equaled on this earth. They would forget that those Southern armies were men, men of noblest lineage and courage, often the flower of the whole State from which they hail.

"Could it be natural, or expected that a people like the Southern, would not honor and laud their own in song and story and history? Are courage, bravery, self-sacrifice and virtue, only to be praised and honored in the winning hero?

"Nature, like God, is no respecter of persons, and when she dowers a man with her sublimest gifts she takes care that fame and immortality shall preserve them as geology preserves records of material creation." And she adds:

"The entire South should be doubly grateful to the editor of the VETERAN, Mr. Cunningham, for his vast labor and enterprise in embalming so much history and fact in the pages of his good magazine, and also for the reproduction of portraits of notable soldiers, heroes and Southerners who were dedicated to their country's cause.

UNITED SONS, CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

An Account of the Organization, Aims and Purposes of This Association. List of Officers, Etc.

The formation at Richmond last week of the Federation to be known as the United Sons of Confederate Veterans should receive the commendation and support of all true Southerners. Its aims, objects and purposes are not to create or foster, in any manner, any feeling against the North, but to hand down to posterity the "story of the glory of the men who wore the gray."

Knowing that "in union there is strength," the sons of those who made the South famous have come together for the systematic and united work of preserving from oblivion the true history of the South. That this step meets with the hearty approval of the "men who wore the gray" is shown by the following resolution, which was adopted at the Convention of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, at their regular session.

"Resolved, That this session provide at once for the formation of Sons of Confederate Veterans into a separate national organization. This is urgent from the manifold fact that our ranks are thinning daily, and our loved representatives should step in now and arrange to take charge of Southern history, our relics, mementos and monuments, and stimulate the erection of other monuments to our heroes ere 'taps' are sounded for the last of their fathers."

But before this resolution was adopted the Sons had taken matters in their own hands, and on the evening of June 30th, met at the Auditorium at Richmond, and arranged for the organization of a Federation themselves. At this meeting a committee was appointed to draft a Constitution for the new Association, but they were unable to prepare the same that evening, and the session adjourned at 11 o'clock, to meet the next day.

On July 1st the delegates from the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans from the various Southern States, who had been called by the R. E. Lee Camp of Richmond, to assemble for the purpose of forming this Association, adopted a Constitution similar in every respect to the Constitution governing the United Confederate Veterans, and permanently organized the United Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The preamble of this Constitution reads: "To encourage the preservation of history, perpetuate the hallowed memories of brave men, to assist in the observance of Memorial Day, to aid and support all Confederate Veterans, widows and orphans, and to perpetuate the record of the services of every Southern Soldier, these are our common aims. These objects we believe will both promote a purer and better private life, and enhance our desire to maintain the "national honor, union and independence of our common country.

The organization of this Association is composed of departments, divisions, brigades and Camps.

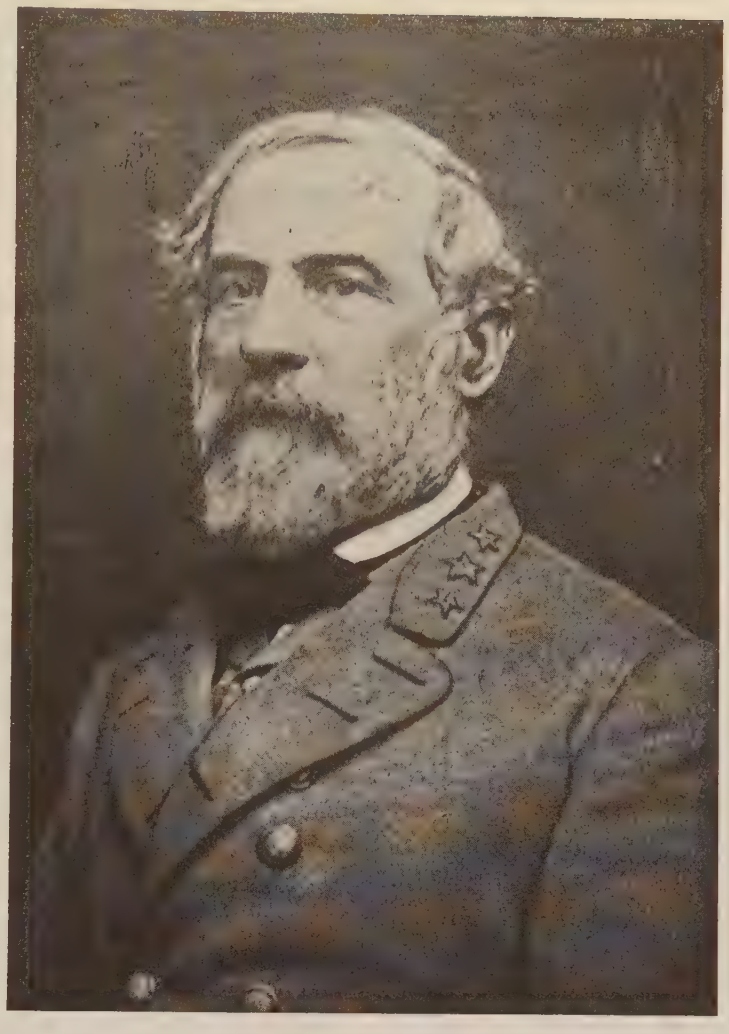
The Federation has an Executive Head and three Departments, entitled Army of Northern Virginia Department, consisting of the States of North and South Carolina, Maryland, Virginia and Kentucky.

MRS. MAGGIE DAVIS HAYES.

The Army of Tennessee Department, consisting of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida. The Trans-Mississippi Department, consisting of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi excepting Louisiana. Each State constitutes a division and is commanded by a Major General; the Departments are commanded by a Lieutenant General. The States are furthermore divided into brigades which also have their commanders. In this way the work is thoroughly systematized and is so arranged that the most excellent results can be readily obtained.

The officers elected at this first Convention of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans were as follows: Mr. J. E. B. Stuart, of Richmond, General Commanding; Mr. Robert A. Smyth, of Charleston, Lieutenant General in command of the Department of Northern Virginia; Mr. John L. Hardeman, of Macon, Ga., Lieutenant General in command of the Department of Tennessee. The election of the Lieutenant General of the Trans-Mississippi Department was deferred until the organization of State Divisions in that Department; Mr. R. H. Pinckney, of Charleston, Quartermaster General; Mr. George B. Williamson, of Columbia, Tenn., Inspector Gen-

JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.



eral; Dr. Stuart McGuire, of Richmond, Surgeon General; Mr. E. P. McKissick, of Ashville, N. C., Commissary General; Bishop T. F. Gailor, of Tennessee, Grand Chaplain; Mr. T. R. R. Cobb, of Atlanta, Ga., Judge Advocate General.

The officers of this new Association are exerting every effort to thoroughly organize and build up the same, and to this end their efforts will be directed to the formations of Camps of Sons in every city and town of the South.

According to the Constitution the Convention of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans is held at the same time and place as the United Confederate Veterans, so that the next convention will meet at Nashville, Tenn.

The General Commanding has the power to appoint a staff to aid him in his work, as have also the Lieutenant Generals and the Commanders of Divisions. General J. E. B. Stuart has appointed Mr. Edwin P. Cox, of Richmond, Va., his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff. The remainder of his staff has not yet been appointed. The Lieutenant Generals have not as yet appointed their staff.

GOOD RESULT FROM TANNER'S SPEECH IN RICHMOND:—Mrs. Lillian Rozell Messenger, of Washington, D. C., heard a good story by a Veteran at Richmond, and she reports that it may amuse many of his comrades, although the sparkle of the wit, like the bead of good wine, may not be so enjoyable as when received *viva voce*. An old soldier from Georgia, after listening to the eloquence and noting the enthusiasm of Corporal Tanner, said to a group of comrades: "I always boasted at home of being unreconstructed, and I have a good neighbor who is a staunch Federal ex-soldier, with whom I often indulge in discussions. Hearing that I was coming to Richmond, and would march in line in my old gray coat, and have my old canteen that I used to wear, he tried to dissuade me, and said he would give me a black broadcloth suit if I'd abandon my gray. I replied, "No, sir, I might get killed, and if I reached heaven Bob Lee wouldn't know me, and if I went to —— old Jubal Early would kick me out! But, comrades, I want to tell you that since I heard Tanner I'm a changed man. I'm shot in the heart. I've shouted myself hoarse for him, and hereafter I shall hurrah for Tanner!"

Tanner's visit to Richmond did much good. Why should so many of the G. A. R. wish by a partisan course to live only to be fighting the war over again in spirit? They should put their swords in a Museum—dedicated to the past.

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

Rev Dr. J. Wm. Jones of Virginia while attending the recent session of the Southern Baptist Convention at Chattanooga, Tennessee, was called upon for an address by the local authorities, the occasion being the raising of the national flag upon a public school building—The VETERAN doesn't call it "Old Glory." In his own forceful, fluent way Dr. Jones said:

REV. DR. J. WM. JONES.

I count myself happy in being permitted to have some part in the exercises of this joyous occasion, and to join with you in greeting, with glad acclaim the flag of our common country. I have listened with great pleasure to the eloquent words of my distinguished brother from the great Northwest, (Rev. Dr. Wilkins, of Chicago) and have given my hearty "Amen!" to the sentiments he has expressed. And when, just now, "Old Glory" was given to the breeze, my heart, as well as my voice, joined in the cheers, with which this vast crowd greeted her.

And why should I not feel the profoundest interest in, the deepest loyalty to, and the warmest love for the old flag?

Born, and reared, and educated on the soil of old Virginia—proud of her hallowed memories, her cherished traditions, her glorious history—I know of no one who has a better right to hurrah for the "starry banner" than a son of the "Old Dominion."

I remember that it was designed from the coat of arms of our Washington, and that no part of the country did more to give it a right to float

"O'er the home of the free and the land of the brave,"

than the colony of Virginia.

It was the eloquence of our Henry that first stirred our patriotic fathers to resist the British oppression, and when the war came, not only did Virginia give her Washington to lead the armies of the patriots, and furnish more troops than any other colony, but the blood of Virginia soldiers stained every battlefield of the Revolution, from Quebec and Boston, to Charleston and Savannah. And when in the midst of the Revolution British troops, and hostile Indians took possession of the Northwestern Territory which belonged to Virginia by the terms of her charter, and the Continental Congress was unable to heed her appeals that they drive out those invaders of her soil, Patrick Henry (the then Governor of Virginia) yielded to the importunities of George Rogers Clark, of my old County of Albermarle, and allowed him to raise volunteers, with 1,200 of whom he marched into that territory, and by a campaign of very great ability and almost unparalleled heroism, suffering, and endurance, captured the British forts, and floated the flag of old Virginia over that vast empire.

It was organized as "Illinois County," Virginia, and when the treaty with Great Britain was made, she ceded the whole of this territory to Virginia, and thus the British boundary line was forced back to the lakes instead of coming down to the Ohio, as would have been the case but for this successful campaign of George Rogers Clark. And yet when the Confederation was being formed, and some of the States objected to going in so long as Virginia held so large a territory that she would exercise controlling influence, the old State brought this vast domain, out of which have since been carved the great States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota, and laid it as a free gift on the altar of the Union—the most princely gift that any State, or Nation ever made to the common heritage, and for the common good.

I remember that while the glorious old "Tarheel State," whose County of Mecklenburg in May, 1775, passed a Declaration of Independence, instructed her delegates to the Continental Congress to vote for independence if it should be proposed, that Virginia instructed her delegates to move a Declaration of Independence, and the motion was made by Richard Henry Lee. And only the other day, in making some historical researches, I found that in June, 1775, there was a Declaration of Independence signed by 219 leading citizens of Albemarle County, Va., a year before her great son, Thomas Jefferson, penned the immortal document which declared us free, and independent of the British crown. In the war of 1812 the soldiers who shed most lustre on the flag were, unquestionably, Wm. Henry Harrison, and Winfield Scott, of Virginia, and Andrew Jackson, of the glorious old "Volunteer State" of Tennessee. I remember, too, that the famous "Star Spangled Banner" was written by Key, a Southern man, just after Southern troops had won a glorious victory on Southern soil at Baltimore.

In the Mexican war the South not only furnished far the larger proportion of the troops who won the fight, but our Taylor, and our Scott, commanded the chief armies; our Jefferson Davis saved the day at Buena Vista, as his clarion voice rang out above the din of battle, "Steady Mississippians—steady Mississippians—cowards to the rear, but brave men to the front!"—and our Robert E. Lee, Jos. E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, P. G. T. Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, T. J. Jackson, James Longstreet, R. S. Ewell, J. B. Magruder, A. P. Hill, J. A. Early, D. H. Maury, W. J. Hardee, J. B. Hood, and others of that bright galaxy of young officers, did more than their full share towards planting the stars and stripes on the walls of the Montezumas,

and conquering a peace so creditable to American arms.

It is true that for four years, from 1861 to 1865, the South was compelled to fight against "the old flag," because it has been wrested from its original purpose and principles, and then represented just the opposite of what our fathers fought for in '76, and all I have to say about that period of our history is that the Confederates thought then, and know now, that they were right.

But when we were at last "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources," and it was decided that henceforth there should be but one country and one flag, the soldiers and people of the South "accepted the situation," and instead of spending their time raking in the ashes of their blighted hopes, and ruined fortunes, went to work to build up their waste places, and make their deserts to "rejoice and blossom as the rose," and have proven themselves to be as good citizens, as loyal to the country, and the flag as those of any other section.

When our chivalric Senator, John B. Gordon, of Georgia, the Commander of the United Confederate Veterans, rose in his place in the Senate, and pledged the Government that "the men who wore the gray" were ready to do their full share towards "suppressing the rebellion" at Chicago, and "our lame lion," the eloquent Senator Daniel, of Virginia, offered resolutions pledging to the President the support of the whole country in suppressing violence there—they but voiced the sentiments of our Southland. And when some weeks ago the Senate, in view of threatened war with England, hastened to do the tardy justice of removing the last vestige of Confederate disabilities, so that all of our men can serve in the United States armies, and the House, after long waiting, passed the bill with only one dissenting vote (Mr. Boutelle, of Maine), they knew that they were doing a safe and proper thing, and that if foreign war should come, Confederate soldiers and their sons would be found in the very forefront of the battle doing their duty as bravely and as well as those from any other section.

As the eloquent Ben Hill, of Georgia, put it: "We are in our father's house! We have come to stay, and all we ask is that we shall be recognized and treated as members of the family."

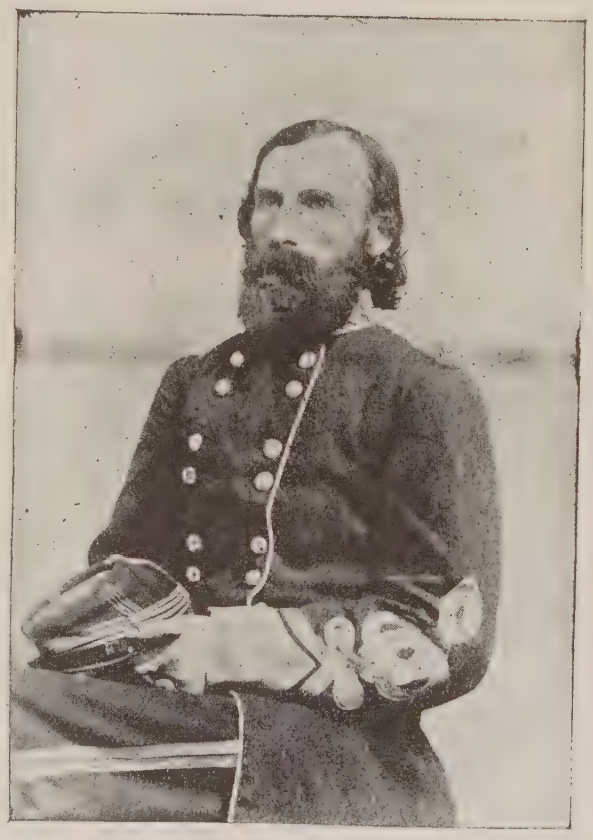
A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

That was a touching scene upon the Rappahannock when the Confederate and Federal armies confronted each other on the opposite heights of Spotsylvania and Stafford. One beautiful evening there came down to the northern bank a magnificent Federal band, and begun to discourse sweet music. Large crowds of soldiers of either army gathered on the opposite banks, the friendly pickets not interfering. First they played United States National airs, such as "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and the like, and as one of these would cease the "Boys in Blue" would give their measured "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!" And then, in compliment to their friends across the river, the band played "Bonny Blue Flag," "Dixie," "My Maryland," and others of our Southern melodies, and as one of these ceased the "Boys in Gray" would give their indescribable but never-to-be-forgotten "old Confederate yell."

But presently the band struck up in sweet strains that were wafted across the beautiful Rappahannock, "Home Sweet Home," and as these notes died out there went up a simultaneous shout from both sides of the river, and the "Hip, Hip, Hurrah!" of the men in blue mingled with the "Confederate yell" of the men in gray.

The music had struck a chord in response to which the hearts of even enemies—enemies then, friends now, thank God!—could beat in unison, and those hills, which had so lately resounded with hostile guns, echoed and re-echoed the glad acclaim. And so I feel here to-day that the hearts of Federal and Confederate soldiers are beating in unison—that we can now march to the same music and under the same flag—and that "with malice for none, and charity for all," we can strike hands in a pledge of equal justice to every part of our common country, can "keep step to the music of the Union," and strive together to perpetuate the principles of constitutional freedom, and make this goodly heritage which our fathers bequeathed us, the freest, and grandest, and the happiest land upon which the sun has ever shone.

A. J. Weems, Weems, Miss., would like to know the whereabouts of Lieut. M. P. Asmussen, of an Arkansas Regiment; and Adjutant McKay of Seventh Mississippi Battalion Infantry; also, Rev. Mr. Baker, Chaplain of the same battalion.



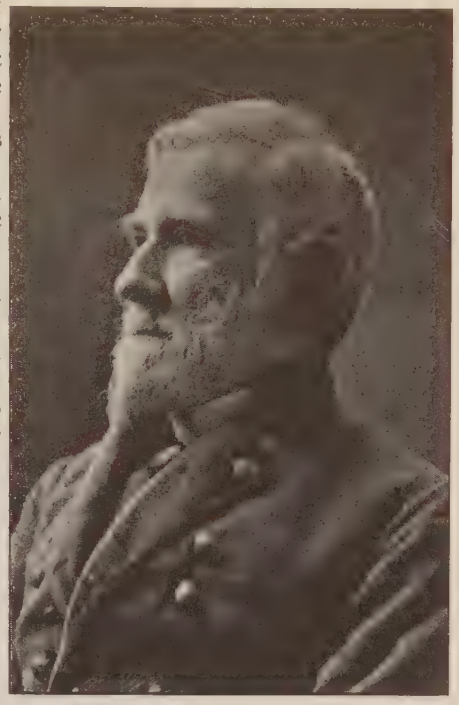
LIEUT. GENERAL A. P. HILL.

GEN. WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON.

REV. JAMES R. WINCHESTER, NASHVILLE, TENN.

I am glad to have the photo of my dear friend and Rector used for the VETERAN, and I gratefully send the following sketch, feeling sure that General Pendleton would have aided you with many valuable incidents, had he lived to see the patriotic VETERAN. You are molding an urn for many memories.

Rev. Wm. Nelson Pendleton, D.D., "Brigadier General and Chief of Artillery" in the Army of Northern Virginia, stands upon the pages of Southern History as a Christian Soldier of unusual ability, with strong convictions of duty impelling him to heroic deeds. He came of illustrious ancestors on both sides, and was born in Caroline County, Va., December 26, 1809. His education, broad and deep, fitted him for the responsibilities of his prominent life. During his cadetship at West Point his name always stood on the "merit roll." Gen. R. E. Lee and President Davis at this time formed a friendship with him, which continued through their lives. General Lee at the time of his death was a vestryman and communicant of Dr. Pendleton's parish. His resemblance to General Lee was so striking that a little child, two and a half years old, seeing him a few days after General Lee's death, said to him: "I thought you was dead under the roses."



GEN. WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON.

After leaving West Point, the subject of the Christian ministry entered Lieutenant Pendleton's mind, and he had no satisfaction until he decided to give himself up to it. His high standing and distinguished graduation gave him promotion and prominence. He, for some time, was Assistant Professor in mathematics at West Point, and up to the day of his death he could work out the most difficult problems in conic sections and calculus.

His buoyancy of temper, brightness of intellect, and deep spirituality were magnets which drew young men to him.

His anecdotes were humorous. Such as the story of a preacher in his day of boyhood who prayed, "Enlighten Thou the dark corners of the earth where the foot of man hath never trod, and which thine eye, O Lord, hath never seen." There was the pathetic in his reminiscences, as when he told of his father and mother escaping from the burning theatre in Richmond in 1811. In the general rush they became separated, the father and little daughter from the mother and sister and niece. The father jumped from a window with the child, whose leg was broken. The mother, after hours of unconsciouness, awoke in a dark, cold place, with the sensation of being buried alive. After feeling with her hand and discovering that she was in the open air, she began to tear away the clothes which bound her among some timbers. Then a few gray streaks of morning enabled her to come out. In going to her home, she walked a block out of the way to avoid passing a vagrant cow in the street. The sister and niece were burned to death.

When the war came to Virginia, Dr. Pendleton felt, as Bishop Polk, that he had talents which belonged to his country. He entered the service as Captain of a Company of Lexington boys, who were devoted to him. In due time, on account of sound judgment and superior military training, he was promoted to Col. and then to Brig.-Gen. and Chief of Artillery.

At the first battle of "Bull Run" it is said that when he planted his guns, and just before opening on the enemy, he paused for a moment after giving the command, "Make ready!" "Take aim!" Knowing that the final order would usher immortal souls into eternity, he said: "Lord have mercy on their souls." Then came the command, "Fire!"

I have heard it also stated that a Federal officer remarked, "The commander of that Battery is a West Pointer." His war record was heroic, and his ministry did not differ. The people of Frederick, Maryland, to this day have the records of his determined spirit beginning the new Church building, for which they were thankful, but against which they brought, at the time, violent opposition.

While doing military duty in the Army as General, he was awake to all the spiritual privileges accorded him, ministering to officers and privates, and holding services with sermon on Sunday.

His only son, Colonel "Sandie" Pendleton, one of the bravest and most prominent young men in the army, graduated with first honors at Washington College, and took his M. A. degree at the University of Virginia before 21 years of age. He became a member of "Stonewall" Jackson's staff, and was beloved by his General. He fell, mortally wounded, in Gen. Early's command at the battle of Winchester, near the close of the war.

It would be an injustice to pass over one element in General Pendleton's life. His wife, Miss Angolette E. Page, was a lady of the old Virginia school—most highly educated, with a storehouse of facts that I have never known equaled. Biographies and dates seemed to find their final resting place in her memory. To the end of their lives they were as young lovers when together.

General Pendleton was conspicuous in his councils of the Church, and was the personal friend of Bishops Meade, Johns and Whittle. He represented Virginia in the General Convention of the Church before and after the war.

He erected through his special effort the handsome Grace Church in Lexington, Va., as a memorial to General Lee. The students were always glad when Dr. Pendleton's time came for morning prayer at the Chapel, for his prayers were fervent and comprehensive.

It was General Pendleton who corrected General Longstreet's statements regarding Gettysburg. General Lee, in the magnanimity of his soul, was willing to bear the censure of losing that battle.

General Pendleton, who was in General Lee's confidence at that battle, and surveyed the field and knew the orders, was able to testify, which he boldly did, and left it on record, that *Longstreet's* own *delay* was the secret of the failure.

I cannot close this sketch without referring to General Pendleton's daughter, Mrs. Susan P. Lee, widow of General Edwin Lee. Her recent "History of the United States from a Southern standpoint" ought to be in every Southern child's hands, because it teaches the truth. Her ability enabled her to put the material into attractive form.

"The Memoirs of William Nelson Pendleton" is also a volume from her facile pen; a book that deserves high rank in the Library of Southern Literature, for it beautifully unfolds a true life which the old South was capable of producing.

On the evening of January 15, 1883, after a day of pastoral work, General Pendleton laid aside his pen at nine o'clock, talked with his family until ten, had usual family prayers, went to bed, and at eleven peacefully fell asleep to awake and join the mighty host of brave Christian men where wars are never waged. "Well done, good and faithful soldier!" Just one year almost to the hour, and under very similar circumstances, his fond wife, who had passed with him their golden wedding in 1881, joined him. They left the world richer for having lived in it.

"ALL QUIET ON THE POTOMAC."

"All quiet on the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'Tis nothing; a private or two now and then
Will not count in the list of a battle.
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning alone, all alone the death-rattle.

All quiet on the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldier is peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming,
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes;
Keep watch—for the Army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
Thinking of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain;
His gun falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Glows gently with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For the mother, may heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips, and when murmured vows
Were pledged, to be ever unbroken;
Then, drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun up to its right place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-bye!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing.

CHORUS.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

FOURTEENTH TENNESSEE REGIMENT.

An extra of the Clarksville Chronicle, dated Saturday, July 22, 1862, preserved and kindly lent the VETERAN by Miss Blanche Lewis, contains the casualties of the Fourteenth Tennessee in the seven days battles, June 26th to July 2nd, and of Seven Pines. The following are notes:

Company A.—R. D. Duke and J. M. Hatton were killed and nine were wounded. Names of the wounded are given in every instance.

Company B.—W. J. Martin killed and eighteen wounded.

Company C.—Jos. Gambol, J. M. Jones, B. F. Anderson, James and Titus Powell killed and thirteen wounded. Of the wounded, Richard Pike and Wm. Erwin had died.

Company D.—Capt. C. L. Martin, Johnathan Cherry and W. E. Largin were killed and nine wounded.

Company E.—Lieut. Grice, Joseph Burns and F. Warford were killed and four were wounded.

Company F.—R. T. Brooks was killed and fourteen wounded.

Company G.—Dallas Booth killed, and of the twelve wounded, T. H. Collins and Wm. Hamilton had died.

Company H.—C. C. Tilley and W. H. Reagan were killed and thirteen were wounded—T. M. Broaddus of the list had died. Of the severely wounded was the esteemed and faithful Veteran of to-day, Capt. J. J. Crusman.

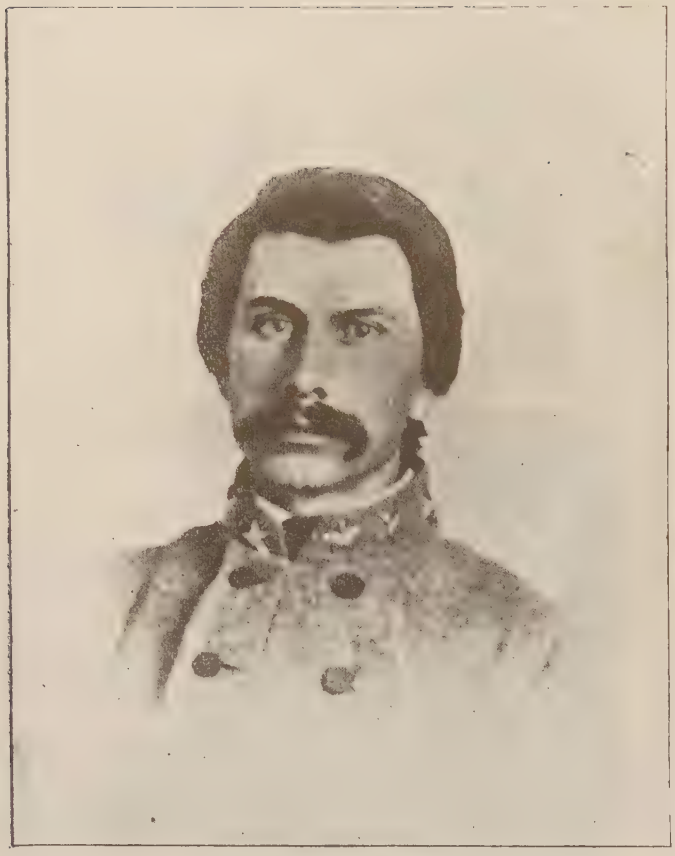
Company I.—W. T. Baber and Richard Chandler were killed (the former on picket) and seven wounded.

Company K.—J. W. Gunn was killed and fourteen were wounded.

G. A. Tompkins, who was among the wounded, died soon afterward.

The circular contains an error as it names a "Company L," when there was no such. Under that letter, however, J. H. Slaughter is reported killed and the names of eight wounded. The closing note reports that Gen. R. J. Hatton was killed and that Adjutant R. C. Bell was mortally wounded.

Dr. H. W. M. Washington, of North, Va., served on the C. S. S. Arkansas, and would like to see some account of her performances about Vicksburg.



COL. EUGENE ERWIN.

COL. EUGENE ERWIN.

Eugene Erwin, born at the "Woodards" by Lexington, Ky., son of James Erwin and grandson of Henry Clay, lived in Missouri at the begining of the war. He enlisted under Gen. Sterling Price and was made Major of the Sixth Missouri Infantry. In both the battles at Springfield and Elkhorn Tavern his clothing was riddled by shot and shell while he was but slighted wounded. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in the Trans Mississippi Department in charge of a battalion. He led a furious charge at Iuka, Mississippi, and was afterwards made Colonel of the Sixth Missouri Infantry. He was severely wounded at Corinth, but was in the battles of Grand Gulf, Baker's Creek and at Port Gibson. He fell at the head of his regiment while leading a charge in the siege of Vicksburg. Commission was forwarded promoting him to Brigadier General, but too late. "His spirit had gone to God who gave it."

ROBERT H. GRAVES.

Robert H. Graves, born in Lexington, Ky., July 31, 1838, enlisted July 4, 1861, Second Kentucky Infantry. Was wounded at Fort Donelson, escaped capture there, joined John Morgan at Nashville. He was captured at Lebanon, exchanged from Camp Chase and killed in a charge at Murfreesboro, Tenn., January 2, 1862. The Confederate Congress awarded to him a medal for gallantry and meritorious conduct.

ROBERT H. GRAVES.

THOS. T. BRUNT.

Thomas T. Brunt, born in Paris, Ky., December 29, 1835, was elected Major of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Buford's Brigade. In 1863, his regiment was assigned to Morgan's Cavalry. He was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and was killed at Green River Bridge, July 4, 1863.

THOMAS T. BRUNT.

UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERAN CAMPS.

Gen. John B. Gordon, General Commanding, Atlanta.
Maj. Gen. George Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans.

ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. Wade Hampton, Commander, Washington, D.C.

ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. S. D. Lee, Commander, Starkville, Miss.
Brig. Gen. E. T. Sykes, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Columbus, Miss.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

Lieut. Gen. W. L. Cabell, Commander, Dallas, Tex.
Brig. Gen. A. T. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Dallas, Tex.

ALABAMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, Commander, Birmingham.
Col. H. E. Jones, Chief of Staff, Montgomery.
James M. Williams, Brigadier General, Mobile.
William Richardson, Brigadier General, Anniston.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abner P. O.—Handley—351—M. V. Mullins, H. A. Brown.
Albertville—Camp Miller—385—W. H. McCord, Asa Ray.
Alexandria—Alexandria—395—C. Martin, E. T. Clark.
Alexander City—Lee—401—R. M. Thomas, A. S. Smith.
Andalusia—Harper—256—J. F. Thomas, J. M. Robinson, Sr.
Anniston—Pelham—258—F. M. Hight, Addison Z. McGhee.
Ashland—Clayton—327—A. S. Stockdale, D. L. Campbell.
Ashville—St. Clair—308—John W. Inger, Jas. D. Truss.
Athens—Thos. L. Hobbs—400—E. C. Gordon, B M. Lowell.
Auburn—Auburn—236—H. C. Armstrong, R. W. Burton.
Bangor—Wheeler—492—R. H. L. Wharton, W. L. Redman.
Bessemer—Bessemer—157—A. A. Harris, T. P. Waller.
Birmingham—Hardee—39—G. C. Arrington, T. S. Tate.
Birmingham—Con. Vet.—475—W. H. Worthington, ———.
Bridgeport—J. Wheeler—260—I. H. Johnson, L. B. Burnett.
Brookwood—Force—459—R. D. Jackson, J. H. Nelson.
Calera—Emanuel Finley—498—John P. West, W. H. Jones.
Camden—Franklin K. Beck—224—R. Gaillard, J. F. Foster.
Carrollton—Pickens—323—M. L. Stansel, B. Upchurch.
Carthage—Woodruff—339—John S. Powers, J. A. Elliott.
Centre—Stonewall Jackson—658—R. T. Ewing, J. M. Webb.
Clayton—Barbour County—493—W. H. Pruett, E. R. Quillin.
Coalburg—F. Cheatham—434—F. P. Lewis, J. W. Barnhart.
Cullman—Thos. H. Watts—489—E. J. Oden, A. E. Hewlett.
Dadeville—Crawf-Kimbal—343—W. C. McIntosh, Wm. L. Rowe.
Decatur—Horace King—476—W. A. Long, John T. Banks.
Demopolis—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
Edwardsville—Wiggonton—359—W. P. Howell, T. J. Burton.
Eutaw—Sanders—64—Geo. H. Cole, F. H. Mundy.
Evergreen—Capt. Wm. Lee—338—P. D. Bowles, H. M. King.
Fayette—Lindsey—466—John B. Sanford, W. B. Shirley.
Florence—E. A. O'Neal—298—A. M. O'Neal, And. Brown.
Fort Payne—Estes—263—J. M. Davidson, A. P. McCartney.
Gadsden—Emma Sanson—275—Jas. Aiken, Jos. R. Hughes.
Gaylesville—John Pelham—411—B. F. Wood, G. W. R. Bell.
Greensboro—A.C.Jones—266—W. N. Knight, W.C.Christian.
Greenville—Sam'l L. Adams—349—E. Crenshaw, F. E. Dey.
Guin—Ex-Confederate—415—————, W. N. Hulsey.
Guntersville—M. Gilbreath—333—R. T. Coles, J. L. Burke.
Hamilton—Marion Co—346—A. J. Hamilton, J. F. Hamilton.
Hartselle—Friendship—383—D. W. Waldon, M. K. Mahan.
Holly Pond—Holly Pond—567—Geo. W. Watts, S. M. Foust.
Huntsville—E. J. Jones—357—G. P. Turner, W. M. Erskine.
Jackson—Calhoun—497—E. P. Champau, S. T. Woodard.
Jackson—Clarke County—475—
Jacksonville—Martin—292—J. H. Caldwell, L. W. Grant.
Lafayette—A. A. Greene—310—J. J. Robinson, G. H. Black.
Linden—A. Gracie—508—John C. Webb, C. B. Cleveland.
Livingston—Camp Sumter—332—R. Chapman, J. Lawhon.
Lower Peachtree—R. H. G. Gaines—370—B. D. Portis, N. J. McConnell.
Lowndesboro—Bullock—331—R.D.Spann, Sr., C.D.Whitman.
Luvergne—Gracy—472—D. A. Rutledge, B. R. Bricken.
Marion—I. W. Garrett—277—J. Cal. Moore, W. T. Boyd.
Madison Stat'n—Russell—408—W. T. Garner, R. E.Wiggins.
Mobile—R. Semmes—11—E. W. Christian, Dan'l W. Petty.
Mobile—M. M. Withers—675—Gen. Jas. Hagan, F. Kiernan.
Monroeville—Foster—407—W. W. McMillan, D. L. Neville.
Montevallo—Montevallo—496—H. C. Reynolds, B. Nabors.
Montgomery—Lomax—151—Wm. B. Jones, J. H. Higgins.
Opelika—Lee County—261—R. M. Greene, J. Q. Burton.
Oxford—Camp Lee—329—Thos. H. Barry, John T. Pearce.
Ozark—Ozark—380—W. R. Painter, J. L. Williams.
Piedmont—Camp Stewart—378—J. N. Hood, L. Ferguson.
Pearce's Mill—Robt. E. Lee—372—Jim Pearce, F. M. Clark.
Prattville—Wadsworth—491—W. F. Mims, Y. Abney.
Roanoke—Aiken-Smith—293—W. A. Handley, B. M. McConnaghy.
Robinson Spring—Tom McKeithen—396—C. M. Jackson, W. D. Whetstone.
Rockford—H. W. Cox—276—F. L. Smith, W. T. Johnson.
Scottsboro—N. B. Forrest—430—J. H. Young, J. P. Harris.
Seale—Jas. F. Waddell—268—R. H. Bellamy, P. A. Greene.
Selma—C. R. Jones—317—Jas. Lauderdale, Edward P. Galt.
Sprague Jun'n—Watts—480—P. B. Masten, J. T. Robertson.
Springville—Springville—223—A. W. Woodall, W. J. Spruiell.
Stroud—McLeroy—356—A. J. Thompson, J. L. Strickland.
St. Stephens—John James—350—A. T. Hooks, J. M. Pelham.
Summerfield—Col. — Garrett—381—E. Morrow, R. B. Cater.
Talledega—C. M. Shelley—246—W. R. Miller, D. R. VanPelt.
Thomasville—Leander McFarland—373—J. N. Callahan, Dr. J. C. Johnston.
Town Creek—Ashford—632—R. C. Reed, W. J. McMahon.
Tuscumbia—James Deshler—313—A. H. Keller, I. P. Guy.
Tuskaloosa—Rodes—262—Gen. G. D. Johnston, W. Guild.
Troy—Camp Ruffin—320—W. D. Henderson, L. H. Bowles.
Uniontown—Coleman—429—T. Mumford, B. F. Harwood.
Union Sp'gs—Powell—499—C. F. Culver, A. H. Pickett.
Verbena—Camp Gracie—291—K. Wells, J. A. Mitchell.
Vernon—Camp O'Neal—358—J. P. Young, T. M. Woods.
Walnut Grove—Forrest—467—A. J. Phillips, B. W. Reavis.
Wetumpka—Elmore Co.—255—H.H.Robison, C.K.McMorris.
Wedowee—Randolph—316—C. C. Enloe, R. S. Pate.

ARKANSAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. G. Shaver, Commander, Centre Point.
Col. Y. V. Cook, Chief of Staff, Elmo.
John M. Harrell, Brigadier General, Hot Springs.
J. M. Bohart, Brigadier General, Bentonville.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Alma—Cabell—202—James E. Smith, J. T. Jones.
Amity—J. H. Berry—828—D. T. Brunson, D. M. Doughty.
Arkadelphia—Moore—574—H. W. McMillan, C. C. Scott.
Augusta—Jeff Davis—843—John Shearer, Ed S. Lee.
Benton—Dodd—325—S. H. Whitthorne, C. E. Shoemaker.
Bentonville—Cabell—89—D. R. McKissack, N. S. Henry.
Berryville—Fletcher—638—J. P. Fancher, N. C. Charles.
Booneville—Evans—355—G. W. Evans, D. B. Castleberry.
Brinkley—Cleburne—537—Dr. L. B. Mitchell, A. K.Cameron.
Centre Point—Haller—192—J. M. Somervell, J. C. Ansley.
Charleston—P. Cleburne—191—A. S. Cabell, T. N. Goodwin.
Conway—Jeff Davis—213—Jas. Haskrider, W. D. Cole.
Dardanelle—McIntosh—531—W. H. Gee, J. L. Davis.
Fayetteville—Brooks—216—T. M. Gunter, I. M. Patridge.
Ft. Smith—B. T. DuVal—146—P. T. Devaney, R. M. Fry.
Forrest City—Forrest—623—J. B. Sanders, E. Landroight.
Gainesville—Confederate Survivors—506—F. S. White.
Greenway—Clay Co. V. A.—375—E. M. Allen, J. R. Hodge.
Greenwood—B. McCulloch—194—Dudley Milum, M. Stroup.
Hackett City—Stonewall—199—L. B. Lake, A. H. Gordon.
Harrison—J. Crump—713—J. H. Williams, J. P. Clendenin.
Helena—Samuel Corley—341—J. J. Horner, Robt. Gordon.
Hope—Gratiot—203—C. A. Bridewell, John F. Sanor.
Hot Springs—A. Pike—340—Gen. J. M. Harrell, A. Curl.
Jonesboro—Confederate Survivors—507—————.
Little Rock—Weaver—354—W. P. Campbell, J. H. Paschal.
Mabel Vale—Con. Vet.—809—W. B. McKnight, ————.
Morrilton—R. W. Harper—207—W. S. Hanna, H. V. Crozier.
Nashville—Joe Neal—208—W. K. Cowling, E. G. Hale.
New Louisville—Sam Dill—444—R. H. Howell, B. P. Wheat.
Newport—Tom Hindman—318—J. R. Loftin, T. T. Ward.
Oxford—Oxford—455—F. M. Gibson, Ransom Gulley.

Paragon—Confed. Survivors—449— ————, ————.
Paris—B. McCullogh—388—J. O. Sadler, Wm. Snoddy.
Paragould—Confed. Survivors—449— ———, ———.
Pine Bluff—Murray—510—H. A. McCoy, J. Y. Saunders.
Pocahontas—Con. Vet—447—W. F. Besphan, R. T. Mackbee.
Prairie Grove—Do.—384—W. E. Pittman, Wm. Mitchell.
Prescott—Walter Bragg—428—W. J. Blake, O. S. Jones.
Rector—Rector—504—E. M. Allen, W. S. Liddell.
Rocky Comfort—Stuart—532—F. B. Arnett, R. E. Phelps.
Searcy—Gen. Marsh Walker—687—D. McRae, B. C. Black.
Stephens—Bob Jordan—686—J. W. Walker, C. T. Boggs.
Star City—B. McCullogh—542—J. L. Hunter, T. A. Ingram.
Ultima Thule—Con. Survivors—448—J. P. Hallman, ———.
Van Buren—John Wallace—209—John Allen, J. E. Clegg.
Walcott—Confed. Survivors—505—Benj. A. Johnson.
Waldron—Sterling Price—414—L. P. Fuller, A. M. Fuller.
Warren—Denson—677—J. C. Bratton, W. H. Blankenship.
Wilton—Confederate Veteran—674—J. A. Miller.
Wooster—J. E. Johnston—431—W. A. Milam, W. J. Sloan.

FLORIDA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. J. J. Dickison, Commander, Ocala.
Col. Fred. L. Robertson, Chief of Staff, Brooksville.
W. D. Chipley, Brigadier General, Pensacola.
W. R. Moore, Brigadier General, Welborn.
Gen. S. G. French, Brigadier General, Winter Park.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Apalachicola—Tom Moore—556—R. Knickmeyer, A.J.Murat.
Bartow—Bartow—284—W. H. Johnson, B. F. Holland.
Brooksville—Loring—13—John C. Davant, F. L. Robertson.
Chipley—McMillan—217—Gen. Wm. Miller, R. B. Bellamy.
Dade City—Pasco C. V. A.—57—J. E. Lee, A. H. Ravesies.
Daytona—Stonewall—503—M. Huston, J. C. Keller.
DeFuniak Sp'gs—Kirby-Smith—282—J. Stubbs, D. McLeod.
Fernandina—Nassau—104—W. N. Thompson, T. A. Hall.
Inverness—Geo. T. Ward—148—S. M. Wilson, J. S. Perkins.
Jacksonville—Lee—58—Chas. D. Towers, J. A. Enslow, Jr.
Jacksonville—Jeff Davis—230— ———, C. J. Colcock.
Jasper—Stewart—155—H. J. Stewart, J. E. Hanna.
Juno—P. Anderson—244— ———, J. F. Highsmith.
Lake City—E. A. Perry—150—W. R. Moore, W. M. Ives.
Lake Buller—Barney—474—J. R. Richards, R. Dougherty.
Marianna—Milton—132—M. N. Dickson, F. Philips.
Milton—Camp Cobb—538—C. R. Johnston, John G. Ellis.
Monticello—P. Anderson—59—W. C. Bird, B. W. Partridge.
Ocala—Marion Co. C. V. A.—56—W. L. Ditto, Wm. Fox.
Orlando—Orange Co.—54—C. W. Jaycocks, A. R. Seabrook.
Palmetto—Geo. T. Ward—53—J. C. Pelot, J. W. Nettles.
Pensacola—Ward C. V. A.—10—J. R. Rendall, L. M. Brooks.
Quincy—Kenan—140—R. H. M. Davidson, D. M. McMillan.
Sanford—Finnegan—149—Otis S. Tarver, T. J. Appleyard.
St. Augustine—Kirby-Smith—175—W. Jarvis, M. R. Cooper.
St. Petersburg—Colquitt—303—W. C. Dodd, D. L. Southwick.
Tallahassee—Lamar—161—D. Lang, R. A. Witfield.
Tampa—Hillsboro—36—F. W. Merrin, H. L. Crane.
Tavares—L. C. C. V. A.—279—H. H. Duncan, J. C. Terry.
Titusville—Indian River—47—A. A. Stewart, M. Goldsmith.
Umatilla—Lake Co. C. V. A.—279—H. H. Duncan, J.C.Terry.

GEORGIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Clement A. Evans, Commander, Cartersville.
Col. A. J. West, Chief of Staff, Atlanta.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Atlanta—Fulton County—159—Frank T. Ryan, E. G. Moore.
Augusta—C. Surv. A'n—435—F. E. Eve, G.W. McLaughlin.
Americus—Sumter—642—H. D. Watts, J. P. Pilsbury.
Athens—Cobb-Deloney—478—J. E. Ritchie, J.W. Brumberry.
Atlanta—Fulton County—159—C. A. Evans, J. F. Edwards.
Augusta—Con. Survi. Ass'n—435—F. E. Eve, F. M. Stovall.
Brunswick—Jackson—806—Horace Dart, W. B. Burroughs.
Canton—Skid Harris—595—H. W. Newman, W. N. Wilson.
Carnesville—Miligan C. V.—419—J. McCarter, J. Phillips.
Carrollton—Camp McDaniels—487—S. W. Harris, J. L. Cobb.
Cartersville—Bartow—820—A. M. Foute, D. B. Freeman.
Cedartown—Polk Co. C. V.—403—J. Arrington, J. S. Stubbs.
Clayton—Rabun Co. C. V.—420—S. M. Beck, W. H. Price.
Columbus—Benning—511—A. A. Dozier, H. F. Everett.
Covington—J. Lamar—305—C. Dickson, J. W. Anderson.
Cumming—Forsyth—736—H. P. Bell, R. P. Lester.
Cuthbert—Randolph Co.—465—R. D. Crozier, B. W. Ellis.
Cussetta—Chatahoochie Co.—477—E.Raiford, C. N. Howard.
Dalton—J. E. Johnston—34—A. P. Roberts, J. A. Blanton.
Dawson—Terrell Co. C. V.—404—J. Lowrey, W. Kaigler.
Decatur—C. A. Evans—665—H. C. Jones, W. G. Whidby.
Fayetteville—Fayette—832—C. P. Daniel, J. W. Johnson.
Griffin—Spaulding Co.—519—W. .R. Hanleiter, J. P. Lawlett
Gibson—Fous Rogers—847—W.W.Kitchens,J.W.P.Whiteley.
Gundee—Confed. Vet.—829—W. B. McDaniel, ————.
Harrisburg—Chattooga Vet— 422— ———, L. R. Williams.
Hawkinsville—Manning—816—R.W.Anderson, D.G.Fleming.
Jefferson—Jackson County—440—T. L. Ross, T. H. Nibloch.
Lafayette—Camp Little—473—W. A. Foster, R. Dougherty.
LaGrange—Troup Co. C. V.—405—J. L. Schaub, E. T.Winn.
Lincolnton—Lamar Gibson—814—W. C. Ward, J.E.Strother.
Louisville—Jefferson—826—Geo. L. Cain, M. H. Hopkins.
Macon—Bibb County—484—C. M. Wiley, D. D. Craig.
Madison—H. H. Carlton—617—C. W. Baldwin, J. T. Turnell.
McRae—Telfair—815—W. J. Williams, Wm. McLean.
Monticello—Camp Key—483—Maj. J. C. Key, A. S. Florence.
Morgan—Calhoun Co. C.V.—406—L.D.Monroe, A. J. Munroe.
Mt. Vernon—Con. Vet.—802—D. C. Sutton, ————.
Milledgeville—Geo. Doles—730—C. P. Crawford, ————.
Oglethorpe—Macon Co.—655—J. D. Fredrick, R. D. McLeod.
Purcell—R. E. Lee—771—Benj. Weller, A. M. Fulkerson.
Ringgold—Ringgold—206—W. J. Whitsett, R. B. Trimmier.
Rome—Floyd Co.—368—A. B. Montgomery, A. B. Moseley.
Savannah—L. McLaws—696—J. H. Estill, T. B. Besselien.
Sparta—H. A. Clinch—470—W. L. L. Bowen, S. D. Rogers.
Spring Place—Gordon—59—R. E. Wilson, J. A. McKamy.
Summerville—Chattooga—422—J. S. Cleghorn, L. Williams.
Thomasville—Mitchell—523—R. G. Mitchell, T. N. Hopkins.
Thomson—Gen. Semmes—823—H. McCorkle, W. S. Stovall.
Talbotton—L. B. Smith—402—B. Curley, W. H. Philpot.
Washington—J. T. Wingfield—391—C. E. Irvin, H. Cordes.
Waycross—S. Ga. C. Vet.—819—J. L. Sweat, H. H. Sasnett.
Waynesboro—Gordon—369—Thos. B. Cox, S. R. Fulcher.
West Point—W. P. V.—571—R. A. Freeman, T. B. Johnston.
Zebulon—Pike Co. C. V.—421—G. W. Strickland,W. O. Gwyn.

ILLINOIS.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Chicago—Ex-Con. Ass'n—8—J. W. White, R. L. France.
Jerseyville—Benev. Ex-Con.—364—J. S. Carr, M. R. Locke.

INDIAN TERRITORY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. B. Coleman, Commander, McAlester.
Col. L. C. Tennent, Chief of Staff, McAlester.
John L. Galt, Brigadier General, Ardmore.
D. M. Haley, Brigadier General, Krebs.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Antlers—Douglas Cooper—576—W. H. Davis, V. M. Locke.
Ardmore—J. H. Morgan—107—W. W. Hyden, F. G. Barry.
Chelsea—Cherokee Nation-Standerati—573—W. H. H. Scudder, Col. E. L. Drake.
Davis—Jo Shelby—844—H. H. Allen, T. R. Russell.
McAlester—Jeff Lee—68—J. W. McCrary, R. B. Coleman.
Mildrow—Standwater—514—W. J. Watts, L. S. Byrd.
Ryan—A. S. Johnson—644—R. G. Goodloe, J. F. Pendleton.
South Canadian—Hood—482—E. R. Johnson, J. M. Bond.
Talihina—Jack McCurtin—850—F.M.Brewer, G.T.Edmunds.
Vinita—Vinita—800— ————, ————.

KENTUCKY DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. John Boyd, Commander, Lexington.
Col. Jos. M. Jones, Chief of Staff, Paris.
J. B. Briggs, Brigadier General, Russellville.
James M. Arnold, Brigadier General, Newport.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Augusta—J. B. Hood—233—J. S. Bradley, J. R. Wilson.
Bardstown—T. H. Hunt—253—Thos. H. Ellis, J. F. Briggs.

Bardstown—T. H. Hunt—253—A. B. Baldwin, J. F. Briggs.
Benton—A. Johnston—376—J. P. Brian, W. J. Wilson.
Bethel—P. R. Cleburne—252—J. Arrasmith, A. W. Bascom.
Bowling Green—Do.—143—W. F. Perry, John A. DuBose.
Campton—G. W. Cox—433—J. C. Lykins, C. C. Hanks.
Carlisle—P. Bramlett—344—Thos. Owens, H. M. Taylor.
Cynthiana—Ben Desha—99—R. M. Collier, J. W. Boyd.
Danville—Grigsby—214—E. M. Green, J. H. Baughman.
Elizabethtown—Cofer—543—J. Montgomery, F. H. Culley.
Eminence—E. Kirby-Smith—251—W. L. Crabb, J. S. Turner.
Falmouth—W. H. Ratcliffe—682—G. R. Rule, C. H. Lee, Jr.
Flemingsburg—Johnston—232—Milford Overley, J.W.Heflin.
Frankfort—T. B. Monroe—188—A. W. Macklin, J. E. Scott.
Franklin—Walker—640—Dr. L. J. Jones, ————.
Georgetown—G.W.Johnson—98—A.H.Sinclair, E. Blackburn.
Harrodsburg—W. Preston—96—B. W. Allin, John Kane.
Hopkinsville—Merriwether—241—N. Gaither, J.G.Branham.
Henderson—J. E. Rankin—558—Gen. M. M. Kimmel, R. H. Cunningham.
LaGrange—F. Smith—769—W. C. Pryor, John Holmes.
Lawrenceburg—Helm—101—P. H. Thomas, J. P. Vaughn.
Louisville—Con. Vet.—803—J. H. Leathers, T. D. Osborne.
Lexington—J. C. Breckinridge—100—J. Boyd, G. C. Snyder.
Madisonville—Hopkins Co. Ex-Confed. Assoc'n—528—L. D. Hockersmith, Thos. H. Smith.
Maysville—J. E. Johnston—442—Dr. A. H. Wall, J. W. Boulden.
Mt. Sterling—R. S. Cluke—201—T. Johnson, W. T. Havens.
Newport—Corbin—683—M. R. Lockhart, G. Washington.
Nicholasville—Marshall—187—G. B. Taylor, E. T. Lillard.
Paducah—Thompson—174—W. G. Bullitt, J. M. Browne.
Paducah—L. Tilghman—463—T. E. Moss, J. V. Grief.
Paris—J. H. Morgan—95—A. T. Forsyth, Will A. Gaines.
Princeton—Jim Pearce—527—Gen. H. B. Lyons, Capt. T. J. Johnson.
Richmond—T. B. Collins—215—Thos. Thorpe, L. J. Frazee.
Russellville—Caldwell—139—J. B. Briggs, W. B. McCarty.
Shelbyville—J. H. Waller—237—W. F. Beard, R. T. Owen.
Versailles—Abe Buford—97—J. C. Bailey, A. B. Scott.
Winchester—Hanson—186—B. F. Curtis, J. H. Croxton.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. G. Vincent, Commander, New Orleans, La.
Col. J. A. Chalaron, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abbeville—Vermilion—607—G. B. Shaw, L. C. Lyons.
Alexandria—Jeff Davis—6—F. Seip, W. W. Whittington.
Amite City—Do.—78—A. P. Richards, J. M. DeSaussure.
Arcadia—Arcadia—229—Will Miller, John A. Oden.
Bastrop—R. M. Hinson—578—J. M. Sharp.
Baton Rouge—Do.—17—J. McGrath, F. W. Heroman.
Benton—Lowden Butler—409—S. M. Thomas, B. R. Nash.
Berwick—Winchester Hall—178—T. J. Royster, F. O. Brien.
Compte—Cap Perot—397—Leopold Perot, T. H. Hamilton.
Conshatta—Henry Gray—490—O. T. Webb, O. S. Penny.
Columbia—J. McEnery—750—S. B. Fleritt, S. D. S. Walker.
Crowley—G. T. Beauregard—628—D. B. Hays, J. M. Taylor.
Donaldsonville—V. Maurin—38—S. A. Poche, P. Gaul, Sr.
Eunice—Confed. Veteran—67—D. P. January, ————.
Evergreen—R. L. Gibson—33—I. C. Johnson, W. H. Oliver.
Farmerville—C. V. A. Union Pr.—379—J. K. Ramsay, ——.
Franklin—F. Cornay—345—W. R. Collins, Thos. J. Shaffer.
Gonzales P. O.—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales, Sr., H. T. Brown.
Homer—Claiborne—548—Col. T. W. Poole, F. C. Greenwood.
Hope Villa P.O.—Ogden—247—J. Gonzales,Sr., H. T. Brown.
Jackson—Feliciana—264—Zach. Lea, R. H. McClellend.
Jeannerette—Alcibiade De Blanc—634—A. L. Monnot, ——.
Lafayette—Gardner—580—J. C. Buchanan, D. A. Cochrane.
Lake Charles—Calcasieu C. Vets—62—W. A. Knapp, W. L. Hutchins.
Lake Providence—Do.—193—J. C. Bass, T. P. McCandless.
Logansport—Camp Hood—589—G. W. Sample, E. Price.
Magnolia P.O.—Hays—451—J. B. Dunn, J. Z. Underwood.
Magnolia—Livingston—451—J. B. Dunn, J. Z. Underwood.
Manderville—Moorman—270—J. L. Dicks, R. O. Pizzetta.
Mansfield—Mouton—41—John W. Pitts, T. G. Pegues.
Merrick—I. Norwood—110—D. T. Merrick, J. J. Taylor.
Minden—Gen. T. M. Scott—545— — Goodwill, H. A. Barnes.
New Iberia—Confed. Veteran—670—Jules Dubus, ————.
Monroe—H. W. Allen—182—W. P. Rennick, W. A. O'Kelley.
Montgomery—C. V. A.—631—H. V. McCain, J. M. McCain.
Natchitoches—Do.—40—J. A. Prudhomme, C. H. Levy.
New Orleans—Army N. Va.—1—F. A. Ober, T. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—W. E. Huger, N. Cuny.
New Orleans—V. C. S. C.—9—G. H. Tichenor, E. R. Wells.
New Orleans—Wash. Artillery—15—Col. A. I. Leverich, E. I. Kursheedt.
New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—J. Lyons, A. B. Booth.
New Orleans—Army N. Va.—1—W. H. McChesney, T. B. O'Brien.
New Orleans—Army of Tenn.—2—F. A. Monroe, N. Cuny.
New Orleans—V.C.S.C.—9—G. H. Tichenor, Wm. Laughlin.
New Orleans—Wash. Art—15—L. C. Fallon, C. A. Harris.
New Orleans—Henry St. Paul—16—L. L. Davis, A. B. Booth.
Oakley—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, J. W. Powell.
Opelousas—R. E. Lee—14—L. D. Prescott, B. Bloomfield.
Tangipahoa—Camp Moore—O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
Timothea—Henry Gray—551—W. A. Ellett, T. Oakley.
Plaquemine—Iberville—18—L. E. Wood, J. Achille Dupuy.
Plaquemine—Iberville—18—A. H. Gay, L. E. Woods.
Pleasant Hill—Dick Taylor—546—J. Graham, I. T. Harrell.
Rayville—Richland—152—J. S. Summerlin, W. P. Maghan.
Rustin—Ruston—7—A. Barksdale, J. L. Bond.
Shreveport—LeR. Stafford—3—P. J. Trezevant, W. Kinney.
St. Francisville—Con. Vet.—798—Dr. F. H. Mumford.
Sicily Island—John Peck—183—W. S. Peck, John Enright.
Tangipahoa—Moore—60—O. P. Amacker, G. R. Taylor.
Thibodaux—B. Bragg—196—S. T. Grisamore, H. N. Coulon.
Zachary—Croft—530—O. M. Lee, W. E. Atkinson.

MARYLAND DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Geo. H. Steuart, Commander, Baltimore, Md.
Col. Jno. M. Saunders, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Baltimore.
Brig. Gen. John Gill, Baltimore, Md., Second Brigade.
Brig. Gen. Robert Carter Smith, Baltimore, Md.
Brig. Gen. J. G. Hall, Baltimore, Md.
Brig. Gen. W. L. London, Baltimore, Md.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Baltimore—Herbert—657—J. W. Torsch, R. M. Chambers.
Baltimore—F. Buchanan—747—H. A. Ramsay, W. Peters.
Towson—Harry Gilmore—673—Col. D. R. McIntosh, S. C. Tomay.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. W. D. Holder, Commander, Jackson, Miss.
Col. S. B. Watts, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Meridian, Miss.
Brig. Gen. D. A. Campbell, Vicksburg, Miss.
Brig. Gen. W. D. Cameron, Meridian, Miss.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Amory—Jackson—427—T. J. Rowan, J. P. Johnston.
Booneville—W.H.H.Tison—179—W. H. Rees, G. B. Kimbell.
Brandon—Rankin—265—Patrick Henry, R. S. Maxey.
Brookhaven—S. Gwin—235—J. A. Hoskins, J. B. Daughtry.
Byhalia—Sam Benton—562— ————, H. H. Stevens.
Canton—E. G. Henry—312—I. K. Kearney.
Carrollton—Liddell—561—J. T. Stanford, W. J. Woudell.
Centreville—Centreville—461—H. C. Capell, J. R. Jones.
Chester—R. G. Prewitt—439—J. H. Evans, W. M. Roberts.
Clarksdale—Sam Cammack—550—N. L. Leavell, L. C. Allen.
Columbus—Harrison—27—Dr. A.C.Halbert, Thos. Harrison.
Crystal Springs—Humphreys—19—G. W. Copley, S. H. Aby.
Edwards—Montgomery—26—W. Montgomery, T. Barrett.
Fayette—Whitney—22—W. L. Stephens, T. B. Hammett.
Greenwood—Reynolds—218—L. P. Yerger, W. A. Gillespie.
Greenville—W. A. Percy—238—W. K. Gildart, Wm. Yerger.
Grenada—W. R. Barksdale—189—J. W. Young, J. M. Wahl.
Glennville—Glennville—799— ————, ————.
Harpersville—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
Hattiesburg—Hattiesburg—21—J. P. Carter, E. H. Harris.
Hazlehurst—D. J. Brown—544—W. J. Rea, Tom S. Haynie.
Heidelberg—Jasper County—694— ————, E. W. White.

Hernando—DeSoto—220—F. C. Dockery, C. H. Robertson.
Iuka—Lamar—425—G. P. Hammersley, J. B. McKinney.
Hickory Flat—Hickory Flat—219—J. D. Lekey, J. J. Hicks.
Holly Springs—Kit Mott—23Sam H. Pryor, W. G. Ford.
Indianola—A. S. Johnston—549—U. B. Clarke, W. H. Leach.
Jackson—R. A. Smith—24—W. D. Holden, H. G. Moore.
Kosciusko—Barksdale—445—C. H. Campbell, J. P. Brown.
Lake—Patrons Union—272—M. W. Stamper, C. A. Huddleston.
Lexington—W. L. Keim—398—H. J. Reid, F. A. Howell.
Liberty—Amite County—226—C. H. Frith, G. A. McGehee.
Louisville—Bradley—352—J. T. McLeod, J. H. Cornwell.
Maben—S. D. Lee—271—O. B. Cooke, J. L. Sherman.
Macon—J. Longstreet—180—H. W. Foote, J. L. Griggs.
Magnolia—Stockdale—324—J. J. White, W. T. White.
Memphis—Con. Hist. Ass'n—28—C. W. Frazer, J. P. Young.
Meridian—Walthall—25—Col. S. B. Watts, B. V. White.
Miss. City—Beauvoir—120—M. G. May, F. S. Hewes.
Natchez—Natchez—20—F. J. V. LeCand, C. A. Bessac.
Nettleton—Simonton—602—J. C. Blanton, W. J. Sparks.
New Albany—Lowry—342—C. S. Robertson, M. F. Rogers.
Okolona—W. F. Tucker—452—B. J. Abbott, W. D. Frazee.
Oxford—Lafayette Co.—752—R. W. Jones, John F. Brown.
Pittsboro—J. Gordon—553—R. N. Provine, J. L. Lyon.
Poplarville—Pearl River—540—J. J. Moore, W. D. Woulard.
Port Gibson—Claiborne—167—E. S. Drake, Jas. R. Moore.
Ripley—Tippah County—453—T. D. Spight, W. G. Rutledge.
Rock Hill—Catawba—678—C. Jones, I. Jones.
Rolling Fork—P. R. Cleburne—190—J. C. Hall, J. S. Joor.
Rosedale—Montgom'y—52—F. A. Montgomery, C. C. Farrar.
Sardis—J. R. Dickens—341—R. H. Taylor, J. B. Boothe.
Senatobia—Bill Feeney—353—J. H. Womack, T. P. Hill.
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Savery.
Vaiden—F. Liddell—221—S. C. Baines, W. J. Booth.
Vicksburg—Vicksburg—32—D. A. Campbell, C. H. Fontaine.
WaterValley—F'stone—517—M. D. L. Stephens, S. D. Brown
Walthall—A. K. Blythe—494—T. M. Gore, Sam Cooke.
Wesson—C. Posey—441—D. G. Patterson, J. T. Bridewell.
West Point—Con. Vet.—796—Geo. C. Nance, ———.
Winona—M. Farrell—311—J. R. Binford, C. H. Campbell.
Woodville—Woodville—49—J. H. Jones, P. M. Stockett.
Yazoo City—Yazoo—176—Theo. Schmitt, C. J. DuBuisson.

MISSOURI DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Jo. O. Shelby, Commander, Kansas City, Mo.
Col. H. A. Newman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Huntsville, Mo.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Alton—Col. J. R. Woodside—M. G. Norman, S. B. Sproule.
Belton—Col. D. Shanks—734—R. M. Slaughter, J. M. White.
Booneville—G. B. Harper—714—R. McCulloch, W. W. Trent.
B'ling Green—Senterry—739—M. V. Wisdom, A. E. Genterry.
Bunceton—Dick Taylor—817—H. H. Miller, O. F. Arnold.
Butler—Marmaduke—615—C. B. Lotseich, Dr. C. Mise.
Cabool—R. E. Lee—788—J. M. Cunningham, E. A. Milliard.
Carrollton—J. L. Mirick—684—H. M. Pettit, J. A. Turner.
Carthage—Jasper Co.—522—C.C.Catron, J. W. Halliburton.
Clinton—N. Spangler—678—W. G. Watkins, W. F.Carter.
Columbia—J. J. Searcy—717—Capt.M.A.Guinn, Col.E.Hodge.
Cuba—Col. Jo Kelly—811—J. P. Webb, J. G. Simpson.
Dexter—S. G. Kitchen—779—W. L. Jeffers, J.W.McCullom.
Exeter—S. Price—456—Jas. Montgomery, G. G. James.
Farmington—Crow—712—S. P. Fleming, T. D. Fisher.
Fayette—J. B. Clark—660—S. B. Cunningham, A. J. Furr.
Fulton—Gen. D. M. Frost—737—I. N. Sitton, John M. Bryan.
Fredericktown—Col. Lowe—805—L. Glaves, Dr. Jenkins.
Hannibal—R. Ruffner—676—S. J. Harrison, T. A. Wright.
Higginsville—Edwards—733—R. Todhunter, J. J. Fulkerson.
Huntsville—Lowry—636—G. N. Ratliff, J. S. Robertson.
Jackson—S. S. Harris—790—S. S. Harris, E. F. Jenkins.
Jefferson City—Parsons—718—J. B. Gantt, Jas. Hardin.
Kansas City—Kansas City—80—S. C. Ragan, J. J. Hatfield.
Keytesville—Gen. S. Price—710—J. G. Martin, J. A. Egan.
Kennet—John P. Taylor—792—W. P. Shelton, W.S.Vandiver.
Lamar—Capt. Ed Ward—760—R. J. Tucker, W. L. Mack.
Lee's Summit—Lee's Summit—740—O. H. Lewis, J. A. Carr.
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. A. Wilson, T. S. Chandler.
Liberty—McCarty—729—J. T. Chandler, P. W. Reddish.
Linneus—Flournoy—836—Wm. L. Cornett, J. P. Bradley.
Madison—Bledsoe—679—J. R. Chowning, J. S. Demoway.
Marshall—Marmaduke—554—Jas. A. Gordon, D. F. Bell.
Marble Hill—Col. Wm. Jeffers—789—J. J. Long, J. S. Hill.
Memphis—Shacklett—723—W. C. Ladd, C. F. Sanders.
Moberly—Marmaduke—685—J. A. Tagart, W. P. Davis.
Mooresville—Mooresville—541—J. M. Barron, Nat Fiske.
Morley—Maj. J. Parrot—460—A. J. Gupton, J. W. Evans.
Miami—John Benson—613—L. W. Haynie, J. F. Webster.
Nevada—Nevada—662—C. T. Davis, J. D. Ingram.
New Madrid—Col. A. C. Riley—791—Jos. Hunter, Albert Lee.
Oak Grove—Up Hayes—831—J. H. George, C. T. Duncan.
Odessa—S. Price—547—J. S. Grosshart, W. H. Edwards.
Paris—Monroe County—689—J. M. McGee, B. F. White.
Platte City—Platte Co.—728—T. B. George, J. L. Carmack.
Plattsburg—J. T. Hughes—696—J. B. Baker, E. T. Smith.
Pineville—E. McDonald—754—J. C. Hooper, J. P. Caldwell.
Pleasant Hill—Do.—691—H. M. Bledsoe, T. H. Cloud.
Rolla—Col. E. A. Stein—742—H. S. Headley, J. L. Buskett.
Richmond—S. R. Crispin—727—Jas. L. Farris, L. Turner.
Salem—Col. E. T. Wingo—745—W. Barksdale, J. E. Organ.
Springfield—Campbell—488—F. C. Roberts, N. B. Hogan.
St. Joseph—Cundiff—807—Jas. W. Boyd, J. C. Sandis.
St. Louis—J. S. Brown—659—C. J. Moffitt, B. F. Haislip.
St. Louis—St. Louis—731—S. M. Kennard, F. Gaiennie.
Sweet Springs—Do.—635—V. Marmaduke, W. C. Hall.
Vienna—J. G. Shockley—744—J. A. Love, A. S. Henderson.
Waddill—Freeman—690—J. W. Roseberry, L. H. Marrs.
Wanda—Freeman—690—J. W. Roseberry, H. W. Hamilton.
Warrensburg—Parsons—735—W. P. Gibson, D. C. Woodruff.
Waverly—J. Percival—711—H. J. Galbraith, A. Corder.
Waynesville—Howard—688—C. H. Howard, E. G. Williams.
West Plain—J. O. Shelby—630—W. Howard, D. F. Martin.
Windsor—Windsor Guards—715—R. F. Taylor, A. C. Clark.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Wm. L. DeRosset, Commander, Wilmington, N.C.
Col. Junius Davis, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Wilmington, N. C.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Asheville—Z. Vance—681—Maj. J. M. Ray, W. W. West.
Bryson City—A. Coleman—301—E. Everett, B. H. Cathey.
Burlington—Ruffin—486—J. A. Turrentine, J. R. Inland.
Charlotte—Mecklenburg—382—L. Leon, D. G. Maxwell.
Clinton—Sampson—137—R. H. Holliday, J. A. Beaman.
Concord—Cabarrus Co. C. V. A.—212—J. F. Willeford, C. McDonald.
Durham—R. F. Webb—818—J. S. Carr, N. A. Ramsey.
Greensboro—Guilford Co.—795—J. T. Morehead, T. J. Sloan.
Goldsboro—T. Ruffin—794—N. H. Gurley, M.W.Musgraves.
Hickory—Catawba—162—M. S. Deal, L. R. Whitener.
Independence—E. B. Holloway—533—E. W. Strode, S. Lowe.
Littleton—Junius Daniel—326—John P. Leech.
Mt. Airy—Surrey Co.—797—W. E. Patterson, J.R.Paddison.
Mexico—Mexico—650—Jas. Bradley, B. C. Johnson.
Pittsboro—L. J. Merritt—387—O. A. Hanner, H. A. London.
Rockingham—Richm'd Co.—830—W.H.McLaurin,H.C.Wall.
Ryan—Confederate—417—————, T. McBryde.
Raleigh—Junius Daniels—515—P. E. Hines, J. C. Birdsong.
Red Springs—Do.—417—T. McBryde, D. P. McEachem.
Salisbury—Fisher—309—J. F. Ramsay, J. C. Bernhardt.
Salisbury—C. F. Fisher—319—J. R. Crawford, C. R. Barker.
Statesville—Col. R. Campbell—394—P. C. Carlton, T. M. C. Davidson.
Smithfield—W. R. Moore—833—J. T. Ellington, J. D. Smith.
Snow Hill—Drysdale—849—H. H. Best, W. H. Dail.
Wadesboro—Anson—846—F. Bennett, J. J. Dunlap.
Waynesville—P.Welch—848—W.W.Stringfield, G.W.Clayton.
Washington—B. Grimes—424—T. M. Allen, J. M. Gallagher.
Williamson—J. C. Lamb—845—W. J.Hardison,W.Robertson.
Wilmington—Cape Fear—254—Louis S. Belden, H. Savage.
Winston—Norfleet—436—T. J. Brown, S. H. Smith.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Edward L. Thomas, Commander, Sac and Fox Agency, Okla.
Col. J. O. Casler, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Oklahoma City, Okla.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Dale—Camp Dale—706—R. M. Broome, E. A. Bush.
El Reno—El Reno—348— ————, ————.
Guthrie—Camp Jamison—347— ————, ————.
Norman—J. B. Gordon—200—T. J. Johnson, S. J. Wilkins.
Oklahoma—Hammons—177—Dr. A. J. Beale, Asher Bailey.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Commander, Charleston.
Col. J. G. Holmes, Chief of Staff, Charleston.
Brig. Gen. Asbury Coward, Charleston.
Brig. Gen. I. G. McKissick, Union.
I. G. McKissick, Brigadier General, Union.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abbeville—Secession—416—J. F. Lyon, W. A. Templetor
Aiken—B. E. Bee—84—B. H. Teague, W. W. Williams.
Allendale—Jim Hagood—755—Jos. Erwin, Richard Best.
Anderson—Camp Benson—337—M. P. Tribble, J.L.Mauldin.
Bamberg—Jenkins—627—S. P. H. Elwell, W. A. Riley.
Barnwell—E. W. Bellingers—834— ————, ————.
Beaufort—Beaufort—366—Thos. S. White, ————.
Blackville—J. Hagood—827—L. C. Stephens, C. C. Rush.
Bradley—E. Bland—536—W. E. Cothran, E. W. Watson.
Belton—Anderson—782—Geo. W. Cox, Jas. W. Poore.
Bennettsville—Henegan—766—J. A. W. Thomas, C. M. Weatherly.
Buckville—Con. Surv. Ass'n—529—B. L. Beaty.
Blacksburg—Hart—783—J. G. Black, B. J. Gold.
Camden—R. Kirkland—704—C. C. Haile, E. E. Sill.
Charleston—Camp Sumter—250—V. C. Dibble, J. W. Ward.
Charleston—Pal'to Guard—315—G. L. Buist, G.'H. Manson.
Charleston—A. B. Rhett—767—S. C. Gilbert, A. H. Prince.
Cheraw—J. B. Kershaw—413—T. T. Malloy, S. G. Godfrey.
Chester—Lucius Gaston—821—J. S. Wilson, J. C. McFadden.
Columbia—Hampton—389—R. S. DesPortes, D. R. Flennikin.
Darlington—Do.—785—E. Keith Dargan, Wm. E. James.
Dillon—Harllee—840—A. T. Harllee, A. K. Parham.
Due West—Con. Vet.—813—W. T. Cowan, ————.
Duncans—Dean—437—A. H. Dean, E. J. Zimmerman.
Easley—J. Hawthorne—285—R. E. Bowen, J. H. Bowen.
Edgefield C. H.—A. Perrin—367—Capt. J. Kennerly,J.B.Hill.
Edisto Island—Maj.J.Jenkins—784—Jno. Jenkins, T. Mikell.
Ellenton—Wick McCreary—842—T. L. Bush, Sr.,D.W.Bush.
Florence—Pee Dee—390—E. W. Lloyd, Wm. Quirk.
Gaffney—Jake Carpenter—810—H. P. Griffith, D.A.Thomas.
Georgetown—Arthur Manigault—768—J. Harleston Reed, Thom. M. Merriman.
Glymphville—Gylymphville—399—L. P. Miller, ————.
Greenville—Pulliam—297—W. L. Mauldin, P. T. Hayne.
Greenwood—Aiken—432—C. A. C. Waller, L. M. Moore.
Hagood—J. D. Graham—822—J. J. Neason, J. W. Young.
Harrelson—Jackson—801— ————, J. M. Harrelson.
Hyman—Hampton—450—M. L. Munn, R. F. Coleman.
Jennys—RiversBridge—839—J. W. Jenny, J. F. Kearse.
Johnston—McHenry—765—Wm. Lott, P. B. Waters.
Kershaw—Hanging Rock—738—L. C. Hough, B. A. Hilton.
Kingston—Presley—757—D. E. Gordon, D. P. Montgomery.
Laurens—Garlington—501—B. W. Ball, B. W. Lanford.
Lexington—Lexington—668—S. M. Roof, M. D. Harman.
Layton—Jackson—838—A. B. Layton, J. M. Harrison.
Manning—H. Benbow—471—C. S. Land, S. J. Bowman.
Marion—Camp Marion—641—S. A. Durham, E. H. Gasque.
McKay—J. Hendricks—535—J. M. Hough, J. E. Sowell.
Mt. Pleasant—Wagner—410—S. P. Smith, J. R. Tomlinson.
Newberry—J. D. Nance—336—J. W. Gary, C. F. Boyd.
Ninety-Six—J. F. Marshall—577—G. M. Miller, J. Rodgers.
North P. O.—North—701—G. W. Dannelly, D. L. Cloud.
Orangeburg—Orangeburg—457—J. F. Izlar, S. Dibble.
Parksville—J. Tillman—741—R. Harling, S. E. Freeland.
Pelzer—Kershaw—743—L. P. Harling, T. A. McElroy.
Pickens—Wolf Creek—412—J. A. Griffin, H. B. Hendricks.
Piedmont—Crittenden—707—F. J. Poole, J. O. Jenkins.
Rock Hill—Catawba—278—Cade Jones, I. Jones.
Ridgeway—Camp Rion—531—John D. Harrison, G.W.Moore.
Salley—Hart—697—D. H. Salley, A. L. Sawyer.
Simpsonville—Austin—454—W. P. Gresham, D. C. Bennett.
Socastee—Con. Suv. Ass'n—418—J. Smith, ————.
Saluda—Mitchell—764—J. M. Forrest, J. W. Banks.
Spartanburg—Walker—335—D. R. Duncan, Moses Foster.
Springfield—Do.—786—J. W. Jumper, John C. Fanning.
Summerville—Jas. Connor—374—G. Tupper, W. R. Dehon.
Sumter—Dick Anderson—334—J. D. Graham, P. P. Gaillard.
St. Georges—S. Elliott—51—R. W. Minus, J. O. Reed.
St. Stephens—Do.—732—A. W. Weatherby, R. V. Matthews.
Timmonsville—Con. Vet.—774— ————, D. H. Traxler.
Travelers' Rest—T.W.West—824—M. L. West, J. J. Watson.
Union—Giles—708—Jas. T. Douglass, J. L. Strain.
Walterboro—Heyward—462—A. L. Campbell, C. G. Henderson.
Waterloo—Holmes—746—R. N. Cunningham, A. E. Nance.
Winnsboro—Rains—698—W. W. Ketchin, W. G. Jordan.
Yorkville—Con. Vet.—702—Maj. J. F. Hart, J. F. Wallace.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Jackson, Commander, Nashville, Tenn.
Col. John P. Hickman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Nashville, Tenn.
Brig. Gen. Frank A. Moses, Knoxville, Tenn.
Brig. Gen. A. J. Vaughan, Memphis, Tenn.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Bristol—Fulkerson—705—A. Fulkerson, N. D. Bachman.
Brownsville—H. S. Bradford—426— ————, H. J. Livingston.
Chattanooga—Forrest—4—W. P. McClatchy, L.T.Dickinson.
Clarksville—Forbes—77—Butler Boyd, Clay Stacker.
Columbia—W. H. Trousdale—495—H. G. Evans, J. L. Jones.
Dyersburg—W. Dawson—552—W.C. Nixon, L. C. McClerkin.
Cleveland—J. D. Traynor—590—S. H. Day, L. Shingart.
Fayetteville—Shackelford-Fulton—114—J. T. Goodrich, W. H. Cashion.
Franklin—Gen. Starnes—134—Thos. R. Tulloss, G. L.Cowan.
Gallatin—Donelson—539—J. A. Trousdale, T. L. Vinson.
Jackson—John Ingram—37—Clifton Dancey, J. W. Gates.
Knoxville—Fred Ault—5—W. W. Carson, H. Nicholson.
Knexville—Fred Ault—5—W. W. Carson, H. Nicholson.
Lewisburg—Dibrell—55—C. T. Swanson, W. G. Loyd.
Maynardville—Johnston—722—B. L. Donehew, J. J. Sellers.
McKenzie—S. Jackson—42—A. D. Bryant, J. M. Null.
Memphis—Con. His. Ass'n—28—C. W. Frazier, J. P. Young.
Morristown—W. B. Tate—725—Geo. P. Yoe, J. H. McClister.
Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—A. M. Overall, H. H. Norman.
Nashville—Cheatham—35—R. Lin Cave, J. P. Hickman.
Nashville—J. C. Brown—520—W. C. Smith, Jos. H. Dew.
Pikeville—H. M. Ashby—458—L. T. Billingsly, Z. M. Morris.
Pulaski—Wooldridge—586—J. M. Bass, J. K. P. Blackburn.
Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—L. N. Kyle, F. A. Shotwell.
Shelbyville—W. Frierson—83—H. C. Whiteside, L. A. Russ.
South Pittsburg—Con. Vets—672—J. Bright, ————.
Sweetwater—Con. Vets—693— ————, W. W. Morris.
Tullahoma—Anderson—173—J. P. Hickman, W. J. Travis.
Winchester—Turney—12—F. B. Terry, N. R. Martin.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. R. H. Phelps, Commander, La Grange, Tex.
Gen. H. B. Stoddard, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Bryan, Tex.
. M. Byrnes, Assistant Adjutant General La Grange, Tex.

NORTHEASTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. T. M. Scott, Commander, Melissa, Tex.
Brig. Gen. John W. Webb, Paris, Tex.
Brig. Gen. J. M. Pearson, McKinney, Tex.

NORTHWESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. Robert Cobb, Commander, Wichita Falls.
Col. Wm. Parke Skeene, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Wichita Falls, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Jos. Benedict, Graham, Tex.
Brig. Gen. W. B. Clemmons, Amarillo, Tex.

SOUTHEASTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. G. Blain, Commander, Fairfield, Tex.
Brig. Gen. W. N. Norwood, Navasota, Tex.
Brig. Gen. T. D. Rock, Woodville, Tyler Co., Tex.

SOUTHWESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. W. C. Krueger, Commander, San Antonio, Tex.
Brig. Gen. T. W. Dodd, Laredo, Tex.
Brig. Gen. H. L. Bentley, Abilene, Tex.

WESTERN TEXAS SUB-DIVISION.

Brevet Maj. Gen. James Boyd, Commander, Belton, Tex.
Brig. Gen. H. E. Shelley, Austin, Tex.
Brig. Gen. Robert Donnell, Meridian, Tex.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abilene—Abilene—72—C. N. Leake, T. W. Daugherty.
Abilene—Taylor Co.—69—H. L. Bentley, Theo. Heyck.
Alvarado—Alvarado—160—J. M. Hill, J. R. Posey.
Alvin—Wm. Hart—286—Wm. Hart, Alfred H. H. Tolar.
Almi—J. A. Wharton—286—I. T. Cobb, S. M. Richardson.
Alvord—Stonewall—362—J. M. Jones, W. G. Leach.
Archer City—S. Jackson—249—A. H. Parmer, T. M. Cecil.
Antelope—Christian—703—S. Cornelius, W. E. Wallace.
Anson—Jones Co., Tex—612—J. D. Pickens, T. Bland.
Archer City—S. Jackson—249—A. Llewellyn, T. M. Cecil.
Athens—H. Martin—65—W. T. Eustace, T. J. Foster.
Atlanta—S. Jackson—91—W. P. Edsley, J. N. Simmons.
Aurora—R. Q. Mills—360—J. P. Perkins, P. F. Lewis.
Austin—J. B. Hood—103—Henry E. Shelley, A. F. Robbins.
Baird—A. S. Johnston—654—John Trent, J. E. W. Lane.
Ballinger—McCulloch—557—J. M. Crosson, H. D. Pearce.
Bandera—Bandera—643—V. T. Sanders, A. L. Scott.
Barlett—Dock Belt—645—D. B. F. Belt, W. J. Cagle.
Bastrop—Bastrop—569—R. J. Price, J. C. Buchanan.
Beaumont—A.S.Johnston—75—Dr.B.F.Calhoun,W.L.Rigsby.
Beeville—Walton—575—W. S. Duggat, R. W. Archer.
Bells—J. Wheeler—692—P. F. Ellis, J. C. Payne.
Belton—Bell Co. C. A.—122—J. A. Wheeler, H. E. Bradford.
Bend—Hardee—653—Tom Hollis, J. A. Skipper.
Bentonville—Cabell—89—D. R. McKissack, N. L. Henry.
Bellville—Austin Co.—606—W. L. Springfield, K. W. Reese.
Bristol—Fulkerson—705—H. C. Wood, N. D. Bachman.
Big Springs—J. Wheeler—330—J. W. Barnett, R. B. Zinn.
Blossom—J. Pelham—629—W. E. Moore, A. W. Black.
Bocqueville—G. B. Gerald—598— ————, J. B. Waddell.
Bonham—Sul Ross—164—S. Lipscomb, J. P. Holmes.
Bowie—The Bowie Pelhams—572—R. D. Rugeley, ————.
Brady—B. McCulloch—563—G. L. Beatty, L. Ballou.
Brazoria—Clinton Terry—243—W. F. Smith, J. P Taylor.
Breckinridge—Stephens Co.—314—J. T. Camp, G. B. Brown.
Brenham—Washington—239—D. C. Giddings, I. D. Affleck.
Bridgeport—Do.—568—S. W. Cawling, T. W. Redman.
Brownwood—J'kson—118—J. T. Rankin, J. C. Roseborough.
Bryan—J. B. Robertson—124—R. K. Chatham,W.G.Mitchell.
Buffalo Gap—Camp Moody—123—R. C. Lyon, L. F. Moody.
Blum—Polignac—509—J. M. Pogue, R. W. Sawyer.
Caddo Mills—Caddo Mills—502—W. L. Cooper, J. T. Hulsey.
Caldwell—Rogers—142—W. L. Wommack, J. F. Matthews.
Calvert—Townsend—111—J. C. Roberts, W. J. Purdom.
Cameron—B. McCulloch—29—J. H. Tracey, J. B. Moore.
Campbell—Camp Ross—185—R. W. Ridley, T. G. Smith.
Canton—J. L. Hogg—133—T. J. Towles, W. D. Thompson.
Carthage—Randall—163—J. P. Forsyth, J. M. Woolworth.
Chico—Camp McIntosh—361—L. S. Eddins, G. W. Craft.
Chicota—Camp Texas—667—T. B. Johnson, N. L. Griffin.
Childress—Johnston—259—W. H. Crawford, Geo. R. Allen.
Cisco—Camp Preveaux—273—T. W. Neal, J. S. McDonough.
Clarksville—Forbes—77—Butler Boyd, Clay Stacker.
Clarksville—J. C. Burks—656—R. C. Graves, A. P. Corley.
Cleburne—Pat Cleburne—88—M. S. Kahle, C. Y. Kouns.
Colorado—Johnston—113—L. H. Weatherby, T. Q. Mullin.
Columbia—J. J. Searcy—717—Capt.M.G.Guinn,Col.E.Hodge.
Columbus—S'shire-Upton—112—G. McCormick, B. M. Baker
Coleman—J. Pelham—76—J. J. Callan, M. M. Callen.
Conroe—P. P. Porter—608—L. E. Dunn, W. A. Bennett.
Cold Springs—San Jacinto—599—G. W. McKellar, G. I. Turnby.
Collinsville—B'regard—306—J. B. King, W. H. Stephenson.
Comanche—J. Pelham—565—J. T. Tunnell, T. O. Moor.
Commerce—R. E. Lee—231—G. G. Lindsey, W. E. Mangum.
Cooper—Ector—234—J. N. Boyd, R. J. Pickett.
Corpus Christi—Johnston—63—M. Downey, M. C. Spann.
Corsicana—C. M. Winkler—147—A. F. Wood, H. G. Damon.
Cresson—Joe Wheeler—581—J. R. Lay, W. M. Crook.
Crockett—Crockett—141—N. B. Barbee, E. Winfree.
Cuero—Emmett Lynch—242—V. Hardt, George H. Law.
Daingerfield—Brooks—307—J. N. Zachery, J. A. McGregor.
Dallas—S. Price—31—D. L. Stuart, Charles L. Miller.
Decatur—B. McCulloch—30—Ira Long, J. E. Simmons.
DeKalb—Tom Wallace—289—L. H. Hall, J. D. Stewart.
Denton—Sul Ross—129—J. R. Burton, R. B. Anderson.
Derine—J. W. Whitfield—560—L. Thompson, O. A. Knight.
DeLeon—J. E. Johnston—566—W. Howard, J. B. Day.
Del Rio—Marmaduke—615—S. H. Barton, J. K. Pierce.
Del Rio—Jno. S. Ford—616—W. C. Franklin, L. F. Garner.
Deport—W. N. Pendleton—579—C. C. Jackson, J. R. Pride.
Dodd City—Camp Maxey—281—W. C. Moore, ————.
Douglasville—Con. Vet—591—R. H. Williams, H. R. McCoy.
Dublin—Erath & Comanche—85—J. T. Harris, L. E. Gillett.
Dublin—A. S. Johnston—564—W. L. Salsberry, L. E. Gillett.
Eagle Lake—S. Anderson—619— ————, J. B. Walker.
Eastland—S. H. Stout—583—J. Kimble, R. M. Jones.
Edna—C. L. Owen—666—W. P. Laughter, G. L. Gayle.
Elgin—Jake Standifer—582—F. S. Wade, R. P. Jones.
El Paso—J. C. Brown—168—W. Kemp, P. F. Edwards.
Emma—Lone Star—198—J. W. Murray, ————.
Fairfield—W. L. Moody—87—G. T. Bradley, L. G. Standifer.
Flatonia—Killough—593—R. O. Faires, R. R. Harrison.
Floresville—Wilson Co.—225—W. C. Agee, A. D. Evans.
Forney—Camp Bee—130—T. M. Daniel, S. G. Fleming.
Fort Worth—Lee—158—K. M. VanZant, W. M. McConnell.
Frost—R. Q. Mills—106—A. Chamberlain, M. F. Wakefield.
Gainesville—J. E. Johnston—119—J. M. Wright, W. A. Sims.
Galveston—Magruder—105—T. N. Waul, H. H. Johnson.
Gatesville—C. A.—135—W. E. Brown, P. C. West.
Georgetown—Lessure—663—S. K. Brown, R. H. Montg'm'ry.
Gilmer—Con. Vet. Ass'n—622— ————, J. E. Rawlins.
Gilmer—Upshur Co.—646—A. B. Boren, J. E. Rawlins.
Glen Rose—Private R. Wood—584—S. Milam, G. L. Booker.
Goldthwaite—Jeff Davis—117—D. S. Kelly, G. N. Barr.
Goliad—H. H. Brown—597—J. P. Kibbe, J. G. Patton.
Gonzales—Key—156—W. D. Finney, M. M. Fitzgerald.
Gordonville—Hodges—392—W. Hodges, W. Bassingame.
Graham—Young Co.—127—O. E. Finley, G. H. Crozier.
Granbury—Granbury—67—M. Chadwich, I. R. Morris.
Grand View—Johnston—377—S. N. Honea, J. W. Meador.
Greenville—J. E. Johnston—267—S. R. Etter, A. H. Hefner.
Haskell—Con. Vets—W. W. Fields, S. L. Robertson.
Hallettsville—Col. J. Walker—248—V. Ellis, B. F. Burke.
Hamilton—A. S. Johnston—116—B. Fort, L. A. H. Smith.
Hemstead—Tom Green—136—V. B. Thornton, S. Schwarz.
Henderson—Ras Redwine—295—J. M. Mays, C. C. Doyle.
Henrietta—Sul Ross—172—J. C. Skipwith, C. B. Patterson.
Hico—A. S. Johnston—116—R. Y. Cox, A. L. Maxwell.
Hillsboro—Hill County—166—J. P. Cox, Dr. N. B. Kennedy.
Honey Grove—Davidson—294—J. H. Lynn, J. L. Ballinger.
Houston—Dick Dowling—197—A. Schilling, C.C.Beavens,Sr.
Huntsville—J. C. Upton—43—J. T. Jarrard, W. H. Woodall.
Jacksborough—Morgan—364—S. W. Eastin, W. J. Denning.
Jacksborough—Hughes—365—J. A. Hudson, F. R. Aston.
Jewett—R. S. Gould—611—J. E. Anderson, J. W. Waltmon.
Kaufman—G. D. Manion—145—M. Haynie, D. Coffman.
Kerrville—Kerrville—699—R. H. Colvin, G. W. Colvin.
Kilgore—Buck Kilgore—283—W. A. Miller, R. W. Wynn.
Kingston—A. S. Johnston—71—J. F. Puckett, P. G. Carter.
Ladonia—R. E. Lee—126—W. B. Merrill, E. W. Cummens.
LaGrange—Col. B. Timmons—61—R. H. Phelps, N. Holman.
Lampasas—R. E. Lee—66—D. C. Thomas, T. H. Haynie.
Laredo—S. Brunarides—637—T. W. Dodd, E. R. Tarver.
Lexington—Lexington—648—J. A. Wilson, T. S. Chandler.
Livingston—Ike Turner—321—T. H. Williams, A. B. Green.
Liberty—E. B. Pickett—626—B. H. Cameron, ————.
Lexington—T. Douglas—555—T. S. Douglas, E. A. Burns.
Llano—Johnston—647—J. S. Atchison, E. H. Alexander.
Lockhart—Pickett—570—M. R. Stringfellow, J. N. L. Curdy.
Longview—J. B. Gregg—587—S. E. Nelson, Ras Young.
Lubbock—Lubbock—138—W. D. Crump, G. W. Shannon.
Lufkin—Camp Lowe—614—A. W. Ellis, E. L. Robb.
Madisonville—Walker—128—J. C. Webb, G. H. Hubbard.
Manor—Manor—664— ————, ————.
Marlin—Willis L. Lang—299—G. A. King, J. T. Owen.
Marshall—W. P. Love—621—E. J. Fry, W. G. Rudd.
Mason—Fort Mason—618—W. L. Leslie, Wilson Hey.
Mathis—Buchel—808—N. C. Howard, Wm. M. Long.
Mathews—Lane Diggs—750—J. B. Donovan, Sands Smith.
Memphis—Hall County—245—F. M. Murray, G. W. Tipton.
Menardville—Menardville—328—L. P. Sieker, H. Wilson.
Meridian—Johnston—115—A. W. Sears, J. H. Johnson.
Merkel—Merkel—79—J. T. Tucker, A. A. Baker.
Mexia—J. Johnston—94—R. J. Bryant, H. W. Williams.
Minneola—Wood Co—153—J. H. Huffmaster, T. J. Goodwin.

Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner, B. Birdwell.
Mt. Pleasant—D. Jones—121—C. L. Dillahunty, J. C. Turner.
Montague—Bob Stone—93—J. T. Garrin, R. F. Crimm.
McGregor—274—J. D. Smith, W. H. Harris.
McKinney—Collin Co.—109—Col. F. M. Hill, H. C. Mack.
Mt. Vernon—B. McCulloch—300—W. T. Gass, J. J. Morris.
Mt. Enterprise—Rosser—82—T. Turner.
Murfreesboro—Palmer—81—R. Ransom, H. H. Norman.
Nacogdoches—Raguet—620—G. B. Crain, R. D. Chapman.
Navasota—H. H. Boone—102—W. E. Barry, J. H. Freeman.
New Boston—Sul Ross—287—G. H. Rea, T. J. Wattington.
Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Oakville—J. Donaldson—195—A. Coker, T. M. Church.
Orange—W. P. Love—639—B. H. Nosworthy, P. B. Curry.
Palestine—Palestine—44—J. W. Ewing, J. M. Fullinwider.
Paradise—P. Cleburne—363—A. J. Jones, L. T. Mason.
Paris—A. S. Johnston—70—O. F. Parish, S. S. Record.
Paint Rock—Jeff Davis—168—W. T. Melton, J. A. Steen.
Palo Pinto—St'wall Jackson—772—J. M. Bly, J. P. Howard.
Pearsall—Hardeman—290—R. M. Harkness, H. Maney.
Pleasanton—Val Verde—594—A. J. Rowe, J. R. Cook.
Pilot Point—Winnie Davis—479—O. A. Herne, A. M. Doran.
Portsmouth—Stonewall—758—L. P. Slater. J. Thos. Dunn.
Purcell—Robt. E. Lee—771—F. M. Fox, W. H. Owsley.
Quanah—R. E. Rodes—661—H. W. Martin, W. H. Dunson.
Richmond—F. Terry—227—P. E. Pearson, H. L. Somerville.
Ringgold—J. C. Wood—719—G. G. Buchanan, J. W. Long.
Ripley—Gen. Hood—280—W. R. M. Slaughter, J. H. Hood.
Rising Star—J. McClure—559—B. Frater, J. T. Armstrong.
Rockwall—Rockwall—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Roby—W. W. Loring—154—A. P. Kelley, V. H. Anderson.
Robert Lee—R. Coke—600—J. P. Hutchinson, H. H. Heybey.
Rockport—Rockport—610—P. H. Terry, G. F. Perreno, Sr.
Rockwell—Rockwell—74—M. S. Austin, N. C. Edwards.
Rogersville—Kyle Blevins—777—L. N. Lyle, F. A. Shotwell.
Rusk—Ross Ector—513—M. J. Whitman, T. S. Townsend.
San Antonio—A. S. Johnston—144—D. M. Poor, W. W. Sloan.
San Augustine—J. Davis—386—F. H. Tucker, G. E. Gatling.
San Saba—W. P. Rogers—322—G. Harris, A. Duggan.
Santa Anna—Lamar—371—G. W. Lappington, Will Hubert.
San Angelo—S. Sutton—605—M. Mays, J. R. Norsworthy.
San Marcos—Woods—609—W. O. Hutchinson, T. J. Peel.
Seguin—H. E. McCulloch—J. E. LeGette, ————.
Sealy—San Felipe—624—Sam Stone, N. P. Ward.
Seymour—B. Forrest—86—T. H. C. Peery, R. J. Browing.
Sherman—Mildred Lee—90—J. H. Dills, Robert Walker.
Smithville—McNeal—825—M. A. Hopkins, Wm. Plummer.
South Prairie—South Prairie—393—W. L. Hefner, ————.
Sweetwater—E. C. Walthall—92—J. M. Foy, J. H. Freeman.
Sulphur Sp'gs—Ashcroft—170—R. Henderson, M. G. Miller.
Taylor—A. S. Johnston—165—J. R. Hargis, M. B. McLain.
Tazewell—Brown-Harman—A. J. May, T. P. Bowen.
Terrell—J. E. B. Stuart—45—J. A. Anthony, V. Reinhardt.
Texarkana—A. P. Hill—269—J. M. Benefield, J. D. Gaines.
Trinity—J. E. B. Stuart—603—W. W. Dawson, I. N. Parker.
Tupelo—J. M. Stone—131—Gen. J. M. Stone, P. M. Sareny.
Tyler—A. S. Johnston—48—J. P. Douglas, B. W. Roberts.
Uralde—John R. Baylor—585—O. Ellis, W. H. Beaumont.
Van Alstyne—W. Davis—625—C. J. McKinney, J. W. Pattie.
Velasco—Velasco—592—J. R. Duke, Thos. E. Donhitt.
Vernon—Camp Cabell—125—Eugene Easton, M. D. Davis.
Victoria—Scurry—516—R. N. Weisiger, W. L. Davidson.
Waco—Pat Cleburne—222—J. D. Shaw, W. C. Cooper.
Waxahachie—Parsons C. A'n—296— ——, A. M. Dechman.
Waxahachie—W. Davis—108—J. B. Wilson, W. G. F. Ross.
Weatherford—Green—169—J. W. Squyres, M. V. Kinnison.
Wellington—C. County—257—J. H. McDowell, J. M. Yates.
Wharton—Buchell—228—L. B. Browne, Bat Smith.
Whitesboro—Reeves—288—J. W. M. Hughes, B. M. Wright.
Wichita Falls—Hardee—73—W. R. Crockett, N. A. Robinson.
Will's Point—Do.—302—A. N. Alford, W. A. Benham.
Woodville—Magnolia—588—J. B. F. Kincade, J. D. Collier.
Yoakum—Camp Hardeman—604—F. M. Tatum, T. M. Dodd.

VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Maj. Gen. Thos. A. Brander, Commander, Richmond, Va.
Col. Jos. V. Bidgood, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Richmond, Va.
Brig. Gen. T. S. Garnett, Norfolk, Va.
Brig. Gen. Micajah Woods, Charlottesville, Va.
Front Royal—Con. Vet.—804—Giles Cook, Jr., C. Grimes.
Freeshade—H.Claybrook—812—W. S. Christian, J. H. Fleet.
Lebanon—Confed. Vet.—835—J. W. Bausell, ————.
Petersburg—A. P. Hill—837—O. B. Morgan, C. A. Bishop.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Abingdon—W. E. Jones—707—A. F. Cook, T. K. Trigg.
Appomattox—Appomattox—700— ————, ————.
Berkley—N'yer-Shaw—720—L. M. Wingfield, R. Randolph.
Gordonsville—Grymes—724—C. L. Graves, R. H. Stratton.
Hampton—Lee—485—J. W. Richardson, W. T. Daugherty.
Harrisonburg—Gibbons—438—D. H. L. Martz, J. S. Messerly.
Independence—Grayson Vets—669—R. G. Bourne, ————.
Jenkins' Bridge—H. West—651—F. Fletcher, ————.
Pulaski City—J. A. Walker—721—J. Macgill, R. H. Stewart.
Radford—Wharton—443—G. C. Wharton, R. H. Adams.
Reams Station—Stuart—211—M. A. and A. B. Moncure.
Richmond—Pickett—204—R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy.
Richmond—Lee—181—K. M. VanZandt, W. M. McConnell.
Roanoke—W. Watts—205—S. S. Brooke, Hugh W. Fry.
Staunton—Jackson—469—T. D. Ransom, S. T. McCullough.
Tazewell—Confed. Veteran—726— ————, Jas. O'Keefe.
West Point—Cooke—184—D. A. T. Whiting, J. H. Phanp.
Williamsburg—McGruder-Ewell—210—J. H. Moncure, H. T. Jones.
Winchester—T. Ashby—240—J. J. Williams, P. W. Boyd.
Woodstock—Shenand'h—680—P. D. Stephenson, G.W. Miley.

Washington—Confed. Veterans' Ass'n—R. Byrd Lewis, W. Q. Lowd.

WEST VIRGINIA.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Romney—Hampshire—446—C. S. White, J. S. Pancake.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

POSTOFFICE. CAMP. NO. OFFICERS.

Washington—Washington City Confed. Ass'n—171—D. J. A. Maloney, W. Z. Lord.

ROSTER OF VIRGINIA CAMPS.

Composing the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans in That State June 30, 1896.

No. Name. Location. Commander. Adjutant.
1—R. E. Lee No. 1.—Richmond—J. T. Gray, J. T. Stratton.
2—Maury—Fredericksburg—T. F. Proctor, R. C. Hart.
3—Pickett-Buchanan—Norfolk—H. C. Woodhouse, T. B. Jackson.
4—Stonewall—Portsmouth—J. T. Crocker, J. T. Dunn.
5—R. E. Lee No. 2—Alexandria—Thos. Perry, J.C.Milburne.
6—A. P. Hill No. 1—Petersburg—O. B. Morgan, C.R.Bishop.
7—Clinton-Hatcher—Leesburg—E. V. White, W. N. Wise.
8—Garland-Rodes—Lynchburg—Kirk Otey, T. D. Jennings.
9—G. E. Pickett—Richmond—R. N. Northern, P. McCurdy.
10—R. E. Lee No. 3—Hampton—J. W. Richardson, W. T. Dougherty.
11—Urquhart-Gillette—Courtland—L. R. Edwards, W. W. White.
12—John R. Cooke—West Point—Dr. C. T. Whiting, J. H. Phaup.
13—Wm. Watts—Roanoke—T. P. Buford, Hugh W. Fry.
14—John Bowie Strange—Charlottesville—Jas. M. Garnett, W. N. Wood.
15—A. P. Hill No. 2—Culpeper—R. R. Duncan, R.D.Luttrell.
16—Ewell—Prince Wm. Co.—J. E. Harrell, B. D. Merchant.
17—Callcote-Wrenn—Isle of Wight C. H.—F. C. Roberts, N. F. Young.
18—J. E. B. Stuart No. 1—Dinwiddie C. H.—E. L. Perkins, A. T. Powell.
19—Thornton-Pickett—Farmville—S. W. Paulett, B. M. Cox.
20—Stover—Strasburg—R. D. Funkhouser, L. Hurn.
21—J. A. Early—Rocky Mount—G. M. Helms, Chas. D. Lee.
22—Turner Ashby—Winchester—J. J. Williams, P. W. Boyd.
23—Magruder-Ewell—Williamsburg—Dr. J. D. Moncure, H. T. Jones.
24—J. E. B. Stuart No. 2—Berryville, Clarke Co.—T. D. Gold, Joseph Price.
25—Stonewall Jackson—Staunton—Jed. Hotchkiss, F. B. Berkeley.
26—L.A.Armistead—Boydton—Chas. Alexander, E.B.Goode.
27—Louisa—Louisa C. H.—Wm. Kean, W. T. Meade.
28—G. C. Wharton—Radford—G. C. Wharton, R. H. Adams.
29—Page-Puller—Gloucester C. H.—Chas. Catlett, M. Jones.
30—Niemyer-Shaw—Berkeley—J. S. Whitworth, E. Rudd.
31—John W. Rowan—Charleston, W. Va.—Rev. Dr. A. C. Hopkins, C. F. Gallaher.
32—Lee-Jackson—Lexington—J. C. Boude, W. C. Steuart.
33—Jas. F. Preston—Christianburg—H. D. Wade, J.H.Kipps.
34—H. A. Carrington—Smithville—W. H. Smith, J.B.Faris.
35—Wm. S. Grymes—Gordonsville— C. L. Graves, R. H. Stratton.
36—Magruder—Newport News—G.W. Nelms, T. N. Eubank.

37—Highland—Monterey—J. C. Matheny, O. Wilson.
38—H. A. Wise-W. H. F. Lee—Lunenburg—Stith Bolling, R. A. Moore.
39—Lane-Diggs—Mathews C. H.—J. B. Donovan, S. Smith.
40—J. C. Carpenter—Covington—J. J. Hobbs, S.S.Carpenter.
41—Appomattox—Appomattox C. H.—R. B. Poore, T. J. Stratton.
42—Jas. A. Walker—Pulaski—C. L. Teaney, R. H. Stewart.
43—Bath—Warm Springs—Wm. M. McAllister, Geo. Mustoe.
44—Tom Smith—Suffolk—T. W. Smith, John F. Lotzia.
45—J. B. Evans—Blacksburg—M. D. Bennett, J. C. Grissom.
46—Collins-Garnett—King George C. H.—W. A. Smith, E. L. Hunter.
47—Peachy-Gilmer-Br'k'ridge—Fincastle—M. V. B. Hickok, W. G. Pettigrew.
48—Kemper-Strother-Fry—Madison—A. N. Funks, J. M. Rosser.
49—Wright-Latane——Tappahannock—T. R. B. Wright, Wm. Campbell.
50—J. E. Johnston No. 1—Bedford City—Samuel Griffin, W. H. Mosby.
51—W. B. Newton—Ashland—Richard Irby, B. K. Cocke.
52—Lawson-Ball—Lancaster—J. C. Ewell, T. A. Pinckard.
53—Pickett Stuart—Nottoway C. H.—J. C. Harrison, E. S. Deane.
54—Fluvanna—Palmyra—Wm. B. Pettit, B. W. Taylor.
55—Wm. Terry—Wytheville—J.H. Fulton, Robt. Gleaves.
56—Brown-Harman—Tazewell—A. J. May, T. P. Bowen.
57—Healy-Claybrook—Saluda—Wm. S. Christian,J.H.Fleet.
58—Westmoreland—Hague—R. J.Washington, J.W.C.Davis.
59—J. E. Johnston No. 2—Manchester—A. C. Attkisson, J. T. Butler.
60—Myers-Riddlebarger—Edenburg—R. M. Lantz, J. B. Sheffler.
61—Irving—Buckingham C. H.—J. T. Rogers, J. C. Hanes.
62—Jim Pleasants—Goochland C. H.—G. F. Harrison, H. H. Hoye.
63—J. E. Johnston No. 3—Lignum—J. M. Harris, D. J. Kyle.
64—Stuart-Hairston—Martinsville—W. W. Morris, J. B. C. Ambrose.
65—Gibson-McCready—Marion—A. G. Pendleton, J. H. Gollehon.
66—Ball-Betts-Stakes—Heathsville—Hiram E. Coles, Slater Cowert.
67—Chamblis-Barham—Emporia—A. W. Furgerson, E. L. Turner.
68—Geo. H. Summers—Shenandoah—R. S. Pritchett, J. E. Price.
69—Hupp-Deyerle—Salem—R. H. Logan, G. W. Zirkle.
70—Brunswick—Lawrenceville—F. G. Jones, F. E. Buford.
71—Richmond Co.—Warsaw—W. A. Brockenbrough, O. M. Le Moine.
72—McElhaney—Lebanon—H. H. Dickenson, J. W. Bausell.
73—Marr—Fairfax C. H.—J. Owens Berry, I. Cooper.
74—Blue Ridge—Buena Vista—C. F. Jordan, J. L. Adair.
75—Henry Gantt—Scottsville—J. C. Hill, J. C. Hall.
76—Cabell-Graves—Danville—E. B. Withers, R. A. Walters.
77—Mercer—Bluefield, W. Va.—J. M. French, W. A. Cooper.
78—Wise—Buckingham C. H.—J. W. Fisher, R.R.Saunders.
79—Edmunds—Kentuck—R. W. Townes, Robt. Bradley.
80—Pridemore—Jonesville—C. T. Duncan, J. A. G. Hyatt.
81—Giles—Pearisburg—D. C. French, ————.
82—Bagby-Smith-Fox—King and Queen C. H.—Theo. Courtney, ————.
83—Halifax—Halifax C. H.— ————, ————.

There were present at Richmond, from 72 of the 83 camps, 5,386. R. E. Lee Camp No. 1 reported 260; Mercer Camp, at Bluefield, and J. E. Johnston Camp, at Bedford City, each 200; Stonewall Camp, at Portsmouth, 175; Camps Geo. E. Pickett, Richmond; A. P. Hill No. 2, Culpeper; Turney Ashby, Winchester, each 150, while there were 100 and over of various other camps.

The foregoing lists are as accurate as can well be expected.

AN HOUR IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

BY MRS. MAY M. ANDERSON.

The haze of Indian summer lay
Across the dreamy hills,
And plaintive murmurs filled the air
From Nature's hidden rills.
A mourner clad in sombre black,
With proud, but gentle face,
Stood by three narrow grass-grown graves.
With thoughtful, tender grace,
She strewed white blossoms o'er the mounds,
Then turned her tearful eyes
Where thirty thousand brave ones slept
Beneath the sun-lit skies.

"The dear South gave her bravest, best,
And gave them all in vain!"
She sighed, as bitter memories woke
A tide of grief and pain.
A human rosebud, fair and sweet,
Her Hubert's wilful Rose,
Ran gayly up and clasped her hand.
"Oh, grandma, see! He knows
Just how dear grandpa fell! He saw
The awful charge that day!"
She cried, and pointed down the path,
Her young voice blithe and gay.

The mourner turned, then caught her breath;
A soldier, clad in blue,
With silvered hair and stately tread,
Had met her startled view.
He drew more near. She turned her eyes
Upon each grass-grown grave
Where slept her dead. The soldier paused.
"Here rest three warriors brave,"
He gently said, and on the mounds
Laid rosebuds pure and white.
She turned and faced him, then, her eyes
With bitter memories bright.

He read her heart—the sorrow there,
The suffering and the pride—
And to his eyes a tear-drop sprang
He did not care to hide.
Sweet, wilful Rose, with childish grace,
Reached upward, and he stooped
And raised her to his stalwart breast.
The mourner's eyelids drooped.
And sudden tears ran down her cheeks,
For in that simple act
She saw the bitter past was dead!
Could she accept the fact?

She trembled, wavered, saw the child
Smile in the stranger's face;
Then watched him stroke her sunny hair
Till tears to smiles gave place
Her smiles were sadder than her tears.
The soldier reached across,
And o'er the mounds their hands were clasped;
The gold was freed from dross.
She never saw his face again,
But o'er her shadowed way
The tide of universal love
Holds calm and peaceful sway.

Nashville, Tenn.

MONUMENT IN HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.

CONFEDERATE HEROES AND MARTYRS.

B. L. RIDLEY, MURFREESBORO, TENN.

History tells us of martyrs and their sacrifices for principles. Among the notable in Reformation days were those of Ridley and Latimer, who perished in the flames in 1555. Their words, as devotees to their convictions, are our heritage. At the sight of the flames, Latimer exclaimed, "Be of good cheer, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." Ridley replied, "Be of good heart, Brother Latimer, for God will either assuage the flames or else give us strength to endure them." It was just this kind of conviction, although of a political nature, that prompted the soldiers of the South.

D S JOBE.

Those to which I refer were private soldiers. Dee S. Jobe was a scout, and of the famous men commanded by "Coleman." Jobe lived near Mechanicsville, Rutherford County, Tennessee. He was only a boy of twenty years. Detailed from the Twentieth Tennessee and ordered into the lines of the Federals from Bragg's army, he had fallen to sleep in a thicket and some one gave notice of his hiding place and he fell into the hands of the enemy. They dubbed him "bushwhacker," but offered to spare his life if he would tell of his comrades and of their proposed meeting place. Jobe declined and they tortured him to death by putting out his eyes and pulling out his tongue. The leader who had him killed became a raving maniac in contemplating his bloody deed. He said that Jobe was the bravest man he ever saw.

Some of his comrades of the Coleman Scouts who survived the war, after a fitting preamble, resolved, "That while we regret, with the sorrow of our inmost souls, D. S. Jobe's cruel fate, we can but recollect with pride how nobly he died—strangled, beaten and abused; yet he defied his persecutors to the end.

"Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame though not in life."

The signatures to that paper are given to show their membership.

H. B. Shaw, Captain; Wm. Roberts, Geo. D. Hughes, Jno. G. Davis, James T. Patterson, W. H. Portch, Sam Roberts, Alex. Greig, J. T. Brown, A. H. Douglas, T. M. Joplen, L. A. Owen, N. J. Vaughn, W. J. Moore, Richard Anderson, J. M. Shute.

DEE SMITH.

There is a sequel to Jobe's tragic end that in sentiment and devotion is as beautiful as that of Damon and Pythias or of Jonathan and David. Jobe had a kinsman and brother scout, Dee Smith, a neighbor and friend. When he was told of Jobe's torture and persecution he grew desperate and his mind became unhinged. He left the Forty-fifth Tennessee Regiment near Chattanooga, raised the black flag and declared that henceforth he would never take a prisoner. It is asserted that he slew not less than fifty of his enemies. At last they surrounded him near Nolensville, Tenn., and shot him. Afterward they brought him twenty miles from Nolensville to Murfreesboro. Although in excruciating pain when the doctors probed his wounds, he said that he would die before his enemies should see him flinch. Fortunately, he died before noon of the next day, at which time he was to be hanged.

John Bowman, a member of Col. Paul Anderson's Cavalry, was cut off in Hood's retreat and took shelter near Murfreesboro, his home. They caught him near Drennon, a town midway between Murfreesboro and Lebanon, and tied him to a tree. Instead of begging for his life, he defied and heaped epithets upon his captors until they, in frenzied rage, riddled him with bullets.

I had an experience with Bowman in 1864 that showed his recklessness and want of fear. While Hood was environing Nashville and Forrest was dashing upon Murfreesboro, seventy-five "Yanks" had been in a block-house near Smyrna depot, guarding the railroad between Nashville and Murfreesboro. Things were getting so "squally" that they left for their fortress at Murfreesboro. Four Rebs had slipped through from Hood's army to see home-folks, John Bowman among them. They looked up the pike and saw it black with blue coats. The

idea naturally was that they were so badly frightened a shot or two would stampede them, and that

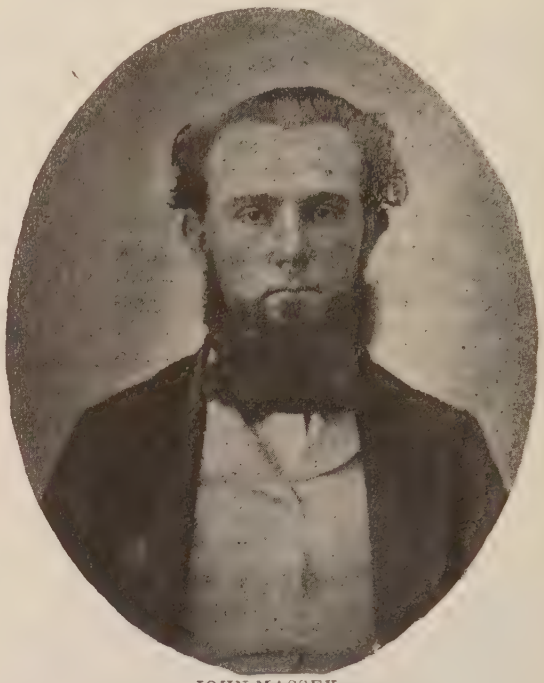
JOHN BOWMAN.

we would get at least their wagons and teams. Knowing every pig path, they rushed through cedars and ensconced themselves in a thicket on Searcy's farm alongside of the old road. As the seventy-five marched along each Reb on his horse drew his Navy and fired. Did they run? Well, "never in the wide world." I can hear that Yankee officer now cry, "Halt! Right wheel! Fire!"

They peeled the saplings, made shot holes through our clothes and saddles; it looked like demons had turned loose upon us, and it seemed that they would kill us in spite of fate. We got over the hill after a time; they did not pursue—nor did we. Bowman wanted to go back and attack again, but the rest of us demurred. We dubbed that battle "Hardup," for if ever there was a hard time getting out of a thicket, that was one. Did we get wagons? No; did not want them. Capture "Yanks?" No; we were glad enough to save scalps. It was John Bowman's recklessness that induced four of us to attack seventy-five! One of the young men, only fourteen at that time, (Dr. G. W. Crosthwaite, of Florence, Tenn.,) and who received only this baptism of fire during the great war, often now speaks of the "battle of Hardup" as one which ought to be recorded.

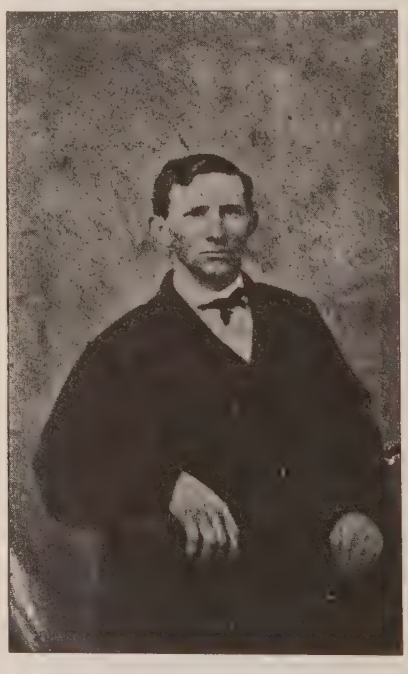
Another example of filial affection is portrayed in the character of John Massey who was shot at Fayetteville, Tenn. He came into the Federal lines to visit his brother. They heard he was a bushwhacker and in attempting his arrest got hold of his brother through mistake. Hearing of this, Massey went to Fayetteville, gave himself up, told the "Yanks" that they had the wrong man, that his brother was a non-combatant, of large family, and although he himself was not a bushwhacker, but a regular soldier, he was the man they wanted. The enemy released the brother and shot poor Massey in his stead. Oh, how beautiful a sentiment and what a tie of affection, of brotherly love! Fayetteville ought to mark the spot made sacred by his martyrdom.

The acts of these soldiers show the grit out of which the Southern Soldier was made. Will not some man favored by fortune immortalize himself and do posterity a service by paying a knightly tribute to the Private's worth? "Some sweet day" won't there be a cenotaph erected, not only to com-



JOHN MASSEY.

memorate Southern valor, but American bravery, as emphasized by soldiers of the South? Daughters of the Confederacy, won't you undertake it? If so, it will be well done. ———



TOM JOPLIN.

Here is another unsung hero. He escaped the perils of war miraculously, although shot many times—Tom Joplin, familiarly known in the army as "Jop." There was no more faithful scout in the service. He is living near Franklin now and in good health. It is a treat to hear him tell of his hairbreadth escapes and perilous missions with Sam Davis, Dee Jobe, Dee Smith and other associate scouts. He was often left for dead, but always turned up when the enemy contemplated a move. Joplin was shot the evening before Sam Davis was captured, near Bainbridge. He had left Davis only a short time; he also had important messages for General Bragg and although he was dangerously wounded, he pushed on, at the peril of his life, until they were delivered.

CROSSING OVER INTO MARYLAND.

J. B. Polley to "Charming Nellie," October 8, '62, continued:

"Ugh-igh!" exclaimed Bob Murray on the morning of September 5th, with an emphatic crescendo inflection on the last syllable. "Darned if I don't believe all the ice houses in Western Maryland were emptied into this river last night." We were wading the Potomac, bent on effacing the print of the "despot's heel" from "Maryland's shore," and Dick had just stumbled over a rock in the middle of the channel and gone under, head and ears. With less reason than he, I was of the same opinion. The coldness of the water, however, was more than equaled by the frigidity of the welcome extended. Not even the dulcet strains of "Maryland, My Maryland," evoked from half submerged instruments by Collins' band, aroused the enthusiasm of the people; and no arms opened to receive, no fires blazed to warm, and no feast waited to feed us, as wet, shivering and hungry, we stepped out of the water and set our feet on Maryland's soil. * * That day Jack Sutherland and I straggled; he, because of a sore heel, and I, because I wished to escape the heat and dust I should encounter if I remained in the ranks. Next morning, on our way to rejoin the command on the Monocacy, near Frederick City, we ran across three Georgians butchering a beef. Being totally ignorant of the deliciousness of a cowboy's tidbits, the sweetbread and marrow-gut, they generously consented to our appropriation of those rare and dainty gastronomic delicacies. * * * On this occasion, if never before, Jack was a trifle too greedy, and, to use a bit of slang, the singularly exhaustive expressiveness of which justifies a departure from the rules of rhetoric, "cut off more than he could chaw." Of course, each divided with the other, and then, smacking our lips in anticipation of the treat in store for us when we reached the frying pans of our respective messes, hastened on to camp. But, alas! while neither I nor my mess had the least cause for complaint, Jack and his did, and he was denounced by his messmates in terms more forcible than elegant for his carelessness in both selection and division.

Leaving the Monocacy on the 9th, we moved on to Hagerstown and encamped on the grassy banks of a beautiful clear stream of water. * * * With trembling pen, and an ashamed heart, I must confess that at that particular juncture in my career as a soldier, I was, according to the polite but graphic language of our camp Chesterfields, "quite insectuous." Only persons who have been similarly afflicted can realize the joy I felt when a happy chance—an apparently providential interposition in my behalf—furnished me, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, with a change of raiment. The clear stream of water came in then most handily for the extensive and laborious ablutions rendered obligatory by my keen sense of the fitness of things.

Being in a portion of Maryland never before depredated on by an army, rations were abundant, even if evidences of the good will of the people were few and far between. Willingly would we have remained longer at Hagerstown, but it was not to be. "Grim visaged war" again showed "his wrinkled front," and blew his blasts in our ears; the sound of cannon back in the direction of Frederick City proclaimed that "Little Mac" was coming after our scalps, and, within an hour, our Brigade was on the march to Boonesboro Gap.

The desire of Gen. "Shank" Evans to have his Brigade of South Carolinians assigned to Whiting's Division, on the day after the enemy was routed at Second Manassas, was, at first blush, a compliment; we had no objection to sharing the honors of the future with a Brigade which had gained renown at Ball's Bluff. But the desire appeared so soon to be wholly self-serving that we regretted our complaisance and would willingly have foregone the flattery. Evans' commission as Brigadier General antedated that of Hood, and this gave him command of the Division in the absence of Gen. Whiting. When, therefore, Evans' first act of authority was an unwarranted demand on Hood to turn over to Evans' Quartermaster a lot of nice ambulances Texas scouts had captured, and which had been appropriated to our use and benefit, and when Hood, refusing, was placed under arrest by Evans and deprived of Command, the indignation of the Texans was all the deeper because of the necessity of suppressing it. Nor did it find audible expression until the sound of the enemy's guns on the 14th of September, and the sight of our beloved General riding, with bowed head, in the rear of the men who trusted him, emphasized the outrage and forced an appeal to supreme authority. Gen. Lee sat on his horse by the side of the road, almost within reach of the enemy's guns, and each Texan as he passed joined in the meaning refrain to the deep-seated resolve: "If there's any fighting to be done by the Texas Brigade, Hood must command it." Understanding the full significance of the demand, Lee raised his hat courteously, and replied laconically, "You shall have him, gentlemen," and immediately despatched an aid to inform Hood of his release from arrest. The men began to cheer, but when our gallant General, his head uncovered and his face proud and joyful, galloped by to his rightful place at the head of the column, the cheers deepened into a roar that drowned the volleys of the hundred cannon that were even then vengefully thundering at the Gap.

Mounted on a good horse, I turned short to the right and, after riding all night, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, whence I proceeded up the Shenandoah Valley to Staunton. Having so far devoted this letter so exclusively to "feats of broil and battle," "little would I grace my cause" by descending to a monotonous story of traveling among a friendly and hospitable people. Indeed, the trivial incidents of that journey would afford but slight entertainment, even were this a time of peace, much less when every Southern heart is enlisted in the great and glorious cause for which our soldiers are laying down their lives. Nor shall I attempt any description of a battle in which I did not participate. * * * When I rejoined the Brigade it was encamped here near an immense spring of clear, cold water. Looking about me for the faces

of men endeared to me by common suffering and danger, I missed many. Some of them were killed outright at Sharpsburg; many were wounded, and of a few, the best and worst that could be said was that they had been reported as "missing."

The brunt of the battle on that part of the Confederate line occupied by Hood's Brigade at Sharpsburg fell upon the First Texas, and they bore it like the heroes they are. Even if they did lose their flag—their color-bearer being killed at a time when the enemy was pressing the Regiment too vigorously for its members to attend to any duty but shooting—they proved by their unflinching gallantry that, given the same opportunities, either one of our Texas Regiments could be depended upon to do all that mortals may to win victory and punish a foe. Using the expressive nomenclature of camp, I may say that at Gaines' Mill it was the "hell-roaring" Fourth Texas that carried off the honors; at Second Manassas it was the "bloody" Fifth, and at Sharpsburg it was the ragged First.

Anent, the matter of that lost flag. It was a long, lean private of the Sixth North Carolina who administered a retort courteous to a would be wag of the First Texas. The Regiments were passing each other, two or three days after the battle, and the representative of the Lone Star State, with more wit than discretion, sang out to the Sixth: "Halloa, Fellers! Have you a good supply of tar on your heels this morning?" "Yes," answered the long, lean man, pleasantly, but too pointedly to be misunderstood; "and it's a real pity you'uns didn't come over and borrow a little the other day; it mout have saved that flag o' your'n."

Nearly two months of incessant marching and battling in heat, dust, mud and rain, and of exposure to all the perils of active campaigning in front of a largely outnumbering enemy, have made this rest at Winchester a very pleasant one. We have little to do but eat, drink, sleep and talk. The officer who would suggest drilling the Veterans of the brilliant campaign just ended, would merit summary dismissal from the service. * * * Their fond mothers are sensible in keeping Tom R— and Dick M— within their reach. While those two bravest of the brave were dancing attendance on you ladies, eating fried chicken and drinking pure coffee three times a day, sleeping under mosquito bars at night, and taking their noon-day siestas in hammocks, with a darkey on each side to brush away the flies, I footed it from Richmond to Manassas, and from Manassas to Hagerstown, carrying an average weight of forty pounds, sleeping on the ground, often wet to the skin, sometimes choked by dust, always hungry, generally tired, and upon various occasions giving the Yankees, whom Tom and Dick hate so bitterly, every opportunity to kill me that good marksmen could desire. While I have not yet "shuffled off this mortal coil," there is no telling when I may be called upon to be a martyr, and it seems to me I would take the risks twice as cheerfully if Tom and Dick were only here to share them with me. Pardon my apparent egotism. My experience is not singular; every man in Lee's army has done as much, the majority of them a great deal more in the way of hard, toilsome and dangerous service for country. And pray don't mention what I have said to Tom and Dick; they would think me envious of their good fortune, and I am. Can't you persuade the one you like the least to exchange with me?

THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL DAY.

A. W. Riecke, Charleston, S. C.: During the late celebration of "Memorial Day" my thoughts were brought to the diversity of dates on which the same was held. In our city, and most of the state, the 10th of May, the anniversary of "Stonewall" Jackson's death was from the first chosen as the proper day. Others celebrate the 26th of April, which I do not regard as a proper date, as it has no connection with our dead, though to me, as one of those whom Gen. Johnston surrendered, the day is sad enough. Others, again, have other dates, to suit fancy and circumstances, I suppose. Now why can't our people, like those of the North, unite on one day and make it a general thing? It would certainly make the day and its celebration a more solemn one to know that all our people over the whole South were at one time engaged in the sacred duty of remembering those who died for us. Instead of every little hamlet or village, town or city, having its own separate day, can't this be brought about? I think it can, but it only can be through the influence and help of the veterans that are left. I think I read of some such effort at the Houston Reunion, but there it seems to have ended, as I have seen no revival at the late one. I believe some good can be done through the columns of your valued journal, and I therefore bring it to your attention. I feel sure you will agree with me in this; and, if possible, further the same.

The Veteran commends most earnestly the above suggestion. Long ere this, doubtless, a date would have been agreed upon but for the variableness of the flower period. Tennessee is using June 3rd, the birthday of Jefferson Davis. That date is too late. While 26th of April and 10th of May, as named above, seem good enough dates, The Veteran suggests the first Saturday in May for all the South.

At the annual reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade in Huntsville, Texas, June 22nd and 23rd, new officers were elected as follows: President, Capt. J. E. Anderson, Jewett, Texas; Vice-President, J. B. Polley, Floresville, Texas; Secretary, Geo. A. Branard, Houston; Treasurer, J. C. Loggins, Ennis.

At our final meeting on the 23rd, an Association of the Sons and Daughters of Hood's Texas Brigade was organized. Mrs. A. V. Winkler was elected "Mother" of the Association, and the following officers elected: R. W. Brahan, Huntsville, President; Miss Eula Gee, Velasco, Vice-President; Miss Minnie Hunter, Huntsville, Secretary; A. A. Allison, Huntsville, Treasurer. The Sons and Daughters of members of Hood's Texas Brigade wishing to join will send their names to the Secretary, giving the father's Company and Regiment.

AN ARKANSAS BOY'S ESCAPE.

(As told me by the veteran of to-day.)

Mrs. Joe Wright Crump, Harrison, Ark.:

We boys—that is, Pole Crump, Charlie Ramsey, Jim Leach, Charlie Lucas, Ed. Allan, and myself—held a consultation to devise some means of escape from the Federals. We thought it expedient at first to capture the boat and "run her ashore;" but the idea was abandoned.

I then determined to jump overboard; and about nine o'clock the night of May 23, 1863, I divested myself of all outer clothing, stealthily crept into the wheelhouse, let all hold go, and, with a leap, a plunge, went down behind the wheel into the Mississippi. My plan was to hold my breath, go under the water, come to the top, and get air at intervals, so as to avoid the espionage of the sentinels and prevent strangulation. I took advantage of the current, and swam down stream about a mile, and landed on the Kentucky shore. There I waited and "owled" for my comrades, Leach and Lucas, who agreed to follow. As I received no response, I concluded to devise some way to cross the river in order to travel in the direction of home.

I made a raft by rolling two logs together and fastening them securely with a grapevine, and then I launched my rude bark on the "Father of Waters." The logs were heavy, and my paddle (which was a piece of plank which I found in a driftwood) was small, and my progress very slow. When midway the stream, I discovered a boat coming down the river loaded with Federal soldiers; but they stopped for wood, and gave me a chance to "pull for the shore." When I arrived on the western bank, I destroyed my raft and struck out through the swamps. Being barefooted, the brambles and briers pricked my feet until I could not travel fast enough to keep up warmth and circulation; but, seeing some hewed logs, I ran to and fro on them till sunrise, when I resumed my journey westward.

About noon I left the swamps and struck a settlement; but, as my garb was not presentable, I had to surround every house and plantation. At three o'clock in the afternoon I found myself in the suburbs of New Madrid, Mo. I ran to the first barn I saw, and sent a negro to the house with the request that his master would send me a pair of pants. He soon returned with a pair of Federal cavalry pants, much too long; but I donned the "blue" with much satisfaction, not being very particular then as to size or color. As I suspected from the pants that the master must be Federal, I hurriedly made my way to the rural districts. I hid in the woods, and took off my canteen, in which I had deposited some Confederate money and crackers before I made my leap from the boat. I relished the crackers, as they were the first morsel that I had tasted since the night before.

When it was "good dark," I ventured to a farmhouse, and asked the good woman of the house for my supper. "Take a seat, and I will prepare your supper," was her answer; but the question bothering me was: Would the money I had pass and pay for the meal? As a trial, I offered the madam a bill of Jackson money, with the inquiry: "Is it good?" She replied: "It has been good, and I suppose that if the Confederacy stands it will be good for all time to come." "Madam, are you a rebel?" "I am a Southern woman; call me what you please."

During supper (which was unusually good to me) I said to the hostess: "It is strange that you, a Southern woman, should set such a palatable meal before a Federal soldier." She replied: "My sympathies are with the South, but my Bible teaches me to feed the hungry, clothe the naked; and no human being in distress ever appeals to me in vain." I knew at once that I was under the roof of a woman loyal to her home and religion, and then I told her that I was an escaped rebel prisoner. She readily told me that her husband would soon be in and render me all the assistance in his power to make my way into Southern lines. When introduced to the husband, he took me to his room and gave me a pair of new boots and a waybill with the names of all friends (loyal to the South) on my route. My host informed me that his next neighbor was a Union man, and that the Federal officers were there daily; and when I came in sight of this particular place, I climbed the fence and went through the fields to surround the house.

In the fields I found cavalry horses grazing, and, capturing a horse I took to be an officer's, I tied my canteen strap on his underjaw, and undertook to ride a while. I soon discovered some men in front of me, and, expecting pickets, I dismounted, tied my horse to the rail, and climbed the fence to get near the supposed pickets, when I found only a tree burning. I retraced my steps to mount my horse; but he had given me the slip, and I was "afoot again." In my anxiety to evade the towns, I bore too far to the right, and was soon in the swamps again, while the rain poured in torrents, and an old stooping tree was my only shelter.

Daylight brought no cessation of rain, but I resumed my journey (as I thought) westward. About eleven o'clock I came to an old house that seemed to be abandoned. On entering, I found a bunk in the corner, on which were lying two U. S. blankets. There was no furniture in the shanty, but the floor was covered with squirrel skins and turkey feathers, and the empty gun-rack over the door led me to believe I had found the refuge of a deserter or hunter. I found some matches, kindled a fire, and dried my clothes, when the sight of a frying pan, skillet, and coffeepot suggested something to eat. In the way of provisions I found bacon, meal, salt, and "Lincoln Coffee," to which I helped myself. After satisfying the inner man, I swept the floor with a turkey wing, and bade the hut good-bye. The rain had ceased, and with the sunshine to cheer, I took my bearings and again started through the swamp in a southwestern direction, thinking if I could master the Mississippi, I could the swamps. I waded in water to my waist and until I couldn't touch bottom, and then I climbed a tree, and as far as my eye could reach, I could see nothing but water.

I retraced my steps, and late in the afternoon I landed on "terra firma," near a farm house. On inquiry I found I was near the first man on my list, whose name was Sydner. Mr. S. had a son in Bowen's regiment; but when I introduced myself, he

was much agitated, and told me that my capture would result in his ruin. Before I left him, however, he filled my pockets with good things to eat, and gave me directions how to surround the towns. My boots were hurting my feet, so I strung and tied them across my shoulders on a stick, and while traveling in this plight I was overtaken by a small boy, who wanted to know if I was an escaped rebel prisoner. He said his mother was Southern, and if I would go home with him they would help me. He made an excuse to stop, which aroused my suspicion, and I went on intercepting the main thoroughfare leading to the plank road. Suspicious of treachery, I left the road and hid behind a tree to await further developments. While here a squad of cavalry came dashing down the road, and after the men had passed I resumed my journey.

The next morning I traded my boots for a coat that had been used for a saddle blanket, and after taking dinner with a Mr. Franklin (one of the faithful), I exchanged my Yankee cap and pants for an old white hat and a pair of butternut breeches. I evaded every traveler, but that afternoon at a short turn in the road, I met a gentleman, who, good-naturedly, said: "Hello, my lad! are you the chap that jumped off the boat?" I denied it, and claimed to be a laborer; but he said: "I am a Southerner, and if you are a rebel, I want to help you." I looked him in the face and told him he seemed to be an honest man, and I would trust him. "You haven't the cap and pants of yesterday, but I believe you are the same boy; so get up behind and go home with me."

That evening I crossed the plank road and went to Col. Clarke's, who was a Confederate Colonel, and whose wife informed me that a scout of Confederates had passed that morning, going in the direction of Bloomfield. I was happy to be in Southern lines again, and the next morning, after a bountiful breakfast, I started bright and early to find the boys in gray.

I crossed the St. Francis River, and was once more on Arkansas soil. I stopped over night at Gainesville, where I procured more decent clothes, the purchase of which exhausted my funds. After going through Cash River swamp, and passing Pocahontas, on Black River, I stopped with a Mr. Houston, where I engaged work at $1 per day. At Point Remove, on the Arkansas River, I met with Judge Walker, of Fayetteville, an old friend of my father. When I introduced myself to him, he suspected that I had deserted the army. I told him I had deserted the Federals. "My God, my boy! you haven't joined the Federals?" "No, sir; I was a prisoner, jumped off the boat, swam to the shore, and I am now trying to make my way home." Then the dear old man threw his arms around my neck, and told me I could have all the help I needed to get home. He led me to the lot, and bade me pick out the best horse I could find, and loaned me fifty dollars in money (to be returned with interest when I whipped it out of the Yankees). In good faith "I promised to pay," and with a glad heart mounted my steed and started across Boston Mountains for my home in Washington County, Arkansas.

I had to rub my eyes to see if I was really nearing home when I passed the old schoolhouse of which I had dreamed in the Mississippi bottoms when camp songs were my lullabies. Even the old trees that stood as so many sentinels to guard the spot of my boyish games seemed to welcome me. My two brothers, six and eight years old, were playing in the spring branch when I rode up and bade them good-morning. "How long have you lived here, boys?" "We've been living here all the time, stranger," replied the least boy; and when I laughed, he knew me. Then mother was called, and the joy of meeting her, and of being home again, recompensed me for all the perils I had encountered in my escape from the Federals.

HISTORIC INTERESTS IN LOUISIANA.

The Association of the Army of Tennessee, Camp No. 2. United Confederate Veterans of New Orleans, sent out a circular sometime since in regard to the report of the Historical Committee, United Confederate Veterans, and in a series of resolutions set forth that "as Louisiana was the first State after the war to inaugurate a Southern Historical Society, afterward removed to Richmond, Va., and since has organized and now possesses in Memorial Hall of the Louisiana Historical Association, New Orleans, the largest, most complete and valuable collection of war papers, relics and battle flags in the South, it is incumbent on us not to be behind in pushing the historical objects of the United Confederate Veteran organization.

"Also that the various camps of the division are called on to encourage the writing and reading at their meetings of papers concerning incidents of the war, personal and official, descriptive of battles or campaigns, or relating to the history of companies, battalions or regiments, that such papers and all relics, flags, official orders, rolls, rosters, letters or other documents bearing on military or political occurrences of the war, which members of camps may have or control, should be sent for safekeeping, either as a gift or as a loan, to the custody of the Louisiana Historical Association, at their fireproof building, Memorial Hall, the headquarters of the United Confederate Veterans Association, and of the Louisiana division thereof.

State pride should stimulate the writing of such papers, the collection of such relics and documents and the retaining of them in our midst, that our students of history may find at hand material for their investigation.

And the Major General of the Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, is hereby requested to petition the Governor of the State and the next Legislature in conformity with the plan suggested by the Historical Committee, either directly or indirectly, or by Committee, as he may judge best."

Mrs. G. H. Jones, Springfield, Mo.:—Please inquire through the Veteran for information concerning my grandfather, Julius Tucker. He enlisted in the Confederate Army at Clarksville, Ark., in 1862. I heard that he was killed in Texas sometime in 1863, but have never been able to obtain any of the particulars of his death. Any information concerning his fate will be gratefully received.

THE ROBERT A. SMITH MONUMENT.

John C. Rietti of the Tenth Mississippi:

A monument was unveiled at Munfordville, Kentucky to the memory of this gallant soldier, September 17, 1874. On that day Fort Craig was surrendered by the Union forces under Col. Durham to the Confederates under Gen. Bragg. Three days before it had been attacked under the orders of Gen. Chalmers, and in the sanguinary battle the Tenth Mississippi Regiment sustained the brunt of the fire and was almost decimated. Its commander, Col. Robt. A. Smith, fell mortally wounded while leading the charge, and in testimony of the gallantry of his troops they were deputed to receive the empty honor of the enemy, and surrender three days later. On the twenty-second anniversary of the victory, the monument to the memory of Col. Smith was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies. It was erected by his brother Mr. James Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland, who, with his daughter, son and several friends had crossed the Atlantic to be present on the occasion. The engagement took place on the south side of Green River, just opposite Munfordville. In front of the residence of Mr. A. L. Woodson, the Union forces had constructed some earthworks, which they named Fort Craig. It was also a depot of supplies, and Gen. Chalmers, who had been ordered by Gen. Bragg to intercept a supply train at Cave City, thought the capture could be easily effected.

It was supposed that the Fort was held by about 3,500 recruits, but a fatal mistake was made in the carelessness of the attack. The regiments engaged were the Seventh, Ninth, Tenth, Twenty-ninth and Forty-fourth Mississippi, the Tenth being under Command of Col. Smith. The enemy was strongly entrenched, and an abattis of felled beech trees, with their thick interlacing branches, was a death trap to the assailants. Col. Smith was shot down while leading his command, as was Lieutenant-Colonel Ballard and several other gallant officers. After much severe loss an armistice was agreed upon, and Chalmers withdrew. Three days later, however, Gen. Bragg moved up, and Col. Dunham, who succeeded Col. Wilder in command, surrendered Fort Craig with about 4,500 men, ordinance and large supplies. The number of Confederates engaged in the disastrous battle was only about 1,200 to 1,300.

The Federal troops surrendered consisted of the Seventeenth, Forty-third, Sixty-seventh, and Sixty-eighth Indiana Regiments; Company of Louisville Cavalry, a part of the Fourth Ohio and a section of Thirteenth Indiana Battery 4,500 men. The Monument is twenty feet high and is one solid stone weighing twenty tons.

The Legislature of the State appropriated 500 dollars for removal of remains of all who fell at Munfordsville in the Smith Monument enclosure.

B. M. Cantrell, Esq., Smithville, Tenn.:—On the 25th of June I witnessed the burial of one of Tennessee's best soldiers. James Greer, who was but a beardless boy, enlisted in Company C., 23rd Tennessee Volunteers, commanded by Col. Mat Martin. He was with the command until the war closed, ever at his post, and walked home in May, '65. He did service at Fort Donaldson, at Shiloh, was wounded at Perryville by a gunshot, and was ever lame afterwards. He was in the battle of Chickamauga. After that his command was transferred to Longstreet's Corps, Bushrod Johnson's Division, Fulton's Brigade, and he served the remainder of the war in Virginia. He fought at Drewery's Bluff, Hatcher's Run, and at Petersburg. June 17, '64, he was wounded in the jaw, by a bayonet, loseing some of his teeth. This was a hand-to-hand fight. The enemy succeeded in taking and holding the entrenchment. In that engagement he lost his brother, John Greer. He was in various other battles before the surrender of Lee's Army. I cannot believe there were two brothers in the late war that had better bravery. Brave heroes were James and John Greer.

J. P. Randolph, Springtown, Texas:—Will some survivor of the horrors of Ft. Delaware after January 1, '63, please inform me if one James A. Randolph, of the Twelfth Battalion Tennessee Cavalry, was ever known there? If so, what was his fate? This information will be a great relief to his widow, children and only brother.

NAVAL BATTLE ON MEXICAN GULF.

Tom Hall, of Louisville, Ky., sends this:

Possibly one of the fiercest, yet sublimely beautiful, battles that was fought during the Confederate War was a naval engagement between four small crafts on the side of the Confederacy, and three large frigates of war on the Northern side, which occurred on the morning of April 4th, 1862, in the Mississippi Sound, full abreast of Biloxi.

The morning was very dark but clear, and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico were as calm and quiet as they were ever known to be; in fact, so pacific that the flashes of the great guns would glisten over their surface at a distance of eleven miles, like flashes of wicked, vivid lightning, while the roaring of the guns and ricocheting whiz of cannon balls awakened the inhabitants of the pretty towns of Pascagoula, Biloxi, Mississippi City, Pass Christian and Shieldsboro, or Bay St. Louis, as it is familiarly called.

In all lists of engagements of the war that the writer has yet seen, this one is omitted, and it seems that historians have never been made aware that such an one ever occurred. The vessels of the Confederacy that were engaged were the Bienville, Carondolet, White Cloud and Arrow, all from the Port of New Orleans; and they steamed out of Lake Ponchartrain, past Fort Pike, down the Rigolets and out into the Sound. This passage was made April 2nd, and on the 3rd the vessels were manned in the Bay of St. Louis by volunteers from the ranks of the Infantry that was scattered along the coast. These men received only a few hours drilling in heavy artillery, and only the naval officers aboard understood how to manipulate the big guns. The United States had the Hartford, New London and the famous historical Kearsarge on duty at the Ship Island, which was the Gulf Station of the United States Navy. This island is the largest of the group known as the Chandeliur Islands, which lay about fourteen miles south of the mainland of Mississippi.

Scattered along the coast, at the five little towns named above, was Colonel John B. Deason's Third Regiment of Mississippi Infantry, which was deployed in two Companies at each point for the purpose of guarding the coast. All along near the Gulf shore and through these towns runs the New Orleans and Mobile Shell Road, and at each village long benches line either side of it, and these are shaded by large, fine magnolia trees. Of course, after the "Baby waker" sounded in this naval battle, all the soldiers left the camp and went close upon the sandy shores of the Gulf where they could see the fight and hear the roar of the cannon as they belched forth their fiery streaks in a sure enough combat. The long rows of benches were soon occupied by both soldiers and civilians. About half past 3 o'clock on this beautiful morning, these vessels lined up for battle began letting go the heavy broadsides, and from 4 o'clock until daylight the fusillade kept up incessantly. Very frequently to those on shore it seemed as if all seven vessels were bunched inside of ten acres of water, and their evolutions as the fight progressed could be outlined by the stream of blazes from the big guns, the sounds of which would seem to roll leisurely east and west clear along the coast.

When daylight came on, the four Confederate vessels came into Pass Christian, where it was ascertained that all of them had been severely pierced with cannon balls and heavy shells, but the White Cloud, a big side-wheeler that had formerly been a passenger and freight steamer on the Mississippi River, was the worse splintered. The Bienville, Carondolet and Arrow were built with lower and upper works, and on the old "walking beam" pattern. Six men were killed and fourteen wounded on the Confederate side. The loss on the Federal side was greater, for the New London was sunk in about fifteen feet of water and was badly listed towards the course of Ship Island; and it was reported by men on oyster sloops that twelve men were killed on the Federal fleet while twenty-two were wounded. The Hartford and Kearsage each received many wounds, but, so far as known, the Confederate authorities never got an authentic report of the killed or wounded on board of either. It is well remembered that the Federals never tried that little "Mosquito fleet" again, even if it was manned by the "very rawest" kind of material from the Confederate ranks. In point of beauty this engagement certainly was the finest of all that occurred, either on land or water, during the five years of the greatest war the world ever knew.

"JOE BROWN'S PIKES."

Several years ago the writer was in company with General Sherman on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, and as the train was slowing up at Graysville, Ga., the General pointed to a stone mill building by the famous Chickamauga and said: "An Englishman made sabres there for the Confederate Army." They were made for Governor Joseph E. Brown. Recently these "sabres" figured in some historic reminiscences, and inquiry was sent by a patron of the VETERAN. The enclosed drawings are from photographs sent with inquiry. They were of pointed iron or steel, and mounted on pieces of wood the size of hoe handles, and wherever collected in museums they are mentioned as "Joe Brown's pikes."

The following have been reported as officers of Chapter 19, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Jacksonville, Fla., for this year: Mrs. T. Hartridge, President; Mrs. Wm. M. Davidson, Vice-President; Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Secretary; Mrs. R. C. Cooley, Cor. Secretary; Mrs. F. P. Fleming, Treasurer.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE VOLUNTEER STATE.

The above is a scene in Church street, Nashville, Tenn., on occasion of celebrating the One Hundredth Anniversary of Tennessee's admission as the sixteenth State of the American Union, June 1, 1896. THE VETERAN office is in the building designated as "Centennial Headquarters" fourth floor.

This is one of a series of pictures made by an enterprising photographer at Ashland City, Tenn., as a contribution to the Centennial fund through the wife of Director General Lewis, and they are sold at twenty-five cents each by the Woman's Department.

Looking to the next great Reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Nashville, in 1897, THE VETERAN will give more space to the city, of its domicile, than heretofore, and it will exercise diligence toward such arrangements as will conduce in the highest possible degree to the profit and pleasure of comrades who may attend.

DAUGHTERS AT COLUMBIA, TENN:—E. H. Shoup writes that the Maury County Chapter of the Daughters of Confederacy organized in March, has had rather a brilliant career. Mrs. Barnett, of Columbia, a niece of President Polk, was our first President, and in a few weeks we had a membership of about forty ladies.

On May 1st we had a charming tournament and games, with bicycle races, music, and substantial refreshments. These last furnished by the ladies of Maury County. The financial result was about two hundred dollars. The amount could have been doubled but for rain. This patriotism was aroused on account of the Battle Abbey Fund which every Southern woman wishes to aid in making as large as possible. Another hundred dollars was secured to the fund by the subscription books sent out by the Chapter, and these names will go down to posterity on our Honor Roll of Battle Abbey.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. S. B. MAXEY.—Gen. W. L. Cabell, Dr. S. H. Stout, Judge A. T. Watts and others of Dallas, Texas, appointed a committee to draft resolutions in regard to the late Gen. Sam Bell Maxey, gave out the following:

We recognized in him a man who was a soldier from patriotism and a hero by nature, fearless in fight, but fair and chivalrous always; brevetted for bravery on the field in foreign lands, he was laurel-crowned for Christian benevolence to conquered adversaries in war and peace.

In the practice of his profession of the law, as a member of the Texas Legislature and throughout his long and arduous services as Senator in the National Council he was a model in all the varied requisites and ever enjoyed the completest confidence of those he represented, and the esteem and affection of associates.

As private citizen, husband, parent, friend and Christian he was a spotless character, exemplary in all his habits and methods and teachings. And as a Confederate soldier he evinced that devotion to his section which impelled him to promptly respond to the call upon its people to defend with sword and fortune, and life, if need be, the imperiled rights which he conscientiously believed to be of constitutional grant and guarantee.

"OLD MAXEY'S" SWORD.

Thoughts of an old Confederate on seeing the sword of Gen. Maxey Gregg, now in possession of Mr. Thos. E. Gregg, of Florence, S. C.

What thoughts within my heart are stirr'd
As on "Old Maxey's" sword I gaze!
I seem to hear, as I have heard
In past, but unforgotten days,
The hero's voice ring clear and high,
In tones of brief and stern command;
I mark the flashing of his eye—
I seem to see his lifted hand.

His gallant bearing I recall—
A soldier to the core was he;
Alas, tis still the noblest fall,
O dear-bought liberty, for thee!
I see him, and my soul is fill'd
With fervors time can never quell;
I see him, and my heart is thrill'd,
Down to its inmost, deepest cell.

The sword he bore in Mexico—
That trusty sword is with him still;
A soldier of the long ago,
Our Gregg a soldier's grave must fill.
For strife is raging fiercely round,
And brave men freely shed their blood;
And every inch of Southern ground,
Drinks up, in streams, the glorious flood.

Our Southern flag floats free and fair,
It floats beneath the skies so blue,
And they who gave it to the air—
They were the best the Southland knew.
Than Maxey Gregg none better fought—
Than Maxey Gregg none braver fell;
The love of country in him wrought,
And burned with fire unquenchable.

And looking on the sword he wore,
A host of feelings in me rise;
The long years part my gaze before,
And give the hero to my eyes,
In all the calmness of his faith,
The simple grandeur of his soul,
In all the glory of his death,
Where flames of battle fiercely roll.

I am a soldier for the time—
In life's wild fret there comes a pause,
Again I rise to hopes sublime—
Again I fight for our Lost Cause!
The dream is gone—I wake once more,
To face the present with its need;
The flag is furl'd—the strife is o'er—
And all the past is dead indeed!

Florence, S. C. NINA MANDEVILLE ROGERS.

Confederate Veteran Reunion at Sylva, N. C.

The next annual reunion of Confederate Veterans in western North Carolina will be held at Sylva, Jackson County, August 19, 20, and 21, 1896. Union Veterans are cordially invited.

W. W. STRINGFIELD, Com.
Waynesville, July 15.

Reunion at Bolivar, Tenn., August 26.

Comrades of the Gen. R. P. Neely Camp, Bolivar, Tenn., are arranging for their first reunion to be held there August 26. General interest is aroused and a large attendance is expected.

Comrades everywhere are requested to give advance notes about reunions—sending them as early as practicable after the dates are fixed.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss,
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

SEAL.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

ARE YOU GOING

To Mexico? Why not? It would have been a formidable journey in the life time of your father, but it is'nt now. From New Orleans, the Southern Pacific, with its connecting lines in Mexico, takes you in Pullman sleepers to the capital of the sister Republic. The journey is a wholly delightful one. Through the beautiful bayou region of Louisiana, the great pine forests that hem the easternmost edge of Texas, past the great cotton mart of Houston and the lovely city of the Alamo, to Spofford Junction the way leads. Then southward by way of Eagle Pass and across the turbid Rio Grande, and one is at last on the soil of Mexico. Besides the City of Mexico itself, with its perennial charm, a score of cities claim one, each singular in some attraction all its own. There is Durango, the great mining centre; and Monterey, the stately centre of a high culture; Guadalajara, "the Boston of Mexico;" Zacatecas, high perched upon the mountain tops, with its great silver mines; Guanajuato, where the grewsome catacombs are; Vera Cruz and Tampico, clustered close to the sea, and with coffee and banana plantations clustering back of them, behind the shelter of their great mountain wall. And not alone are the old cities of interest, but every wayside village affords the charm and novelty of its strange originality. The people and the insight, one gets into their way of living—so different from ours—are perpetually claiming attention. And one comes back from a few weeks spent south of the Rio Grande feeling that the horizon has expanded and that more of knowledge has been gleaned than could have come from years of reading. If you will look into the matter—and any Southern Pacific representative will be glad to help you—you will be surprised to find how inexpensive the trip to Mexico is. For additional information call on or write to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, Louisiana

PROF. A. N. GORDON, for the last twenty years one of the most successful teachers in the South, has removed his school to larger and more commodious quarters at Pewee Valley, Ky., and his school is now one of the best equipped, as it has always been one of the best taught, in the land. Write him for full particulars. See his advertisement in another column.

TORNADOES AND CYCLONES.

Willis S. Moore, Chief of the Weather Bureau gives information that every body ought to know:

The *tornado* is a sudden outburst of wind in an otherwise quiet, sultry atmosphere; it is ushered in by a loud, indescribable roar, similar to a continuous roll of thunder; its path is very narrow—seldom more than 500 feet wide at greatest destruction; it moves, generally, from southwest to northeast, and rarely extends more than twenty miles; it very often rises in the air, to descend again at a point a few miles ahead; it is always accompanied by thunderstorms, with often a bright glow in the cloud, this cloud has usually a funnel shape, which appears to be whirling, though some observers have described its appearance like that of a huge ball rolling forward. A tornado may be considered as the result of an extreme development of conditions which otherwise produces thunderstorms.

A *cyclone*, on the other hand, is a very broad storm, oftentimes 1,000 miles in diameter, and sometimes can be followed half around the world; the winds circulate about it from right to left, or the way one turns clock hands backward (in the Southern Hemisphere this motion is reversed.) The air pressure always falls as one approaches the center, where, at sea, there is a portentous calm, with clear sky visible at times. The cyclone winds often rise to hurricane force, but are not to be compared with the extreme violence of the tornado, before which the most solid structures are raised.

ROANOKE COLLEGE.

Roanoke College continues to prosper. The number of students increased again last year. They came from seventeen States and Territories and several foreign countries. In the graduating class was a Choctaw Indian, and a Korean is a member of the next Junior class. The order during the session was usually good, and diligent work was done by the students. Roanoke offers many advantages at a very moderate cost. The Roanoke Valley is famous for its beautiful scenery and healthful climate. The moral, social and religious advantages of Salem are unsurpassed. The catalogue of sixty-two pages shows that Roanoke is abreast of the times in its facilities and methods of instruction. A copy of the catalogue, with the June Collegian, may be had by addressing Dr. Julius D. Dreher, President, Salem, Va.

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Detroit, Mich.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

A GREAT HARDWARE HOUSE.

Referring to the interesting sketch of Mr. S. D. Kimbark, Chicago, Ill., last VETERAN mention is made his is one of the oldest and most reliable houses in its line in the United States. Established in 1852 it has steadily grown to its present mammoth proportions, occupying the entire premises No. 74 to No. 84 Michigan Avenue. Mr. Kimbark carries a very large and complete stock of Iron, Steel, Nails, Heavy Hardware, Wagon and Carriage Hardware, and Wood Material, Carriage Trimmings, Blacksmiths' and Wagon-makers' Tools, Machines, etc.

At Elkhart, Indiana, Mr. Kimbark has established the largest and best equipped Body and Spoke Factory in the world, having an annual capacity of 100,000 Piano Box Bodies, and 100,000 sets Wagon and Buggy Spokes. Here are also manufactured Seats, Bent Lazy Backs, Buggy and Road Wagon Gears, Completely Ironed Road Wagons and Buggies, in the white, all ready to paint and trim.

The facilities of this house for supplying the general trade with its goods are unexcelled, the immense stock carried in Chicago insures prompt shipment from store, and its very favorable connections with many of the leading Mills and Factories enable it to fill all car-load orders for direct shipment with dispatch.

Mr. Kimbark is desirous of extending largely his southern business, believing the present to be an opportune time, and will mail upon request a copy of his condensed Illustrated Catalogue, which is a complete index to his stock and will prove to be valuable and instructive to all buyers of goods in this line.

Mr. Kimbark is cheerfully recommended to all of our readers who are interested in this line of goods.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of J. M. Robinson, Norton & Co., Dry Goods, Jobbers and Importers, of Louisville, Ky. This firm is composed entirely of Southern men. Capt. Geo. C. Norton, who has the management of the business, has been with the firm since September, 1865, and for twenty-eight years a partner. He left Rome, Ga., his native place, May 21, 1861, as a private in the Rome Light Guards, Eighth Georgia Regiment, and was four years in the Confederate service.

It shall be our purpose hereafter to commend more earnestly than ever the patronage of those who advertise in the VETERAN, and the VETERAN takes pride in commending this Southern firm.

D. & C. SUMMER SERVICE TO MACKINAC.

Their new steel passenger steamers are all in commission, making four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac, Soo, Petoskey, Duluth. If you are contemplating a summer outing, send 2c. stamp for illustrated pamphlet. Address,

A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A.,
Detroit, Mich.

Nashville Business Directory.

[*Firms and Institutions that may be depended upon for the prompt and satisfactory transaction of business.*] *Mention the Veteran.*

ICE CREAM.—The leading ice cream dealer of Nashville is C. H. A. Gerding, 417 Union St. Caters to weddings, banquets, and occasions of all kinds. Country orders solicited.

RUNDLE & SON.—Dealers in Furniture, Mattresses, and Springs, Etc., No. 214 N. College St., Nashville, Tenn.

WANTED—The public to know that we are headquarters for the sale of all kinds of fertilizers, and that we also pay the highest prices for dry bones. J. F. & W. H. SINGER, 932 North College Street.

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School of Music, under direction of best instructors, trained in Germany, England and New England Conservatory of Music.

Elocution taught by a pupil of Mr. F. F. Mackay, New York City.

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Terms of tuition—including Ancient and Modern Languages, and all English branches, board, fuel, light, washing—$300 per annum. Music, Art, and Elocution, extra charges.

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THE LAND OF BIG RED APPLES, is an attractive and interesting book, handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell county. It pertains to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit-growers, but to every farmer and home-seeker looking for a farm and a home.

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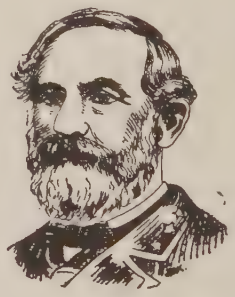

Fitzhugh Lee's Life of Gen'l R. E. Lee is worthy to be in the library of every home in America.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

Anyone who will send in four yearly subscribers will be given a copy of this book free as a premium, or it will be mailed post paid on receipt of $1.50.

Address, CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

TO JACKSON AND HIS MEN.

The following poem by Mary Ashley Townsend, was dedicated to the Army of Northern Virginia, on the occasion of the unveiling of Stonewall Jackson's Statue, which surmounts the tomb built receive the dead who fought under him:

Comrades, halt! The field is chosen,
'Neath the skies of Southern May,
Where the Southern roses ripen,
We will bivouac to-day.
Here, no foe will draw our sabres
In the turbulence of war,
Nor will drum beat, nor will bugle
Wake the old pain in a scar.

All is rest, and calm—around us
Beauty's smile and manhood's prime;
Scents of Spring, like ships, go sailing
Balmy seas of summer time.
Flags of battle, hanging yonder,
Flutter not at strife's increase;
On their pulses lie the fingers
Of the Great Physician—Peace.

In the marble camp before us
Silence paces to-and-fro—
Spectre of the din of battles
Hard fought in the long ago,
While he marches, from the meadows,
O'er the heights, around the curves
Come the men of many combats—
Death's Grand Army of Reserves.

In the swift advancing columns
Many a battle-blazoned name,
With Stuart, Ewell, Hays and Ashby,
Bears the honored cross of Fame.
Down the spectral line it flashes—
Glorious symbol of reward
Won when all the world was looking
Unto Lee and Beauregard!

From the war-graves of Manassas,
Fredericksburg and Malvern Hill,
Carrick's Ford and Massanutton,
Fast the shadowy legions fill;
From the far off Rappahannock,
From the red fields of Cross Keys,
Gettysburg—the Wilderness—
From defeats and victories,

Tired trooper—weary marcher—
Grim and sturdy cannonier—
Veteran gray, and slender stripling,
Hasten to encamp them here.
From the mountain and the river,
From the city and the plain,
Sweeping down to join their Leader—
STONEWALL JACKSON once again.

There he stands: alive, in granite!
By the hand of genius made
Once again to rise before us,
Waiting for his "Old Brigade."
Chieftain—Hero—Christian—Soldier—
King of men, and man of God!
Crystallized about his footsteps
Greatness marks the path he trod.

Soldiers! Ye who fought with Jackson
Through the days and nights of strife,
Bringing from the fields of battle
But the bitter lees of life;
Ye, whose lips have only tasted
Ashen apples from the fray,
Every wound ye won beside him,
Knights ye on this field to-day.
Army of our old Virginia!
Would ye write a legend here
That shall win from friend and foeman
Honor's reverential tear?
Trace ye then upon this marble,
With imperishable pen,
Words that shout their own hozannas!
STONEWALL JACKSON AND HIS MEN!

HANCOCK'S CAVALRY HISTORY.

Elder J. B. Fletcher, Alexandria, Tenn., says: It has been my pleasure, during the last few days, to give Hancock's Diary a thorough examination, and I give it my unqualified endorsement. It is the best and most comprehensive book of the kind that I have ever read. I was a member of Company D, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Lyon's Brigade, so often spoken of in the Diary. I want our boys to read it and reread it to their children and grandchildren.

The price has been reduced fron $2.50 to $2.00, and it will be furnished with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for $2.50. It will be given as a premium for seven subscriptions.

Two Years on the Alabama.

BY LIEUT. ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

Thirty-two portraits and other pictures. A thoroughly fascinating, thrilling history.

This extraordinary volume in cloth $3; or in leather $5.

The cloth given with seven and the leather with twelve subscriptions. Or either will be sent with a year's renewal to VETERAN for twenty-five cents above the price of the book.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

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Major of Engineers in the Confederate Army, and in charge at Fort Sumter.

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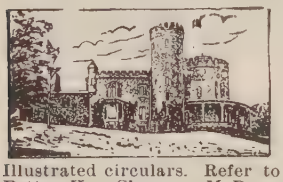

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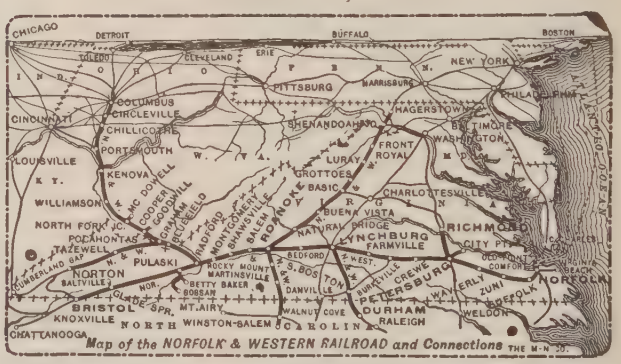

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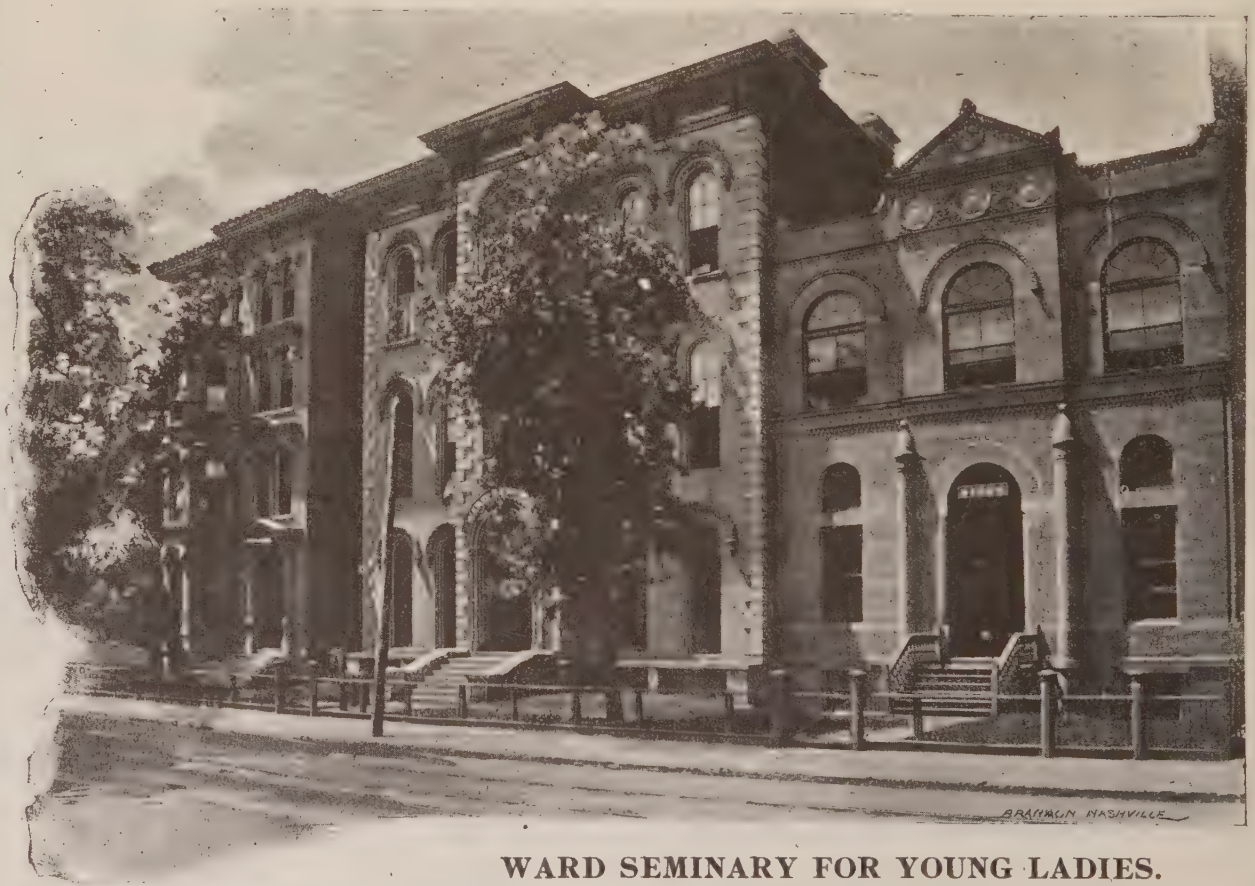

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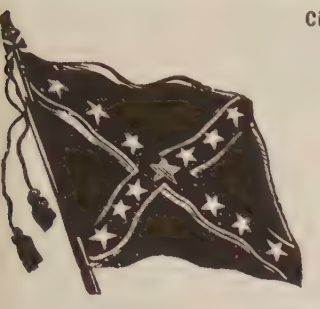

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The Tennessee Centennial Exposition management deserves the thanks of our comrades for its zeal and -operation in the offer of hospitality. The invitation was written by Mr. Leland Rankin, Press Agent r the Exposition. While the above design is unique, it conveys an inadequate idea of the Rock City.

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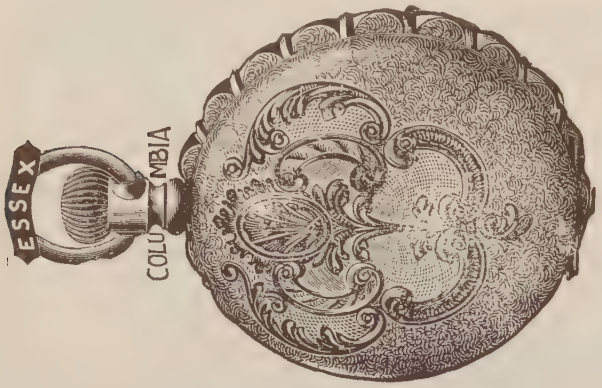

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PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER, 1896. | No. 9. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

RICHMOND REUNION INCIDENTS.

Gov. O'Ferrall's welcome to Virginia was delivered with a heartiness and an emphasis from the beginning. He expressed gratitude to Him "who wheels His throne on the rolling worlds," for the opportunity to witness that scene and to speak to that great muster of soldiers, heroes and patriots. He was eloquent about the marvelous deeds of Confederate soldiers, and practical with statistics to prove them worthy of all praise. He estimated that the surviving Confederates now number about 225,000, of whom if there be one ashamed to stand with uncovered head and defend his cause, or who has apologies or retraction to make, let his name be not breathed, but let it rest as unhonored, as his relics will lie in oblivious grave."

The Governor gave an interesting account of what has been done in Richmond to honor Confederate heroes. He paid high tribute to President, Jefferson Davis, the "vanquished leader," our "fallen chieftain," whom his enemies, even while he was shackled and in a prison cell, dared not try in the face of other nations, "for his was an organized nation."

Gen. S. B. Buckner, of Kentucky, was pressed to the front of the platform, said his comrades who left their homes to share in the issues with the South had never regretted their course. At the conclusion of Gen. Buckner's short address, the band began to play, when Gen. Gordon turned with vigorous gestures for them to stop, but the fitness of the theme, "My Old Kentucky Home," was so fascinating that he turned, smiled and sat down. The music throughout was selected with remarkable appropriateness and was well rendered.

PROMINENT VIRGINIANS AT DAVIS MANSION.
(From photo by Miss Edyth Carter Beveridge, Richmond.)

The appearance of Wade Hampton thrilled the multitude, and he spoke briefly. He could not be heard by thousands, but said in response to an appeal for "louder" that he could talk loud enough to make them hear the word "charge" in other days. He was glad to meet his old soldiers, to be there and to pay his homage to that great man and true Confederate, Jefferson Davis. He had just congratulated the Governor in his having been a Cavalryman, or else he might not have survived the war. (Laughter.) He related his last conversation with Gen. Robert Lee, when that Chieftain said, "I only what duty demanded. I could never h

taken any other course without dishonor, and if it were to do over again, I would do precisely as I have done." Hampton said, "I would be fighting still if the flag of the Confederacy had not ceased to wave."

ALABAMA COMRADE AT RICHMOND.

At 2.40 P. M., June 26, 1896, with heart elated and filled with dreams of pleasure in meeting old comrades, I boarded the train on the Southern for Richmond to the U. C. V. Reunion. Upon reaching Atlanta I began to meet old comrades. The hand shake and merry greeting went the rounds. If I missed shaking the hand of any one on the train going or coming I am not aware of it, and I take this opportunity of begging his pardon.

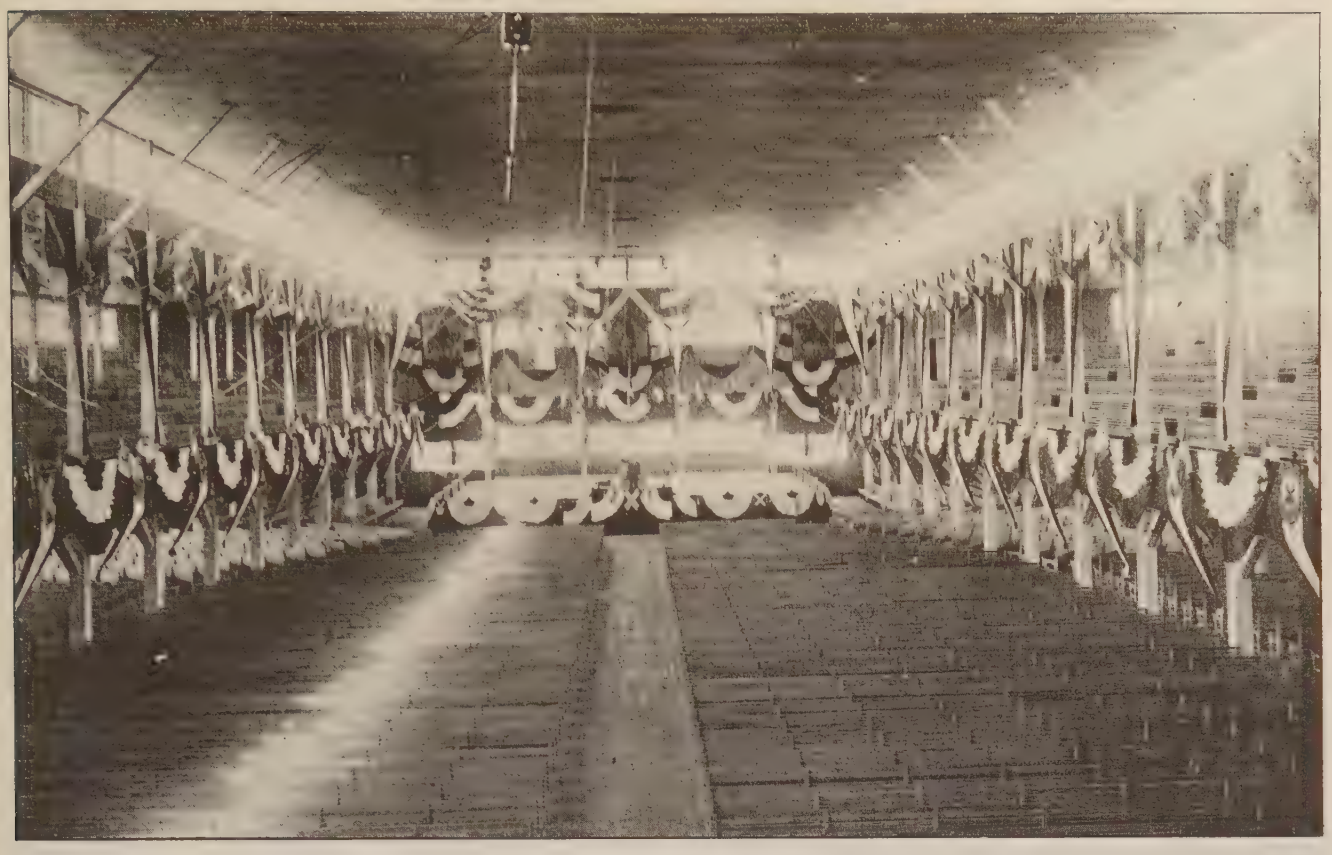
VIEWING THE PARADE FROM A RICHMOND HOTEL.
(From photo by Miss Edyth Carter Beveridge, Richmond.)

Besides discussing the events of more than thirty years ago, and then cussing the present hard times—we had to have some amusement to while away the time—I had to tell all of how I expected a friend whom I had never seen to meet me when I got off the train. They were desirous to understand how I would know him. By his knowing me. "If he has never seen you how can he know you?" I wrote him to meet this train and to look for the tallest, lankest and ugliest man in the crowd, and then he could make no mistake. Before I left the steps of the car, Col. Sydnor, my friend, stepped up and said: "You are the man I am looking for; come on L—." But few can boast of personal characteristics that will enable them to be known by strangers. Were not the Fates propitious to me? I amused many comrades by showing them where I ate twenty-five saucers of ice cream and seventy-five pieces of cake at one sitting—and did not sit long. Many of the scenes about the City were familiar, looking much as they did thirty-three years ago. Among these were the Capitol, Jeff Davis' house, Southern depot, etc.

I spent Saturday night in the City; Sunday morning was off for the battlefields. Met Mr. C. B. Baseler, a noble, true gentleman, of typical Southern character. He carried us over battlefields at Gaines' Mills. As we proceeded the scenes became familiar, though thirty-four years to a day since I fell there wounded. The recollections of those days came trooping up and tears flowed momentarily. I partook of Mr. Baseler's generous hospitality. He was the leading musician in Corse's Brigade in A. N. V. He played the last piece played in that Army. It was "Good-bye, Old Boy, Good-bye," as Gen. Lee mounted his horse and rode away from Appomattox. He regaled us with this and many other pieces on the same instrument used when bidding adieu to our noble and beloved Chieftain. His noble wife and lovely children partake fully of his magnanimous nature. In tears we bade him good-bye, with a promise to visit him again. Comrades Puller and Smith share grateful consideration. Mrs. J. Nickelson Barney, of Fredericksburg, is one of the South's noblest women. She is engaged in gathering statistics of events of kindness, utility and interest during the war. She promises to yet know the name of the noble lady who gave me a pair of jeans pants, when in sore need, and which I wore when wounded at Gaines' Mills. I enjoyed all the ceremonies of the reunion immensely. I met the famous scout, John Cousens, one of the noblest and truest men of earth. I met also Francis A. Wolff, a hero of two wars. He was a member of the First Mississippi Regiment, under Col. Jeff Davis, in the Mexican War, and went through the Confederate in the Army of Northern Virginia, and surrendered at Appomattox. I met the worst wounded survivor of the war, Col. John C. Martin, of Charlottsville, Va. He was shot through, and the wound is still suppurating, and one can see through his body as through a reed. I met many other noble comrades. It was as a grand love feast, all were as brothers. Good will ruled.

On the home run the parting of comrades at the stations, with benedictions, was like the parting of members of one family with sadness and tears. Vive la Veterans.

M. T. L.



GRAND CONVENTION HALL AT RICHMOND WHEN READY FOR THE REUNION UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The Sam Davis Monument theme is one to which we all may revert with gratitude and with pride. It was the opportunity that that noble young Confederate improved which gives the finest illustration that belongs to the human race for demonstrating that "it is not all of life to live."

In the midst of exciting political issues and the severe financial depression of the times there is a lull in subscriptions, but the great cause whereby the Southern people, especially may do honor to the subject stands as conspicuously as ever in the way of truth of honor and of noblest life. Remember his birthday, October 6, and make it memorable and sacred by such testimonial as you can afford in the co-operation to erect for him the monument that so many hundreds have participated in already.

Nat. F. Dortch, of Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 25, 1896, sends five dollars for Sam Davis Monument Fund, to be credited to himself and children and mentions that "It is a privilege as well as a duty to ourselves and our country to honor this noblest of all men. A man who preferred to give his life rather than to sacrifice principle. If the world was made up of such men as Samuel Davis it would indeed be a very Heaven itself."

August contributions are as follows:

Anderson, W. E., Pensacola, Fla... ..	1 00
Bemiss, J. H., Tuscumbia, Ala...	1 00
Boyd, Miss Mamie, Tolu, Ky...	1 00
Boyd, Miss Blanche, Tolu, Ky..... ..	1 00
Byars, H. C., Riverton, Ia...	1 00
Pickens, R. E., Marion, Ky...	1 00
Chipley, Gen. W. D., Pensacola, Fla..	1 00
Corrie, Mrs. W. W. Florence, S. C.....	1 00
Craig, E. B., Nashville..	10 00
Dial, H. C., Greenville, Tex...	1 00
Dortch, Nat. F., Sr., Nashville.....	1 00
Dortch, Nat. F., Jr., Nashville..	1 00
Dortch, J. R., Nashville..	1 00
Dortch, Berry W., Nashville..	1 00
Dortch, Miss Lela B., Nashville.. ..	1 00
Lipscomb, Van, Nashville...	1 00
Putnam, E. H., Pensacola, Fla...	1 00
Reunion at Hico, Tenn...	1 00
Riley, J. M., Meridian, Miss...	1 00
Scales, Capt. W. H., Macon, Miss...	1 00
Threlkell, Mrs. Sue, Tolu, Ky...	1 00
Tipton Co. Confed. Mem. Ass'n., Covington, Tenn...	10 00
Threlkell, Foster, Tolu, Ky...	1 00
Turney, T. E., Kaufman, Tex...	1 00
Vincent, J. E., Beard, Ky....	1 00
Wilcox, W. I. A., Leftwich, Tenn.....	1 00
Winston, G. A., Louisville, Ky.	5 00
Wood, B. G., Nashville..	1 00

FIFTY CENTS CONTRIBUTORS.

Gen. Geo. Reese, L. M. Brooks, Pensacola, Fla.; Kit Shepherd, Al. Shepherd, W. L. Staton, Tolu, Ky.; Master Hiram Titcomb, Columbia, Tenn.; Mrs. Willis Johnston, Florence, S. C.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS CONTRIBUTORS.

Mrs. B. Jacobs, Mrs. I. Sulzbacher, Mrs. M. L. Kuker, Misses Jacobs, Dr. Matthews, E. Rosborough, S. W. Dixon, J. F. Stackley, J. W. McCown, Florence, S. C.; also Mrs. W. H. Day, 20c.; Mrs. R. W. Sanders, 20c; Mrs. R. D. Johnson, 15c.

TEN-CENT COLLECTIONS.

Morrisville, Mo.—A. E. and Hannah Mitchell, Wm. and Sarah Crennels, Frank, Bettie, Vernie, Harris, Wade and Sallie Cargile, Dock, Rebecca, Albert S., Cora A., Charlie H., and Ernest Johnson.

Florence, S. C.—From Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Jas. Evans, Mrs. C. E. Jarrot, Mrs. E. W. Lloyd, Mrs. T. H. Harllee, Mrs. J. B. Douglas, Mrs. V. C. Tarrh, Mrs. Zack Nettles, Mrs. E. O. Singletary, Mrs. J. L. Beck, Miss Julia Schouboe, Miss M. E. Tarrh.

Mrs. M. H. Beck, Mrs. C. D. Hutaff, Mrs. F. Haines, Mrs. R. H. Farmer, Miss Helen Jarrot, Mr. Morgan A. Theine, W. C. Harllee, John D. Jarrot, M. L. Rhodes, B. B. Napier, Dr. P. B. Bacot, Mr. Altman, Early Whitton, Master Willie Williamson, W. H. Malloy.

The grand total contributions to date are, $1,660.

MAJ. J. W. SPARKS, OF TEXAS RANGERS.

Major. Jesse W. Sparks was born at Nacogdoches, Texas, January 1st, 1837, and died at Piedras. Negras, Mexico, August 1st, 1896. From September, 1857, to March, 1861, he was a student of Union University at Murfreesboro, Tenn., when he left college and joined the Confederate Army and made fine record as a soldier. After the war he returned to Tennessee and married Miss Josephine Bivins of Rutherford County, in 1866. For twelve years he was Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court. He was elected State Senator subsequently and was in the practice of law when in 1893 he was appointed by the President American Consul to Mexico, stationed at Piedras Negras. His death at his post of duty was a great shock to his family and friends, although he had been in ill health for some years and was a dreadful sufferer at times from a bullet which never could be extracted. Major Sparks shared liberally his income with the poor and needy of both races.

He was so unstinted in his benevolence that he was generally and forcibly popular. A conspicuous deed of his while Consul to Mexico was his fearless action in behalf of a large number of negroes who had been persuaded to go from the United States into Mexico. They had become diseased with smallpox, were almost literally naked and were starving when they undertook to return home. The authorities on the other side refused permission for them to cross the Rio Grande, but Consul Sparks, the Southern white man, assumed all responsibility. He got on the engine by the engineer and required him to open the throttle and run the train across despite all other authority. Then he took the responsibility of supplying food until his acts were approved at Washington.

One of the most beautiful of a multitude of floral designs at his funeral was contributed by the colored people. They subsequently held a public meeting and passed resolutions, one of which reads:

"That we deeply deplore the death of Major Jesse W. Sparks, by which we and our race have lost one of our best and truest white friends, and mankind a benefactor."

Another prominent characteristic of Major Sparks was his great interest in Indians, and he had a large collection of very fine Indian relics. Sitting Bull was to him a most interesting character.

REUNION AT MACON, MISSISSIPPI.

Comrades at Macon, Mississippi, have begun Camp James Longstreet with new life. They call it a reorganization. They held an interesting meeting early in August and elected the following officers: J. L. Griggs, Commander; W. J. Hubbard, R. K. Wooten, and J. W. Carr, Lieutenant Commanders; B. J. Allen, Adjutant; Rev. T. W. Dye, Chaplain, and others to the minor offices.

Chaplain Dye delivered a fine address at the reunion, in which he said, The constitution of our government gave to every citizen the right to carry property to and own it in any state of the union, and when those of the Northern States drew the line against slave owners crossing Mason and Dixon Line with their slaves, the people of the South rebelled, and this, really, was the cause of the war.

The happiest thought of his life was that he was a Confederate soldier. Such endurance and bravery as was shown by the Confederate soldier in his fight of four years against the entire world would never be equaled.

He paid high tribute to the Generals of the Confederacy—especially Forrest, Lee, Jackson, Johnston and Hill, denominating Forrest the "Wizard of the Saddle," also the "intrepid and dauntless."

He told of an instance where for three days Forrest's "Spartan Band," with nothing to subsist upon except parched corn, and with nothing but the cold earth for a bed, held an army six times its size in abeyance.

His tribute to the women of the Confederacy was a beautiful one. He had yet to see the first woman living in that period, who had been re-constructed.

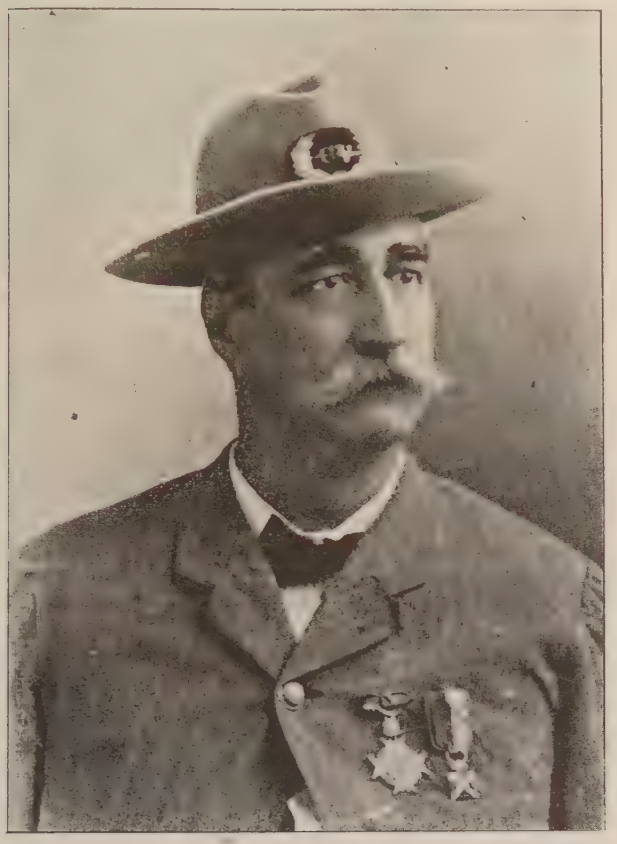
In closing he painted a beautiful picture of the "last reunion and roll call," saying he hoped, as he had always believed, that every true Confederate soldier will answer "here" when his name is called. He invoked the richest blessings of Heaven upon the veterans while they lived and hoped to meet all of them upon the "other side" where there will be no more conflicts and partings.

Could Erastus B. Maxey, enquired for in a recent number of the VETERAN, be any relation of Gen. S. B. Maxey? Does any comrade know anything of George Motley, of Danville, Va., or near there? He was captured at Sharpsburg.

MAJOR NORMAN V. RANDOLPH.

Ever Zealous in Person, and With Purse for Confederate Comrades.

The indebtedness of not only Richmond and Virginia, but of the Southern people generally, to Norman V. Randolph can hardly ever be estimated. Not that he is more loyal and zealous to sacred interests than many others, but combining heart and purse he has achieved perhaps more than any other one man in giving dignity and comfort to his fellow comrades. He was leader in behalf of Confederate homes.



He enlisted April 22, 1862, at fifteen years of age, as private in Scotts' Partizan Rangers, commanded by Major John Scott, of Fauquier County. This Command was disbanded December, 1863, when he volunteered on the staff of Gen. John Pegram without rank or pay. In November, 1864, he joined Company E., Mosby's Partizan Rangers and was paroled May 23, 1865. When Mosby's command was disbanded April 20, Col. Mosby refusing to surrender, he started with fifteen volunteers, including Randolph, to Johnston's Army. When they reached James River, Col. Mosby hearing of Johnston's surrender, disbanded the squad, advising each man to return to his home.

In 1869, Randolph enlisted in Company F., First Virginia Volunteers, and was promoted to rank of Major. After seven years service he resigned. He has taken an active part in all Confederate movements, being one of the original members of the Society of the Army of Northern Va., also of Lee Camp Confederate Veterans No. 1, and for many years President of the Lee Camp Soldiers Home, devoting his time and money to this grand institution. Major Randolph was Chief of Staff to Gen. John B. Gordon, Commander, for the Sixth Reunion, United Confederate Veterans, May, 1896.

Maj. Randolph has ever been successful in business. He is President of the Randolph Paper Box Company, President Virginia State Insurance Company, and also of Farmville and Powhatan Railroad.

Ah! after all that has been said of Comrade Randolph, there is not one word about his "help meet." It recalls a venerable Georgian who had prospered through the sagacity and industry of his wife, a step mother of his children. When he went to die, he had this wife get out his money and count it in piles of one hundred dollars each, round and round, to the sons and daughters, and at the last he was puzzled because there was a $20 bill left. After considering the inconvenience of distributing that remnant the happy idea struck him to give his companion of many years that $20. The VETERAN is indebted to Mrs. R. for the foregoing clandestine notes, and yet it had not occurred until press time, that mention ought to be made of her active participation in all Confederate matters, and that of all the elegant homes in Richmond most was done on their premises for the benefit of their multitude especially on parade day.

EIGHTEEN LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

James Longstreet, A. P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, S. B. Buckner and Wade Hampton are the surviving Lieutenant Generals of the Confederate Army. Of the twelve who are dead the appointments were from the States designated: E. Kirby Smith, Florida; Leonidas Polk, Louisiana; Theophilus H. Holmes, North Carolina; R. H. Aderson, South Carolina; T. J. Jackson, Jno. C. Pemberton, Richard S. Ewell, A. P. Hill and Jubal A. Early, Virginia; N. B. Forrest, Tennessee; W. J. Hardee, Georgia.

Gen. John B. Hood, of Texas, is classed among the Lieutenant Generals, although he had command succeeding J. E. Johnston as General.

J. B. Gordon, Joseph Wheeler and D. H. Hill, though corps commanders, it is stated, were such temporarily and were men commissioned as Lieutenant Generals. Alex P. Stewart is perhaps next to James Longstreet, having been appointed Lieutenant General Jan. 23, 1864, and was confirmed by the Confederate States Senate Feb. 20, 1865. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, though not appointed until March 16, 1865, was confirmed that same day by the Senate.

Mrs. Robert A. Allison, chairman, Mrs. Harvey B. Gilmore and Mrs. Joseph E. Springbett, the committee for Madison county and Jackson, Tenn., gave an entertainment, May 1st., which cleared one hundred dollars for the "Battle Abbey."

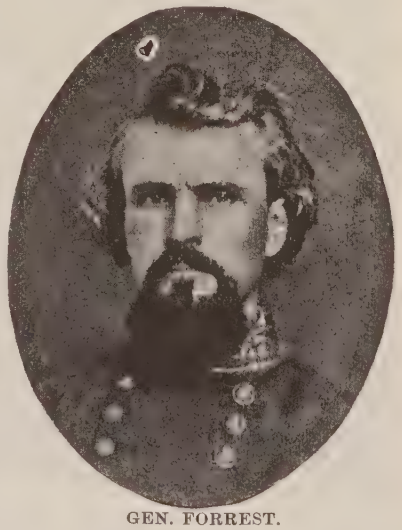
STONEWALL JACKSON AND FORREST.

The growth of military fame in the great struggle of the Confederacy for independence gives renewed prominence, continually, to Stonewall Jackson and to Nathan Bedford Forrest. It is now prophesied by the VETERAN, that some artist will blend their likenesses and that they will be classed in history as the two most wonderful Commanders of men in battle that is of record to this time. Their achievements become more and more thrilling to the student of military annals.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

Loyally obedient to their superiors in rank, ordinarily — when in the midst of battle, each acted as if Supreme Commander and it seems that each had the sagacity to discern the motions even of the opposing Commanders.

Jackson would spend much of the night in prayer and in reconnoitering, so that in the morning of battle, plans were already perfected and "Forward," or "By flank," were the orders without hesitation.



GEN. FORREST.

Forrest, with perhaps less study of the situation, determined to "get there first"—and to kill or capture the enemy. Forrest was not as considerate of a Higher Power as Jackson during the war period. He was not a West Pointer, but he possessed that innate gallantry which was ever conspicuous in consideration for women and children. When the great war was over and all of his black hair was silvered, his heart, too, was subdued; and he was diligent in behalf of that higher order of manhood toward the Unseen Cause that had spared him through so many battles wherein horses, almost by the score, were killed under him, and many of his fellow men death in his presence.

The associates of these great warriors ought to leave for posterity, as fully as practicable, even the little incidents in their careers as warriors.

DR. J. B. COWAN.

Dr. I. B. Cowan served as Medical Director for Forrest from the beginning to the close of his career, is a first cousin to Mrs. Forrest. He is a native of Fayetteville, Tennessee, was born in September, '31. His father was an eminent minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church for a half century.

Surgeon Cowan graduated in the New York Medical College in 1855. He gave his services to the Confederate Government, at Montgomery, early in 1861, and was first assigned to the Ninth Mississippi Regiment, then at Pensacola, Florida. In December, '61, he was transferred to Forrest, at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, who had a Battalion of Cavalry. His promotion was continuous with Forrest until their surrender, May 12, 1865. In January previous Dr. Cowan was made Medical Director of Cavalry. He still lives, and is engaged in the practice of Medicine and Surgery at Tullahoma, Tenn.

MAJ. CHAS. W. ANDERSON.

Maj. Chas. W. Anderson was, perhaps, more constantly by the side of Forrest than any of his Staff Officers—being his Private Secretary—in camp, on the march, and in battle. He resides still on his farm that he left as Railroad Superintendent before going into the war.

AFTER THE FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

Reminiscences by Maj. Chas. W. Anderson at Chattanooga, just after the fall of Fort Donelson:

As requested, I give your readers an experience which more sorely taxed physical endurance, produced greater mental anxiety, and drew more largely upon my sympathy than any event of the war, and I do this the more readily, as it gives me a fitting opportunity to pay a merited tribute to one of Kentucky's best and noblest women.

While a Quarter-Master of Transportation and on duty at Chattanooga in February, 1862, a telegram was received, announcing the surrender of Fort Donelson, the retreat of Albert Sidney Johnston's Army, and the evacuation of Nashville. The seats and aisles of all the cars arriving at Chattanooga were literally "packed" with refugees; the platforms were crowded also, and numbers were seated on the steps, clinging to the hand railings for safety.

The weather was cold, and all cars from over the mountain were covered with frozen snow.

Amid the excitement that such news and the advent of so many fleeing refugees was likely to produce, my consternation may be imagined on receiving another telegram, which was in substance as follows:

"Prepare as best you can for the reception of some thousand or twelve hundred sick and convalescent soldiers from this Army and from the hospitals at Nashville. They will be sent forward as fast as cars can be supplied.

A. S. JOHNSTON, General."

At this time there was not an organized body of troops of any kind at Chattanooga, nor a man or officer there whose services I had a right to command. More than all, there was not a dollar of Government funds at the Post. Under such circumstances, to care for so great a number of men seemed to me an utter impossibility. Calling to my assistance some old citizens of Chattanooga, the work of preparation was begun at once. Three large buildings were taken possession of and a force of negro men and women put to work cleaning them up. Two bakeries were contracted with for bread, and coffee, sugar and other supplies were purchased. Fuel was provided at all the buildings, and arrangements made for conveying to the hospitals all soldiers unable to walk, and a special contract was made with a reliable man to put up temporary stands at the depot and serve each soldier with hot coffee and fresh bread as the trains arrived.

When the first train arrived with some three hundred on board, they were in a most pitiable condition. They had been stowed away in box and cattle cars for eighteen hours, without fire, and without any attention other than such as they were able to render each other. Tears filled the eyes of many at the depot when these poor fellows were taken from the cars, so chilled and benumbed that a majority of them were helpless. Two other trains came the following day with men in the same condition. Three soldiers were found dead in the cars, one died in the depot before removal, and another died on the way to the hospital.

The removal of these soldiers from the hospitals at Nashville was a military necessity; but why they were sent, unaccompanied or preceded by a proper corps of surgeons, medical supplies, and hospital attendants, I never knew. It was eight days after their arrival in Chattanooga before I was relieved of responsibility for them. In that time, six more were buried, and the number of deaths would have been far greater, but for the attendance of Chattanooga physicians, among whom I specially remember, Dr. P. D. Sims and Dr. Milce Smith. It was not until Gen. Floyd's Division reached Chattanooga that the hospitals were taken charge of by army surgeons.

MRS. BEN HARDIN HELM.

Getting these men from the cars into warm, comfortable rooms was a great improvement in their condition, but they were without beds and were compelled to lie on the bare hospital floors. Carpenters were set to work making cot frames, and every bale of brown cotton cloth in Chattanooga

was purchased. How the cots were to be covered and the bed sacks made was a matter that greatly troubled me, as sewing machines were rare and costly. It was then that Mrs. Helm (the young wife, but now the widow of Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, and the adopted "mother of the Orphan Brigade") came to my assistance, and to the relief of those poor sufferers. To her were they largely indebted for a speedy transfer from bare hospital floors to clean, comfortable beds.

How so much was accomplished in so short a time, I never knew; nor until a few months ago was I aware—on seeing her sketch of Gen. and Mrs. Bragg in the VETERAN—that Mrs. H. was still living. In reply to an inquiry as to her identity and her recollections of this eventful time, her letter was so interesting in itself that, without asking her permission, I take the liberty of giving it herewith.

"ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., June 28, 1896.

DEAR MAJOR ANDERSON:

You are not mistaken in my identity. I was at Chattanooga at the time you speak of. My husband had command of the First Kentucky Cavalry and they had the post of honor, covering the retreat.

I left Nashville on the evening of the day that the army passed through, and, I think, on the very last train. It was that which carried the railroad President. Mr. Stevenson, and his belongings, and who kindly allowed me and my children and servant to get on board. I reached Chattanooga in time to secure a room in the only hotel there. Mr. Chauncey Brooks, of Louisville, afterwards of West Virginia, a brother-in-law of Rev. Stuart Robinson of Louisville, and an old friend of mine, took charge of me from Nashville, and it was due to his humanity and tenderness for those poor, sick soldiers, that anything was done for them outside of official duty. Mr. Brooks cut out the material, assisting me and a lady at the hotel, whose name I cannot recall.

The refugees came from the trains into the little dingy reception room to wait, sometimes for hours, for a room, looking so worried, with baskets, bundles and dilapidated valises surrounding them. Sometimes there would be a mother with a sleeping child in her arms, and others on the hard floor, with little or nothing to eat, ennuied to death. As they waited, I would go in, with brass thimbles, needles and thread and cotton sacks on my arm and enquire if there was anyone among them who would sew a little on the cots so much needed for the suffering soldiers. Every fagged woman would brighten up at the idea of being useful, and sew diligently until time for them to continue their journey. A great deal was thus accomplished. Among the ladies who passed through, I remember Miss Henrietta Johnston, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, and his daughter in-law, Mrs. William Preston Johnston, on their way to Virginia, who willingly lent helping hands. A lady in the hotel helped greatly, I am so sorry I cannot remember her name—I went to her room one morning to cut out the sacks; the little stove room, combined with the poor food I had tried to eat for breakfast, made me faint. There was no stimulant at hand, but Mr. Brooks, after tearing around the hotel in great fashion, found a man with a bottle of Hostetter's Bitters, which, without the ceremony of adding water, they poured down my throat. It would have resuscitated the dead. I think we cut out about 1,200 sacks The hospital, I think, was on a hill, or one had to go over a hill to reach it. Mr. Brooks told me of a pathetic trip he took over this hill. Meeting a poor, sick soldier going to the hospital, and looking so ill, he offered to help him along. After reaching the brow of the hill, the man told him he could go no further. Placing him as comfortably as he could, with his back against a tree for support, Mr. B. went to the hospital for assistance. When he returned with a stretcher, the poor man was dead. He told me also of other pathetic incidents connected with this hospital, but you were there and saw it all. Years since Mr. Brooks passed to his eternal rest.

Hoping these lines may be of service to you in recalling some of the incidents of the occasion, and with many kind wishes, I am very truly,

EMILY TODD HELM."

While I cannot recall Mr. Brooks to mind, I do remember that a gentleman assisted Mrs. Helm, and that to him were turned over the bales of goods purchased for hospital bedding.

There are few Confederates now living who were not at some period of their service laid low by disease or by the missiles of the enemy, and who gratefully remember the time when their comfort was added to and their hearts cheered by the ministrations and the tender sympathies of our heroic Southern women. Certainly no one brought relief and comfort to a greater number than did Mrs. Helm.

The Civil War not only brought sections into deadly conflict, but it antagonized neighbors, severed friendships, estranged kindred, and often arrayed brother against brother. Here were two sisters, devotedly attached to each other, yet, with wifely love and loyalty, both were true to the convictions of their husbands. One was a refugee from home and among strangers, laboring for the relief of sick and suffering Confederate soldiers, her gallant husband and his command facing the foe; while the other, surrounded by friends and with every luxury and comfort at command, was the mistress of the White House and the wife of Abraham Lincoln, President, and Commander in Chief of all the Armies of the United States.

A Kentuckian by birth, let me say here that, much as I love my adopted State and her people, yet, as "the heart of McCallummore warmed to the tartan," so my heart warms to my native State and the home of my boyhood. It warms, too, to the "mother," and to every member of the battle-torn Orphan Brigade, and to the memory of its brave commanders, Roger Hanson and Ben Hardin Helm. Its last commander in war and its present commander in peace, Gen. J. H. Lewis and its mother—Emily Todd Helm—we all hope to see at their Reunion in Nashville, Tennessee, October 15.

In a personal letter about these things, Mrs. Helm stated: On the Sunday after the fall of Ft. Donelson, I started to Church, but turned back after seeing the excitement on the street—people standing

in groups and, although nothing definite was known, drays were loaded with trunks and signs of unrest disturbed the peaceful Sunday morning. I met an orderly as I reached Dr. Ford's house, where I was boarding, who had a note for me from my husband, who was camped about seven miles out from Nashville. He had then the First Kentucky Cavalry and was the rear guard (the post of honor) of Gen. Sidney Johnston's army, on retreat from Bowling Green, falling back to await the result of Fts. Henry and Donelson. He asked if I could come out. Just then Mr. Chauncey Brooks, of Louisville, came to tell me of the fall of Donelson. I asked him to drive me out to my husband's camp. When we crossed the bridge to E. Nashville and about a mile out, we met the retreating army and after winding in and out for about two miles, we met Col. Scott, of the Texas Cavalry, who told me that my husband's troops had broken camp and that I would not find him at the appointed place. I decided to return to Nashville, and at the bridge was detained until Col. Scott got a permit from Gen. Johnston to allow me to cross. When I reached Dr. Ford's my friends had packed my trunks for me, and Mr. Brooks went to see what could be done about the trains. He found a special car of the Vice-President of the L. & N. R. R. going, who kindly allowed me a seat—unfortunately my baggage had to be left, as there was no way to get it to the depot except one trunk, which was put on top of an old fashioned carriage, for which I paid $10 after we were in the car (there were hundreds of disappointed people who could not get off, 3,000 had already gone). My husband went down to the train in haste and told me he had made arrangements for me to go to Murfreesboro in a carriage, but it was decided that I go on the train, and it was well that I did, for the ladies—Kentuckians—who took the carriage and followed the army, had a dreadful trip. The rain poured all the next day, and the old conveyance leaked so that they got soaking wet. They continued their journey by rail. A bridge gave way, and they arrived at Chattanooga in a terrible condition, with bruises, broken arms, etc. Their baggage was fished up and partly restored, and the yard of the hotel was filled with clotheslines. It was while waiting to hear definitely from my husband, so as to determine my movements, that I was enabled to assist a little in helping the able Major Anderson in his hospital work.

When we left Chattanooga after I had secured a seat, I saw a sick man coming down the aisle supported by two comrades. His appearance betokened great exhaustion and his breathing was labored. I rose up from my seat, but by this time the man's head had fallen on his breast and he was held by his supporters from falling. "Put him down here," said I to the men, but just then the conductor reached the spot. "Sit down, madam," he said to me, "this man is not able to undergo the journey," and, turning to the men, he directed them to take him out of the train, which they did, almost carrying him. On reaching the platform they laid him down just outside of my window, one of the men taking off his old worn coat to make a pillow for his head. Before the train started the poor man had breathed his last. As the shrill whistle proclaimed our departure, I took out of my satchel one of my few remaining "store" handkerchiefs and threw it to the men, telling them to cover his face.

One window of the hotel waiting room had been made a cigar stand. A cot stood in one corner, on which was a sick soldier whose face had that peculiar yellow, death-like tinge which resulted from poor food and illness combined with exposure. Several comrades were around him and in their clumsy fashion were trying to minister to his wants. He had a sick leave of absence and was trying to get home, but death was written upon his countenance. These friends vainly proffered him first one thing and then another, which they would go out into the little town, with its limited resources, and procure for him. "Ah!" said he, with a profound sigh, "If I had an apple with one side red as they grow in my mother's yard, I believe I could eat it." "You will soon be there," said one of the men soothingly. I opened my little lunch basket, which had been arranged for my journey, took out an apple, and going up to the man's cot, said, "This is not from your mother's garden, but it is a Southern apple. Wont this do until you get home?" A gleam of a smile lit up his dying face as he took the apple into his fast stiffening fingers and turned it on the ruddy side. "Shall I cut it for you?" said one of the men. "No," he said feebly, "I want to look at it. Boys, if I go to sleep, lay it under my pillow." He was waiting for the train, but the Eternal railway was the fastest route and reached him first; and when I left the room they were tying up his poor, wan face with the apple still in his cold hand. The lines of weariness and pain had already been superseded by the look of peace and rest.

The South may well be proud of Mrs. Helm. Her father was the distinguished Robert S. Todd, of Lexington, of whose children, an older daughter by a former marriage, was the wife of President Lincoln, and she as well as her husband, could have secured much pecuniary advantage by going with the Union side, but they "preferred affliction" with their own people instead. Mrs. Helm was educated by Miss Harriet Stanwood, who was afterward the wife of James G. Blaine, and by that eminent Presbyterian, Rev. Stuart Robinson, of Louisville.

Like Albert Sidney Johnston, her husband, Gen. Ben Hardin Helm, gave up his life while leading his soldiers in a great battle. The Government authorities have seen fit to erect a monument in his memory at Chickamauga Park, on the spot where he fell.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. DAVIS.

Character and Career of the Confederate President.

An able and entertaining paper written and read by an old soldier's daughter, Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, one of the Maids of Honor of the South Carolina Division, United Confederate Veterans, at the Richmond, Va., Reunion, 1896, before the Daughters of the Confederacy of Charleston, S. C., and published by request of that organization:

The human soul always finds language a weak mode of expressing great love, high admiration and deep veneration, and it naturally shrinks from attempting to put into any form whatever its thoughts on its noblest ideals. Still, to think or speak of a great soul at all is a means of elevating even ordinary men, and "great men taken up in any way are profitable company." "We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something. He is the living light fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near." In the skies of the Southern hemisphere there is a constellation, sending its dazzling beams out into the silent night, which is known as the Southern Cross. We of the South have our constellation of heroes, the light of whose great names shines out over the whole world and makes men of all nations better and purer when they contemplate such heroic souls dominated by a devotion to duty which could have been developed only in a Christian civilization.

To-day we will try to get nearer to one of these great men, and in an imperfect, though loving way, attempt to do honor to a man whom we should look upon, not as an unsuccessful leader of a "wrong" cause, but as a stainless, incomparable patriot, whose conduct was such that the people whom he represented can face the whole world with pride in the name, as a man of blameless integrity and of spotless character. Jefferson Davis, a statesman and patriot, conspicuous in American history, was born in Christian County, Kentucky, June 3, 1808, of a Georgian father who had served as a Revolutionary Captain of Infantry at the siege of Savannah. At the age of sixteen, through the influence of Mr. Calhoun, he entered West Point and graduated in 1828.

Entering active service with the rank of Lieutenant of Infantry, he served on the Northwestern frontier until 1833, when he was transferred to a regiment of dragoons.

In 1835 he married the daughter of Col. Zachary Taylor, from her aunt's house, near Louisville, Ky. After his marriage he moved to Warren County, Mississippi, where he occupied himself in cotton planting until 1846.

IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

When hostilities with Mexico commenced a Regiment of Mississippi volunteers was organized at Vicksburg and Mr. Davis was elected its Colonel.

On accepting this command he requested from the General Government one thousand percussion rifles for his regiment. These arms, as yet, had not been introduced into the United States Army, and Gen. Scott is said to have preferred the old flint lock, and even advised that six of Davis' companies be supplied with them. This Col. Davis refused to agree to. the percussion rifles were given his troops, and thus the well-known "Mississippi Rifles" was introduced into the United States service.

While waiting for transportation for his troops up the Rio Grande, Col. Davis wrote a manual of tactics suitable for his new rifle, and even taught his officers personally the use of this manual. It was the usual joke of the regiment to call out at these lessons: "There goes the Colonel with the awkward squad."

Davis and his Mississippians took an active part in the memorable siege of Monterey, and he was appointed by Gen. Taylor as one of the three commissioners to arrange for its capitulation.

The United States Government being dissatisfied with the terms of this capitulation, most of the troops then in Mexico were sent to Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz, leaving Taylor in a hostile country with only one battery of light artillery, a squadron of dragoons and Davis' Regiment of Mississippians.

It was with this handful of men under Bragg, Geo. H. Thomas and Davis that Taylor won the celebrated battle of Buena Vista and forced Santa Anna to retire from the field.

The news of this brilliant victory was received with the greatest enthusiasm in the United States, and Taylor's political success was secured by this military glory

In this battle Davis, though severely wounded, remained in the saddle all day and as a result of this enthusiasm was sent home on crutches. His riflemen stood nobly by their intrepid Colonel all through this trying fight, and it was here that they executed that celebrated "V" movement which was afterwards imitated at the battle of Inkerman by Sir Colin Campbell and his troops.

Before Col. Davis returned to Mississippi, President Polk appointed him Brigadier General of volunteers of Mississippi, an honor which he at once declined, as he maintained that volunteers were militia, and as such their officers must be appointed by the State. Here he showed, as in all his subsequent acts, his consistent adherence to the principle of State's sovereignty.

AS UNITED STATES SENATOR.

In 1847, on his return to his home, the Governor of Mississippi appointed him to fill out the unexpired term of Speights in the United States Senate.

After serving this term he was elected to represent Mississippi in the National Assembly from 1851 to his resignation, on the secession of that State, in 1861.

At this time orators and oratory ruled the hour. The United States Senate in 1850 was at the acme of its glory. It was in its palmiest days. Never before at one time did so many illustrious men sit in the highest council of the nation. In that body of giants as it was then, with Webster, Clay and Calhoun leading its debates, we find with Mr. Davis, Chase, of Ohio; Houston, of Texas; Bell, of Tennessee; Douglas, of Illinois; Sumner, of Massachusetts; and Toombs, of Georgia.

John Savage gives in his "Living Representative Men" the following incident which occurred during Mr. Davis' first speech in the Senate, and which shows what men of another generation thought of this remarkable man. John Quincy Adams had a habit of always observing new members. He would sit near them on the occasion of their Congressional debut, eyeing and attentively listening if the speech pleased him, but quickly departing if it did not.

When Davis arose in the House, the ex-President took a seat near by. Davis proceeded; Adams did not move. The one continued speaking, the other listening. At the close of the speech the "Old Man Eloquent" crossed over to some friends and said: "That young man, gentlemen, will make his mark yet, mind me!" Prescott, the historian, in his letters, in which he presented some reminiscences of the Senate of 1850, says: "He (Davis) impressed me more by dignity of manner and speech with what a model Senator should be than any other I have heard address the Senate."

The entire period of his connection with the Senate, from 1847-61, was pregnant with the fate of a nation, and during this time he stood in that august body the equal of giant intellects and grappled with the power and skill of a master the great ideas and events of those momentous times.

It has been remarked of Mr. Davis' style as a speaker that it was orderly rather than ornate. This is true, for Mr. Davis' speeches afford poor examples of rhetorical brilliancy. But for clear logic and convincing argument, apt illustration, bold and original imagery and genuine pathos, they are unsurpassed by any delivered in the American Senate

AS AN AUTHOR.

As a writer of terse, chaste, vigorous, classic English he had few equals and his reports, letters, messages, proclamations, and last his great book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," all show a clearness and beauty of style which proclaim him a cultured and broadly endowed scholar, ripe in experience and knowledge. After the death of Mr. Calhoun he was incomparably the ablest exponent of States' rights, and even during the life time of that great publicist, Mr. Davis shared the labors and responsibilities of leadership with him. Like Mr. Calhoun, Davis gave little evidence of capacity or taste for mere party tactics. His was a broader and more philosophical mind, and the great principles at stake were the questions which entirely absorbed his attention.

AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

His reputation as a soldier gave special weight to his opinion in the Senate on questions relating to the army, and at once he was made chairman of the committee on military affairs. In contrast with Mr. Douglas, he bitterly opposed the Clay compromise of 1850. In 1853 he was induced, after having been offered the position twice, to become Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce.

"Men who are characterized as theorists or abstractionists when entrusted with public office are often the most practical and judicious administrators. It was so with Hamilton in matters of finance, and it was eminently so with Calhoun and Davis, both abstractionists and both by general admission among the most successful administrators that ever presided over the War Department.

The American Cyclopedia says of Mr. Davis: "His administration of the War Department was marked by energy and ability and was highly popular with the army. He proposed or carried into effect the following: A revision of the army regulations; the introduction of camels into America; the introduction of light infantry or rifle tactics; the manufacture of rifled muskets and pistols, and the use of the minie ball; the addition of four regiments to the army; the augmentation of the seacoast and frontier defences, a system of exploration in the Western part of the continent for geographical purposes, and the determination of the best route for a railroad to the Pacific. This railroad he advocated as a military necessity for means of transportation of troops to preserve the Pacific slope as a part of the Union."

President Pierce's Cabinet is remarkable as being the only Cabinet in the history of the country that remained intact throughout the entire Presidential term. Ex-Judge Campbell, of Philadelphia, Postmaster General under Pierce, says: "Jefferson Davis was one of the best educated men whom I ever came in contact with; and Caleb Cushing, who was in the Cabinet with him, was the most highly cultured man of his time."

When Mr. Davis' term of office as Secretary of War expired, in 1857, he was at once returned to the Senate from his State.

On October 10, 1858, introduced by Caleb Cushing, Mr. Davis, in behalf of the Democratic party, addressed an audience in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

In 1860 he introduced his States' Rights Resolutions, which provoked a debate of great bitterness on the part of Mr. Douglas.

Mr. Davis was frequently spoken of for the Presidency, and at the meeting of the Democratic Convention at Charleston, in 1860, he received a large vote for the nomination. Benjamin Butler, of Massachusetts, voting for him on one hundred and eighty-nine ballots. He did not wish the nomination, and so anxious was he for harmony in the Democratic party that he persuaded, by his own personal influence, both Breckinridge and Bell to agree to withdraw from the canvass provided Douglas would do the same.

By this means he hoped to get the three elements to unite on one man, but unfortunately Mr. Douglas refused to withdraw. The four candidates entered the field and Mr. Davis' fears were realized. He then tried to effect a compromise to permit the State to remain in the Union, and as a member of

the committee of the Senate to whom was referred the famous Crittenden Compromise, he avowed himself willing to accept that or any other plan that the opposing factions could agree upon. This compromise failed because the Northern Republicans opposed every effort that was made for peace. In speaking of the transactions of Stephen Douglas, he always referred to Jefferson Davis as one who sought means for conciliation.

After this failure to agree, Mississippi seceded from the Union. Mr. Davis did not hesitate to obey her mandate or to follow her lead, and on the 21st of January, 1861, he delivered his famous "Farewell to the Senate."

The theory of the right of a State to secede had almost universally been accepted up to the year 1861. Even at that time the New York Tribune says: "If the cotton States wish to withdraw from the Union, they should be allowed to do so," and that "Any attempt to compel them to remain by force would be contrary to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and to the fundamental ideas upon which human liberty is based. If the Declaration of Independence justified the secession from the British Empire of three million subjects in 1776, it was not seen why it should not justify the secession of five million Southerners from the Union in 1861." Again: "Sooner than compromise with the South and abandon the Chicago platform" they would "let the Union slide." Now on the other side, Mr. Davis has been accused by some writers of having been anxious to dismember the Union. Although he always believed in the right of secession, he considered it an extreme measure, one to be resorted to only when all else had failed.

We have seen how he struggled for a compromise, and so modest were his views that in the conference in which the Governor, the Legislature of Mississippi, her Senators and Representatives in Congress took part, Mr. Davis stood alone in opposing any separate State action. At that time people thought him "too slow," if not really opposed to secession altogether.

He, on his part, did not think the issue should be precipitated as long as there was any chance for a peaceable settlement of the question. The majority of this State Convention, however, opposed him, and he then said he would abide by whatever action the Convention representing the sovereignty of the State of Mississippi might think proper to take. In a letter to Franklin Pierce, January 20, 1861, Mr. Davis says: "Civil war has only horror for me, but whatever circumstances may demand shall be met as a duty and I trust be so discharged that you will not be ashamed of our former connection or cease to be my friend."

In his "Farewell to the Senate," he said, in speaking of the secession of Mississippi: "I do think she has justifiable cause and I approve of her act." Also he remarks: "Nullification and secession, so often confounded, are indeed antagonistic principles. Mr. Calhoun advocated nullification because it preserved the Union. Secession belongs to a different class of remedies and is justified upon the basis that the States are sovereign. You may make war on a foreign State, but there are no laws of the United States to be executed within the limits of a seceded State." He closes his address by saying: "I am sure I feel no hostility toward you, Senators from the North, and I hope for peaceable relations with you though we must part."

THEY HAVE DONNED THE GRAY AGAIN.

(Affectionately dedicated to the C. V. A.)

At the Great Commander's order,
Though no war clouds lower to-day,
The veterans of the stars and bars
Again have donned the gray;

And they now are marching on,
As the swift winged years speed by,
To the camp of the battalions
Who are tenting in the sky.

There'll be hailing of old comrades
Some day in a brighter sphere,
There'll be welcome from the boys agone
For the boys still tarrying here.

And those who wait their coming—
When life's mists shall break away—
Will wonder that the old reserve
Appears with locks of gray:

For those to whom the summons came
Mid battles roar and grime,
Went down a glorying in the strength
Of manhood's youth and prime.

We're putting on the gray again,
Though peace its victory claims,
And the tattered banners on the wall
Are but memory's oriflammes:

We're wearing it a-down the slant,
The hills are all behind us,
And every day a link is lost
In the chain that seemed to bind us.

The phalanx dwindling to a squad,
The serried line still closes
To fill the gaps that time has made,
As one by one reposes

Close up, old boys, let elbows touch,
The march will soon be past;
On, steady, on! ye'll wear the gray
As long as life shall last.

If this be treason, then to Him
Who gave and took away,
Must be the plea of the old "Confed,"
Who again has donned the gray.

June 30, 1896. S. A. Jonas.

T. F. Carrick, Tracy City, Tenn., wishes the number of Col. Nathan Carter's regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Withers, in Hood's advance on Nashville. This regiment was stationed at Courtland, Ala. He also desires the address of Capt. James Norton of this regiment.

FAMOUS AUTHOR A CONFEDERATE.

Prof. F. W. N. Crouch, who died at Portland, Maine, August 18, '96, deserves record in the VETERAN. He was born in London, July 31, 1808. Like "Uncle Dan" Emmett, he began life on the stage, as it were. He was a natural musician, but aspired to eminence in the business world and at one time was active in establishing rolling mills in Kent. He subsequently gave his entire time to music and "his violin was his constant companion." His greatest composition, in some two thousand, was Kathleen "Mavourneen." A Mrs. Crawford, of London, furnished the words to it. Among the most familiar of his songs were "O'Donnel's Farewell," "The Emigrant's Lament," "Sing to me, Nora," and "Dermot Asthore."

He went first to New York, thence to Boston, and next to Portland, Maine, where he became the Director of the Sacred Philharmonic Society. He afterward went to Richmond, where he was connected with the choir of St. Paul's Church; he taught music and lectured.

When the war broke out, he was in the height of his prosperity in America. Giving up all this he shouldered a musket and marched to the front in the service of the Confederacy with the Richmond Howitzers. He was the life of his Company. Long, wearisome marches had no effect on his blithe heart. He was always in for a frolic, notwithstanding his advancing years, which then bore lightly upon him; and at night, around the camp fires, he would time and again sing to his weary, foot-sore comrades the sweet ballads he had written in former days.

Professor Crouch could fight as well as sing, and was one of the men who caused the destruction of the Portsmouth navy yard and the naval vessels there. He was in almost every struggle of the Army of Northern Virginia until the surrender at Appomatox.

After the war he returned to Richmond to find his home broken up, his books, manuscripts, and almost everything else he possessed, destroyed. While enroute to Buckingham Courthouse, he stopped at the home of Mr. Thomas Perkins, who employed him as gardener, but subsequently was proud to have him teach his daughters music.

He afterwards returned to Richmond, but in 1871 he made his residence in Baltimore, where he became prominent in musical circles.

The Baltimore Sun states that he never lost his pride in his old gray jacket, and one of the last times he ever sang in public in Baltimore was at a banquet given by his former companions in arms, the Maryland Confederate Society. Professor Crouch stood up in his gray uniform and, in a voice grown feeble and tremulous with age, sang "Kathleen Mavourneen." Then he joined with the others in the old war song, "Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag," his face suffused with a glow of enthusiasm, and his dim eyes, out of which the light had almost gone, brightened with the recollections of hard marches and the excitement of battle.

Professor Crouch was married four times. His last wife, who was Miss Vaughn, of Virginia, survives him. He was father of 27 children.

"KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."

Kathleen, Mavourneen! The gray dawn is breaking;
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen, Mavourneen! What! slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever!
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever.
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen, Mavourneen?

Kathleen, Mavourneen! Awake from thy slumbers.
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light.
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen! my sad tears are falling.
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
Oh! why art thou silent, Kathleen, Mavourneen?

N. B. NESBITT, HUNTINGDON, TENN.:—I was a member of Company H., Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regiment, and as Comrade Ridley wishes to hear of remarkable shots during our great war, I will give what I regard as a very remarkable one, considering that there was no damage done.

At Island No. 10, April 6, 1862, on Sunday evening while our Regiment was on dress parade, the enemy threw a shell that struck in about six feet of the head of the line, scattering the dirt on the men nearest to where it struck. Observing that we had drawn the enemy's fire, we were ordered to break ranks. In a few minutes we had orders to prepare four days' rations and be ready to march at a moment's notice. The news was welcomed, as we had been undergoing a siege for two or three weeks, and had been shelled day and night. All went to work eagerly to make the necessary preparations, some cooking, and some reading letters that Uncle George Rogers (the venerable and much loved Chaplain of Stonewall Camp at McKenzie) brought into camp. While our Company (H) was thus engaged, crowded around our camp fire to the number of twelve or fifteen. a shell came shrieking through the air and struck right in our midst and exploded, leaving a hole nearly large enough to bury a horse. When the dust and ashes settled, not a vestige of fire or cooking utensils remained, and my recollection is that we found our skillet of corn pones in another company, the bread still in it. How we all escaped unhurt is a miracle. There were some large poplars standing east of our Camp, and there was a perfect stampede to them. But in a few minutes the long roll beat and we were ordered to march out and leave our baggage. After wandering around a day or two we were surrendered—a stupendous blunder—as every man could have gotten out in safety, as hundreds did, but our officers told us if we attempted it and were captured it would go harder with us, consequently we had to undergo the horrors of prison life at Camp Douglass.

To my old comrades of Quarles' Brigade I send greeting. Especially would I like to hear if Dr. B. F. Barnes, who was surgeon of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee Regiment at Mobile, is yet living. He was very kind to me while sick.

FLAG OF THE THIRTEENTH MISSISSIPPI.

Miss J. D. Pringle sends a fine photograph of the old tattered flag of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment and its history. She writes that her father saw it at Houston and begged for it to show to his home people at Marlin, Texas. The camp having it in care subsequently forwarded it to comrade Pringle, and the photograph was made at Marlin.

This is a picture of the flag of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment. By its riddled center and ragged edges may be seen the result of deadly fire through which it passed. It was given this regiment by the Confederate Government, and was first used in the battle of Sharpsburg, and from that time on it led those brave men to many a victory. It was THIS regiment under THIS flag that stood that awful storm of fire on River street during the bombardment of the city of Fredericksburg. It waived over them in the moonlight of Chancellorsville, went with them into Maryland, and was at Gettysburg. It was carried through that awful slaughter in the weird and somber Wilderness. 'Twas at Appomattox that Major Geo. Donald, then commanding the regiment, took it from the staff, wrapped it around his body, and in this way prevented its capture.

It is now in the keeping of the Walthall Camp of Meridian, Miss., and it will ever be preserved as a relic of those dark days of the "sixties." It is ever viewed with fondest pride by a Confederate veteran and others who are interested in that cause for which so many died.

Capt. Dan B. Deupree died at his home, Marshall, Texas, March 20, 1896. He was born at Florence, Alabama, April 17, '35. His father the Rev. William Deupree, was a pioneer Baptist minister in Tennessee and Alabama.

In 1851, after the death of both his parents, young Daniel Deupree followed his older brothers to Texas. In that hot summer of 1860, he and his brother, Elijah Deupree, were engaged in merchandising at Ladonia, when fire destroyed their store. They lost $30,000. This fire, occurring on the same day and hour with the burning of the town of Dallas and other fires throughout the State, was supposed by many at the time to be the concerted incendiary acts of Northern emissaries. Vigilance committees were on the lookout for the appearance of John Browns in every community.

Early in the war, Daniel Deupree enlisted in the Third Texas Cavalry, Ector's Brigade, and bore the rank of Captain. In one of the Tennessee battles he received a never healing wound in the ankle. On another occasion, he was almost buried alive by the explosion of a huge shell that killed several of his comrades. He was a modest man, a faithful and gallant soldier.

At the close of the war Capt. Deupree returned to Texas, where he re-engaged in merchandising. He was married in 1871 to Miss Fannie, daughter of Judge George Lane, of Marshall. His excellent wife and four noble sons survive him. Judge Lane was a brother of the famous Gen. Walter P. Lane, distinguished in the Texan Revolution, the Mexican War and the Great War between the States.

Early in life, Capt. Deupree joined the Baptist Church, and was faithful to the end. He never had an enemy, for he never wronged his fellow-man, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

Three weeks before his demise he called his family and friends around him, told them that he was going to die, and warmly entreated all to meet him in Heaven. He was conscious to the last, and having no fears of the future, he passed away quietly like a child falling into a gentle sleep.

An old time comrade sends the following clipping which seems to contain an extravagant statement:

"Gen. Butler said that Mr. Lincoln's only fault was a virtue. He had such kindness of heart that he could not punish criminals. He had tried his best to make Mr. Lincoln hang deserters, but he could not be brought to do it. As a result there was at the close of the war an army of deserters numbering more than one hundred and seventy-seven thousand."

Miss Evelyn May Scott, Ft. Worth, Texas, says: The bicycle came all right, and I thank you for it. It is an elegant wheel. I spent two hours each morning for three weeks in getting subscribers. Since riding the bicycle, I feel like I could have worked all day for three months for it. We all like the VETERAN so much.

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION, U. C. V.

In announcing the death of Brigadier General I. G. McKissick, commanding the Second Brigade in South Carolina Division United Confederate Veterans, Major General C. I. Walker, through his Adjutant General, James G. Holmes, states in official order. * * * The period of his service in this position as short, and he had little opportunity to make himself known as its Commander to the Brigade, yet his lifelong career has been so distinguished, as a soldier, a citizen and a statesman, that every comrade of his Brigade and ofthis Division knew well his worth and appreciated the nobility of his character.

Genial, humorous, kind, generous and loving, of splendid abilities, which for many years were devoted to the service of his State, he had won his way into the hearts of the people of South Carolina, and had gained their warmest appreciation and confidence.

In pursuance of General Order No. 22, an election was held in the Camps of the Second Brigade of this Division for a Commander to succeed Brig. Gen. Isaac G. McKissick, and Comrade Thos W. Carwile, of Edgefield, S. C., was elected as Commander of the Second Brigade, South Carolina Division, with the rank of Brigadier General.

Gen. Walker calls attention in General Order No. 24, to the following resolution:

"That the Commanding General be requested to issue an order to the various Camps to send in a report to his headquarters, at a date to be fixed by him, of the number of indigent Ex-Confederate soldiers in their Camp or vicinity, who would accept, if erected, the hospitality of a Soldier's Home." And he designates November 1st, 1896, as the date on which said reports should be made, and the Commander of each Camp is charged with the duty of obtaining the information and forwarding it.

Gen. Walker also calls attention of the Division to the following circular by the Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association, with an earnest plea for assistance from the Camps. He adds: The cause is a worthy one, and many of the veterans of the Division must have comrades sleeping in Stonewall Cemetery, in Winchester, Va., whose memory they wish to honor. A contribution of five dollars from each Camp would carry out the purpose attempted by the ladies of the Association, but any amount may be sent to the Adjutant General, who will turn it over to the Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association.

The circular by Miss F. E. DeSaussure read:

CHARLESTON, S. C., May 28th, 1896.

In Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Va., 149 Confederate soldiers from South Carolina are buried. Some years ago the Ladies' Memorial Association of Charleston, with a combined effort through the State, placed headstones to them all. Many of the Southern States are now putting monuments to their dead in that cemetery.

The Ladies' Memorial Association feel that our soldiers must be honored too, and now ask the coöperation of your Memorial Association, and of all others in the State, also of those who have loved ones there or cherish a tender regard for the memory of the men who gave their lives for our defence, to come forward and help this good work.

A noble Virginian, who, (though now living in New York)—Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss—has offered to give as much as the State will raise to place a monument to the South Carolina dead in Stonewall Cemetery, and surely we cannot shame ourselves by not meeting this generous offer with an effort to raise the needed Five Hundred Dollars for our share of this Monument, to record the names of gallant men who died at Winchester, Va., for their country. Our women must be true to their past record.

MONUMENT AT WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend, New Orleans, now in Mexico:

From out the ground the blood of heroes cried;
Remembrance, hearing, would not be denied,
And from her heartbeats loyal, pure, divine,
Rose Heavenward, stone on stone, this sacred shrine.

Long have these silent slumberers been pressed,
Beloved Virginia! to thy faithful breast;
And Louisiana, through her grateful tears,
Hails thee, staunch guardian of her soldiers' biers!

The buglers' notes, the drummers' calls are stilled—
Mute all the martial hearts once battle thrilled;
But as a banner, which the broad earth heeds,
Above them floats the splendor of their deeds!

Here rest the peerless riders of a time
When valley campaigns rung with feats sublime;
Here sleep the gunners who have fought the fight,
And bled and died for that they deemed THE RIGHT.

Here are the hands that held undaunted swords;
Here, men who kept our mountain gaps and fords—
Men of the musket who could die—and smile;
Heroes and martyrs of the rank and file!

To these is reared—but not alone to these—
This noble meed to noble memories;
It stands above the dust it shuts within
For attributes which make all brave men kin!

It stands a monument beneath the skies
To honest creeds, to grand self-sacrifice;
To zeal that leaped to meet the opposing flood,
With lavish torrents of intrepid blood.

It stands for resolute purpose ne'er dismayed;
For sacred trusts, for honor unbetrayed;
For fearless fervor facing any fate,
For human greatness that makes nations great!

It stands for heroism; hearts to dare,
For heights of hope, the valleys of despair;
For stern convictions—for such soul-felt fires
As stirred our Revolutionary sires!

It stands for courage that unswerved could be
By scourging surges of adversity;
It stands for deeds unknown to song or story—
For Duty done alone for Duty's glory!

Farewell, ye brave who sleep beneath this stone!
Who dies for her is e'er his country's own;
Heir to a place upon her proudest page,
Co-heir to all her holiest heritage.

No more for you the battle nor retreat—
This pillar, rising o'er your last defeat,
Points, like a lifted finger, past all these
Up yonder, toward Eternal Victories!

Confederate Veteran

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

Publication of the Constitution of the United Confederate Veterans has been promised for months. While it will not be of general interest, it will be useful to Sons of Veterans who contemplate organization. This is the constitution adopted at Houston, Texas, after that which was known as the Underwood Constitution discussed at Birmingham the year previous and understood by many to have been adopted. Comrades generally will find it useful as questions of various kinds will come up for discussion in their camps.

In this connection, comrades, appeal is made that we weary not in behalf of our great fraternity. Let us not forget that ours is the most devoted brotherhood on the earth. It is not possible for material to increase—Confederate veterans can never increase in number. A large majority of the people in this country feel no interest in that part of our lives which made us men and whereby we have honored the human race, while many would dishonor us. If we become indifferent, the tendencies will be rapid toward clothing with ignomy the struggle which we know caused our sacrifices to exceed those of any other people in the world. Let us strive ever to maintain the sentiment expressed by a son recently—that when he died he wanted his body wrapped in a Confederate flag and that his coffin be covered with the stars and stripes. If this sentiment be treason, let us suffer its penalties and take the consequences as they may be adjudged on the resurrection morn.

Let us be true as are Confederate women who are organized under great disadvantages, and who will teach their children and grandchildren the principles of the founders of the Republic.

Wouldn't it be splendid if Grand Army veterans should unite in a petition that this "Battle Abbey" be erected in Washington City, and, as proof of sincerity, that they subscribe liberally to it? And, too, wouldn't it be fine if they would turn over the Confederate flags in their possession to be preserved in the states of the South which they served?

Several inquiries have reached this office as to the whereabouts of "Commander" John C. Brain, who has been travelling through Texas, lecturing in the interest of the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund. Any information as to his present address, or where he will be in the near future, will be a favor to these inquirers. It will be well if he or his friends give prompt attention to this notice.

A singular error occurred last month in the name of sponsor for Oklahoma Territory, using under the picture the name of Miss Leoma Cobb, who was sponsor for Trans-Mississippi Department. The fair young woman is Miss Mary M. Beale, and the picture is a fine reproduction of a fine photograph.

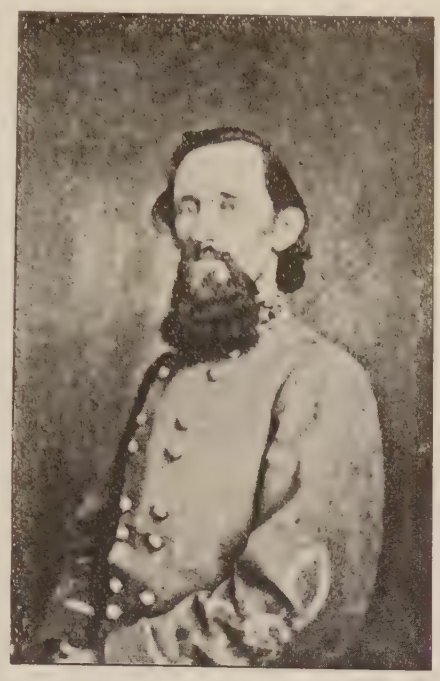
A description of the Winchester, Va., Monument has been postponed in the absence of an engraving. There is, however, in this number the poem on the subject by Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend.

Apology seems necessary for the delay of much that is due in the VETERAN. There are illustrations and sketches of dedications, etc., etc., ready for this number, but unavoidably left over.

The picture below is that of the kitchen by Carter House after the battle of Franklin. It was across the garden from this kitchen that S. A. Cunningham had the experience with General Strahl, described in the following pages.

GEN. O. F. STRAHL.

Otho French Strahl, a native of Ohio, had removed to the South and was practicing law at Dyersburg, Tenn., when the war of '61-5 began. He enlisted promptly in the Confederate Army, was soon promoted to the command of his Regiment, the Fourth Tennessee Infantry, and then to Brigadier General, holding that position when killed at Franklin, Nov. 30, 1864.



Gen. Strahl was a model character, and it was said of him that in all the war he was never known to use language unsuited to the presence of ladies.

The editor of the VETERAN was a boy soldier in his Brigade—Forty-first Tennessee—and was so thrilled with his noble record on that last eventful day and night, when his gallant Commander gave his life for the Confederate cause, that he went on the sacred pilgrimage, a few years ago, to a Kansas ranch to see a sister, Mrs. Sigler, and tell her of his last hours.

There he procured the photograph herein engraved, and he saw a memoranda and letters from the General's trunk. Mr. Sigler, although a Northwesterner, manifested much interest, and with pride produced the General's beautiful gray uniform coat, with its collar decorated in wreathed stars.

In reply to a remark of surprise that Gen. Strahl should have been so zealous to his death for the Confederacy, his sister said that both of his grandmothers were Southern women.

The correspondence and further comment will be read with interest, especially by all who were familiar with the awful carnage at Franklin.

Bishop Chas. Todd Quintard, who was Chaplain to the First Tennessee Infantry, and has ever been zealous in behalf of Southern people, writes:

I am glad to know that you have a photograph of Gen. Strahl, and pictures of the cotton gin and the Carter House. I have a table made from the wood of the cotton gin.

The day on which the battle of Franklin was fought Gen. Strahl presented me a beautiful mare, named Lady Polk. His inspector, Lieutenant John Marsh, as he bade me adieu, threw his arms about me and gave me a farewell kiss. My intercourse with these two men was of a most sacred character. Marsh had been fearfully wounded at the battle of Chickamauga. I had watched over him on the field and in the hospital. On the 22d of February I had baptized him in Gilmer Hospital near Marietta; and he was confirmed by Bishop Elliott, of Georgia, on the day following. To both I had broken that bread which came down from heaven. John Marsh was knit to me by the tenderest ties of friendship. There was in him what Shaftsbury calls the "most natural beauty in the world." Honesty and moral truth—honesty that was firm and upright. "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, or Jove for his power to thunder."

Gen. Strahl I baptized on the 20th of April, and I presented him for Confirmation to the Right Rev. Stephen Elliott. The following is from the report of Bishop Elliott, to his convention, in 1864:

On Wednesday, April 20th, services were held in the Methodist Church, Dalton, upon which occasion service was read by Dr. Quintard, and baptism administered to Gen. Strahl, of Tennessee. After service a class was presented by Dr. Quintard, among whom were four Generals of the Army of the Confederate States. These officers were Lieut. Gen. Hardee, Brigadier Generals Strahl, Shoup and Govan. * * *

The Bishop adds: The day of Strahl's death was to me a most pathetic one. He evidently felt that the approaching battle was to be his last—with many tender words he bade me farewell. I kept the mare he gave me through the war. Afterward I sold her and with the proceeds of the sale I erected a memorial window in St. James Church, Bolivar, to his dear memory and that of his Inspector, John Marsh. I need not say how sacred these memories are.

The editor of THE VETERAN read the above with moistened eyes. It is a coincidence like special providence that these two faces, Strahl and Marsh, were indelibly impressed upon him in that awful charge at Franklin—his position being right guide to the Brigade, he was near Strahl in the fatal advance; and was pained at the extreme sadness in Strahl's face. He was surprised, too, that his General went in the battle on foot. Lieut. Marsh, who formerly belonged to the Artillery, and with a stiff arm from the battle of Chickamauga, always wore an artillery jacket—was on his white horse in advance of the line of battle up to within about three hundred yards of the breastworks. There was in his face an indescribable expression—while animated and rather playful, there was mingled in its heroic action evidence that he felt he was on the brink of eternity. But he wavered not and rode on and on until rider and horse lay dead before us, terribly

mangled with bullets. How strange that these reminiscences come to the writer to be recorded for the entire Southland so many years after the event!

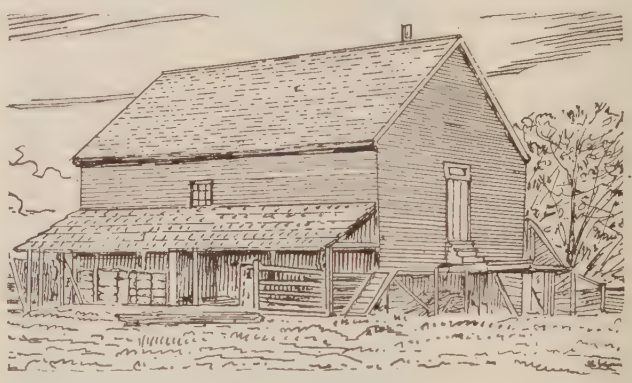
An account of personal experience in the battle of Franklin went the rounds of the Southern press a few years ago in which the following occurred:

I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch and handed up guns to those posted to fire them

CARTER HOUSE AT FRANKLIN.

I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the Regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing, cocked it and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him. When the men so exposed were shot down, their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call for others. He turned to me, and though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately, and walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other upon the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he, too, was shot down. One other man had position on my right, and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia Pike, some fifty yards to our right, and hardly any behind us to hand up guns. Indeed but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to surrender or try to get away; and when I asked General Strahl for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, he, too, was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulder as he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. Staff officers and others started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing as if ready to give command to the dead!

By that time but a handful of us were left on that part of the line, and as I was sure that our condition was not known, I ran to the rear to report to Gen. John C. Brown, commanding the division. I met Major Hampton of his staff, who told me that Gen. Brown was wounded, and that Gen. Strahl was in command. This assured me that those in command did not know the real situation, so I went on the hunt for General Cheatham. Ah, the loyalty of faithful comrades in such a struggle!



THE COTTON GIN.

These personal recollections are all that I can give, as the greater part of the battle was fought after nightfall, and once in the midst of it, with but the light of the flashing guns, I could know only what passed directly under my sight. True, the moon was shining; but the dense smoke and dust so filled the air as to weaken its benefits, like a heavy fog before the rising sun, only there was no promise of the fog disappearing. Our spirits were crushed. It was indeed the Valley of Death.

E. J. McGarr, Esq., of Mississippi, has written an account of that great battle, in which so many of his fellow Mississippians fell, which will have attention ere long. That state suffered heavily at Franklin.

F. M. Shields, Lieutenant Gulf City Guards, Company G., Twenty-fourth Alabama Regiment, Coopwood, Miss.: A few days before Gen. Bragg moved the Army from Corinth to Dalton, we were on picket duty. The Federals had the best guns. Gen. Jackson, in order to get even with them, ordered two Lieutenants and sixty men to get in between ours and the contending pickets in the night, and fire upon the enemy at daybreak. I was one among the number selected. H. B. Duck, now living near me, fired the first gun; W. E. Lloyd, now Superintendent of Edin Wayne Company, Mississippi, fired the next.

After what seemed three hours hard fighting, we charged and drove them back. During the fight I sat down by a large tree to eat a "snack," when a Federal shot at, but missed, me. I wonder if he is living.

I have a sword captured from the Colonel of an Ohio Regiment—name forgotten. I am willing to give the sword to the owner.

OLD CONFEDERATE DAYS.

Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine gives reminiscences that will recall to our Veterans and their helpmeets some of the tribulations of war as well as some of its humor. Even misfortune has its funny side. These illustrations of war times will be vivid to many readers:

Before me is an old memorandum book, crumpled and torn. Its cover is of stiff wall paper; its inner leaves of the coarse, dingy paper manufactured in the Confederacy during the war. Among other things, it contains the following entries of household expenses:

One sack of flour, $75; 1 ham, $40; 10 lbs. brown sugar, $60; 4 yds. of shirting, $40; soap, $10; 4 lbs. coffee, $120; 3 chickens, $20; lot of mackerel, $125; 12 yds. cambric, $144; half bushel of rice, $14.50; watermelon, $5; 1 lb. butter, $6.80; beef, 2 lbs., $4; lard, $5; 1 lb. tea, $65; 12 yds. flannel, $150; mending shoes, $10; 1 calf skin, $80; bottle port wine, $45; bottle brandy, $75; bonnet frame, $8; 2 yds. cloth for coat, $120; 2 calico dresses, $108; pair of trousers, $175; coat, $200; cutting hair, $2; corset, $50; shoes, $150; and so on.

Curious old figures these, but they belong to the class that "don't lie." It used to be said in those days that a woman went shopping with a wheelbarrow to carry her money in and brought home her purchases in her pocketbook. Dear old days! They are far enough removed to have gained a perspective, and to borrow the hues of romance from the distance. How their memory clings to us. We triumphed and wept and lived a great deal in those four eventful years.

Time and again it has been written, and with much truth, that the heroism of the Southern women prolonged the conflict several years, and that the efforts of the men in the field were sustained by the courage of the women at home.

Not only were they brave and hopeful, but as the war progressed, they became expert in devising "ways and means" whereby their supplies which every day were growing less, might be eked out. "The boys at the front" were their first consideration. After their wants were supplied, only what was left would be utilized by those at home. To do without, was part of a Southern woman's religion. During the war many a sick and wounded soldier was brought back to life by their tender nursing and the home delicacies of which they were only too glad to deprive themselves.

The subject of clothing soon became a problem. Old garrets were ransacked for discarded garments that were brought out and given a fresh lease of life in new characters. Bonnets were made of old black silk dress waists, lined with red or blue satin from the lining of old coat sleeves, and trimmed with goose feathers. New hats were constructed from discarded ones, trimmed with old velvet coat collars and cock's plumes, cut from the roosters in the yard. Palmetto and corn shucks were also forced to do duty in like manner.

A lady in Columbia, South Carolina, was fortunate enough to receive through the blockade a beautiful imported bonnet. The first Sunday that she made her appearance in the church with the startling revelation on her head, there was not a woman in the congregation, I venture to assert, who heard one word of the sermon; and the following week that bonnet had more visitors than any ten of the most fashionable women in the city.

Our jackets were made of our father's old-fashioned cloaks, those of the style represented in the pictures of John C. Calhoun, doing splendid service by supplying all the girls in the family at once. One velvet jacket came out triumphant at the close of the war, having done heroic duty for five girls of the family on all festive occasions.

If there were two girls in the family, we went out singly, in order that the same dress might do double duty. We borrowed, loaned, patched, lengthened, shortened, turned and twisted our garments until there was nothing left of them.

One Richmond belle laughingly told, after the war, of going to a party in a borrowed dress so short for her that she was ashamed to walk across the floor. Usually, the gayest among the gay; she was asked on the evening in question why she was so quiet—why she was not dancing?

"Dancing!" she said, "Good heavens, I'm only too thankful that I can breathe. I don't even dare to laugh, for I should burst this girl's dress to pieces, and it's all she has."

Some of the situations were ludicrous in the extreme. We made a journey once with a worn-out pair of Confederate mules, and while the distance was only thirty miles, it necessitated camping out for the night. In the morning our ablutions were performed in a stream near by. One of the party pinned her hair switch to the back of the wagon preparatory to the arrangement of her toilette after returning from the water; but lo, and behold! the switch had disappeared. Primus, the driver, was questioned, but the only satisfaction to be gleaned from him was:" I dunno nuffin 'tall 'bout no switch mam; I bin see dat black mule chaw 'pon sump'n dat look like a hoss tail. I specs dat' w'ar yo' har don' gone, missis."

Picture it! Think of it! A woman blessed by nature with only slight hirsute adornment, thus suddenly bereft of her "crown of glory" without the remotest possibility of replacing it and the prospect of a protracted war before her.

It was not an uncommon sight to come suddenly upon a bevy of pretty girls sitting tailor fashion making and mending shoes, the material for the purpose being rabbit or squirrel skins. The neatest fitting gloves were made of old silk stockings that had been raveled; and I knew of a dainty pair of shoes being made for the baby of the house out of an old morocco needle book that had been ripped up for the purpose.

Buttons being out of the question, and pins five dollars a paper, a substitute was made by boring holes in persimmon seed and sewing them on the children's clothes. An old colored mammy was the first to devise this clever substitute.

Old men and little boys helped to wind thread and hold brooches, and even knitted on the soldier's socks, after the mystery of "turning the heel" had passed. As the merry spinning wheel went round, you could frequently hear the strain of a patriotic song like the following:

"Our wagon's plenty big enough,
The running gear is good;
It's stuffed with cotton round the sides
And made of Southern wood.
Carolina is the driver,
With Georgia by her side,
Virginia'll hold the flag up,
And we'll all take a ride."

A favorite night employment was making envelopes. Letter writing was one of our luxuries. White paper could not be wasted on the outside of a letter that had to bear our messages of love to our dear ones in the camp or on the battlefield. Wall paper and sheets with pictures on one side served for the purpose of envelopes. These were stuck together with gum from peach trees, and goose quills supplied our pens.

Many of our private missives were written by torchlight. Blessed pine trees! What a resource you proved to be in our emergencies! The Confederates were all "Fire-worshipers." Women wrote letters to absent lovers, knitted, read and sewed by the bright flames of pine knots. Matches were very scarce; a factory was started in Richmond, but the matches furnished were poor, having a habit of going out before the candle was lighted, making it always safer to trust to a coal of fire or a lightwood knot.

Candles! Ah, these were the things on which the women tried all their ingenuity. They were sometimes made of tallow and beeswax, mutton suet and wax, while very swell green candles were the product of myrtle berries. The great trouble with them was to get the candles strong enough to stand alone when lighted, most of them having a way of lopping over like the Tower of Pisa as soon as the wick was ignited, and depositing arabesque designs in grease on every article within reach of their "continual dropping."

Our coffee was made of various substitutes, such as rye, wheat, rice, potatoes, peas and peanuts. Tea was a decoction of blackberry or sassafras leaves. Think of it, ye devotees of five o'clock teas! Your favorite beverage made of blackberry leaves sweetened with sorghum or molasses.

Vinegar was manufactured from persimmons; shoe blacking from Pride of India berries boiled with water, soot and mutton suet. Ink was made of sumach berries; salt was distilled from the water of the ocean, and frequently from the earth in the smokehouses where meat was cured.

Being an agricultural and not an inventive people, we were often sorely tried for the want of the most insignificant articles. The trouble with us was that we had always depended upon the North for everything from a hair pin to a tooth pick, and from a cradle to a coffin, and to be thus suddenly cut off from our source of supplies with our ports blockaded was not a pleasant situation. This condition of things was not however, without its good results, as the number of factories and machine shops on Southern soil now demonstrate.

Nearly all of the smaller towns and villages in the Confederacy that were not within the Federal line of march, were filled with refugees from the beleaguered towns and cities. This was especially the case in South Carolina. Every inch of space was occupied. Many of the first families of the State lived in discarded baggage cars along the lines of the railroad. It was not an unfrequent thing to hear the sound of a harp, piano, or guitar from these homely abodes, which were fitted up with all the elegance that refined taste could dictate.

Our diversions during the war consisted of nothing more exciting than concerts for the benefit of soldier's hospitals, sewing societies for making soldier's clothing, surprise parties and prayer meetings.

Some of the most laughable incidents occurred in these sewing circles. In one instance where an old spinster was in charge of the "cutting and giving out" department, she inadvertently put but one leg of a pair of drawers in a bundle of clothing that was taken home by a young girl who was enthusiastic on the subject of sewing for the soldiers. She made up and finished the odd drawers leg and returned it to the society. At the next meeting, the unique article was held up before the assembled members by the spinster who, in her bitterest tones said, "Who made this?" "I did," said the young girl, blushing deeply, "I thought it was intended for a one legged man."

In the absence of the men, the women undertook to perform their duties, and many a fine crop was planted and harvested by fair hands unused to anything more laborious than a lesson on a harp or piano. Some of them became expert hair-cutters, and one girl had the honor of having shaved her father with a pair of embroidery scissors, the work being so cleverly done that the old gentleman remarked: "Sallie, I do believe that if you had a pair of scissors large enough, you could build a house."

One Winchester maiden did paint the outside of her house, and while mounted upon a ladder dressed in an old homespun dress and split bonnet, with paint pot in hand, received a call from two of her most fashionable neighbors. Descending the ladder and assuming the air of a servant, she invited them to enter the house; then hastening to her room, she changed her dress, came in and greeted her friends in the most graceful and cordial manner. During the visit however, she did not fail to observe vague little punctuation marks in the corners of her visitor's mouths, and an occasional twinkle in their eyes that said as plain as words, "You have not fooled us a bit," but they were not sufficently acquainted to reveal their knowledge; and it was only through a third party that the young painter learned that her incog had been discovered.

It is the glory of two Georgia women however, to have done what no other woman in the world was ever credited with doing: that is, to clean out a

well; and the work when finished would have done credit to a first class well-digger.

It was during these years of hardships and privations that Southern women showed their true worth. With husbands and brothers in the army, in many instances, prisoners, often without home or money, and starvation staring them in the face, they were uncomplaining, cheerful, helpful and hopeful; and when the end came, it was these women who had endured all these hardships that encouraged the men and kept them from despair. They put their shoulders to the wheel and did not look back, and the brave fight which they have since made with fate, has often given proof of valor worthy of the Spartan days.

In regard to the loyalty of the slaves, be it said to their eternal credit, no race was ever more loyal and helpful than they, during those four years of bloody strife. They took special pride in the feeling that they were the only protectors of the mistress at home during the absence of her natural protector and guardian.

A certain lady was told that her negroes were holding nightly meetings in her kitchen, and it was suspected that they were making arrangements to desert the enemy. One night, a low, earnest sound was heard from that locality. Creeping softly along to hear what the conspiracy might be, the mistress found the entire group of negroes on their knees, while one of them was offering up an earnest petition to the "Fader in Hebben," and praying Him to "bress missis and de chillun, an pertickler de young masters in de wah."

A ten dollar Confederate bill is now kept as a memento of an old nurse who, after the war, brought it to her mistress to "he'p 'er ter git along."

An old negro man who had been his master's body-servant, brought a store of provisions and laying it before his former owner, said: "Marster, it mos' breaks my heart to see yo' an' ole miss in dis yere shanty, but 'would break 'tirely to know yo' was hongry an' couldn't git nuffin to eat."

His master, brushing the tears from his eyes, said: "Tom, I can't take these things from you and leave you and your children to starve."

The faithful old man replied: "No danger o' dat, Marster; Tom is used to helpin' hisself, but you an' ole miss nebber could do dat."

The master, greatly touched by this show of affectionate gratitude, said: "Tom, we have fallen upon evil days, but perhaps I may live to repay you for your kindness."

"Lord, Marster," replied the old man, "You's done dat time an' agin fur all dese years, an' I'se sho' it's my time to tek keer o' yo' an' ole miss."

The negresses would sell any of their home products for finery. A veil with these dusky dames would bring any amount in butter, eggs or chickens; the blacker the skin, the more ardent the desire to "dress like de white folks."

When the Federal Army was leaving Columbia, a number of the negroes followed, some of them going in their Masters' carriages. One old dame thus seated, dressed in all the finery she could lay her hands on—including a white lace veil—and fanning herself vigorously with a huge palmetto fan, although it was February, was met by an acquaintance, who hailed her after this fashion, "Hello, Aunt Sallie, whar yo' gwine?"

Nodding her head with a patronizing air, she answered, "Lor', honey, I'se gwine back inter de Union." And she got there. In less than six months afterwards, word came back to Columbia that she was "doing time in a prison for pilfering from her Northern mistress."

REGIMENTAL HISTORY CORRECTED.

Justice to Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, Lieut. Col. John D. Weeden writes from Florence, Ala.:

In the interesting and ably written "Life of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston" by his son, Col. William Preston Johnston, appears a graphic description of the battle of Shiloh. He states that the Kentucky Brigade to which, at that time, the Thirty-first Alabama Regiment was attached, had been, on that day, detached from Gen. Breckenridge's Corps and sent to the support of Gen. Hardee on our left, and there assailed a part of Gen. Sherman's Command, which was identified as McDowell's and the Thirteenth Missouri by the prisoners who were taken; and says, on page 607: "Finally, bringing up the Thirty-first Alabama Regiment, which had been held in reserve, they charged at a double quick, routing the enemy and driving them at a run from the field."

The Regiment here referred to by Col. Johnston, was, subsequent to the battle of Shiloh, numbered by the War Department at Richmond as the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, and, thereafter, was known in the Army by that number. At the time, however, of the battle referred to, the Regiment, as stated by Col. Johnston, was known in that Army as the Thirty-first Alabama, and attached to the Kentucky Brigade, commanded by Col. Trabue, of Louisville.

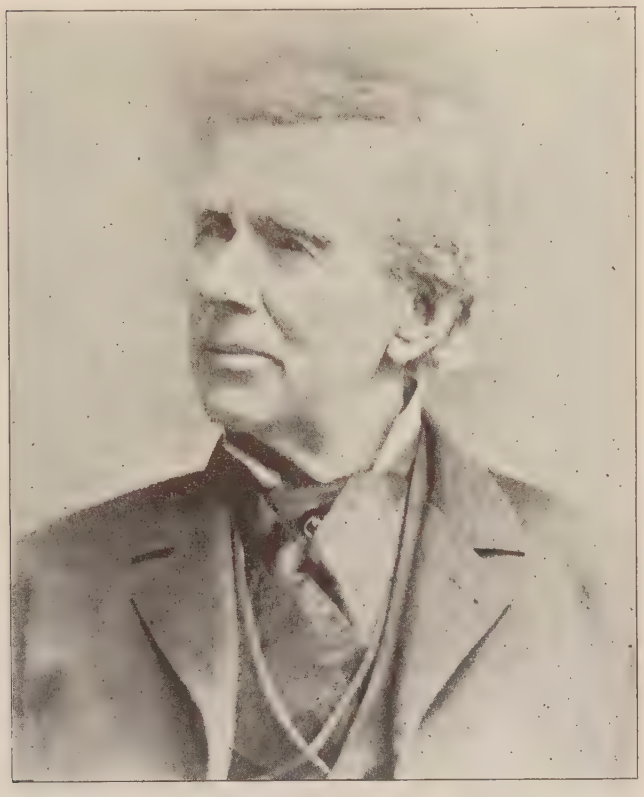
Col. Johnston has kindly assured me, that in a subsequent edition of his work, this error would be corrected.

I think it but right and justice to the brave men from the counties of Madison, Jackson, Marshall, DeKalb and Cherokee, who composed the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, that this error should be corrected. And I do so without wishing, in the least, to detract from the equally gallant men who composed the Thirty-first Alabama Regiment, so ably commanded by Col. D. R. Hundley. At the time that the battle of Shiloh was fought, Col. Hundley's Regiment (Thirty-first Alabama) was being organized at Talladega, and, consequently, could not have participated in that battle.

I was, at the date above named, the Adjutant, and subsequently Lieutenant Colonel of the Forty-ninth Alabama Regiment, which performed many deeds as heroic as the part it acted in the ever memorable battle of Shiloh. It participated in most of the important battles with our Western Army, from Shiloh to the final surrender under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston—and "nothing lacked in soldiership, except good fortune."

GOV. WM. SMITH, OF VIRGINIA.

Two or three months ago there was a list of the names of Confederate Generals in your magazine—that of Gen. Wm. Smith, of Virginia, was omitted, and this statement is made not only as a tribute to a dauntless soldier, but to correct historic record. The VETERAN is a history. General and Gov. Wm. Smith was a successful lawyer and a representative of Virginia in Congress. He became Colonel of the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment when nearly sixty-four years of age.



General Beauregard, in his report of the battle of Manassas stated, "Col. Wm. Smith was efficient, self-possessed, and brave. The influence of his example and his words of encouragement were not confined to his immediate command, the good conduct of which was especially noticeable, inasmuch it had been embodied but a day or two before the battle." General Johnston reported "Colonel Smith's cheerful courage had a fine effect, not only upon the spirit of his own men, but upon the stragglers of the troops engaged." J. E. B. Stuart stated, "Colonel Smith was conspicuously brave and self-possessed." General Mahone mentioned "the characteristic coolness of the fearless Commander of the Forty-ninth."

General Smith was elected to the Confederate Congress, but did not leave the field, nor after being elected Governor, until the people vociferously demanded he should do so. He was twice wounded at Seven Pines, and three times at Sharpsburg. He was promoted first to Brigadier and then to Major General.

At the close of active hostilities he returned to his farm in Fauquier County, setting an example of industry, and encouraging all to bear up against defeat with manly pride. He lived in tempestuous times, and yet his pure life and sweet nature enabled him to "live down political enmity." His body reposes in sweet Hollywood, with the beloved of his life at its side, and with the coat-of-arms of his State above it.

HELPING THE RESACA CEMETERY.

John C. Portis, who was a private in the Eighth Mississippi Infantry, writes to Mrs. E. J. Simmons at Calhoun, Ga., from Uniontown, Ala.:

DEAR MADAM: I send herewith $1.00 to be used on the soldiers cemetery at Resaca. Seven of my Regiment lie there. My right arm lies about a mile south of Resaca. It was put in a board box and buried by a comrade. I was a private in Company B., Eighth Mississippi Regiment Infantry, and was wounded in right shoulder and throat about dark in a charge May 14, 1864. I was carried back to the bluff below the bridge where about three or four hundred poor fellows were lying torn, bleeding and some dying. After a time I crossed the bridge faint and sick, and I was trying to make my way to Cheatham's Division hospital when a man came into the road with an ox wagon, loaded in part with beds, which were very white. Some one called him Motes, and asked about his family, and he said they had gone on to Calhoun. Mr. Motes insisted that I ride to the hospital, and said his wife would not care if all her beds were dyed with rebel blood. I would like to know what became of Mr. Motes. Sunday morning my right arm was amputated at the shoulder.

In the streets of Resaca that day I saw enacted a deed of heroism which challenged admiration of all who witnessed it. A wagon occupied by several ladies was passing along north of the river and just west of the railroad, when a yankee battery opened fire on it, and until it had passed over the bridge, poured a storm of shells around it. A young woman stood erect in the wagon waving her hat, which had a red ribbon on it, seemingly to defy the cowards who would make war on defenceless women.

I was taken from the church to a bush arbor on west side of the railroad, where I expected to die. A middle-aged woman dressed in black came with nourishments, and (God forever bless her) fed me, and during that awful day ministered to the wants of the wounded and dying. Who she was I may never know, but she was a noble woman.

Perched upon the top of a lofty tree near the church was a mocking bird, warbling his sweet notes of joy and gladness, ever now and then darting out, as if to catch a minie ball as it went swinging by. I called attention to that sweet songster, which, it seemed, was trying to cheer me in that dark hour.

I am now nearly sixty years old. I have a noble son, then a babe, now a prominent preacher.

INCIDENTS AT FREDERICKSBURG.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA., Dec. 20, 1862.

CHARMING NELLIE: * * * An hour before daylight on the 11th of this month, the thundering boom of two heavy guns awoke the sleeping Confederate army. Scarcely had its echoes ceased to reverberate through the wooded hills and hollows south of the Rappahannock River, when every Southern soldier was on his feet, armed and equipped to meet the enemy whose coming it announced. Not a thought of defeat disturbed the minds of the tried veterans who had driven McClellan's vast and well appointed army from the gates of Richmond, routed Pope's at Second Manassas and sent it a mass of demoralized fugitives to the shelter of the intrenchments around Washington City, and had held their own at Sharpsburg against the doubly outnumbering forces commanded by McClellan "redivivus." The battle had been promised by Burnside to the Northern people; Lee counted on, and had made his arrangements for it, and not a Brigadier General of the Confederates but knew his place in the lines of defense.

When the dense fog, that laid low over the wide, level valley on the south side, lifted on the morning of the 12th, and the sun of a cloudless sky touched the earth with its sheen of light, the scene had changed. The ground next to the river, which the day before was yellow with the stubble of grass and grain, was now blue with Yankee uniforms, the monotony relieved only by the glistening of burnished arms and the bright colors of a hundred flags. Massed between railroad and river, division behind division, artillery in front, cavalry in rear and infantry in the center, and protected by the heavy siege guns planted on the low range of hills crowning the north bank of the stream, Burnside's army was an imposing, awe-inspiring spectacle. * * * Marye's Hill is a spur of high land that approaches within half a mile of the river and terminates in a bluff overlooking the little city nestling between it and the stream. At the foot of this bluff runs a narrow wagon road parallel with the river, and on the side of the road next to the city is a low fence built of stone.

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th the battle began in earnest. On the top of the hill, and close to the edge of the bluff, that morning, there was a battery, and behind the stone fence crouched Cobb's Brigade of Georgians—one of the regiments being the gallant Eighteenth, which, when in our Brigade, complimented us by its willingness to be known as the Third Texas. * * * To assault this position was a desperate undertaking, and it would seem that the calculating, death-fearing, simon-pure Yankees shrank from it with a dread that even unlimited supplies of whiskey could not abate. Foreigners, though, were plentiful in the Federal Army, and the loss of a few thousand more or less would break no Yankee hearts; and, therefore, I imagine Meagher's Irish Brigade was selected for the sacrifice. But even Irish hearts had to be tempered for the ordeal, and, to this end, it was necessary not only to appeal to their love for "ould Ireland" but to imbue them with a supplemental fictitious courage. Only when a sprig of arbor vitæ, stolen from the deserted yards of the town, was pinned upon their caps to remind them of the shamrock of their native Isle, their throats moistened liberally and their canteens filled with liquor, did they become ready to move forward as an initiatory forlorn hope. * * * * Between the last houses of the town proper and the stone fence stretched a piece of level, open ground about two hundred yards wide. Entering this, the Federals halted a second or two to reform their lines; and then, some shouting "Erin go bragh," and others, the Yankee huzzah, rushed impetuously forward against a storm of grape and canister that, as long as the guns on the hill-top could be sufficiently depressed, tore great gaps in their ranks. But wavering not, they closed together and rushed onward until within fifty yards of the stone fence, when in one grand, simultaneous burst of light, sound and death, came the blinding flash, the deafening roar, the murderous destruction of two thousand well-aimed rifles, the wild, weird, blood-curdling Confederate yell, and two thousand Irishmen sank down wounded or dead and a cowed and demoralized remnant sought safety in inglorious flight.

Seven assaults were made on the stone fence during the day, and five thousand men were sent to eternity before Burnside convinced himself that the position was impregnable. Only two regiments of our division were engaged in any undertaking that might be called a battle. These were the Fifty-seventh and Fifty-fourth North Carolina Regiments, composed of conscripts—young men under twenty and old men—all dressed in homespun, and presenting to the fastidious eyes of us veterans a very unsoldierly appearance. But we judged hastily; ordered to charge a body of the enemy, they did it not only with most surprising recklessness, but kept on charging without intermission or let up, until, to save them from certain capture, Gen. Hood recalled them peremptorily. * * *

It was, I think, on the 14th that our Brigade was lying—presumably on its arms—in a forest of tall timber, but near enough to get into line at a moments notice. A blanket had been spread on the ground and four or five men were seated around it playing poker. A hand was dealt and Bill Smith felt happy; he held four sixes. Two of his companions were also lucky, and when one of them bet fifty beans—they were playing cent ante—the other raised him two hundred. Confident of winning, for two hands of fours are seldom held in the same deal, Bill, with a fine pretence of bluffing, looked over his cards long and anxiously and finally said, in a trembling voice, "I see your bets, gentlemen, and go you five hundred better." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a shell from a long range cannon struck the dead limb of a tree near by, and sent a piece of it against Bill's breast with such force as to knock him backwards, sprawling to the ground, the cards flying from his hands, each in a different direction. Jumping to his feet instantly and glaring wrathfully on everybody in sight he exclaimed: "D—— if I can't whip the cowardly whelp who threw that chunk—now's his time to cheep, if he's got any sand in his craw." But no

one cheeped; Bill meant every word he said and was well-known as a man who could not be insulted with impunity. And it took quite a while, and considerable argument to persuade him that the person responsible for his loss was on the other side of the Rappahannock, fully two miles away.

The battle of Fredericksburg has been no exception to the rule in furnishing us with a feast—lots of pure coffee and unlimited quantities of desiccated vegetables. Soup made of the latter has been the first, last, and, sometimes, middle course of every meal I have eaten for a week.

Confident that the Yankees will be in no hurry to risk a repetition of the drubbing they have received, we are making preparations for the winter. Snow has fallen to the depth of several inches, but wood is plentiful, and most of us drew an extra supply from the Yankees in the way of blankets. I sleep in a tent with our Adjutant, but mess with my German friend, Webber. He is not only a good and economical cook, but is willing to act in that capacity without relief, and this last consideration appeals strongly to my keen sense of the fitness of things. While our alliance as messmates began only a few days ago, our friendship dates from the retreat from Yorktown. He is the happy possessor of a huge pipe as German as himself, the bowl of which, lined with iron, holds fully an eighth of a pound of tobacco. For facilities of transportation, as well as because he loves the weed, the pipe is always hanging from his mouth on the march, and within reach of it when he lies down to sleep. Coming up from Yorktown, everybody's tobacco, except Webber's, got wet, and Webber refused peremptorily to divide with several who at different times applied to him. It was a case of wet or dry tobacco with me, and I schemed. Catching the old fellow off to himself, I said, "Give me some dry tobacco, Webber, please; mine is wet and won't smoke." He glanced around at me quickly and suspiciously and answered gruffly, "I giffs not mooch tubacca avay." "I know you don't" said I, "and I don't blame you for refusing to divide with everybody; but give me some now, and when we get to our knapsacks, I'll give you half of mine." "Vell, den," he replied opening his heart and tobacco pouch simultaneously, and beaming upon me with the first smile I ever saw on his face, "Dat vash goot." And not only then, but until I had a chance to dry my own tobacco, Webber's pouch was constantly at my command. Of course, I made my word good when I got to my knapsack, and since then tobacco is common property between us.

"Why did you join the Confederate Army, Webber?" I asked one day. "It vash my beezness," replied he: "I vas been a solcher in Charmany all ze time." "You would have joined the Northern Army then if you had been in the North, wouldn't you?" I asked again. "Oh, yah," he answered. "Vot ish der defrance? Vat ish got to coom, vill coom anyvay, und to be a solcher vash my beezness."

While I write, some of my comrades are exchanging compliments with half a regiment of Cavalry that is marching by, which incident reminds me of another. One day on the trip from Winchester, while our Brigade was encamped near Culpeper Court House, a lone Virginia cavalryman came wandering in an offensively lordly way through the camp. Had he come afoot, little attention would have been bestowed on him and he would likely have been suffered to depart in peace and happiness. Presumptious enough, however, to bestride a gallant steed whose hoofs stirred up more or less dust, he promptly became the cynosure of all eyes. About the strongest feeling infantry and cavalry have for each other is that of contempt; down in the bottom of his heart the foot soldier nurses an idea that his mounted comrades lack a great deal of doing their whole duty in killing and taking the chances of being killed, while from his elevation on the back of a horse, your cavalryman feels himself a superior being and looks down with an air of humiliating pity upon an arm of the service which must depend on its own legs for transportation. When, therefore, it appeared that this particular gentlemen had no other object in view than to gratify an idle and impertinent curiosity concerning a people of whom he had heard the most wonderful tales, the Texans, not being in holiday attire or in the humor to be closely inspected by strangers, determined to trade a little upon their reputation for bloodthirstiness.

A fair opportunity was given them, for it happened that for the purpose of solving some doubt which a cursory view failed to settle or remove, the visitor came to a temporary halt in the middle of the camp and proceeded to look, at his leisure, on the strange surroundings. Immediately surrounded by a dozen or more Texans, several of them with their guns, others with pistols belted around their waists, and all wearing, either naturally or intentionally, the most reckless and dare-devil airs imaginable, he suddenly lost his look of unconcern and began to glance uneasily around in search of an avenue of escape from his admirers. One fierce looking fellow stepped to the side of his horse, and assuming the manner of a sick man just out of the hospital, laid his hand on the Virginian's scabbard and, in a whining voice, asked: "Couldn't you pull your jobber out for a minute Mister, just to please a sick man?" The laugh that followed the request caused a flush of anger to overspread the countenance of the horseman, and he was about to make an angry reply, when his attention was arrested by a colloquy between two of his entertainers, which, although not at all personal in character, was not calculated to be reassuring to its hearer and object, the tone, manner and looks of the speakers indicating something more than mere idle banter.

"How much is it, Tuck," asked the one, with a significant glance at the Virginian, "that Longstreet offers for the body of a dead Virginia cavalryman?" "A thousand dollars in gold," answered Tuck, "and if a feller was'nt partickerly squeamish, it'd be powerful easy to git the body." "Why, Tuck," protested the first speaker, "you would'nt think of killing one yourself, would you?" "Why not?" replied Tuck, looking at his gun, apparently to see if it was capped. "That's the only way I know of to git the money, fur none of these d—— cavalry fellers ever git close enough to a live Yankee to be killed."

The gallant Virginian lost not a word or a movement of the participants in this conversation, and, knowing Texans only by repute, deemed it prudent to work himself and steed to the edge of the surrounding crowd, experiencing just enough difficulty in this undertaking to increase his very natural apprehensions of bodily harm. Once there, he bestowed a hurried but tremulously polite "Good mawnin,' gentlemen," on the party assembled in his honor, and went off at a brisk trot. He was allowed to reach the outskirts of the grove without molestation—then a gun cap snapped behind him, and even his iron nerve could not restrain him from glancing back and—when he discovered Tuck on his knees, gun in hand and hurriedly fumbling in his cap box for another cap—from clapping both spurs and whip to his steed and disappearing in a cloud of dust amid the derisive shouts and jeers of the Brigade.

AN OAK TREE FELLED BY MINIE BALLS

B. W. Crouch writes from Denny, S. C.:

Sometime since the question was asked in THE VETERAN whether there were any Confederate survivors who witnessed the fall of the oak tree, cut down by minie balls from the guns of the Yankees at the battle of Spottsylvania, May 12, 1864.

In Saluda County, S. C., formerly a part of historic Edgefield, and near the home of the Butlers of Revolutionary fame, stands a log hut, whose only inmate is an old man, Henry M. Bradley, a Confederate Veteran, who was in almost every battle of his Regiment from the First Manassas to the skirmish on that eventful morning of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Since that day he has passed a quiet but busy life. A few days ago I found him busy at his workbench. All around lay tools for various purposes. Ungirding his leathern apron, he sat upon a stool, and, wiping the honest sweat of a laboring man from his brow, enquired the "news over in your settlement." After chatting on the various community topics, he branched off on the war. Mr. Bradley was among the first to volunteer; beginning with Hampton's Legion, which, at the end of the first eighteen months of the war, had been reduced from one thousand to ninety men.

At the first battle of Manassas, when the Union Army had been stampeded, he was one of twenty-five who, with Gen. M. W. Gary, then their Captain, followed the flying host as far as Centreville. He portrayed vividly how the track of the retreating forces was strewn with broken and overturned vehicles, cast away guns, cartridge boxes, etc. After the disbanding of Hampton's Legion he served the remainder of the war in A. P. Hill's Corps, and in the First South Carolina Regiment. He relates the following as to the battle of Spotsylvania:

"We had dropped back to that point and had built transverse breastworks. The Yankees charged the lines and routed the Confederates at one point. Our Brigade (McGowan's) was commanded to retake the works. After a fierce and desperate struggle we drove the Yankees out. A terrible electric storm was raging. The very clouds had the appearance of rolling waves of fire. The rain was pouring in torrents and the wind blowing a perfect hurricane. The Union forces attempted to retake the works, their troops coming to within a few feet of us. A Federal officer demanded surrender. This was refused. He mounted upon the embankment in our front and instantly his body was perforated with bullets, and a deadly volley was poured into their lines, which now began a hasty retreat. After retreating but a short distance, they reformed and returned the fire.

The transverse breastworks were built like pens, logs being piled in front and on the flanks to prevent an invaliding fire from the enemy. The tree which was cut down was within arm's reach of me. The firing was kept up steadily for twenty hours. The chips from that tree whizzed away like shavings from a planing machine. A perfect sheet of lead was constantly going over our breastworks. Little by little the tree was worn away and finally toppled down, although twenty inches in diameter.

In one of the skirmishes in which Mr. Bradley was engaged, the balls from the guns of the Yankees cut down a hornet's nest in the midst of Mr. Bradley's lines, falling first on his head and then dropping to the ground. When asked if he was stung, his reply was: "I felt that I was stung twice in every place."

One of the first Confederate Monuments erected was at Lynchburg, Va. It is capped by an urn and constructed by a succession of blocks, upon each of which is named one of the Confederate States. The inscription is as follows, from the top down: "Maryland, Texas, Florida, Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia soldiers sleep here."

Wm. Goodwin, Panther, Ky.: Additional to your short sketch of Hon. George W. Johnston, the Confederate Provisional Governor of Kentucky, in the VETERAN, in that awful battle at Shiloh, I write:

I served in Company K, Fourth Kentucky Infantry, in Breckenridge's Division, and knew Governor Johnston by sight, although I had no personal acquaintance with him. At Shiloh, the Governor was serving on the staff of some general officer, and had his horse killed. He immediately ran to a dead soldier, seized his rifle, and came to our Regiment and fought in its ranks as a private soldier.

During a terrible struggle, which we called the "bloody angle," we were ordered to fall back to a new position, which we had to do in a hurry. Governor Johnston wore a tall silk hat, and was just ahead of me. I saw him shot down, and, as I ran past, he reached out his gun to me, which I took and soon reached the new position. I had no time to even speak or to assist him in anyway. Men were falling all around me, and balls were cutting the air in every direction. He was brave and patriotic, and gave his life for a cause that he deemed right and just.

JACKSON'S GUIDE WHEN SHOT.

David J. Kyle, of Virginia, furnishes the VETERAN an account of the wounding of Stonewall Jackson:

On May 2, 1863, I was in the vicinity of old Vedearsville near the house of Mrs. Sidney Bledsoe, when a little before 3 o'clock I was directed by Gen. W. H. F. Lee to carry a dispatch to Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. He told me not to go down the turnpike, as the Yankees were reported between there and the Rapidan River; so I went through the fields and woods and came out at Old Salem Church (in Orange County). As I left them at the Culpeper plank road, one of Hill's men said to me: "Come, buddy, go this way and we will show you the Yankees; there ain't any on that road." After this I found Gen. J. E. B. Stuart near Mr. Ned Easley's, and, close by, a battery of artillery in position. I delivered the papers to him in person. He asked me what time I left General Lee, and when I told him, he said: "You have been a long time coming." I told him then of my roundabout way and the trouble of not being able to pass the Infantry on Brock's road. He replied, "That accounts for it," and asked me if I knew the country about there. Thomas Chancellor, who happened to be standing near, said: "He knows every hog-path." General Stuart then asked me if my horse was all right for another ride. I assented, and he said, "I want you to carry a dispatch to General Jackson." And after a few minutes he delivered to me a large envelope, sealed, and said: "You will find General Jackson on the plank road somewhere between the Brock road and the line of battle. Keep behind the firing and don't let them capture you," and added, "If General Jackson wants you for a guide, stay with him."

Before I left General Stuart the fight had commenced; it was after 6 o'clock. I went towards Chancellorsville on the Easley road, then through the woods to the Lacy Mill; then I bore to my left, coming out on the turnpike in sight of Mr. James Talley's house, and on to the junction of the pike and plank road. Here I met some officers, who told me that General Jackson was certainly to the front, where the fighting was then going on. Putting spurs to my horse, I rode to the old Dowdall Tavern, where the Rev. Melzil Chancellor lived at that time. There I met Mr. Chancellor, who had just come back from General Jackson, having served him as a guide, and he directed me to him. I urged my horse on and was soon abreast with the General. I saluted, and said, "General Jackson, I have a dispatch for you from General Stuart," handing the envelope to him. He halted his horse, read the papers quickly, turned to me, and said, "Do you know all of this country?" I answered that I did, and he said, "Keep along with me."

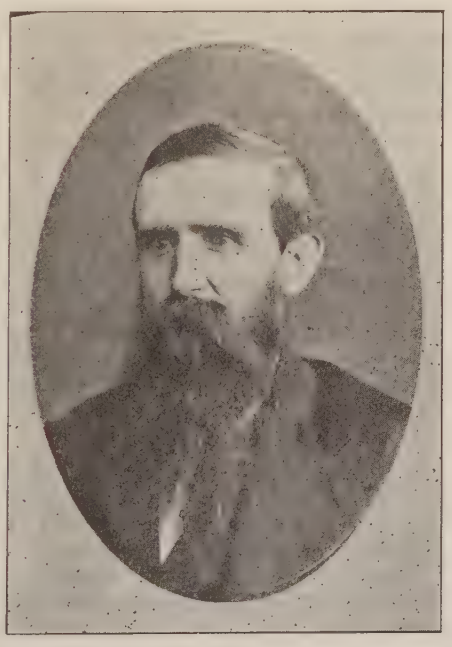
We were then between Powell's old field and the schoolhouse. There were many dead horses in the road and by it. I learned that it was where the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry charged. From here General Jackson moved on until he got opposite the schoolhouse. There he halted for a few minutes and had a conversation with some officers. Then he started on, two of the officers riding by him. After leaving the schoolhouse and going about two hundred yards in the curved road, we came up on a line of Infantry standing obliquely across the road. General Jackson stopped a few minutes in conversation with the officers of this Command, then passed on through its front, going nearly a hundred yards further, and just behind a battery which was supported by a very thin line. As we passed I asked whose command it was, and they said it was Field's Brigade. I asked what Regiment, and one man said his was the Fifty-fifth Virginia, and another said his was the Twenty-second Virginia Battalion. We bore obliquely to the left and went to the left of the Battery, where there was an open space at the fork of the roads—to Bullock's and the Old Mountain roads—which intersected the plank and turnpike roads here. General Jackson asked for me. I went forward and he asked me where those roads led to. I told him that the left-hand one led to the Bullock farm behind Chancellorsville, and the other ran somewhat parallel with the plank road and came out on it a half mile below, towards Chancellorsville. He told me if I knew it to lead the way, which I did for about two hundred yards, when he rode abreast of me and kept so until we halted.

We went down the Old Mountain road some four hundred yards, when we came in hearing of the Federals, I suppose some two or three hundred yards distant. It seemed that the officers were trying to form their men in line. We stayed there a few minutes, when the General turned his horse around and started back the road we had come, a little in advance of me. When we were some fifty or seventy-five yards from where General Jackson turned back, four or five officers rode in between my horse and the General's. We were about half way back, and nearly opposite the Van Wert house when General Jackson turned his horse's head towards the south, from a westerly course, and, facing the front of our own line of battle, he started to leave the Old Mountain road.

Just as he was crossing the road there was a single shot fired to the right of the Van Wert house in our line. In an instant it was taken up, and nearer there were five or six shots, like a platoon, and then suddenly a large volley, as if from a Regiment, was fired. General Jackson's horse wheeled to the right and started to run obliquely across the Old Mountain road, passing under the limb of an oak tree that extended across the road, which came near pulling him off his horse. The horse went to the opposite side of the road, some twenty-five yards from where the General was wounded, before he got control of him. He turned the horse and came back ten or twelve yards before he was taken down by some officers. After getting General Jackson off his horse, he was taken by four men and carried to the plank and pike road running here side by side, where he was laid down with his head resting on some officer's left leg as he knelt on his right knee—I think it was Gen. A. P. Hill—until a litter was brought from the Twenty-second (Va.) Battalion. It was unfolded and General Jackson put on it. Four men carried him across the pike and plank roads for the road that led to Stoney Ford. When in about twenty-five yards of that road the front left hand litter bearer, J. J. Johnson, Company H, Twenty-second Virginia

Battalion, was struck in the left arm by a piece of shell from a Federal battery, which caused him to let loose the litter, causing General Jackson a very hard fall. The other three litter bearers ran to the cover of the woods on the south side of the plank road, but soon rallied and came back, and with the assistance of an officer, not very high in rank, wearing bars, they lifted General Jackson up and laid him on the litter just over the embankment of the road where it had been carried by one of the bearers in his flight. They raised the litter up on their shoulders with General Jackson on it, and started to the woods on the Stoney Ford road, and carried him back some distance before they met an ambulance. After getting him into the ambulance they took the Hazel Grove road to the plank road that comes out at the corner of the Dowdall field, and up the plank road to the old Dowdall house, where Rev. M. S. Chancellor supplied the doctors with some spirits for General Jackson. They halted there a very few minutes, then drove on up the pike to the Wilderness Old Tavern, where Mr. W. M. Simms lived at the time. They drove out on the right of the pike in the field to a hospital tent, where they took General Jackson out of the ambulance and carried him into the tent, which was the last I ever saw of him.

Dr. M. D. L. Jordan, born near Milan, Tenn., November, 1833, died in Nashville, February 29, '96. He was attended by his war-time comrade, Dr. J. R. Buist. The minister present asked how it was with him, when, raising his hand to his brow, he gave the soldier's salute, and said: "Ready for marching orders." He was "every inch a soldier," whether on the field of battle administering to the comfort of the wounded and dying, or in the devastation that surrounded him after the war.



DR. M. D. L. JORDAN.

Dr. Jordan graduated at Union University, Murfreesboro, Tenn., in 1850, and in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa., in 1855. He was Surgeon in Gen. Forrest's Cavalry. Having been taken prisoner at Murfreesboro, he was retained there for several months on hospital duty, attending the wounded of both Armies. Later he was sent to Fort McHenry, and held six months as hostage for a Federal surgeon, in a close narrow cell, with but one aperture.

He was elected to the State Senate in 1874. He was also Surgeon for the Illinois Central Railroad, during an epidemic of yellow fever, and as Medical Inspector of trains was greatly exposed to the disease. Dr. Jordan was a Knight Templar. In 1890 he moved from Milan to Nashville, and engaged in the practice of medicine here until his death.

He was twice married; first, Miss Martha Hillsman, of Trezevant, Tenn., in 1856. She died in 1876. In 1877 he married Josephine E. Perry, of Nashville, great granddaughter of Maj. John Buchanan, a pioneer of the Volunteer State. Two sons and daughters, together with the wife, survive him. Dr. Jordan was a member of Cheatham Biouvac, and was surgeon of the Veteran C. A. Cavalry, commanded by Capt. George F. Hager. Dr. Jordan was a true "Soldier of the Cross."

Mrs. H. P. Davis, Memphis, Tenn.: At the last meeting of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association a motion was made by our honored Secretary, Mrs. Thomas Day, that we adopt the Confederate Veteran as the official organ of this Association. This motion was unanimously carried, with an amendment that our librarian select from its pages, rich with true knowledge of the valiant deeds of our Southern heroes for the Lost Cause, articles to be read at each monthly meeting.

Under the guidance of our efficient President, Mrs. Hugh L. Bedford, who possesses undiminished zeal, prompted by love of the cause so dear to her heart, our Association has grown not only numerically, but in interest and enthusiasm as well. The last meeting was held at Raleigh on 22nd of June. Thrilling incidents were told by Mesdames Edmunds, Humphreys and others.

J. L. Boswell, Mormon Grove, Texas: Camp Mildred Lee, United Confederate Veterans, will soon complete the first Confederate Monument that has been erected in Texas, at Sherman. The corner stone has been laid with appropriate ceremonies, the statue for the top has arrived, and the other material will soon all be here for its completion. I should be glad to hear from any comrades of the Twenty-third Mississippi, who went with Hood's Army into Tennessee. I was in Company I.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, Sherman Texas:—I wish to inquire through the Veteran the fate of two men who manned a mortar during the siege of Petersburg and occupied a position in the rear of Grave's Alabama Brigade opposite the point where the Norfolk and Western R. R. was crossed by our lines. These men were badly burned through the explosion of a box of powder ignited by a shell, which fell on their bombproof. They may have belonged to the Rockbridge Battery.

Mrs. W. J. Kagle and Mrs. M. C. Belk, of Bartlett, Texas, send, through The Veteran, four dollars to be applied to the Jefferson Davis monument, and to the "Battle Abbey," two dollars each.

KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

Erected to the Dead of Other Southern States Buried at Nicholasville.

On Monday, the 15th of June, at Nicholasville, Jessamine County, Kentucky, a beautiful Confederate monument was unveiled. It stands in the southwest corner of the courthouse yard. The Confederate soldiers are buried in the cemetery at the outskirts of the town and over each of them is placed a granite headstone containing the name, State, and regiment. The monument is a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier at rest. It stands upon a granite pedestal eleven feet high, the whole being seventeen feet from the base. It is a most beautiful and tasteful monument and indicates a very noble spirit on the part of the Jessamine County Memorial Association. As will be seen by the list, none of these Confederates were Kentuckians; but the Jessamine County Confederates, while not very numerous, or very wealthy men, sixteen years ago undertook to provide a fund to rear a monument to their memory. Jefferson Oxley, a brave Confederate, with Dr. Charles Mann, who was Surgeon of one of the Kentucky Confederate Regiments, did the largest part of the work.

On the day set apart for this dedication more than 3500 people were in attendance. The Confederates and their friends from the surrounding counties filled the town. A large platform had been erected in front of the courthouse door, covered with red and white bunting.

Col. Bennett H. Young, the orator of the day, with a party from Louisville numbering 160, arrived on a special train, accompanied by a brass band and the Louisville Confederate Quartette. This delegation was received by a large number and after forming in line, they marched to the courthouse. At one o'clock, Dr. Chas. Mann, President of the Association, called the meeting to order. The band opened with "Dixie," then the Confederate Quartette, composed of twelve persons, sang, "O Lay Me Away with the Boys in Gray;" a prayer was made by Rev. F. W. Noland, member of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. A splendid address was delivered by Prof. A. N. Gordon, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association. Prof Gordon gave a history of the organization and its labors. After this the Quartette sang, "Rest, Comrades, Rest." The band played "Dixie" while the monument was unveiled by Miss Josephine Mann, daughter of the President, and Master Lawson Oxley, of Cynthiana, son of the first President and real founder of the Association. When the covering fell from the statue and the band struck up "Dixie," there was tremendous cheering which lasted for several minutes, after which Prof. Gordon introduced the orator of the day, Col. Bennett H. Young, who delivered a fervent and eloquent address.

LIST OF THESE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

Alabama: Wm. H. Yarbrough, First Regiment; Wm. E. Copland, Third; John Martin, Thirtieth; O. W. White, Forty-first.

Florida: J. E. D. Morris and W. H. Wallace, Sixth Regiment.

Georgia: E. Willowby, First Regiment; J. B. Hale, Second; L. Johnson, Sixth; W. B. Carter, Ninth; W. M. Boge, Sixteenth; J. Brock, Eighteenth; J. W. Hale, Fortieth; Eugene Dickson and Henry Rice, Forty-second; S. M. Wilson, Fifty-third; J. A. Bowles and J. R. Cox, Fifty-ninth.

Louisiana: Capt. Samuel Scott, Regiment not given.

Mississippi: J. W. Washan, Seventeenth Regiment.

North Carolina: A. L. Hale and H. Owenby, Thirty-ninth Regiment.

Virginia: D. Campbell, Sixty-third Regiment.

C. S. A. John A. Bass, Peter Guin, C. R. Richardson, and Geo. W. Trabue, State and Regiment unknown.

Two Kentuckians died after the war and requested to be buried with these comrades, viz: W. L. Cooley, Second Regiment; B. F. Kernan, Sixth.

Col. Young was again orator of the day at Bardstown July 4th, where the ladies raised $300 toward a $1,500 Confederate monument they have undertaken to erect in honor of the sixty dead at that place. Their names, save three, are unknown—the list having been destroyed when the residence of the Custodian was destroyed.

In his address Col. Young said: "If it be true, as science tells us, that sound waves never cease, that when once we speak and they vibrate, they move on and live forever, may we not hope that into the ears of those bereft by the death of the men we here mourn, and the virtues of whom we commemorate and whose courage we perpetuate, may come the words of kindness which we speak at these graves, and who, though in one sense 'unhonored and unsung,' shall yet live forever as part of that supurb host who made the memory of the Confederate States eternal. * * * *

"As the breezes which fan our cheeks this morning turn their ways southward, in the far-off homes where these soldiers were loved and mourned, we bid them speak gently to the sorrowing hearts, and tell those who in silence and tears longed for the return of these who repose here in these humble graves, that they shall ever be kept green; and that here there are those who believed as they believed, who fought as they fought, who will build a memorial which in ages to come shall testify of the noble offering those who fill these graves made for the holy cause of Southern independence.

"It is befitting that the women of this country should undertake this loving task. God alone knows how tender the sympathy and how wide the benevolence which fills woman's heart. Our Lord himself recognized this when on earth, and women in all ages, who have felt the touch of His gospel and grace, bear about with them the sweetness and fragrance of His divine example. * * *

"And here, to-day, as we assemble to provide ways and means to erect a monument to these strangers, and in many cases unknown dead, who died in defense of their homes, their country, and their loved ones, this same angel-like spirit of woman comes forth and undertakes this beautiful mission."

"WHEN WILL PAPA COME?"

Two noted Cumberland Presbyterian preachers were Confederates. Rev. L. C. Ransom, Chaplain of the Twentieth Alabama, resigned after the seige of Vicksburg and went to Selma, Ala., to edit the *Southern Observer*. He reports a last interview with Rev. Wiley M. Reed, Lieutenant Colonel of the Fifty-fifth Tennessee Infantry, as follows:

In the early part of 1864, Rev. Wiley M. Reed, while on his way to West Tennessee to join Gen. Forrest's command, called at my office in Selma, Ala., and spent several hours. Most of the time he seemed quite cheerful, and spoke hopefully of his own and the country's prospects. At one time, however, he became silent, and sat for sometime as if lost in thought. He broke the silence by taking from his pocket the following poem, from the "Memphis Appeal," and signed by "J. M. B.," requesting me to read it. When I had finished the reading and raised my eyes, his countenance bespoke suppressed emotions; his face was crimsoned and his eyes were suffused with tears. He spoke not a word until I asked permission to retain the poetry for publication in the Southern Observer, which he readily granted.

He left me soon afterwards, and I heard no more of him until news came of his heroic deeds and mortal wounds at Fort Pillow on the 12th of April following. Soon after this, May 1st, he died at Jackson, Tenn.

[Comrade Ransom gave up his life later in the cause of his fellows during a yellow fever scourge. Ed.]

By a quiet cottage fireside
She sits, a matron pale and fair;
Her eyes rest, with a troubled look,
On her husband's vacant chair;
Her children—a lovely boy and girl—
Are playing at her feet;
The wintry wind sighs mournfully,
And the pattering rain and sleet
Upon the roof and window panes
Their dreary tattoo beat.

"Mamma!" says the little girl,
"When will papa come?
It seems to me such a long, long time
Since he left us at home.
He used to take me in his arms,
And such pretty stories tell;
And then I'd sing those little songs
Which he always loved so well;
But I've no one now to tell me tales—
No one to hear my song!
Oh! when will papa come again?
Say, mamma, will it be long?"
The mother shuddered as she heard
The sound of the wind and rain.
And said: "My dear, when the war is o'er,
Papa will come again."

She thought of the weary midnight march,
As she gazed upon the hearth,
And of the bivouac, hungry and cold,
Upon the frozen earth;
She thought of the bloody battle-field,
The wounded and slain,
And she prayed to God to spare his life,
And bring him home again.

"Mother," said the fair-haired boy,
"Why don't my papa come?
He said he'd come back very soon
When he went away from home.
We used to be so happy
When he came home at night;
You never looked sad then, mamma,
And your face was always bright.
He gave me such nice picture books,
And, oh! so many toys?
And told me tales, as I sat on his knee,
About good little boys.
I often think, my dear mamma,
That he'd come back to me
If he only knew how very glad
His little boy would be.
I wonder if papa is out
In all this cold and rain!
What makes you cry, my mother dear?
When will he come again?"

She pressed her little one close to her heart,
As if to still its pain,
While the rain rushed by with a sullen roar,
And the pelting hail beat more and more
Against the window pane;
And said, in a voice more sad than before,
"Hush, son, when the war is o'er,
Papa will come again."

The night wind howls and the rain and sleet
Sweep o'er the battle plain;
On the gory field so thickly strewn
With the wounded and the slain.
A manly form lies stark and cold,
His life-blood dyes the sod,
And with a prayer for his wife and babes,
He gives his soul to God.

Ah, mother! clasp your little ones
Still closer to your breast!
May God in tender mercy give
Your troubled spirit rest;
For many a long and weary night,
With an aching heart and brain,
Will you sit by that lonely fireside
And wait and watch in vain;
For the winds may blow, and the wintry sleet,
And the pattering rain may beat and beat
Against the window pane—
But the husband and father dear
Will never come again.

At the corner stone laying of the beautiful Confederate Monument at Dallas, Texas, June 25th, the two local Grand Army Posts declined to go in the parade, although cordially invited. However, there were sixty-four Union Veterans in line who were not members of the organization, neither were they pensioners.

Col. W. L. Crawford welcomed the guests in behalf of the Daughters of the Confederacy, under whose auspices the splendid monument has been undertaken.

Judge H. W. Lightfoot was the orator for the occasion, and right well did he meet the demands upon him. He spoke from the standpoint of a soldier in the great war, proud of the record his people had made; and he emphasized the degrading term applied to the Old South, intended to degrade all that belonged to the history of the section previous to the "carpet bag" rule.

Hon. William Sanford, Covington, Tenn.:

Mr. S. A. Cunningham: The Tipton County Confederate Memorial Association, at its last meeting, appropriated ten dollars to the Sam Davis Monument at Nashville, and directed the Treasurer, Mr. Jos. Forsythe, to remit same.

CONFEDERATE RE-UNIONS APPROVED.

The Illustrated American, New York, discussed, some time since, Confederate Re-unions, saying:

Our ex-Confederate brethren are about celebrating a grand reunion. That they should do this is fitting and proper; nor is there any reason why we of the North should regard their effusion with any other feeling than that of respectful sympathy.

* * * Some of the memories revived at this and other Confederate Reunions form a national heritage in which every true American must be proud to claim a part. * * *

Both armies were inspired at heart with that essential spirit of patriotism which made the embattled farmers stand at Concord in 1775 and fire the shot heard round the world. That self-same spirit to-day would instantly unite them against a common foe with a fervor that no human power could resist.

They fought, bled, suffered and died. Still, it was "all in the family."

No true American can begrudge the tribute paid to the memory of "Stonewall" Jackson. Every man or woman of Anglo-Saxon-Norman race should be glad of kinship with that splendid type of Christian chivalry, Robert Edward Lee.

A feature of the programme is the laying of the corner stone of a monument to Jefferson Davis.

In the South the charge of treachery is repudiated, and he is remembered as the leader who suffered with his people. It is interesting to read Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's estimate: "Mr. Davis was not the demon of hate his enemies have painted. He did not thirst for the blood of his countrymen. His whole character has been misunderstood by the mass of the people who opposed his public views. His heart was tender as a woman's; he was brave as a lion, and true as the needle to the pole to his convictions; in disposition, generous; in character, courteous and chivalric."

IMPORTANT RE-UNION SUGGESTIONS.

W. M. McCall, Esq., Humboldt, Tenn., suggests:

At the Confederate Reunion at Richmond I met two members of the Tennessee Brigade commanded by Gen. J. J. Archer. One was a member of the Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, name forgotten, and the other of the Nineteenth Georgia Infantry, Judge Deaton, of Conyers, Ga. We agreed that the survivors of the Brigade should organize into an association before the reunion at Nashville, next year, that comrades have an opportunity of meeting once more this side of the "Great Divide."

The Brigade was composed, at different periods, of the First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee Infantry, Thirteenth Alabama Regiment, Fifth Alabama Battalion, Nineteenth Georgia Battalion, and Second Maryland Battalion. The three Tennessee Regiments were all the time with the Brigade; the Georgia Regiment was with us about one year, the Thirteenth Alabama taking its place; and the Fifth Alabama Battalion was with us for the last three years of the war, while the Maryland Battalion was added to the Brigade in 1864. There was never gotten together a braver lot of men.

I suggest that such men as Gov. Turney, Col. Jno. A. Fite, Capt. F. S. Harris and Judge Deaton begin the organization at once.

There were also with the Brigade while we were in West Virginia a company of Marylanders, attached to the Seventh Regiment, and a company of Cavalry from this State, known as the "Roaring Horse." The Seventh and Fourteenth remember with pride the Maryland Company, who marched and sang all day. A jolly and brave lot of the best young men of "My Maryland." And who does not remember "Alexander's Roarers," organized in Lincoln County, a brave and noble lot of men?

Let comrades of other commands be ready to cooperate in this way and the enterprise, determined upon by the VETERAN to have friends of those great days enjoy a real reunion, will not be in vain.

Capt. R. M. Tuttle, who commanded Company F, of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Infantry, gives a thrilling and awful account of his company at Cemetery Hill, Gettysburg:

The company went into action with eighty-eight muskets and three commissioned officers—the captain and two lieutenants—making in all ninety-one men. It was indeed a fateful field to Company "F," for every officer and every man of the rank and file was either killed or wounded. Thirty-one—more than a third—were killed outright or died from wounds received. There were in the company three sets of twins, of whom five were killed or mortally wounded. (There were in the company sixteen men of the same family connection, named Coffey.)

Afterward, at the battle of "Bristow Station," the company went into the engagement with thirty-four men and officers, of whom, in a few brief moments, thirty-two were killed and wounded. Six or seven were left dead.

The company had some romance connected with it, says Capt. Tuttle. In 1862, a young woman in man's attire joined its ranks and received the bounty of $50, donned the gray uniform and drilled and did the duties of a veteran soldier for some time. Finally, she made herself known, to the great amusement of the army. After having returned the bounty money, and replaced the suit of Dixie gray with a woman's gown, she went back, in happy mood, to her mountain home under the giant "Grandfather."

The first Colonel of the Twenty-sixth Regiment was the late, and lamented Z. B. Vance, from Buncombe County. The Brigade Commander at Gettysburg was the Hon. James J. Pettigrew, who surrendered his noble life at Falling Waters, on the retreat.

W. J. Haggard, of Childress, Texas, wishes to procure the piece of poetry entitled "Feelings of a Missourian at the Surrender."

HEROES OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY.

E. T. Guice, of Terrell, Texas, writes that Mr. C. C. Gore, who is the central figure represented in a picture published in the VETERAN for July, page 208—of three Veterans with but one leg each—was, in 1863, a member of the Fourth Louisiana Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Brann, of Miles' Legion. He was the second man to press the deck of the sinking Indianola after she had been pierced by the ocean "greyhound," the Confederate steamer Webb, which, in company with the steamers "Doctor Baty" and "Queen of the West"—this latter ship was previously captured by the Confederates—chased the Indianola up the Mississippi River, the Webb running her down and ramming her near the wheelhouse, in the vicinity of Joe Davis Bend, below Vicksburg. The Webb, being an ocean vessel, easily overtook the Indianola, a heavy Ironclad United States gunboat. Mr. Gore states that the Doctor Baty arrived immediately after the attack of the Webb, and running alongside the Indianola, Col. Brann jumped aboard and demanded her surrender. An officer of the Indianola asked: "Surrender to whom?" "To Col. Brann of Miles' Legion." Mr. Gore says that as the Confederates boarded the sinking ship all her crew surrendered, although every cannon, rifle and pistol on board was loaded to the muzzle. The prisoners were taken off; the great ship lurched and sank, leaving part of her quarter-decks above water, which were soon afterward burned away by the "Johnnie Rebs." Mr. Gore says it was one of the most exciting and dangerous events of his war career. Very little is recorded in history concerning the sinking of the Indianola by the steamer Webb; and of the Webb's famous run for liberty down the Mississippi, through a cordon of ironclads and transports, to join Commodore Raphael Semmes, of the "Alabama," lying off our coast in the Gulf of Mexico at that time.

Mr. C. H. Adler, an old Union soldier residing in our city, was serving aboard one of the Federal gunboats, and saw the Webb as she sped out of Red River, adown the Mississippi, past the flat on which he had shipped. He says it was a desperate venture, and before the Union gunboats could right themselves, the Webb had gone out of reach down the river.

After the Webb struck and sank the Union vessel, she was disabled herself; her bows were crushed in, great seams opened far back toward her quarter, and Mr. Gore relates that it took many men to keep her afloat by cramming mattresses, etc., into the break. As soon as possible, she ran up Red River to Alexandria, La., for repairs, and from there made her gallant attempt to escape through the iron blockade to the open sea, her native element.

The writer of this sketch, when a boy looked with fascination many times upon this noble steamer as she lay at anchor near his home in the Ouachita River, a few months before she received her fatal wound near New Orleans, La., when, having passed every obstacle, a stray shot from some vessel crashed into her machinery, she ran ashore and burned before the enemy could board her. Every precaution had been taken before starting down the river to burn or scuttle her rather than that the enemy should have her; so all kind of combustibles were stowed in the most convenient places to be fired if necessary. Ah! how true did they calculate, for as soon as her bows cut deep into the river's brink, she perished.

The Webb was a side-wheeler and built of oak, few propellers being used at that time. She had been used as a United States mail vessel from New Orleans to New York, and consequently was very swift.

Many old heroic Confederate soldiers, wounded and maimed, are right among us, living in penury, whose deeds in the past for valor have never been surpassed in history; yet, not until very recently have our Fathers in Gray been provided with an Asylum to pass the remainder of their days in some degree of ease and comfort.

THE SOUTHERN BATTLE FLAGS.

(Reply to those Grand Army men who objected to the cheering of these flags by the Confederate Veterans at the Richmond Reunion, July, 1896.)

Now, Southern men, take off your hats, and ho! ye, all the world,
Stand up and with uncovered heads salute those flags unfurled!
Though faded much and tattered more, they once were banners bright,
As once were young those men whose hairs old age has rendered white.
And who so bravely followed them, in battle line arrayed,
In those discordant days of death when roared the cannonade.

All harmlessly for many a year those battle flags have lain
Upon the closet shelves of those who fought for them in vain.
The sore at first was hard to heal, as ever is the case
When fiercely meet in civil strife one nation and one race.
Yet, praised be God! 'tis ended now, and foreign foes shall dread
But all the more the Stars and Stripes for all the blood we've shed.

Yet why should not we Southern men, who once, as Southern boys,
'Mid shot and shell and canister and battle's dreadful noise,
Followed a flag o'er many a field where comrades, falling fast,
Gave for the cause they loved so well their best blood and their last,
Take off our hats at sight of it just one day in the year?
Think of the memories that well up and flow into that cheer!

In ragged clothes we marched with it the hot and dusty road,
And felt our haversacks grow light, our cartridge box a load.
And here and there, on wintry days, we saw the frozen sod
And trampled snow tinged with the blood of bleeding feet unshod;
Yet we were rich in high resolve, and though we oft lacked food,
We had what most a soldier needs—a flag and fortitude!
Oh! where is he, of North or South, who lives and bravely fought,
Who does not know how easily he finds himself o'erwrought
By all the memories of those days, so suddenly aroused
By his old flag, whichever be the cause that he espoused?

At Seven Pines we saw it borne amid the smoke and din,
While whistling bullets tore its folds and our full ranks grew thin;
At Gaines' Mill and at Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill it fell,
We saw it lifted up again and gave the "Rebel yell."
With Pickett's men at Gettysburg, it led the charge to death,
While bleeding heroes cheered it on with their last dying breath.

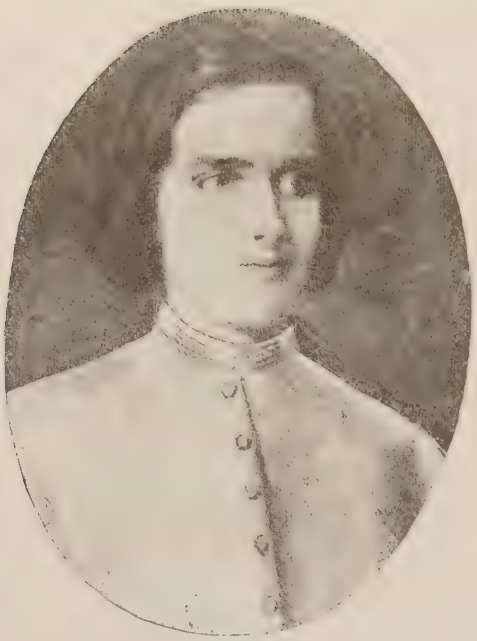
At Spottsylvania, Wilderness, and Chickamauga's field,
And twice a hundred more, its foes had learned to it to yield.
At last it fell no more to rise—God's wisdom willed it so—
And few are left who fought with it, and they, too, soon must go;
Yet of the years still left to us we love one day in each
To see and cheer the flag we bore into the deadly breach.

You are the victors. Brave you were, you boys who wore the blue,
And Valor never yet denied a fallen foe his due.
The fight is o'er. Our wounds are healed. We clasp your hand again;
But while we hold it fast and fair, remember we're but men
Who cannot quite forget the flag for which our brave ones fell,
And so whene'er we see its folds, we feel our bosoms swell.

Then grudge us not, brave boys in blue, that once or so a year
We meet our comrades of lang syne and give the flag a cheer.
We have no cause for quarrel now, and never more shall face
Each other in intestine war, but rather would embrace,
And teach our children to defend the old Red, White and Blue—
The flag our common fathers loved, the only one they knew;
But give us credit for good faith, and it will all be well,
And ask us not to scorn the flag for which our brothers fell.

Do it dishonor? That battle flag? Look on it with disdain?
No; never while our pulses beat our honor will we stain:
Yet will we touch our elbows close to yours, if comes the need
That we for our united land be called upon to bleed.
And North and South as friends again shall be to each so true
That both can march to "Dixie's Land" and "Yankee Doodle," too;
But never ask that we shall be so false unto our dead
That we can turn our backs upon the flag for which they bled.

FRANKLIN H. MACKEY,
U. C. V. Camp 171, Company A., Fifth South Carolina Infantry.
Washington July 20, 1896.



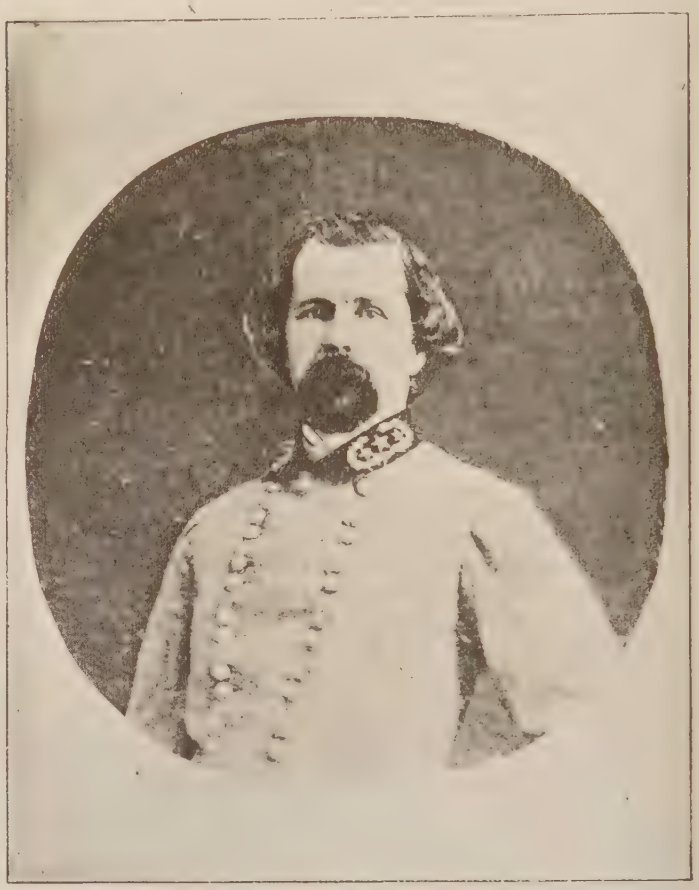
SAMUEL D. MORGAN, JR.

Samuel D. Morgan, Jr., was born in Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 10, 1841. Enlisted in First Tennessee Infantry early in the war, but in 1862 went into the Second Kentucky Cavalry service under his kinsman, Gen. John H. Morgan. He was soon promoted to a Lieutenant and then to Captain of his company. He was in many severe battles and was killed in battle at Augusta, Ky., Sept. 27, 1862. His grave is at Lexington, Ky.

HENRY W. BOYD.

Henry W. Boyd, a native of Richmond, Ky., enlisted at Madisonville, Texas, Fifth Texas Infantry, in June 1861, at the age of twenty-three. He served in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines and at Gaines' Mill where he was wounded. He was subsequently at Malvern Hill in the Second Manassas, and the seven days before Richmond. He served through the Maryland campaign, was at South Mountain, Eltham's Landing, and fatally wounded at Sharpsburg.

Comrade Boyd had served as a private but was promoted to Lieutenant, and was in command of his company at the time of receiving his last wound.

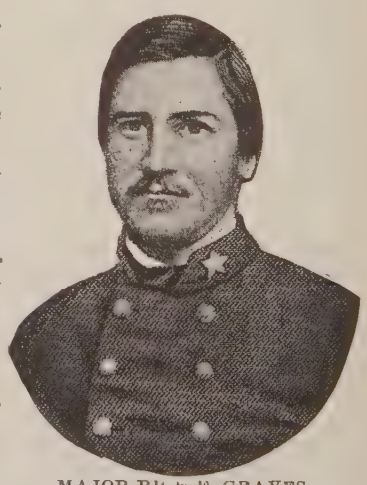


GEN. LLOYD TILGHMAN.

Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, a native of Maryland, was forty-five years old when appointed by the Confederate war department to the rank of Colonel 1861, and given command of the Third Kentucky Infantry. He was promoted to Brigadier General and commanded at Forts Henry and Donelson in November 1861. Subsequently he served under Pemberton in Mississippi and was killed in the battle of Baker's Creek while serving with Gen. J. E. Johnston in the vicinity of Vicksburg during the siege.

Major Rice E. Graves, of Daviess County Ky., a native of Rockbridge Co., Va., June 23, 1838, enlisted in the Second Kentucky Infantry and was made Adjutant of the Regiment.

At Murfreesboro he was placed in command of a battery and was promoted to chief of Artillery of Breckinridge's Division. He was promoted or mentioned in order for gallantry in every battle. He was killed at Chickamauga Sept 20, 1863.



MAJOR RICE E. GRAVES.

A rich store of these sketches and engravings, furnished by comrade Gen. John Boyd, should enlist the attention of Kentuckians.

REV. THOMAS D. MARKHAM, D.D.,

Who was Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans.

An omission to make record in the VETERAN of the death of Rev. Dr. T. R. Markham, which occurred March 12, '94, has ever been regretted. He was Chaplain General, United Confederate Veterans.

The excellent engraving herewith printed has been in hand for a year. The photograph was furnished by a Roman Catholic lady who said everybody loved him. In sketches of his life, report of the funeral obsequies, etc., the Times-Democrat published ten columns. It stated that "as he lived so he died, surrounded by friends whose every thought was of him and for him."

Dr. Markham was a native of Vicksburg and graduated at Oakland College in that State in 1851. He attended the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., but graduated at the Columbia, South Carolina, Seminary. He preached about four months in Vicksburg, but his ministry began and ended practically in the Lafayette Church, New Orleans, and extended through a period of over forty-six years.

In 1862, when New Orleans was captured by the Federals, Dr. Markham went to the war as Chaplain. He had married, seven years before, Miss Mary Searles, of his native city. He sent her with an abundant supply of provision to a country place, but soon afterwards a company of Northern men, passing through the country, stripped the house of all its stores and destroyed the wagons on the place, and the delicate wife, after giving birth to twins, had to depend solely upon coarse corn for food. The strain was too much for her, and death ensued to them all. This event "aroused tenderness in his heart towards humanity, and he ministered with that tenderness, born of suffering, which cannot be fathomed." While under heavy fire of the Federal fleet at Vicksburg there was illustrated his true character. He saw Dan Curran lying in a trench, and was told in reply to a question as to the cause of his trouble, "I'm wounded badly; that's all." Dan couldn't walk, his knee being badly shattered, so his Chaplain carried him in his arms to an ambulance. In the quiet of that night, Dr. Markham in his rounds called at Dan's bedside to inquire how he was, and he answered: "Oh, I guess I am done for. The doctor said there is not any hope" Then Dr. Markham, Presbyterian, asked Dan for his Catholic prayer book to read the prayers to him. Dan recovered, however, to bear testimony and show his appreciation of his Chaplain. He took pride in relating this incident among other pleasant things.

At Vicksburg the hospital was separated from the encampment of the brigade by a great open space which had been swept clean by the cross fire of land and river forces. A storm of shot and shell laid bare this place; and it was a "glorious" sight every morning to see the Chaplain make the run across that space, on his way to the hospital. "He had a fine Kentucky horse and he did look so well, with his army coat cape flying from the shoulder. Every man in the hospital who was able to crawl would come to the windows and out on the gallery to see him make the dash. And he would come with the speed of the wind, the shot falling like rain around him, but with never a scratch."

Col. Chalaron told the story of his first acquaintance with Dr. Markham, which was brought about in this way: On a Sabbath morning before Atlanta, Chaplain Markham was conducting services. While offering a prayer there was a noise overhead, and a shell exploded in the tree under whose shade Dr. Markham was standing. There wasn't a tremor in the voice, nor an instant's pause in the offering of the petition. The services went on, the sermon was being preached, when another, and then another shell burst close at hand. There was no sign of the preacher's having noted the trouble, until a shell broke and wounded several of the company. "General," said the Chaplain, turning to the Commander, "shall I continue the service?" "Well, parson," said the General, "I guess you had better not. The enemy seem to have located us and you'd better dismiss the boys."

In its expressions at the time of his death, the Louisiana Division United Confederate Veterans recorded him as "a distinguished divine of the Presbyterian Church, an inspired orator, a Christian of the purest, most liberal and most elevated type, his heart overflowing with charity, with love, with devotion for his fellowmen throughout a long and unselfish life. An enthusiastic patriot, he followed his people to the tented field as Chaplain of the First Mississippi Light Artillery, C. S. A., sharing with them the dangers, trials and sufferings of war, and ever by their side in fray, in camp, in hospital, by example and by precept, in action and in prayer,

he sustained their courage, soothed their anguish, and, irrespective of creed, ministered to them in their last moments. His love for the Lost Cause was next to that for his God."

In its account of the funeral, the Times-Democrat stated:

"It was not only the priest and the soldier that was mourned and honored; it was pre-eminently the friend, faithful in all things to every principle that he held dear, and faithful to all the world in his every action and thought. His name was in the mouths of thousands, his praise upon the lips of all who named him, and each word said seemed to intensify the grief that sought vain relief in words that were insufficient, and forced upon the mind the consciousness of unspeakable loss."

After an extensive account of the floral tributes, etc., etc., it printed the discourse of Rev. Dr. Palmer, also a universally beloved Presbyterian minister, in which he said:

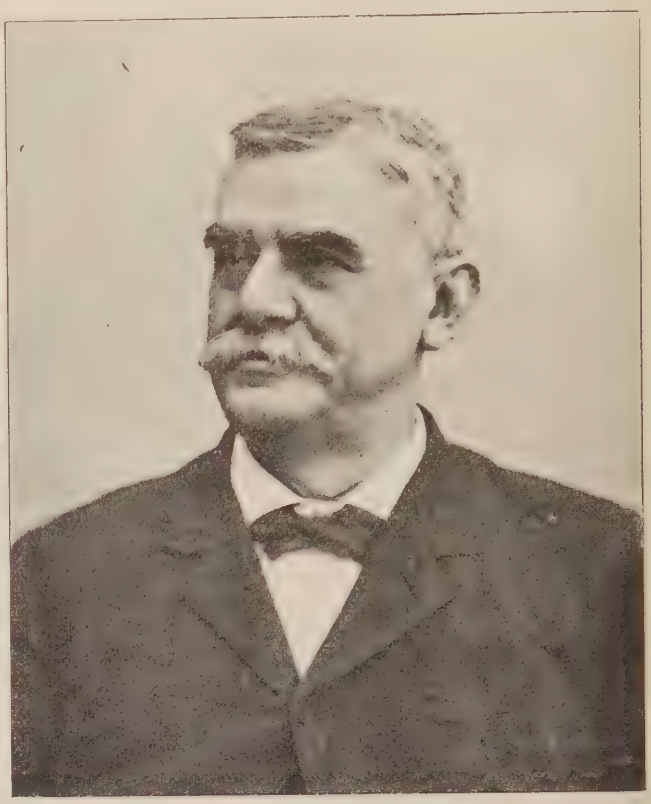
"This service oppresses me. I surely thought that he would bury me. I thought that when I should lie in the narrow house, this friend of more than forty years would speak kindly of me before he uttered the solemn words, 'Dust to dust, earth to earth, and ashes to ashes.' Instead of this, I am called to the mournful office of speaking over his silent form and uttering the grief of a mourning church and a sorrowing city. God knows this heart would rather bear its burden in silence. Yet with it all there is a privilege in speaking of my dead friend.

* * * "There is one incident near the close of the last day of his life too full of pathos to be omitted here. His feeble voice could only utter a single word at a time and he could not form a connected sentence; it was for a long time impossible to know what he meant. When, with that power of will which characterized him through life, rising to its supreme force, he conjured us to 'tell my people they must not get a man of science, but a man to preach to them the simple words of God.' He was too broad in his culture to throw any wanton insult upon the worth of true science or of true philosophy, but he had a life-long aversion to that dapper kind of preachers who get into the pulpit and sneer at what they call dogma, by which they mean to set aside the supreme authority of God and are never satisfied until they can base God's own truth on what they are pleased to term the discoveries of science and the speculations of philosophy. He wanted his successor in the pulpit to be a preacher of the Gospel, a man who had caught his wisdom from God and from the teachings of His Holy Word."

GEN. JOHN ECHOLS.

Advocate and Defender of the Confederacy.

No Confederate was more faithful to the principles for which he fought, and to comrades, than was the late Gen. John Echols. Although he had lived in Kentucky for many years in charge of the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern Railroad, he continued his membership in the Stonewall Jackson Bivouac at Staunton, Virginia. Gen. Echols died at the residence of his son, Judge Edward Echols, in Staunton on the 24th of May, '96.



He had been in declining health for some months, but was so much benefited by a trip he took to Southern California in April, that his family was encouraged about him. He arrived at Staunton, May 16th, quite a sick man, and, although after a day or two he got better, he never left the house. Bright's disease caused his death.

The Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 25, adopted the following sketch and tribute in substance, offered by Comrade Ransom: * * *

He was among the first to enroll in this organization, and from the beginning it has had no member more loyally devoted to its purposes, no one more true in his allegiance to those principles which justify its existence.

In war and in peace he was distinguished for his service to his State, and for which he was eminently fitted by his natural gift and by a thorough education. At the Virginia Military Institute he was a classmate of Col. John Louis Peyton, who preceded him but a few hours to the grave. At Washington College and at Harvard University he achieved the same success which has marked his course through life. A born leader of men, he stood mentally, as he did physically, head and shoulders above his companions. He was every inch a man, full of vigor, of enterprise and of determination.

A prominent member of the Virginia Convention at the time the Ordinance of Secession was adopted by that body, he was prompt to offer his service; and in May, 1861, was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Twenty-seventh Virginia Infantry of

the "Stonewall Brigade," and was for sometime engaged in the duty of mustering in, at Staunton, the various companies formed in this section of the State. At First Manassas he commanded the regiment, and was soon afterwards made its Colonel, (the health of Colonel W. W. Gordon having occasioned the resignation of that officer.) He continued in command until the battle of Kernstown, when his regiment brought on the engagement and where he was desperately wounded.

Upon recovering from his wounds, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General and assigned to the command of a Brigade under General Loring, accompanying him to the Kanawha Valley in the fall of 1862 and taking an active part in all his operations. In October, 1862, he was ordered to relieve General Loring and take command of his army and of the Department of Southwestern Virginia. He marched the army back to Charleston and held that place until driven out in the latter part of November, 1862, by an overwhelming Federal force.

In the spring of 1863 Gen. Echols resigned command of the Department and resumed command of the Brigade. During the summer of that year he was ordered by President Davis to Atlanta, as a member of a Court of Inquiry to investigate the cause of the fall of Vicksburg, General Howell Cobb and General Robert Ransom being the other members. Later in that year he commanded the Confederate forces at the battle of "Droop Mountain," where he was defeated by Averill. In 1864 he commanded Breckinridge's right wing at the battle of New Market, displaying there, as at Second Cold Harbor and elsewhere, conspicuous gallantry, and contributing to the honors won that day. Afterwards he was actively engaged in the operation around Richmond. In the fall of 1864, he was again assigned to command of the Department of Southwestern Virginia, Gen. Breckinridge having been made Secretary of War. In the spring of 1865 he was ordered by General Lee to relieve General Jubal A. Early in command at Abingdon, and remained in command until the surrender of General Lee, when he marched his troops to North Carolina, and, after escorting President Davis to Augusta, Ga., and remaining there for sometime in command, returned with his staff to Greensboro, N. C., and was paroled with Gen. Jos. E. Johnston.

The persecution to which he was subjected in the Court of West Virginia, on account of his military career in that region, is a matter of history. He did yeoman service with the Committee of Nine in achieving the restoration of his native State to its relation with the General Government. To wisdom in council he added boldness in action.

He has honorably and ably filled many positions of trust. His duties in later years called him to Kentucky, but his valuable service to the people of that State never alienated him in affection or interest from this community, which had no more public spirited or useful citizen than John Echol. We cherish the memory of a worthy comrade, of a genial spirit, a hospitable and charitable gentleman, one of whom "nature left his stamp to give the world assurance of a man."

PATRIOTIC DOINGS WHILE SUMMERING.

The Memphis Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association sends a refreshing model of proceedings through Mrs. Mary Robertson Day, Secretary:

A "red-letter day" in the history of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association was this delightful 24th of June, spent in a half picnic, half "Roberts'-rules-of-order" fashion, under the grateful shades about Raleigh Springs, where the monthly meeting, for business and pleasure, was held. A courteous invitation from Mrs. I. M. Scruggs to the use of her pleasant rooms at the Inn was declined for the attractive novelty of an out-of-door meeting. The proceedings opened, as usual, with the Lord's Prayer, the President, Mrs. Bedford, presiding. At roll call the following members responded: Mesdames Keller Anderson, Hugh Bedford, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Thomas Day, H. Davis, De Loach, P. A. Edmonds, C. W. Frazer, J. H. Humphreys, A. D. Langstaff, J. H. Moyston, Schwalmeyer and Luke Wright.

Besides members, we had the pleasure of entertaining, as guests, Col. C. W. Frazer and family, Misses Moyston, Schwalmeyer, Katrina Semmes Wright, Jean Keller Anderson, and Master Roy Moyston. Mrs. Moyston, Chairman of Floral Committee and Treasurer, reported the Association incurred, for recent memorial exercises, an expense of $30.25. The services of the Christian Brother's band, as usual, was gratis. Thanks were expressed to Mrs. Moyston for her economical, successful work as chairman. It was voted to continue the meetings through the summer. * * *

At the next meeting Mrs. Wright is to make the selection from the VETERAN, and Mrs. Frazer to give a paper: "Personal Experiences on Johnston Island," while Mrs. Wright is to furnish an account of the resignations of the United States Senators, etc., embracing the cause of Secession.—[Mrs. Wright is daughter of Admiral Raphael Semmes.—ED.]

Mrs. Edmonds, upon unanimous request, gave some of her personal experiences during the war. Her reminiscences were interesting and thrilling. She told the story of the "old gray coat," which was new to some of us, and in her recital paid a tribute to the courtesy and kind-hear edness of Gen. Sherman (as she had found him). This was the first good word some of us had ever heard spoken for him.

Mrs. Davis' invitation to hold the next meeting at her place was accepted. Then followed an old time Southern picnic dinner under the trees. Among the pleasures of the afternoon two of the dear old "Southern mothers" told of their war experiences.

MRS. ROBERT CARTER, OF GEORGIA.

A tribute by Rev. James R. Winchester, Nashville, Tenn.: Among Southern women few are more pathetically associated with the Confederacy in its true spirit of devotion than was Mrs. Robert Carter, *nee* Evelyn Nelson, great-granddaughter of the first Governor of Virginia, Thomas Nelson. From early life she was not only a devout Christian, but a student of the beautiful in nature and art. But this love for the beautiful made her none the less practical in all domestic and social duties.

During the war, Mrs. Carter and her two sisters (surviving her), Mrs. F. O. Ticknor and Mrs. Wm. Woolfolk, were among the leading spirits in promoting hospital work among the sick and wounded soldiers in Georgia—a work that brought such blessings. Their hands restored to health the emaciated form of "Little Giffen," that young Tennessean afterwards immortalized by her brother-in-law, Dr. Ticknor, in the exquisite poem which is popular North as well as South.

After the war Mrs. Carter became deeply interested in the Ladies' Memorial Association, of which organization in Georgia she was president for many years, continuing until her death on January 18, 1896, at Albany, Ga.

No one has ever done more to elevate womanhood in our Southland than she in her quiet and graceful life in home, society and church, with benedictions for all whom she met.

Mrs. Carter left a book of ecclesiastical illuminations that equal the old masters for richness of color, delicacy of design and artistic elaboration. In this work the whole ecclesiastical year is minutely unfolded with pictures of birds, musical instruments and flowers to suit each recurring season. It is a veritable poem that speaks deep thoughts of faith and peace and love. It was begun shortly after the war when her heart was sad at the loss of a splendid son, and for years she worked those thoughts, as God inspired her with higher hopes, into this volume of rare beauty. Her constant thought in her days of sorrow was the text: "His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."

Nothing delighted this spiritual-minded, lovely woman more than to be engaged in something to perpetuate the bravery of our Southern soldiers, and nothing has done more to uplift Southern manhood than such motherhood.

The State of Georgia has wept over her departure. She sleeps in the Cemetery at Columbus, in the hope of a joyous resurrection, among many who were comforted by her gentle hands. She left two sons to mourn her going away, Messrs. T. M. Carter, of Albany, and Robert Carter, of Columbus.

Since Southern women have erected monuments to Southern soldiers everywhere in our Southland, it seems time for us to erect an enduring monument to them, the highest types of womanhood the world has ever known; for they gave the inspiration to their sons, which, while immortalizing Southern bravery on every battle field, calmly reflect, too, a spirit of sacrifice and endurance on their part.

When such a monument lifts its massive shaft heavenward to the destined exaltation of true womanhood, the name of this Christian woman who nursed many like "Little Giffen" in times of war and peace should have a prominent place in its fair pedestal.

I thank the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for the privilege of paying this tribute to Southern womanhood as illustrated in her life and work.

OUR VETERANS AT RICHMOND.

They'll meet no more at Richmond—the men who fought with Lee,
Who met the marching legions of Sherman to the sea;
Who blazed the way with "Stonewall" and carved their glorious names
On the battlefields of Richmond, of "Richmond on the James."

They'll meet no more at Richmond; their brows are bowed and white,
And faint the campfires flicker from the valley of the night;
And "Farewell" echoes down the line, where flashed their crimsoned blades,
And the shadow's deepen, deepen round the boys of the brigades.

They'll meet no more at Richmond, where every battle clod,
In red memorial roses, sends messages to God;
Where brave and bright they faced the fight where Lee and Jackson led,
And left the dim vales glorious with the ashes of their dead.

They'll meet no more at Richmond; the long night's shadows fall;
O'er the dividing ramparts the phantom captains call,
And "Farewell" echoes down the line where flashed their warning blades—
A long farewell to Richmond from the boys of the brigades!

—*Frank L Stanton, in Charleston Post.*

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS FOR THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

As they were prepared by the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws appointed at the Third Annual Meeting of the organization, which was held in New Orleans, April, 1892, and were adopted at Houston, Tex., May 23, 1895, with J. B. Gordon, General Commanding, and Geo. Moorman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

PREAMBLE.

Believing that a general Federation of all constituted organizations of Confederate Veterans will assist in the accomplishment of the cherished purposes that each body is singly laboring to carry out, and to more firmly establish the ties which already exist between them:

We, the representatives of the following Camps, in general convention assembled at Houston, Tex., on this twenty-third day of May, of the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, do adopt, ordain and establish the following Constitution and By-Laws, revoking and abrogating all previous Constitutions and rules of action.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

This Federation of Confederate Veterans' Association shall be known as the "United Confederate Veterans."

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects and purposes of this organization shall be strictly "Social, Literary, Historical and Benevolent." It will strive:

1. To unite in one general Federation all associations of Confederate Veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence, or hereafter to be formed.

2. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those who have shared common dangers, sufferings and privations.

3. To encourage the writing, by participators therein, of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes and occurrences of the war between the States.

4. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementoes of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the services of every member, and as far as possible of those of our comrades who have preceded us into eternity.

5. To see that the disabled are cared for; that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that the Confederate widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

6. To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors and people; and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found.

7. To instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and glory of their fathers, and to bring them into association with our organization, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP, REQUISITES AND LIMITATIONS.

Section 1. Membership in this Federation shall be by camps.

Sec. 2. The various associations joining shall be registered in numerical order, according to the date of their formation or incorporation into the United Confederate Veterans as Camp No. —, in the State or Territory of ———.

Sec. 3. All camps now in the Federation shall retain the numbers originally given them.

Sec. 4. They will be permitted to retain their local and State organizations, and beyond the requirements of this Constitution and By-Laws, they shall have full enjoyment of the rights to govern themselves, and their connection with this Federation shall in no wise be construed as affecting their loyalty to their State organizations outside of this Federation.

Sec. 5. Every camp will be required to exact of each applicant for membership in its ranks satisfactory proof of honorable service in the army or navy of the Confederate States, and honorable discharge or release therefrom.

Sec. 6. The present membership in camps already in the organization shall not be disturbed, and no new applications from such members will be required.

ARTICLE IV.—ORGANIZATION.

Section 1. The camps shall be organized by departments, divisions and brigades.

Sec. 2. The Federation shall have as its executive head a General. There shall be three departments, to be called:

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Army of Tennessee Department, Trans-Mississippi Department.

Sec. 3. The Army of Northern Virginia Department shall include and be formed of the States of Virginia, Maryland, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, and all the camps and divisions not enumerated as belonging to the Army of Tennessee or Trans-Mississippi Departments.

Sec. 4. The Army of Tennessee Department shall include and be formed of the States of Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida.

Sec. 5. The Trans-Mississippi Department shall include and be formed of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, excepting Louisiana.

Sec. 6. Each and every State and Territory having within its boundaries ten (10) or more camps, regularly organized, and accepted, shall constitute a division, and no State or Territory shall have more than one division within its boundaries.

Sec. 7. Camps in States or Territories where there are less than ten (10) camps, shall report directly to the department commander, upon whose recommendation to such camps in contiguous States or Territories may be formed into a division by the Commander-in-Chief, until such States or Territories attain the required number of camps to entitle them to become separate divisions.

Sec. 8. Divisions upon recommendation of department commanders may be subdivided into brigades by the Commander-in-Chief, provided each brigade shall have at least five (5) camps, and that a majority of the camps of the division shall demand the subdivision.

ARTICLE V.—REPRESENTATION, DELEGATES, LIMITATIONS AND PROXIES.

Section 1. The representation of the various camps at the annual meetings, general department, division and brigade, shall be by delegates as follows: One delegate for every twenty active members in good standing in the camp, and one additional one for a fraction of ten (10) members, provided every camp in good standing shall be entitled to at least two delegates; provided, State divisions may fix its internal representation.

Sec. 2. Provided also that camps may be formed with fewer than twenty members, but not less than ten (10) members in remote or sparsely settled localities, or in places outside of the former Confederate States territory, and admitted in the Federation by order of the Commander-in-Chief upon proper application and recommendation of subordinate officers,

and after compliance with all other requisites of membership, and after such other investigation into the circumstances of this reduced membership as the General may see fit to institute through the Inspector General; but no more camps will be allowed in the same locality until the one thus admitted has attained the full number of twenty members.

Sec. 3. In enumerating active members of camps for representation, none shall be counted who are already thus enumerated in another camp of this Federation.

Sec. 4. The General, Lieutenant Generals, Major-Generals, Brigadier Generals and their Adjutants General shall be ex officio members of the annual meetings and conventions.

Sec. 5. Camps will not be allowed representation unless their per capita shall have been paid the Adjutant General on or before the first day of April next preceding the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.—OFFICERS, ELECTION, TERM OF OFFICE AND SUCCESSION.

Section 1. The officers of this Federation shall be:

One General Commander-in-Chief, its executive head.

Three Lieutenant Generals, who shall command and be executive heads of the departments in which they reside.

Sec. 2. The Generals and Lieutenant Generals shall be elected by the delegates at the annual meeting or re-union of the United Confederate Veterans.

Sec. 3. There shall be as many Major-Generals as there may be divisions, but there shall be but one in each State or Territory.

Sec. 4. There shall be as many Brigadier Generals as there may be brigades.

Sec. 5. The Major-Generals and Brigadier Generals shall be elcted by the delegates from the camps within their respective commands at a convention held at such time and place and under the supervision of such officer as the department commander within which the State or Territory is located may direct; provided, however, that when a division or brigade has been once organized its elections shall be held in such manner, at such time and place as has been determined at its last annual convention by its delegates.

Sec. 6. General, department, division and brigade officers shall be elected by ballot and shall be installed in office at the time of their election, or at the option of the meeting or convention.

Sec. 7. All officers shall be elected or appointed for one year or until their successors are installed.

Sec. 8. Vacancies occurring among officers shall be filled until the next annual meeting by appointment of General Commanding, on recommendation of the department.

STAFF OFFICERS.

Sec. 9. Staff officers shall be appointed by the different Generals to serve during such General's term of office or pleasure. No staff officer shall be at the same time a staff officer and and officer of a brigade or division, or hold two staff offices.

Sec. 10. The staff of the Commander-in-Chief shall be as follows: One Adjutant General chief of staff, with rank of Major General; one Inspector General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Quartermaster General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Commissary General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Judge Advocate General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Surgeon General, with rank of Brigadier General; one Chaplain General, and such assistants and aids with the rank of Colonel as in his judgment may be necessary.

DEPARTMENT STAFF.

Sec. 11. Department commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the General, and such assistants and aids as they may deem necessary, but one grade lower in rank.

DIVISION STAFF.

Sec. 12. Division commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the department commander, but one grade lower in rank, and such aids, with the rank of Major, as may be found necessary.

BRIGADE STAFF.

Sec. 13. Brigade commanders shall be allowed the same regular staff as the division commander, with the rank of Major, and such aids as may be found necessary to facilitate the organization of camps in his district, with the rank of Captain.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 14. Camps may, at their option, adopt the following nomenclature for their officers, viz: Commander, First, Second, Third (or more) Lieutenant Commanders; Adjutant, Quartermaster, Surgeon, Chaplain, Officer of the Day, Treasurer, Sergeant Major, Vidette, a Color Sergeant and two Color Guards, and define their duties.

The Commander, in official intercourse with headquarters, shall be addressed as Captain.

Sec. 15. No one can be elected or appointed an officer of this Federation, or of its subordinate departments, divisions and brigades or their staffs, unless he be a member of one of the camps.

ARTICLE VII.—SEAL AND BADGES, MEMORIAL DAY AND HEADQUARTERS.

Sec. 1. This Federation shall have power and authority to make, have and use a common seal and badge, with such device and inscription as it may adopt, and the same to alter, break and amend at pleasure; but, until otherwise provided for, the seal of this Federation shall be a device similar to that in use by this association, which device is a medal of —— inch in diameter, reproducing the great seal of the Confederate States of America, bearing "United Confederate Veterans, 1861, 1865, 1889," inscribed between the wreath and margin.

Sec. 2. The seal of this Federation shall be in the keeping of the Adjutant General Chief of Staff.

BADGE.

Section 1. The badge of this Federation shall be a device similar to the one now in use by the camps of this association, which device is the representation in enamel of the Confederate battle flag, on a plain metal surface of —— of an inch square, and can be mounted as a pin or button, to be worn on the left lappel of the coat.

Sec. 2. Recognized associations of Sons or Daughters of Veterans affiliating with this Federation shall be allowed to wear the same badge as the United Confederate Veterans, with the letters S. C. V. or D. C. V., as the case may be, inserted in the upper triangles of the cross, from left to right, and with the number of their organization in the lower triangle.

MEMORIAL DAY.

This Federation shall religiously observe the celebration of Memorial Day. Each camp, brigade and division shall have full authority to designate its own.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS.

Section 1. The general headquarters of this Federation is permanently fixed at New Orleans.

Sec. 2. Memorial Hall of the Louisiana Historical Association, in that city, shall be the depository of all records, papers and relics of this Federation.

ARTICLE VIII.—SPECIAL POWERS.

Section 1. This Federation shall have power to make and adopt such articles of organization, rules, regulations and by-laws as its members may deem proper, and to alter, amend and repeal the same, as they may see fit; provided, that such articles, rules, regulations, or by-laws, shall not be repugnant to this Constitution, or to the laws of the United States.

Sec. 2. It shall have power to issue commissions to all its officers, general department, division, brigade, camp and staff; certificates of membership to camps joining this organization, and to the individual members thereof; to fix and charge fees for such commissions and certificates and for other documents; to levy an annual per capita tax upon its members, to regulate the collection of such income for the general treasury, its custody and disbursement.

Sec. 3. It shall have power to give recognition and affiliation, and regulate and revoke same, to organizations of sons, of mothers, wives and daughters of Confederate Veterans, to constitute them auxiliaries, and to select from them its successors and heirs, they to have representation in all conventions and meetings of the association, the ratio of their representation to be fixed by the conventions of the Federation. It shall further possess all powers and privileges granted by law to associations of this character.

ARTICLE IX.—PROHIBITIONS.

Section 1. No discussion of political or religious subjects, nor any political action, or indorsing of aspirants for political office, shall be permitted within the Federation of United Confederate Veterans.

Sec. 2. No debts shall be contracted by this Federation.

Sec. 3. No assessment shall be levied upon its members other than the fees and per capita, which shall never exceed an adequate amount to meet the indispensable expenses of its management.

Sec. 4. The use of the seal, badges or name of this Federation for business or advertising purposes, and the giving of its badge to persons unauthorized to wear it, are emphatically prohibited.

ARTICLE X.—PENALTIES AND SUSPENSION.

Section 1. No camp shall be permitted representation in any meeting of this Federation until said camp shall have paid the annual per capita tax and all other amounts due the Federation by said camp.

Sec. 2. Suspension of a camp shall not affect the membership in the United Confederate Veterans of comrades of such camps, nor impair their tenure of office or eligibility as officers therein during such suspension. Prolonged suspension of a camp may be declared at an annual meeting an act detrimental to the objects and purposes of the Federation and shall lead to forfeiture of membership.

Sec. 3. Reinstatement from suspension will take effect immediately upon receipt by the Adjutant General of evidence of the removal by the suspended camp of its cause of suspension.

FORFEITURE OF MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared against any camp allowing political or religious discussions or taking any such action.

Sec. 2. Forfeiture of membership may also be declared against any camp committing any act repugnant to this Constitution or detrimental to the objects and purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 3. Forfeiture of membership shall be declared by a two-thirds vote at an annual meeting, after proper investigation of the charges, and only when they have been substantiated.

ARTICLE XI.—AMENDMENTS.

Section 1. By a two-thirds vote of the delegates present at an annual meeting of this Federation, alterations and amendments can be made to this Constitution; provided that notice and a copy of proposed change shall have been sent to each camp, at least three months in advance of the annual meeting.

ARTICLE XII.—DISSOLUTION.

Section 1. This Federation is intended to exist until the individual members of its camps are too few and feeble to longer keep it up, and it shall not be dissolved unless upon a vote or agreement in writing of four-fifths of the camps in good standing. In case of its dissolution any property it may then possess shall be left to our successors, the "Sons of Confederate Veterans," and its records shall be deposited in perpetuo with the Louisiana Historical Association in Memorial Hall, New Orleans, La.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1. Application for membership shall be made through the headquarters of the State or Territory where the camp is organized upon blanks furnished by the general headquarters.

Sec. 2. When the Constitution and By-Laws and roll of members of the applying organization has been examined and recommended by division and department headquarters, and when the application is accompanied by the prescribed fees, the camp shall be admitted, if no defect is found in the record, and a certificate of membership will be issued to it by the Adjutant General Chief of Staff.

Sec. 3. A correct roll of active members in good standing in each camp shall be forwarded annually, before the first day of April next preceding the general annual meeting, direct to general headquarters, upon which certified roll will be based the camp's per capita, which shall accompany it, and computed the camp's representation at the annual and other meetings.

Sec. 4. Membership in more than one camp is not forbidden, but no comrade shall be borne on the rolls of more than one camp for the purpose of enumeration and representation. When a comrade is a member of more than one camp, he shall elect in which one he will be enrolled for representation.

ARTICLE II.—MEETINGS.

Section 1. There shall be held annually a general meeting or reunion of the Federation. Each division shall likewise have an annual meeting or reunion.

Sec. 2. The delegates at these annual meetings shall select the time and place for the next annual meeting.

Sec. 3. The Commander-in-Chief, at the request of a majority of the camps, shall convene the Federation in special meeting. Special meetings of divisions may likewise be called by the Major Generals at the request of a majority of the camps of their division, or in any emergency which they may deem sufficient.

Sec. 4. At all meetings delegates shall address each other as comrades.

Sec. 5. The annual general meeting shall be called to order by the Major General commanding the State or Territory or subdivision in which the meeting is held. He shall first introduce to the assembly the Chaplain General, or, in his absence, the ranking Chaplain, who will deliver a prayer. Any representative of the local or State government, or other person deputized to welcome the delegates, shall then be introduced by the Major General, after which he shall turn over the meeting to the General Commander-in-Chief, who will reply to the addresses, deliver his annual address and announce the meeting ready for business. The Adjutant General shall then call the roll of general officers of the Federation and of the delegates from its camps, by States and Territories, giving the number of delegates each is entitled to by his records; and such accredited delegates answering

in person to the roll call of their respective camps shall be duly recognized delegates to the body, and the meeting will proceed to business on the basis fixed by the Adjutant General's roll of accredited delegates.

Sec. 6. Every comrade in good standing will be privileged to attend the meeting of any organization belonging to the United Confederate Veterans and receive that fraternal consideration they design to foster.

VOTING.

Sec. 7. In all questions submitted to the meeting the chair will first put the question for the ayes and nays viva voce; if the roll of camps shall be called for, then the camps shall be called in order, the number of votes each is entitled to stated, and the vote for and against the motion announced by the chairman of each delegation, and if possible the vote shall be cast by States or divisions.

Sec. 8. Balloting shall be by camps, the chairman of the delegation depositing the written ballots for the camp. In balloting for officers a majority of all votes cast shall be necessary to a choice. If there is no election on the first ballot the name of the comrade receiving the lowest number of votes shall be dropped, and so on in successive ballots until an election is made.

Sec. 9. When there is but one candidate for an office, upon motion and by unanimous consent, a formal ballot can be dispensed with, and the candidate elected by acclamation.

Sec. 10. The ayes and nays may be required and entered upon record at the call of any three delegates from different departments.

ARTICLE III.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

Section 1. The General shall be head of this Federation, and shall enforce its Constitution, By-Laws, rules and regulations, and the will of its convention and meetings, and to this effect, he may issue all necessary orders. He shall preside over the general conventions, meetings and reunions of the United Confederate Veterans, and shall decide all questions of law, order or usage, and shall be empowered to act for the good of the Federation, as circumstances in his judgment may require, in cases not provided for by this Constitution and By-Laws, subject in all such decisions and acts to appeal to the general convention or meeting. Immediately after entering upon his office, he shall appoint his staff and all other general officers and committees not otherwise provided for, and may remove these officers and committees at his pleasure.

LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Sec. 2. The Lieutenant Generals shall command departments. They shall assist the General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office, according to seniority in the Confederate service.

They shall push the enrollment into camps of all veterans of the Confederacy in their departments; supervise the work of their divisions and see to the enforcement of all orders from general headquarters, pass upon and forward all communications between division and general headquarters, and send annual reports to the General one month before the annual meeting. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon their office.

MAJOR GENERALS.

Sec. 3. Major Generals shall command divisions, each State and Territory forming but one division and having but one Major General. The Major Generals shall apply themselves to fully organize their States or Territories into camps; they shall be careful to have all the requirements of the Constitution and By-'Laws strictly complied with in the formation of camps, and be the intermediary in their relations with general and department headquarters; they shall see to the execution of all orders received therefrom; they shall assist the Lieutenant General by counsel or otherwise, and in his absence or disability they shall fill his office until the next annual meeting, according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their offices.

BRIGADIER GENERALS.

Sec. 4. Brigadier Generals shall command the brigades or district in which it may be found necessary to divide a State or Territory. They shall be under the Major General and assist him in organizing the State or Territory; they shall see to the execution of all orders received through him, and they shall take precedence of each other according to seniority in the Confederate service. They shall be the intermediary between the Major General and the camps of their brigades and vice versa. They shall appoint their staff immediately after entering upon the duties of their office, and shall be allowed as many aids as they may deem necessary to facilitate the formation of camps in their district.

CAMP OFFICERS.

Sec. 5. Camp officers shall have their duties defined by the Constitution of the camps that create them, to which full liberty has been given to govern themselves, provided the duties so defined be not in conflict with the provisions of this Constitution and By-Laws.

STAFF OFFICERS.—ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Sec. 6. The Adjutant General shall be chief of staff of the Commander-in-Chief. He shall keep correct records of the proceedings of the general headquarters, and general meetings and reunions; a roster of the general department, division, brigade and camp officers, and a roll of the camps; he shall conduct the correspondence of the Federation, and issue the necessary orders under the direction of the General.

All returns received by him from departments shall be turned over to the proper officer. He shall prepare all books and blanks required for the use of the United Confederate Veterans, under direction of the Commander-in-Chief. He shall be the keeper of the seal of the Federation, and shall issue under it all certificates of membership, commissions and documents. He shall draw requisitions for funds on the Quartermaster General, to be approved by the Commander-in-Chief, and he shall perform such other duties and keep such other books and records as the Commander-in-Chief may require. He shall make an annual report to the Commander-in-Chief, showing the work performed by his office and the condition of the Federation.

He shall send out blank muster rolls to the various subordinate camps at least sixty days before the annual meetings, together with blank certificates for their delegates, with instructions to the Adjutants of the various camps to send in such muster rolls or roster of his camp, also the names of the delegates appointed by their camp to the annual meeting of the Federation, all direct to him, before the first day of the month next preceding the annual meeting.

QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.

Sec. 7. The Quartermaster General shall hold the funds and vouchers of the Federation. He shall have charge of the contracting for badges of the association and their sale to the camps upon proper requisition; he shall pay all warrants drawn on him by the Adjutant and appproved by the Commander-in-Chief; he shall have charge of all arrangements for transportation of general headquarters to and from general meetings or reunions, and he shall endeavor to facilitate the transportation by railroads of delegates to the meetings of the Federation.

INSPECTOR GENERAL.

Sec. 8. The Inspector General shall prescribe the form of blanks to be used for the inspection of camps, and with the approval of the Commander-in-Chief give such special instructions in reference to inspections as may be deemed necessary. He shall prepare an abstract of the reports received from departments for the information of the Commander-in-Chief, and present a report to the annual meeting. He shall have charge of all investigations ordered for infractions of the Constitutions and By-Laws of the Federation of the camps, or for conduct of any camp or individual considered detrimental to the Federation, which may be referred to him by the Commander-in-Chief.

SURGEON GENERAL.

Sec. 9. The Surgeon General shall perform the duties properly appertaining to his office, and present at the annual meeting a report or paper on matters relating to the medical and surgical branch of the Confederate service.

COMMISSARY GENERAL.

Sec. 10. The Commissary General shall attend to any duties the Commander-in-Chief may impose upon him, and he shall, at the annual meeting, present a written report or paper on matters relating to the commissariat of the Confederate army.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL.

Sec. 11. The Chaplain General shall open and close with prayer the annual and other meetings, and perform such duties in connection with is office as the Commander-in-Chief may require. He shall present at the annual meeting a written report or paper upon matters relating to his branch of the Confederate service.

JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL.

Sec. 12. The Judge Advocate General shall perform the duties appertaining to that office. He shall give all legal advice that may be required of him by the Commander-in-Chief. He shall present at the annual meeting a report and paper on the history of his department of the Confederate service.

Sec. 13. The subordinate staff shall perform in their respective spheres the duties of their offices, in conformity with the regulations imposed on the general staff, as far as they can be applied.

ARTICLE IV.—CHANNELS OF COMMUNICATION.

All official communications in the business of this Federation or its subordinate commands, must follow the usual military channels, except details designated, that is, from camps to brigades, to divisions, to departments, to general headquarters, and descending will take a reverse channel.

Direct communication from subordinate bodies or officers to superiors and vice versa, passing around intermediate commanders, will not be permitted.

ARTICLE V.—COMMITTEES.

Section 1. There shall be four standing committees of one delegate from each State and Territory, and one to represent the camps outside the former Confederate States and Territories. They shall be as follows:

Sec. 2. Historical Committee that shall have charge of all matters relating to the literary and historical purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 3. Relief Committee that shall have charge of all matters relating to relief, pensions, homes and other benevolent purposes of this Federation.

Sec. 4. Monumental Committee shall have charge of all matters relating to monuments, graves and the Federation's objects and purposes in these respects.

Sec. 5. Finance Committee, to verify accounts of officers, to fix the compensation of same when it becomes necessary, under the advice and approval of the General Commander-in-Chief, and to attend to such other matters of finance that may be referred to it.

Sec. 6. These committees can sub-divide themselves for purposes of facilitating their labors; and shall keep a record of their meetings, make reports annually or oftener, if required by the Commander-in-Chief, and shall turn over their records to the Adjutant General at the expiration of their term of office.

SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

Sec. 7. Special committees can be appointed by the General Commanding, when a necessity arises, and shall be appointed by him when so ordered by the general meeting.

Sec. 8. All committees shall meet when called by their chairman.

Reports of committees shall be sent to the General-in-Chief one month before the annual meeting.

ARTICLE VI.—FINANCES.

Section 1. The fees shall be: An entrance fee of two dollars ($2.00) from each camp, which shall accompany its application and entitle the camp to a certificate of membership free from cost of postage.

Sec. 2. A fee of one dollar ($1.00) for each commission issued to officers, or certificate to individual members, of camps by general headquarters, which fee shall include postage.

Sec. 3. A per capita tax of ten (10) cents for each active member in good standing in such camp and not enumerated in any other camp.

Sec. 4. The General commanding shall fix the price of dues for badges, books and blanks required and issued by the Federation, which dues shall not exceed an amount sufficient to defray their cost and distribution.

Sec. 5. All fees and dues shall be received by the Adjutant General and by him turned over to the Quartermaster General, in whose custody they shall remain until properly disbursed.

Sec. 6. The per capita tax of ten (10) cents shall be apportioned out by the Quartermaster General as follows: 7.10 to general headquarters; 1.10 to department headquarters; 2.10 to division headquarters, and shall be kept in the general treasury to the credit of the different headquarters separate from other funds, to be paid out only upon proper requisition of their Adjutants General.

Sec. 7. Divisions may levy additional fees and per capita tax upon their camps, for their own purposes, and to meet their internal expenses.

ARTICLE VII.—AMENDMENTS.

These By-Laws and the rules and the regulations of this Federation shall only be altered or amended at an annual meeting, by a two-thirds vote of the delegates present.

But any section herein may be suspended for the time being, at any annual meeting by a unanimous vote of the delegates present. No amendments shall be considered unless by unanimous consent, if a notice and copy of it shall not have been furnished to each camp in the Federation at least thirty (30) days before the annual meeting. GEO. MOORMAN,

Official. Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

FALSE FLAG OF TRUCE AT ANTIETAM.

Cleve Rowan, Campbellsville, Miss., writes: Are any veterans living who can recall an incident in connection with the hoisting of the WHITE FLAG by the Federals in the battle of ANTIETAM?

I was a member of Company F, Second Mississippi Battalion, and with J. Warren Richmond, my messmate and constant companion, as volunteer sharpshooter or scout after the charge and countercharge between Meagher's Irish Brigade, (Federal Army) whose fame will be engraven on the brightest pages of history, and Featherstone's, afterwards Posey's, and then Harris's Brigade. Richmond and I, with John H. Derrah, of the Twelfth Mississippi Regiment—the man who shot his ramrod through a Federal officer in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania—all of us from Port Gibson, Miss.—occupied the large dwelling to the right of the apple orchard as sharpshooters, together with a member of the Fourth Texas Regiment. Richmond and I had made our way to the apple orchard, where we took our positions flat on the ground, behind a couple of apple trees, with a dilapidated fence in front. We soon had our rifles ranged on a Federal picket post, containing some half dozen Federals. We fired effectually, as after each fire a man would fall into the shallow pit. Suddenly a white flag floated above the pit. We ceased firing and I placed a white handkerchief—obtained from a sutler's shop on the Maryland side and in rear of Harper's Ferry, where we were when Jackson captured the place—on the end of my ramrod. Gen. Roger A. Pryor, commanding a brigade in the division, went out to learn the meaning, and I walked over to the picket post of the Federals and joked with some half a dozen Irish boys, who gave me SUGAR, COFFEE and TOBACCO, and I had just finished storing the articles in my haversack when a general officer and escort appeared on their horses from behind the hill. As soon as I saw them, I remarked: "There is your Commander, I will run; don't shoot me!" To which they replied, "Run, Johnnie, we'll not harm ye." I returned to my post safely. Soon it was announced as a "false flag." We never learned the meaning of the little incident but suppose it was a ruse to escape our shots and give them time for some additional purpose.

I was wounded at the battle of the Wilderness; Richmond was killed in the Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania. The Army of Northern Virginia never had a braver or better soldier than Richmond, now resting among the unknown at Spottsylvania.

Adjutant W. D. Cole, Conway, Ark.:

Jeff Davis' Camp, No. 213, sends greeting to our brothers every where. We have a live Camp, consisting of 310 members, who enlisted from every Southern State except two.

We believe strongly down here in the Rouss Battle Abbey. We believe that Comrade Rouss' preference should settle it. Again, it being a national institution to stand for all time, its object our justification in history, it seems to us that the National Capitol would be the only place for it.

F. L. Smith, Washington, D. C., kindly corrects error in naming location of the Hancock Statue, in August VETERAN. The building in picture is a block from Pennsylvania depot.

HANCOCK'S CAVALRY HISTORY.

Elder J. B. Fletcher. Alexandria, Tenn., says: It has been my pleasure, during the last few days, to give Hancock's Diary a thorough examination, and I give it my unqualified endorsement. It is the best and most comprehensive book of the kind that I have ever read. I was a member of Company D, Eighth Kentucky Cavalry, Lyon's Brigade, so often spoken of in the Diary. I want our boys to read it and reread it to their children and grandchildren.

The price has been reduced from $2.50 to $2.00, and it will be furnished with a year's subscription to the VETERAN for $2.50. It will be given as a premium for seven subscriptions.

SHADY SIDE OF THE STREET.

Free counsel is given, especially to ladies, about the importance of walking on shady sides of streets. In summer weather, make it a rule, in going as much as two blocks on streets of ordinary width to cross over. The reflected heat from walls, in addition to the direct sun rays, is more severe than may be supposed.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold ***50 years ago.*** In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—***50 years of cures.*** Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the ***same old plant*** that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. ***It*** has not been bettered. And since ***we*** make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the ***same old sarsaparilla*** because it works the ***same old cures.*** It's the sovereign blood purifier, and ***—it's Ayer's.***

Two Years on the Alabama.

By Lieut. Arthur Sinclair.

Thirty-two portraits and other pictures. A thoroughly fascinating, thrilling history.

This extraordinary volume in cloth, $3; or in leather $5.

The cloth given with seven and the leather with twelve subscriptions. Or either will be sent with a year's renewal to Veteran for twenty-five cents above the price of the book.

AN INVIGORATING CLIMATE.

During the summer months, the greatest country on the American Continent is Colorado. Here are found the greatest works of nature, nestled among the snow capped peaks of the Rockies. From the Eastern States and the Mississippi Valley, the Missouri Pacific Railway "Colorado Short Line" is the most direct, offering as it does, choice of two routes from St. Louis and Kansas City. Greatly reduced rates will be in effect, account of the various prominent meetings that will be held there during the summer months. For copy of resort book covering tourist points on the Missouri Pacific Railway in Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, write H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

This is a good time to visit Chicago and the summer resorts of the great inland seas. The best way to reach the Lakeside City and points in the Northwest is by the Monon Route, from Cincinnati or Louisville. The Monon, by its two terminals at Michigan City and Chicago, reaches by convenient connections, all Michigan resorts, as well as the Northwestern lakes and mountains.

COOKING, BY MRS. CRINGAN.

Attention is called to a "Book of Instruction in Cooking, with selected Recipes, written by Mrs. John W. Cringan of Richmond, Va., and dedicated to the members of Mrs. Cringan's Cooking Classes.

This book is what its name implies—plain, explicit directions for cooking in all its branches, especial attention being given to bread making.

The selection of meat, is shown by charts, distinctly marked, as well as by written instructions.

The lessons taught in this book of several hundred pages were learned from actual experience, therefore are very clear and strictly practical.

The circumstances attending Mrs. Cringan's experience and prominence in Cooking, attest how earnestly she has endeavored to help others.

During a long and painful illness, in which she could not procure digestible food, her mind dwelt upon the theme and she determined upon some plan for a cooking class to be taught in connection with their church work. She soon had a class of fifty. Soon after, she had classes also in Baltimore, in Petersburg, and at the Miller Manual Labor School. Mrs. Cringan teaches Cooking Classes in the High School of Richmond. She had not been regularly taught on this subject, but she became a close student with the best authority procurable—to build upon knowledge acquired at her country home. Her father, Mr. C. C. Curtis, was a farmer in Gloucester County. [And, too, he was an ardent Confederate. Although too old to bear arms, he diligently gave such comfort and aid as he could to his people, suffering the loss of all his earthly possessions and imprisonment on two occasions because he would not take the oath of allegiance.]

The price of the book is $2. It is furnished as premium with eight subscriptions to the Veteran.

Look well to the books advertised by the Veteran. Only those of special merit are furnished by it, and too when they may be supplied upon liberal terms.

The above is a design of picture 18x24 inches, that is diligently sought by many who have seen it. The publisher's price, postpaid, is fifty cents. It will be sent by the Veteran for a renewal and two new subscriptions.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

A JAUNT INTO MEXICO.

Twenty years ago Mexico was practically a closed country to the tourist from the United States. Then the facilities for transportation were such that the journey into the quaint land lying to the South of us, implied weeks of arduous travel, which only those inured to hardships could stand. Now, the tourist gets into his Pullman Sleeper at New Orleans and the Southern Pacific quickly lands him in "the land of the afternoon." The way leads through the beautiful bayou region of Louisiana, then amid the vast pine forests that fringe the eastern edge of the Lone Star State, past Houston, the great cotton mart, and San Antonio the beautiful city of the Alamo and the Missions. At Spofford, the Mexico Sleeper swings off from the main line and in a little while one crosses the Rio Grande at Eagle Pass, and finds oneself upon the soil of the sister Republic. From here to Torreon the way leads over the Mexican International and then straight down the Mexican Central, past many quaint and Medieval towns, through fertile valleys, where men are plowing with slow-moving oxen, over mountain passes, where the hill tops flatten into grotesque shapes—to the City of Mexico. Every mile of the way is fraught with novel interest. At each stop the train makes, quaint groups gathered at the station claim attention. Their dress is picturesque, their speech is vigorous but musical. They importune one with all sorts of confections and trinkets for sale. The domed cities and towns which line the way or are visible in the distance, have the atmosphere of villages in Palestine. One may make a visit limited by days, or wander for weeks and not be satiated. The interest of the city itself is inexhaustible, while Zacatecas, the great mining centre perched high among the mountains, Guadalajara, the Boston of the country, San Luis Potosi with its architecture and its art, or Vera Cruz or Tampico lying amid coffee and banana plantations upon the sea coast, are but a few of the hundreds of places that attract and charm. You will never regret a journey into Mexico, which can be made so cheaply and expeditiously via New Orleans and the Southern Pacific. Consult the nearest Southern Pacific agent for rates and information, or write to S. F. B Morse, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Southern Pacific Company, New Orleans, La.

DRAMA OF JOHNSON'S ISLAND.

This is the title of a semi-historic and sentimental play lately produced at Memphis by members of Company A, Confederate Veterans, assisted by a few other ex-Confederates and three or four ladies of old Southern families The Drama was written by Col. C. W. Frazer, and is quite comprehensive in its general scope. While strictly historic, it also presents ideal pictures of Southern home life at the beginning and all through the war.

In the protrayal of faithful and trusted family servants, it is the antithesis of Mrs. Stowe's hot-house productions. It is full of vivid reality, all the more effective because acted largely by old soldiers who went through the scenes depicted.

The play is a masterpiece in its way, and there is nothing in it to give offence in any section of the country. It drew immense houses in Memphis recently, and it was reproduced in Richmond during the great Reunion. The numerous veterans in the cast are represented to fully up to their parts, and to act as though living over the trying and touching scenes of their early manhood.

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Go to the picturesque Macinac Island via the D. & C. (Coast Line). It only costs $13.50 from Detroit, $15.50 from Toledo, $18.00 from Cleveland for the round trip, including meals and berths. Tickets good for 60 days, bicycles carried free. One thousand miles of lake and river riding on new modern steel steamers for the above rates. Send 2c. for illustrated pamphlets. Address, A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit.

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A gentleman with experience having been reared on a fine Tennessee farm, desires a situation. His wife understands cooking in a high degree. She is also a fine pianist and delights in the care of children—they have no children. He is a member in good standing of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, while both are members of Tulip Street Methodist Church, Nashville. Address Earnest, care CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn.

A. J. Allen, 928 Woodland St. Telephone Barnes, Woodland and Tenth.

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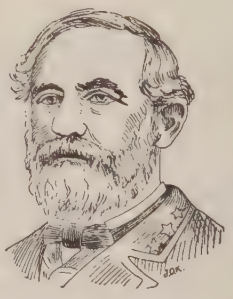

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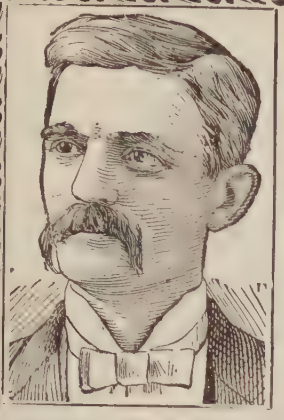

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High Rate of Interest Realized.
Low Rate of Expense.
Increase in Assets.
Increase in New Business.
A Large Gain in Surplus.

Gain in Income,	$ 261,413.47
Gain in Interest Receipts,	113,895.05
Gain in Surplus,	302,082.66
Gain in Membership,	4,363
Gain in Assets,	1,839,617.82
Gain in Amount of Insurance,	9,038,080.00
Gain in Amount N. Business Written,	3,928,039 00
Total Assets	14,555,288.63
Total Liabilities,	12,685,026.51
Surplus, 4 per cent. Standard,	$1,870,262.12

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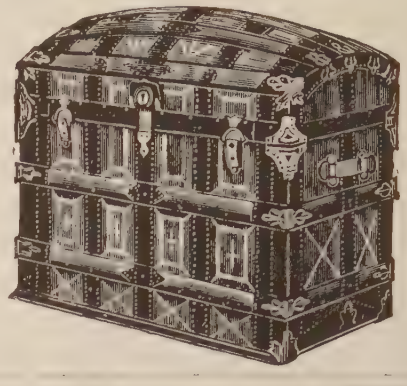

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Lieutenant Arthur Sinclair

Lieutenant Sinclair is author of the book, "Two Years on the Alabama." See notice elsewhere. To the right is a fine illustration of a monument recently dedicated at Nicholasville, Ky. See page 310.

OCTOBER, 1896. PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS.

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Circulation: '93, 79,430. '94, 121,644. '95, 154,992. '96, to Sept., 104,632.

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MILITARY ORGANIZATIONS OF CONFEDERATES—Infantry at Memphis, Cavalry at Nashville.—See page 356.

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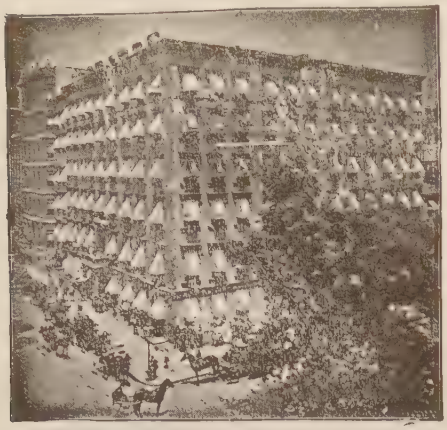

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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kinared Topics

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1896. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Annual Convention United Daughters of the Confederacy will be held in Nashville, Tenn., November 11th, 1896. Special rates have been granted for delegates. Presidents of Chapters are earnestly requested to see that their Chapters have delegates present. Full information will be sent each Chapter.

The railroads will give tickets to the Kentucky-Tennessee Reunion at Nashville, Oct. 14-15th, at *one fare* for the round trip. A day longer limit will be given those who come 100 miles and over. Kentucky comrades will note this is less by one-third than the rate originally offered them. Application has been made and urged upon the Southern States Passenger Association in behalf of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who are to convene in Nashville, November 11th. It will be indeed strange and harsh if they don't give the usual rate of one cent per mile, which has been the established rate for years to similar organizations. The United Daughters, representing nearly one hundred Chapters in the various Divisions of the Southern States, certainly merit as high favors as any body of women in existence.

An interesting and faithful account of two great reunions is given in this VETERAN by Albert Sidney Morton of St. Paul. Mr. Morton did not refer to a contrast that is opportune just now. At St. Paul prominent Grand Army veterans declined to participate in the proceedings so as to give their time to advancing the political interests of candidates for office. At Richmond, as at all other Confederate reunions, no such thing is ever allowed. The law is most rigid and the Constitution expressly states that "Forfeiture of membership *shall be declared* against any camp allowing political discussions."

Mr. Morton's criticism of the failure of St. Paul to honor decrepit veterans specially suggests the sad reflection that new generations cannot comprehend the sacrifice of those who fought for the Union, on the one hand, and to vindicate constitutional Rights of the States, on the other.

"THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT."

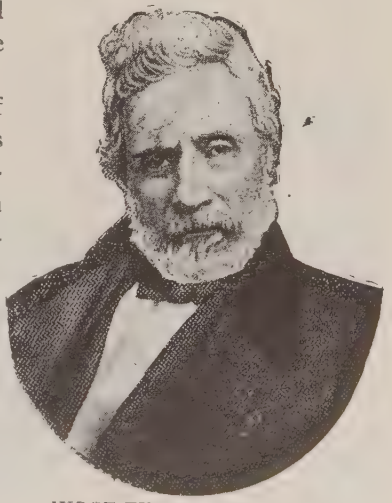
The greeting to Kentucky comrades in this VETERAN occupies considerable space. Aside of the general interest in those noble men, there is personal pride in their coming to Nashville for their reunion. A circumstance in this connection is noted as ludicrous. Of course reunions of Kentuckians have ever been in their State, and when courtesy of the floor was given the writer at the last reunion—Bowling Green—when instead of something to say about the VETERAN—his hobby—he explained that it was to invite the Orphan Brigade, Morgan's Cavalry, and the other Kentucky Camps to hold their next reunion in Nashville, the Commander, Gen Lewis, and other comrades seemed astounded and to wonder if the speaker was really sane. A committee was appointed to consider the matter and very soon, by unanimous vote, the Committee concurred in accepting the invitation.

Nashville, with characteristic hospitality, through her Confederate organizations, is preparing a welcome that assures happy results.

Comrade Joseph B. O'Bryan, eminently successful in whatever he undertakes, has been selected by Frank Cheatham Bivouac to have charge of their entertainment, and Nashville Daughters will have OPEN HOMES on the morning of October 14th.

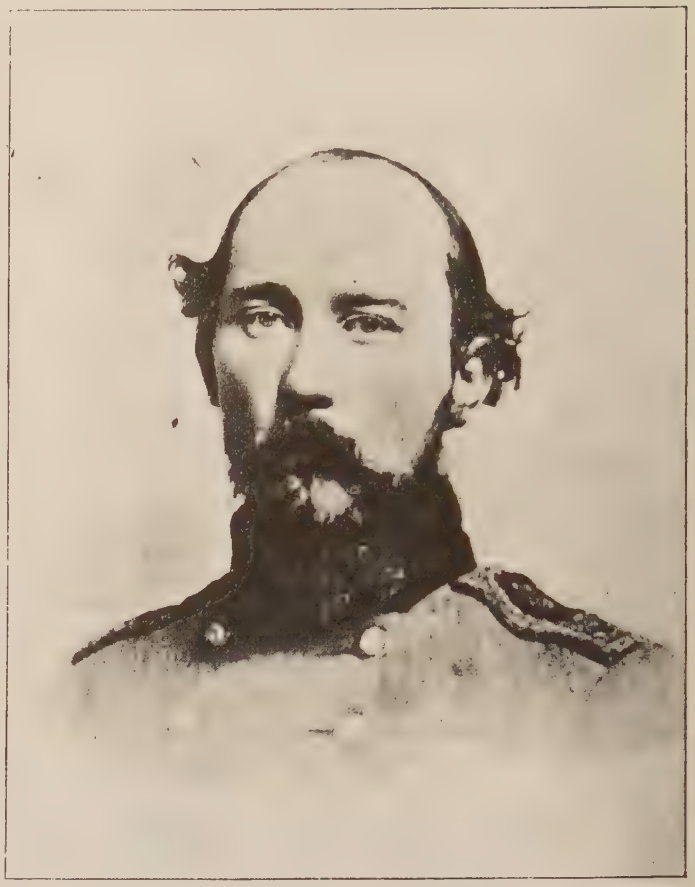
That it is reunion time for the Tennessee Division, too, is generally known, so the occasion will be a sort of foretaste of the joy anticipated for our great brotherhood from everywhere next spring.

This coming of Kentucky comrades to the capital of Tennessee for a reunion is especially appropriate. The twin States have ever fraternized happily, and it was in Tennessee that Kentuckians rallied to fight their battles. Neutrality could not be exercis-



JUDGE THOMAS B. MONROE.

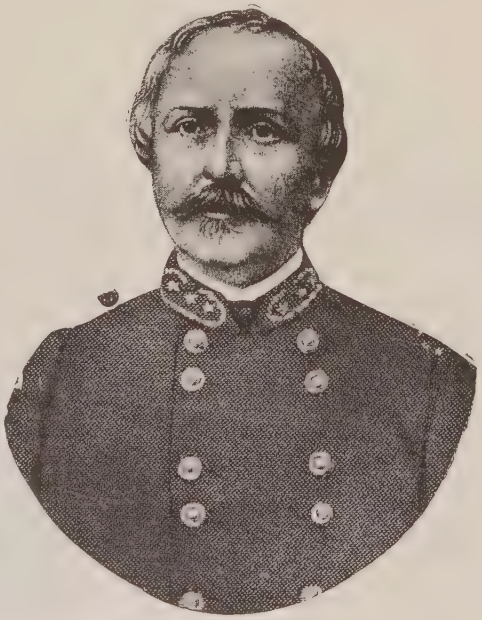
GEN. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE.



GEN. BEN HARDIN HELM.

ed, as was the wish of Kentuckians, and these patriotic citizens soon saw that neutrality could not be maintained.

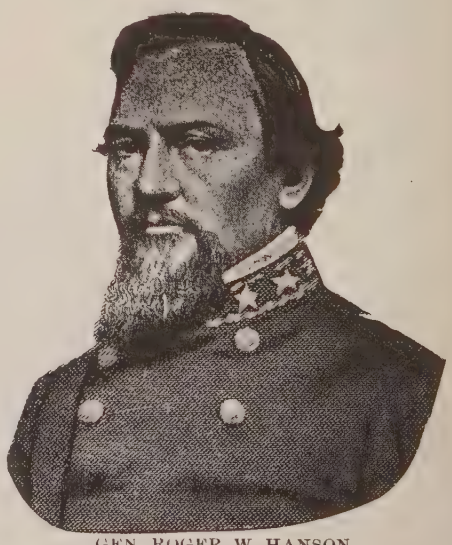
Ah, the pathos of the times when in 1861 her noble men came to Tennessee! Mention is made in this connection of Hon. Thos. Bell Monroe, then three score and ten. Judge Monroe had married one of the noted daughters of Gen. John Adair, sister to that eminent lady "Florida White." Judge Monroe's views and prominence gave assurance that he would not be permitted to remain at home, so he came to Nashville, where he formally took the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States Government. The oath was administered by Judge W. H. Humphreys. The Nashville Union and American of October 7, 1861, in a lengthy editorial about it, mentioned that the two eminent jurists had held like positions as United States District Judges in their respective States for many years, that Judge Monroe had been a jurist of eminence for about forty years, etc.



GEN. WM. PRESTON.

Judge Monroe went directly from Nashville to his native Virginia. The two brothers who were fatally wounded at Shiloh were sons of Judge Monroe. (See page 343.) He was chosen to represent Kentucky in the Confederate Congress.

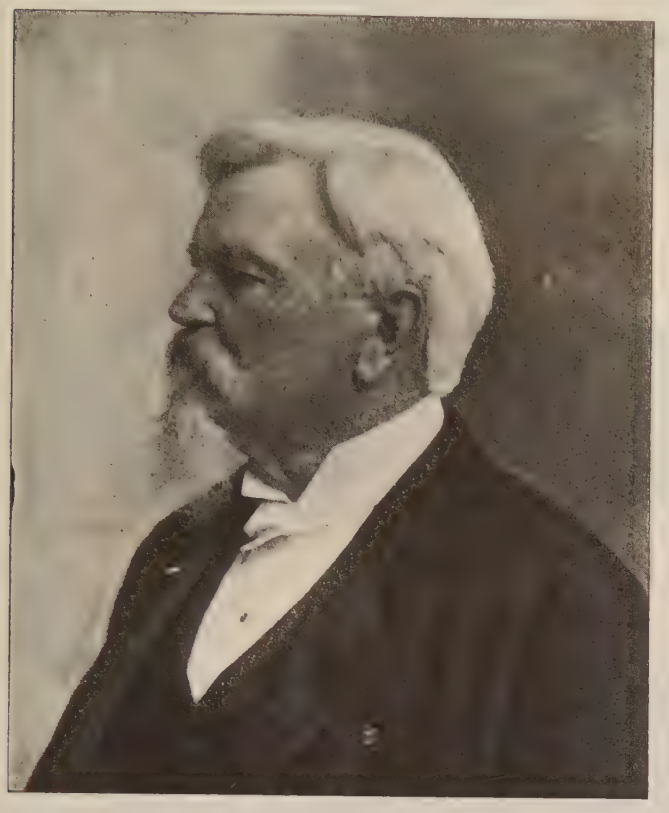
After the war Judge Monroe spent the remainder of his days at Pass Christian, Miss., where his two daughters, Misses Kate and Polly, still reside.



GEN. ROGER W. HANSON.

These kindred associations between

Kentucky and Tennessee are in many ways sacred. The late Col. Wm. Logan Clarke, who was valiant and popular in the Orphan Brigade, made his resi-



GEN. S. B. BUCKNER.

dence in Nashville for several years before his death, and many comrades will visit the family (315 North Vine Street) while here.

THE ORPHAN BRIGADE—KENTUCKIANS.

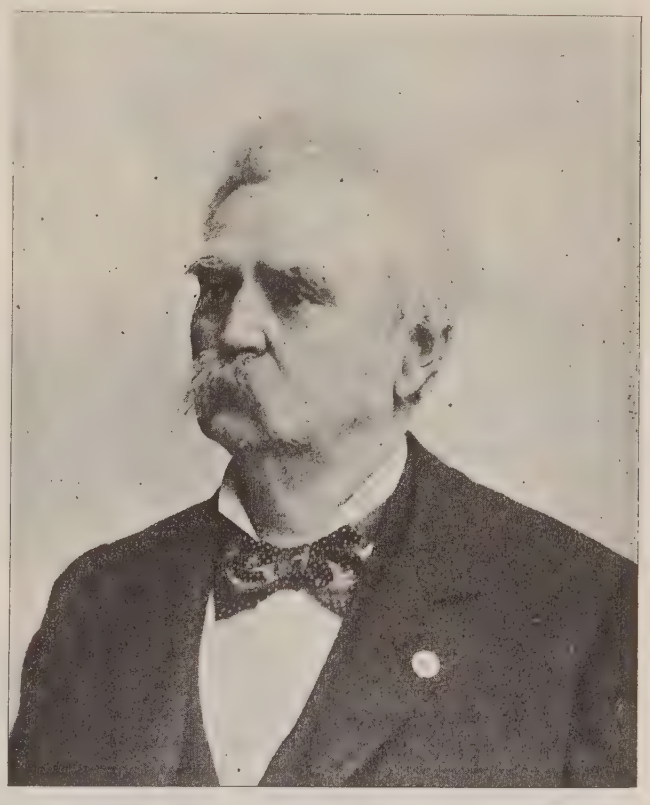
Data furnished by Thos. D. Osborne, Secretary: The Orphan Brigade, officially styled the First Kentucky Brigade of Infantry, and probably the most famous body of Southern soldiers, was organized in the State of Tennessee. In June, 1861, Gen. W. T. Withers, Colonels James W. Hewitt and Robert A. Johnson, backed by wealthy citizens of Louisville, began the work of recruiting soldiers for the South. In July following, Camp Boone, two miles from the L. & N. Railroad and seven miles from Clarksville, was laid off. Young men rallied from all parts of the State and nation. Col. Hewitt resigned from the noted Seventh New York Regiment and came; Capt. Ed. P. Byrne, a Kentuckian living in Mississippi, had six brass cannon cast at Memphis and brought them with him to Camp Boone; the Governor of Kentucky marched as a private in the ranks until killed at Shiloh.

Thirty years after the war Prof. Shaler, of Harvard, in his great articles on "The Natural Man," published in *Scribner's Magazine*, selected the Orphan Brigade as the typical one of the nation, and said: "This was the most purely American command in either army, and was in many respects the most remarkable body of soldiers in the modern world."

The organization of the regiment was as follows: Second Kentucky, Col. Roger W. Hanson; Fourth Kentucky, Col. Robert P. Trabue; Sixth Kentucky, Col Joseph H. Lewis; Ninth Kentucky, Col. Thomas H. Hunt. The first formal announcement of the Brigade was in General Order No. 51, October 28, 1861, by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston. It was commanded in whole or in part at different times by Brig.-Generals Simon B. Buckner, John C. Breckinridge, William Preston, Roger W. Hanson, Ben Hardin Helm and Joseph H. Lewis. It was complimented by the Generals, Albert Sidney Johnston, P. G. T. Beauregard, Braxton Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Hood.

The Orphan Brigade fought in every State east of the Mississippi and in front of almost every State capital in the South; opened many of the battles in which it was engaged, and often covered the retreats. No soldiers were better drilled; they won every prize in the army drills, the most notable being the brigade drill at Tullahoma, Tenn., in May, 1863.

In battle the Orphan Brigade "always charged and captured the enemy's stronghold," but the loss was great. At Shiloh it lost 844 out of 2401; at Murfreesboro, 431 out of 812; at Chichamauga 471 out of a total of 1312. Prof. Shaler in his Scribner article states that the one hundred days battle from Dalton to Atlanta, and on to the surrender, surpasses allrecords: "The moral and physical patience exhibited being without a parallel in ancient or modern

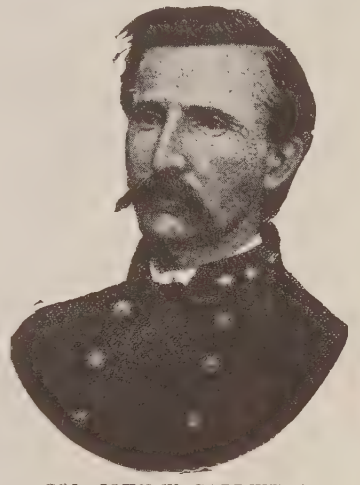


BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH H. LEWIS.

history. The Orphan Brigade left Dalton, May 7, 1864, with 1140 men, reached Atlanta (one hundred days later) with 240; they had received more than

OFFICERS OF THE FIRST KENTUCKY "ORPHAN" BRIGADE.

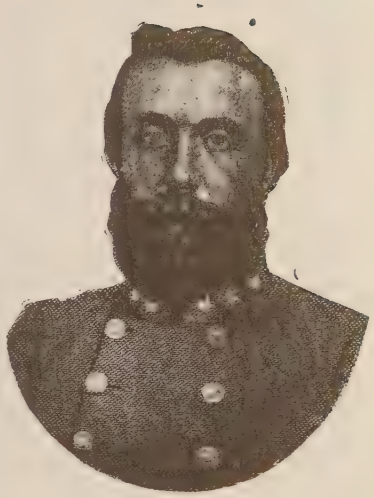
COL. PHIL LEE.



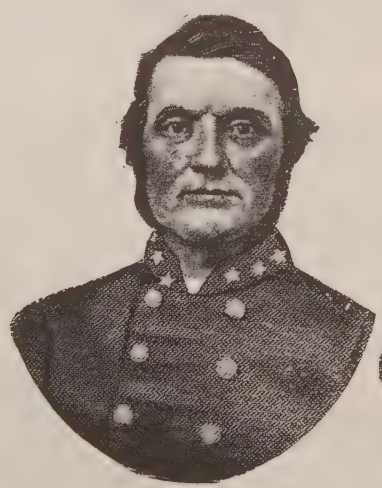
COL. JOHN W. CALDWELL.

COL. MARTIN H. COFER

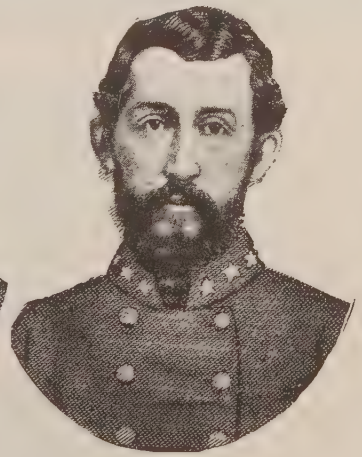
COL. JOSEPH P. NUCKOLS.



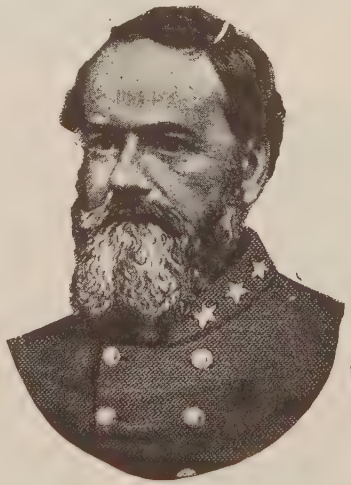
COL. HIRAM HAWKINS.



COL. JAS. W. MOSS.



COL. ROBERT P. TRABUE.



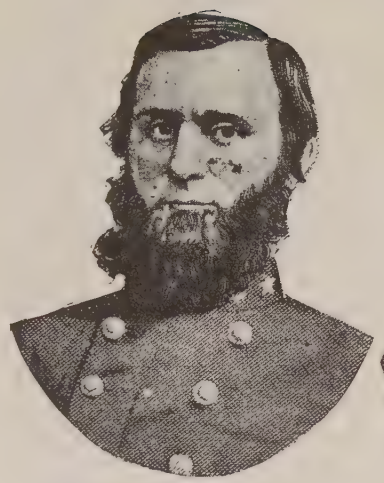
COL. THOS. H. HUNT.

COL. THOS. W. THOMPSON.

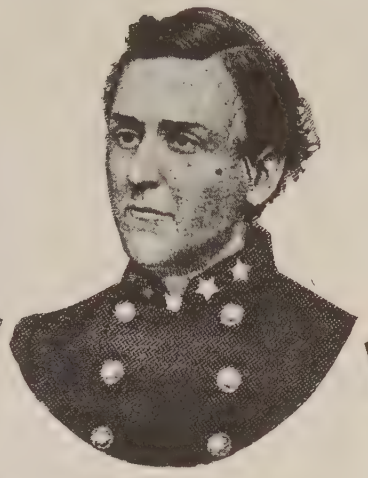
LIEUT.-COL. JAS. W. HEWITT.

2,000 wounds, there being only forty men in the entire command free from a bullet mark." The military career of the Brigade closed with its disbandment Saturday, May 6, 1865, at Washington, Ga. Returning home to Kentucky, the Orphan Brigade took high rank in the walks of peace. It has furnished one Governor, three United States Senators, three Judges of the Court of Appeals, seven Congressmen, and many have held minor offices—Auditor of State, State Superintendent of Education, Mayors, Sheriffs, Legislators, etc. A great many have become educators and ministers of the gospel—at one re-union a soldier called out the names of five of his regiment who were preachers.

The first reunion was held at Blue Lick Springs, 1882. Other reunions have been: Lexington, 1883; Elizabethtown, 1884; Glasgow, 1885; Cynthiana, 1886; Bardstown, 1887; Frankfort, 1888; Louisville, 1889; Lawrenceburg, 1890; Owensboro, 1891; Paris, 1892; Versailles, 1893; Russellville, 1894; Bowling Green, 1895, and the next is to be at the capital of Kentucky's twin State—Tennessee—Oct. 15, 1896.

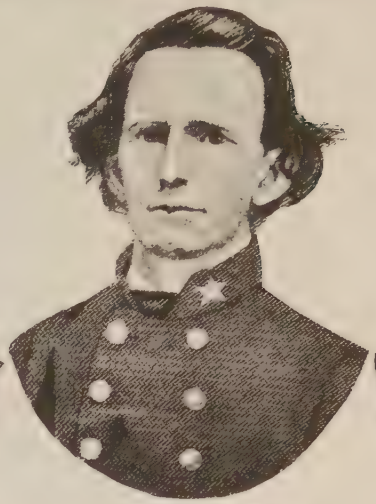


LIEUT.-COL. JOHN W. WICKLIFFE.

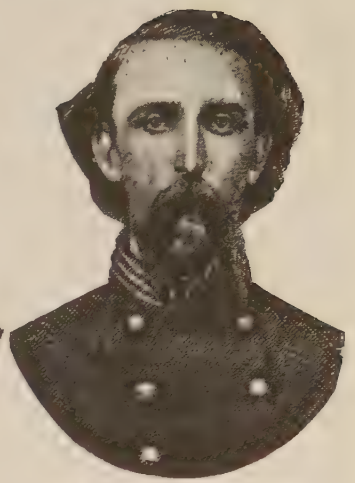


LIEUT.-COL. WM. L. CLARKE.

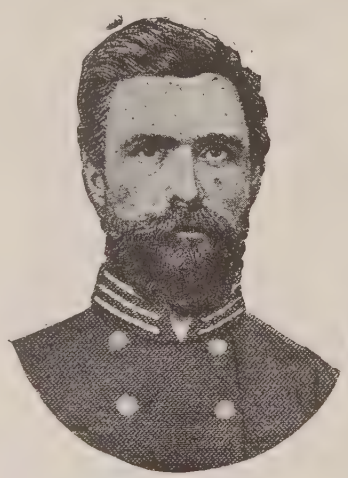
CAPT. SAM H. BUCHANAN.



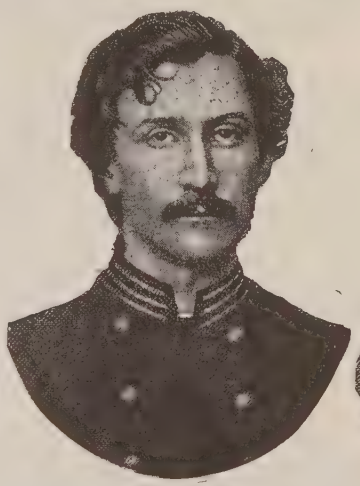
MAJ. JOHN B. ROGERS.



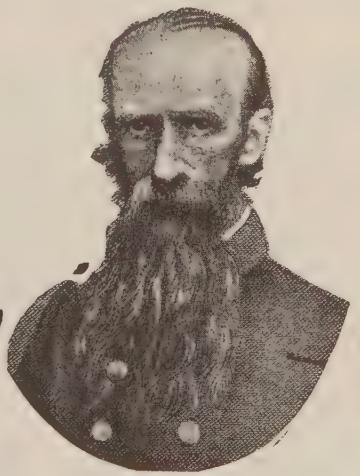
CAPT. D. E. McKENDREE.



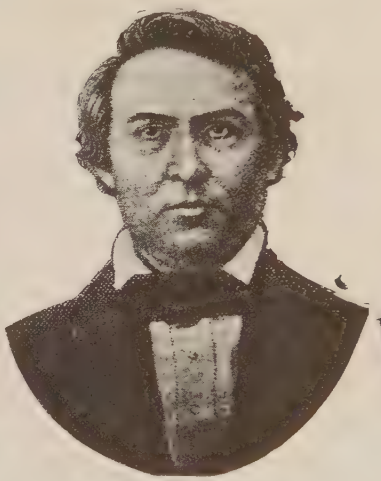
CAPT. JO. DESHA.



CAPT. FAYETTE HEWITT.



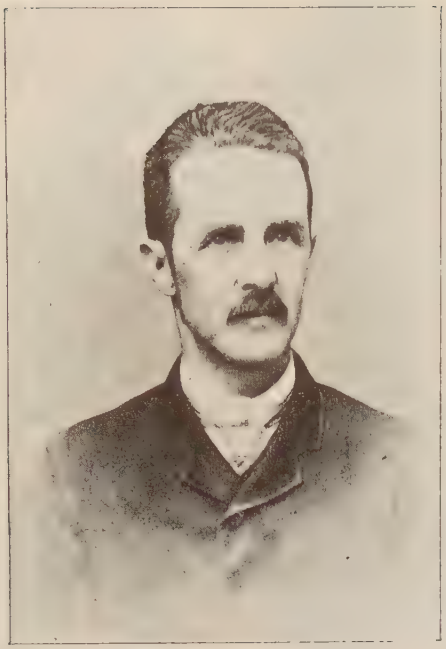
ELDER JO DESHA PICKETT.



GOV. GEO. W. JOHNSTON.

DR. THOMAS L. NEWBERRY.

Brigadier-General Joseph Horace Lewis, Commander of the Orphan Brigade, was born October 24, 1824, in Barren County, Ky. He was educated at the county school and read law in Glasgow, where he was a highly successful practitioner. In September, 1861, he raised the Sixth Kentucky Infantry Regiment and went into the organization of the First Kentucky Brigade. After fighting with great credit in nearly all the battles of the West, he was wounded by a shrapnel shell at Jonesboro, Ga.,—one of the closing engagements. After the war he resumed the practice of law, was soon made Circuit Judge, then sent to Congress, and afterwards elected Judge of the Court of Appeals, which highest judicial office he has filled with great honor for ten years or more. No man was ever held in higher esteem in war and in peace. [Sketch of General Buckner, the other surviving Commander, is reserved for next issue.—EDITOR.]



THOMAS DECOURCY OSBORNE.

Private Thos. DeCourcy Osborne, Secretary of the Orphan Brigade, was born November 8, 1844, in Owen County, Ky., and came with his father and family to Louisville in 1847. Attended the city schools and afterwards completed his education at Union University. Left school at the opening of the war, served as a private in Co. A., Sixth Kentucky Infantry; was seriously wounded and left on the battlefield at Dallas, Ga., May 28, 1864; was recaptured, but was disabled for service during the remainder of the war. He began newspaper work in 1868, and has been thus engaged for twenty-eight years. Is prominent in benevolent and church work, holding Secretaryships in both. In fraternal circles is a Grand Officer of the Knights of Honor, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Knights and Ladies of Honor, Chosen Friends and Royal Arcanum.

KINSHIP WITH KENTUCKY.

The gallant John Pelham was of Kentucky stock, but born in Alabama, September 7, 1838. He was recorded by the London Times as having excelled all others on both sides in the great conflict. He left West Point, within a week of time to receive commission, to battle for his native Southland. It is said that he was the best athlete at the Academy, and the Prince of Wales, while visiting there in 1860, was much impressed with his horsemanship. It was a sensation among cadets. The history of Pelham's magnificent career is romantic in the extreme.

"I am a Kentucky Democrat born in Illinois," was the proud speech of a young daughter of the late M. T. Scott and niece of Vice-President Stevenson.

Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln were both born in Kentucky.

Albert Sidney Johnston, whose character will grow while there is a history of the human race, was born in Kentucky.

John C. Breckinridge was a thorough Kentuckian.

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n-by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

CHORUS:

Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

DEATH OF THREE HEROES.

Felix Motlow, Mulberry, Tenn., writes:

To the article about Confederate heroes and martyrs in August VETERAN by Capt. Ridley, I wish to add three others who were shot by the invaders. They are W. T. "Billy," Green, Tom Brown and Bill Davis, all soldiers, but dubbed "bushwhackers." They were captured three or four miles from Lynchburg and shot without the formality of even a "drum head" court-martial. They were a trio of the bravest martyrs that ever took up arms in defense of home. They were not shooting at the enemy, but were endeavoring to get away from them. Davis and Green were on one horse when captured. Davis was shot and Green had surrendered when a Federal officer came rushing up, exclaiming to his subordinate: "Shoot the d—— bushwhacker. Why did you let him surrender?" Whereupon Green sprang like a young lion upon the Federal, wrenched his pistol from his grasp and shot him down, when the Federals literally riddled him with bullets. Davis and Brown died equally as brave, but without such desperate resistance.

Correction is made of the error in name of Thos. G. Brent, which was published as Brunt, on page 264 of August VETERAN.

PATRIOTISM OF THE SECTIONS.

John D. Billings, Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 4, 1896:

In reading the last issue of your always interesting magazine, my attention was attracted by statements in an article entitled *The National Flag*, made by the Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones when speaking to that topic recently at Chattanooga, Tenn. The general impression left upon me after reading the article was that whatever honor and distinction this country has achieved belongs almost exclusively to Virginia and the South, and that Old Glory, therefore, in its origin, should be regarded as a sectional and not as a national flag. But this letter is not written to abate by a jot the credit that belongs to any State or section in the building of this great nation. Let honor fall wherever honor is due, however, and acting on this principle I most respectfully challenge the accuracy of the statement made in the above article that Virginia furnished more troops to the patriot armies of the Revolution than any other colony. All that any son of Massachusetts asks is the facts found in the record. The reverend gentleman is referred to the report of the Secretary of War of date May 10, 1790, from which may be gathered that Massachusetts enlisted of continental soldiers and militia, from 1775 to 1783, 92,562 men, while Virginia in the same time enlisted but 52,715.

As the estimated population of the former, based on the census of 1790, was at that time 378,787, while Virginia's on the same basis was 747,610, it will readily be computed that whereas the Bay State furnished about 24 per cent. of her people for the armies, the Old Dominion furnished but about 7 per cent. As a fact, Massachusetts stands first among the old thirteen colonies in this respect, while Virginia stands tenth. I make no comment, only state the fact.

Again he states that Wm. Henry Harrison and Winfield Scott—two Virginians—and Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, were unquestionably the men who shed the most lustre on the flag in the War of 1812. Well, from one point of view I agree with him, but it gratifies me to know that in that portion of the country which is responsible for the present existence of the National Flag undivided, there were found hundreds of brave men who gallantly followed where these worthies so gallantly led. I yield first place to no man in my admiration for Winfield Scott. He was the idol of my youth and held the respect of my manhood; but I do not forget that the brigade which brought a generous portion of the lustre to his name in this war was composed of the Ninth Massachusetts, the Eleventh Vermont, the Twenty-second Connecticut and the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiments, every inch as sturdy patriots and every whit as brave as their distinguished leader.

All of which summed up is intended to show that no State or section has or has had a monoply of the greatness or the goodness of this country. It is easier, I think, for anyone to be a partisan than it is to be a patriot, but partisanship should sink out of sight in the presence of the National Flag.

DR. JONES' REJOINDER.

Editor THE VETERAN:

I thank you for the privilege of accompanying Mr. Billings' criticism on my Chattanooga speech, with a rejoinder as brief as I can well make it.

1. I was unexpectedly called on to make a speech at the flag raising. Rev. Dr. Wilkins, of Chicago, had made an eloquent and patriotic address, and I uttered, in my opening sentence, a hearty "Amen!" to what he had so well said.

2. Mr. Billings says: "The general impression left upon me after reading the article was that whatever honor and distinction this country has achieved belongs almost exclusively to Virginia and the South, and that Old Glory, therefore, in its origin should be regarded as a sectional and not as a national flag." I did not say so. I was speaking for Virginia and the South, and was simply telling a few of the things that they had done to give the flag a right to float at all as a national ensign and to add luster and glory to it, and was showing (against the prevalent idea at the North) that no section has a better right than we to glory in the old flag. If Mr. Billings had been speaking on the occasion it would have been perfectly legitimate for him to have told what Massachusetts has done to add luster to the flag and glory to the Union. He might have quoted from Websters's famous reply to Hayne, so familiar to every school-boy because it has been in all of the school-books. And a South Carolinian present might have quoted Hayne's superb rejoinder, which is not familiar to even Southern school-boys because it has not been in the school-books.

3. But the chief point in the article is the reply to my statement that "Virginia furnished more troops than any other colony" to fight the battles of the Revolution, and the reference of Mr. Billings to the report of the Secretary of War of May 10th, 1790, would *seem* to settle it against me. I regret that I have not access just now to that report—I will examine it at my earliest opportunity—and without doubting that Mr. Billings gives the figures as he understands them to be *collated* from the report, (he does not quote the exact language of the report), yet I know enough about such matters to know that *inferences* drawn at second hand from official documents are frequently misleading and incorrect. Sometimes typographical errors, or mistakes in copying, creep in, and more than once I have known serious errors thus made and perpetuated. Reserving, therefore, the right of future critical examination of these figures, I have now to say:

a. I made my statement on the authority of several books which I had read, and especially on the statement of Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia, who, in an address before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association delivered at Richmond October 10, 1895, said in reference to troops furnished by the several colonies during the Revolution: "It is the glory of North Carolina to have shed the first blood for colonial liberty at Alamance in 1771, and having given her sons to the common cause, she fought to the finish. Maryland furnished 20,000 men, South Carolina 31,000, Georgia nearly as many, and Virginia 56,000. South Carolina

doubled New Hampshire, South Carolina and Georgia outnumbered New York, and Virginia sent 16,000 more men than Pennsylvania. Massachusetts did the noblest of all of the Northern States, yet South Carolina sent 37 out of 42 of its arms bearing men, and Massachusetts 32 out of 42. From official reports it is gleaned that the States of the Northern Division sent 100 men for every 227 arms-bearing population, and the South sent 100 out of every 209."

Now, General Evans is a man as careful and accurate in his statements as he was brave and skillful in battle.

b. Any figures which would give Virginia a place as *tenth* in furnishing troops to fight the battles of the Revolution, which she did so much to bring on, should be very carefully weighed. *They bear on their very face marks of inaccuracy.*

c. But I think I have the key to the solution of this apparently irreconcilable discrepancy in the figures.

I have before me a "Historical Register of the officers of the Continental Army" compiled by F. B. Heitman from official records in Washington. Mr. Heitman says that the records are *very incomplete*, and that the table he gives of the number of troops furnished is only an approximate estimate, but *the best that can be done* from the material accessible. He also estimates that the numbers given in his table are *greatly in excess of the numbers actually in service*, inasmuch as troops enlisted for short periods were discharged when their terms expired and were enlisted again and again as emergencies arose, and *counted earch time that they entisted.* This table gives Mass. an enlistment of 67,907 in the Continental Army, and 20,000 State troops, militia, etc., being a total of 87,907, 4,660 less than the figures given by Mr. Billings.

It gives Virginia 26,678 in the Continental Army, and 30,000 State troops, militia, etc., total 56,678, being 2,962 more than Mr. Billings' figures. But my chief reason for quoting these figures is to show the unreliability of these official records, and to suggest that it may be that they were *better counters* in the "old Bay State" than in the Old Dominion, and that the troops of Mass. *enlisted more frequently* than they did in Virginia. At all events I must look into the matter more carefully before I consent to put Virginia in the place assigned her by Mr. Billings.

And it is certainly true that the Virginia troops were not *kept at home to defend her own soil*, but that they were in the thickest of the fight from Quebec and Boston to Savannah and Charleston.

4. Mr. Billings thinks that the reputation of Winfield Scott in the war of 1812 was made largely by the "sturdy patriots" of New England and Pennsylvania who composed his brigade—he says nothing of the troops commanded by William Henry Harrison and Andrew Jackson, who were equally "sturdy patriots" I suppose.

Now, I candidly confess that I did not know the composition of Gen. Scott's Command when he "won his spurs" at Lundy's Lane, but I am quite willing to receive Mr. Billings' statement of it, only expressing my surprise that a "*National*" patriot such as he should speak of the "*Sectional*" character of the troops. I cordially congratulate him that he has found *three* New England Regiments who bore honorable part in the war of 1812, for his adroit attack on my statement induces me to retort, (as I did not say in my speech), that the opposition to the war was so great in New England that it was denounced by press, platform and pulpit, and every measure of Congress to raise men or money practically nullified, and the opposition finally culminated in the famous Hartford Convention—the first *Secession* Convention ever held in this country—which resolved that the New England States would exercise their "inalienable rights" and *secede from the Union* if the war was not stopped by a designated day.

So that, but for the coming of peace prior to the appointed day, the General Government would have been compelled, in the midst of a Foreign War, to meet the question of the Secession of the New England States. It is useless to speculate now on what *might* have been, but it is very certain that the Southern States at least would have voted: "Wayward sisters, depart in peace."

5. The conclusion of Mr. Billings—"It is easier, I think, for any one to be a partisan than it is to be a patriot, but partisanship should sink out of sight in the presence of the National Flag"—is all very fine sentiment; but *who* is the "partisan," and *who* the "patriot" in this case? Is he not repeating the old saw in ecclesiastical discussion: "*Orthodoxy is my Doxy, and Heterodoxy is somebody else's Doxy?*"

The truth is that our brethren at the North, and especially those who dwell around "the Hub," have been so long accustomed to regard themselves as *par excellence* "the patriots" of the country and the poor benighted dwellers in "Dixie" as "Rebels," "Traitors" and "Partisans" because they have dared to differ from them, that I am not surprised that my little speech (in which I meant simply to show that we of the South *have* some right to claim an interest in the country and the old flag) should have elicited this adverse criticism from the distinguished gentleman who lives under the eves of Harvard University, and be regarded by him as "partisan" and "sectional," if not downright impudence. Well! I suppose that I must try to meekly bear his displeasure. I have borne *several* things since 1860. But this tongue of mine shall cleave to the roof of my mouth—this right hand of mine shall forget its cunning with the pen—ere I cease to maintain, on every proper platform and against all comers, that no section of our common country contributed more to establish and build up the Union, and to promote the prosperity of the country, or has done more to add lustre to the stars that glitter on "old Glory," and no section has a better right to be proud of our country's history, or to labor for its future prosperity, greatness, honor and glory, than our Southland—the home of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Davis and Lee.

J. Wm. Jones.

Miller School, Va., Sept. 16, 1896.

The Lieutenant-Colonel Ballard mentioned on page 279 of the August Veteran, should have been Bullard.

TWO GREAT REUNIONS.

ALBERT SIDNEY MORTON, ST. PAUL, MINN.

It was my good fortune to be present at the Confederate Reunion in Richmond on July 2nd, and again at the Grand Army Encampment in St. Paul on September 2nd. The dates were two months apart, the distance less that 1,500 miles, but it seemed to me as I read the object lessons thus presented to my enquiring eyes that the wonderful difference between the two peoples, required for its measurement the limitless vastness of space.

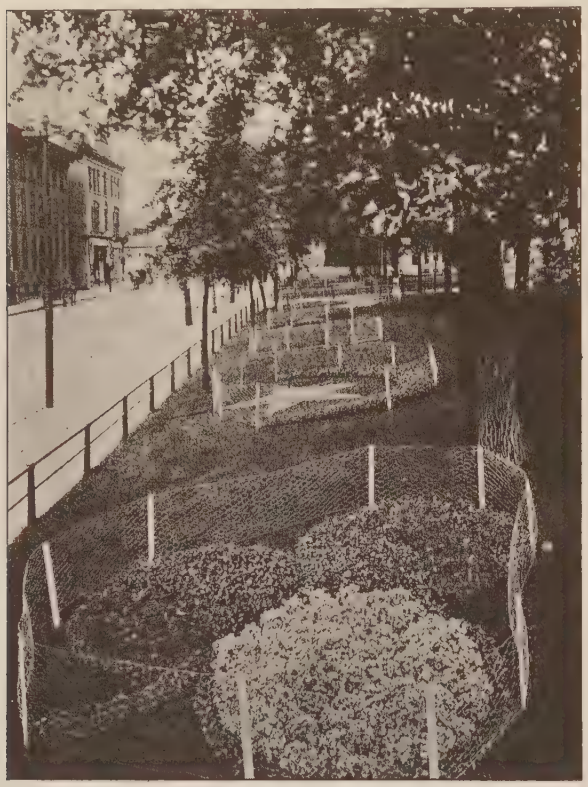
GROUP OF SONS OF VETERANS AT RICHMOND.
(Photo. by Miss Edyth Carter Beveridge.)

Let me say, to begin with, that I seek to cast no stricture upon the Federal soldier nor his posterity; I accord to every man the right of his own opinion, demanding of him the same privilege for myself and for those who believed they were right and fought for their convictions against those who knew they were right. I have to-day but the kindliest sentiments—indeed, it was that very feeling of kindliness for the old soldier that led me to notice the marked contrast between the reception of Confederates in Richmond and Federals in St. Paul.

In both cities the streets were crowded; gay festoons of bright-hued bunting charmed the eye as they waved their graceful welcomes accentuated by the stirring breezes; both cities threw their gates open and the doors of every house swung on their hinges to receive the visitor from afar; but here the parallel ends, for neither the magnificent charge of Pickett at Gettysburg,—the grandest charge the world ever witnessed—nor the stubborn stand that Hancock made against this terrible onslaught were as true portrayers of the cardinal differences existing between the two great peoples (I use this term with its full significance) of this, our country, as were these two veteran gatherings.

Taking them in order—Richmond first: The streets were lined, the houses crowded—the same is true of St. Paul, but in Richmond men, women and children welcomed the old battle-scarred heroes with yells (not cheers) of triumph and enthusiasm that knew no bounds; from infantile throats came that electrifying sound—that "Ya-hoo!" which, emanating from the throats of our fathers, thrilled the heart of the civilized globe. They yelled for the old, crippled, aged-ridden soldiers; for the flags riddled with shot, powder-burnt, moth-eaten, but grand in the sublimity of defeat, and it must be borne in mind that every shout was for the living and dead of a cause long since buried. When an old flag hanging in tatters was borne along, a perfect cyclone of sound greeted it, and when one of the few of our old commanders still living passed by, the air vibrated with the inharmonious harmony bursting from the throats of sires and scions. I well remember a lad not six years old who stood near me on that memorable occasion and whose absolute abandon of enthusiasm attracted the attention of all around. An old gentleman approached him and began to question him, but the boy found time to reply only between his yells. The dialogue was something like this: "What is your name?" "———, Ya-hoo!" "What are you?" "A Confederate, ya-hoo!" "Who was the greatest man on earth?" "General Lee—ya-hoo!" The old gentleman smiled, saying, "The boy has learned his lesson well," but the boy was still yelling. Wade Hampton halted just in front of my stand. Men and women rushed out to grip the hands of the old war horse, three children were lifted into his saddle and kissed by him while twenty thousand throats shouted for the chieftain and babies (the grandsires of the children were on Jeb Stuart's Staff). An old woman, clad in rusty black, with her crepe veil handing in limp folds behind her, dashed out into the street and gathering in her arms a battle flag bearing the inscription "From Bethel to Appomattox" kissed it, saying: "My only son died under that flag. I must kiss it once more." There was not a dry eye in sight of her. And the music—if passing bands sought to play any ordinary march, there arose from both sides of the street, from the windows, from the very housetops, a cry that, drowning these notes, brought them back to life reincarnated in symphonies that pleased the Southern ear. It was "Dixie!" "Maryland!" "Bonnie Blue Flag!" that, echoing from thousands of throats, forced the bands to strike up any one of these three tunes, each of which sentiment was doublelocked in every Southern heart, and when, yielding to the universal cry, they sounded the first note of any one of these tuneful reminders of the past, from ten thousand throats there rose a tumultuous cry of enthusiastic welcome for the strains to which the gray clad heroes had marched, for the inspiring notes that had so often been both reveille and taps to the sleeping Southern dead. It was a day of recollection; each stone in the historic city was graven with mementoes,

each heart that pulsed within its walls was filled with the glories of the past which, though tempered with sad memories and the sorrows of the present, burst forth in one grand pean of triumph, one glorious shout of enthusiastic reverence for the lamented dead, for the heroic living. That night scarcely a man in Richmond could speak above a whisper; his voice, rolling on through the blue ether, had gone to mount guard over the immortal dead of a hundred hard-fought fields.



And now, St. Paul:—From every State had come the men who fought to preserve intact this Union, nor was the city remiss in its welcome. Triumphal arches, the national colors and lights of every hue betokened the holiday array of the Saintly City, but the heart was lacking. Of the irrepressible enthusiasm one would naturally expect to see on such an occasion there was none. Neither pains nor expense were spared to give the old fellows a royal welcome, and yet, I really think had such a welcome been accorded the Confederate veterans they would have left Richmond on the next train. When the Grand Army paraded the streets were blocked, stands were erected everywhere and not less than one hundred thousand people viewed the parade, but I was absolutely astounded at the apathy, the woodenness of the onlookers. I missed the spontaneous yell of untrammeled enthusiasm and in its place I heard at long intervals the studied, modulated "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" The interstice was filled with the silent waving of a handkerchief here and there. I missed the torn, aged, dimmed standards that faced Johnston at Manassas, Jackson at Fredericksburg, Pickett at Gettysburg, Lee at Appomattox, and in their place I saw fluttering in the breeze beautiful flags of richest silk newly made, because they bore the forty-fifth star added on the 4th of this last July. A flag, whether new or old, is an emblem, and to that flag attaches all glory won under its colors, but the choicest emblem is that particular flag which floated above a sea of fire, and right here lies the difference between the people of the North and those of the South; the former lay their old flags away in glass cases, throwing to the breeze new pieces of bunting without history or age; the latter, living as they must in the past, are satisfied only when vouchsafed a sight of a guerdon which has been the silent witness of mighty deeds.

The old soldiers had a right to expect a cheer here and there as they marched, but if they anticipated it, they were disappointed, for the only huzzas I heard were over something new and novel, nothing old. A cripple hobbled along on his crutches amidst profound silence; a blind man led by his daughter marched along without eliciting a single "God speed you!" but a speckled hen perched on a drum head brought the "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" A Southern woman, daughter of a Confederate officer who gave his life for the cause, was so impressed with the apathy of the onlookers that, unable longer to restrain herself, she turned to two old veterans standing beside her and said: "Why don't you shout? Down home we yell at our old soldiers, and as you whipped I should think you would yell all the more. If you don't make some noise I will have to out of pure sympathy for those poor old fellows." This brought a few feeble huzzas. Perhaps the old veterans did not expect to be cheered, but I could not help thinking that a spontaneous outburst from the people would make them hold their heads more proudly and step out more briskly, and down in my heart I felt sorry for them as for hours they marched by almost unnoticed.

I think nothing showed more forcibly the difference in sentiment than the music. I have already spoken of the persistence of the Southern people in demanding the music which sentiment had endeared to them and, when they got it, cheering it to the echo. There was nothing of the kind in St. Paul. The bands played "Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Rally Around the Flag, Boys," and even "Yankee Doodle" without a single responsive note from the crowd. Any quick step answered the purpose for a march and association cut no figure. When I heard "Yankee Doodle" without a cheer from the assembled thousands, I opened my eyes in amazement. Let us go back nearly thirty-five years to Sumter. The reduction of Fort Sumter was a military necessity, but neither Beauregard nor a man with him desired the humiliation of the flag under which all had up till then lived, many had served, and when Anderson, after a most gallant defense, was forced to capitulate, he was allowed by the terms of surrender to march out with the old colors flying and his band playing "Yankee Doodle"—a commentary on the consideration of his magnanimous antagonists that needs no elucidation—but what of the tune they played?

Were the situation reversed, Southern people could never hear those notes without making the welkin

ring, while in St. Paul they appeared to have entirely forgotten the memories hovering around this lively march.

I felt, as I watched the blue coated veterans pass, that I would rather have been a soldier under the Southern Cross that set in a gory sea of glory, and receive to-day the homage of the people who still honor their heroes, without regard to success or failure, than a warrior beneath the more fortunate stars and stripes who, given all he wants to eat and wear, yet lacks that sublimest justification of his deeds—the spontaneous approbation of his people.

September 6th, 1896.

REUNION AT BROWNSVILLE.

Mrs. Emma Gates Folk gives a pleasant account of the last reunion of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac:

Another reunion day with its indescribable enthusiasm and Southern patriotism has impressed itself on the people of Brownsville and the adjacent county.

At Johnson's Lake, August 13th, there assembled one of the largest crowds ever seen in Haywood County to celebrate the Fifth Annual Reunion of Hiram S. Bradford Bivouac.

The success of the day was largely due to Judge H. J. Livingston, Col. Bradford, Capt. Duckworth, Messrs. B. P. Winston, Robt. Johnson, and other members of the bivouac. Old soldiers met once again to shake hands and refresh their memories over scenes and incidents of war times.

The address of the occasion was delivered by Bishop Thomas F. Gailor, that son of a gallant Confederate soldier whose heroic death at Perryville was recently published in the VETERAN. His oratory stirred the hearts of old and young. He wove into it two potent principles of life, Faith and Patriotism. When the climax was reached, the vast audience was hushed in admiration for a moment, then the applause burst as a storm cloud, and the band joined in the enthusiasm, playing dear, delightful "Dixie."

Rev. J. E. Martin, of Jackson, and Hon. Frank Bond, of Nashville, made short, timely speeches.

The music was well rendered by the Jackson band, and a chorus of fifty voices, all of Brownsville. Miss May B. Folk delivered the recitation of the day in "Little Giffen."

Mr. Edward B. Cuthbert of New York, who remembers home with a boy's devotion and a man's appreciation, donated $500.00 to the bivouac, which was used in erecting a hall to accommodate their guests on reunion days. It is named in his honor—"Cuthbert Memorial Hall."

This Bivouac was organized September 5, 1891, with the following as charter members: Col. A. H. Bradford, Col. G. C. Porter, Judges A. D. Bright, B. J. Lea, H. J. Livingston, R. R. Grove, J. S. Brandon, Newton Currie and Jno. P. McLeod.

The bivouac is named for Maj. Hiram S. Bradford, brother of Col. A. H. Bradford, the first Secretary. There are now seventy-five members.

Once a Confederate, always one, so alluring is the memory, to every true Southerner, of his days of sacrifice and years of noble struggle for a principle. Now once every year the civilian becomes a soldier; the business burden of 189– are abandoned to revive the anxious cares of 186–.

Victory was not only an anticipation, it was a reality—a victory of honor saved, of character strengthened, of the South, and her men and women immortalized in history and in song.

From the ashes of the past has arisen the spirit which teaches the children of the present to revere the home of chivalry and virtue.

Our mothers were the angels that calmed the troubled hearts of the soldiers, that gave hope and promise, that displaced the darkness for the light, warfare for peace. Of these characters and times let us live, write and speak. * * *

It is our earnest desire that the custom of reuniting heart to heart and hand to hand once every year may continue until it becomes a part of our civil duty, and that each year may flash the sunshine of pleasant anticipation on the coming one.

Capt. A. H. Keller, the veteran editor of the North Alabamian of Tuscumbia, Ala., and prominent in that State, died Aug. 29th after a brief illness. Capt. Keller was a gallant Confederate soldier, and was a leading political spirit in the State, which he represented as delegate at large in several National Democratic Conventions. He served as United States Marshal for the northern district of Alabama under President Cleveland's first administration. He was the father of Helen Keller, the wonderful deaf mute, who is the intellectual marvel of the age, and brother to Dr. J. M. Keller, of Hot Springs, Ark., and Dr. Dave Keller, of Lexington, Ky. He leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters. Capt. Keller was sixty years of age.

"DICK" DOWLING AT SABINE PASS.

Comrade C. C. Beavens, of Houston, Texas, who has been a steadfast friend of the VETERAN, is now Commander of the Dick Dowling Camp.

COMMANDER CHRIS. C. BEAVENS, Houston, Texas.

He enlisted with the American Rifles from Louisiana in June, 1861, under Captain Harvey T. Hays, who afterward distinguished himself as a Brigadier General. He was in many battles. At Cross Keys and Port Republic he was wounded. At Gettysburg he was captured as ensign of his Regiment, the Seventh Louisiana, but he managed to keep the colors with him in prison for six months at Point Lookout, Md. His comrade, Chas. D. Slack, escaped from prison with the flag and restored it to the command.

After his release from prison he was appointed Adjutant of his Regiment by Gen. J. B. Gordon.

Comrade Beavens was born in Philadelphia, January 6, 1842, but was reared in New Orleans. Since the war he has lived in Galveston and in Houston, Texas. For several years he has been an active official member of Dick Dowling Camp.

Mrs. Annie Dowling Robertson, wife of William F. Robertson, Esq., residing in Taylor, Texas, is the only child of the Hero of Sabine Pass, Major R. ("Dick") W. Dowling. Major Dowling died when Mrs. Robertson was but a child.

A Biographical History of Texas, recently published in Chicago, states:

Richard W. Dowling was a distinguished soldier in the Confederate Army, and while in command of the "Davis Guards," a company composed of forty-three Irishmen at Sabine Pass, a Confederate post on the Gulf of Mexico, was attacked on September 8, 1863, by a United States fleet, containing 10,000 or 15,000 men, who were preparing to make a landing at Sabine Pass, and from there make a raid through Texas. Dowling and his men opened fire with two small cannon and some small arms, killing a large number of men, sinking one of the enemy's boats, disabling two others, also driving away those remaining and taking a large number of prisoners. This defeat of the United States forces forever saved Texas from invasion by that Army.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in his book on the "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy," says: "There is no parallel in ancient or modern warfare to the victory of Dowling and his men at Sabine Pass, considering the great odds against which they had to contend." Sabine Pass will stand, perhaps, for all time to come the greatest military victory on the American soil, if not in the world, and will stamp with undying fame the names of all who were members of the "Davis Guards." The men who composed that company were all born in Ireland, the land that has given to liberty's cause so many brave and noble men whether at home or on foreign soil.

On March 6, 1889, the anniversary of the Independence of the Republic of Texas, the citizens of Houston, which was the home of Major Dowling at the time of his death, through Hon. W. P. Hamblin, their representative in the Twentieth Legislature of Texas, then in session at the Capital, presented to Mrs. Robertson, then Miss Dowling, a handsome gold medal, with diamond setting, as a token of their esteem for her distinguished father and as an expression of their appreciation of the services he rendered the "Lost Cause," and especially the people of Texas in saving their State from invasion in 1863 by the Federal Army. The medal has on one side the inscription: "Presented to Annie Dowling, the daughter of our Hero," and on the other side: "From Citizens of Houston." The presentation took place in the House of Representatives in the presence of both branches of the Legislature and the heads of the departments and a large concourse of citizens and friends.

The House Journal of March 6, 1889, states:

"The Speaker called the House to order at 4:15 P. M. Miss Dowling was escorted to the Hall by Dr. F. E. Daniel, accompanied by Ex-Governor Lubbock, Representatives Tolar and Dawson, and Captain Jack White, all of whom were seated on the Speaker's stand. The Clerk, by direction of the Speaker, then read from the Journal the proceedings.

"Mr. Hamblin made a lengthy address. In it he said to Miss Dowling: 'Honors are the gifts of men; heroism is from the Infinite. * * * When cowards skulk and craven spirits shrink before danger, then does God make heroes and stamp them with His sacred seal.'"

Ex-Governor Lubbock accepted the medal on behalf of Miss Dowling. He was the Executive of the great State at the time and knew personally nearly every one of the forty-three Irishmen who were engaged under Lieutenant Dowling in that marvelous battle. In addition to the capturing of two gunboats and disabling a third, they killed fifty men, wounded many others, captured 150 men and eighteen fine cannon, without the loss of a man! The fight lasted an hour and a half, during which time Lieutenant Dowling displayed "the utmost heroism."

MRS. W. F. ROBERTSON, Dick Dowling's Daughter.

Sabine Pass is at the mouth of Sabine River, at which place and for miles above it separates Texas from Louisiana.

THE VETERAN would be glad to hear from any survivor, or even to know if any of them are living.

Names of the Company who manned the guns at Fort Grigsby, and to whom the credit is due for the glorious victory: Lieutenants "Dick" Dowling and N. H. Smith; privates Timothy McDonough, Thos. Dougherty, David Fitzgerald, Michael Monahan, John Hassett, John McKeefer, Jack White, Patrick McDonnell, William Gleason, Michael Carr, Thos. Hagerty, Timothy Huggins, Alexander McCabe, James Flemming, Patrick Fitzgerald, Thomas McKernon, Edward Pritchard, Chas. Rheins, Timothy Hurley, John McGrath, Matthew Walshe, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Patrick Clare, John Hennesy, Hugh Deagan, Maurice Powers, Abner Carter, Daniel McMurray, Patrick Malone, James Corcoran, Patrick Abbott, John McNealis, Michael Egan, Daniel Donovan, John Wesley, John Anderson, John Flood, Peter O'Hare, Michael Delaney, Terence Mulhern.

The Dick Dowling Camp was organized in July, 1892, by Col. Will Lambert, who was elected Commander, and successively three times. The Camp was named in honor of Lieut. Dick Dowling.

September 8, '96, the Camp elected officers:

Commander, Chris. C. Beavens; First Lieutenant Commander, Phillip H. Fall; Second Lieutenant Commander, Peter Hoenis; Adjutant, Will Lambert; Quartermaster, A. Schilling; Surgeon, Dr. R. G. Turner; Chaplain, W. V. R. Watson; Officer of the Day, Harry B. Johnson; Vidette, Captain Jack White (fifth time); Ensign, Captain Wm. Hunter.

Comrade Lambert, after the business meeting was over, recited "The Last Battlefield of the Stars and Bars."

The Camp now numbers about 285 members, representing volunteer soldiers from every State in the Confederacy, and it will be well represented at the Nashville reunion.

The following members have died this year:

E. J. Williams, Tom Green's Cavalry, also a Mexican veteran.

R. Milton McKay, Eighth Texas, Terry's Cavalry.

M. J. Deady, Thirty-second Alabama Infantry.

William F. Black, Company K, Twenty-sixth Texas Cavalry, and Capt. Jack White.

P. S. Col. Will Lambert sends the following:

Capt. Jack White, Company C. (Davis Guards), Cook's Heavy Artillery, died September 15, 1896; buried in the Catholic Cemetery.

"Capt. Jack," as he was familiarly called by the tens of thousands who knew him, at the time of his death was the last survivor, but two, of the forty-three Irishmen commanded by the intrepid Dick Dowling at Sabine Pass on that memorable, bright September morning in 1863. His funeral was, perhaps, the largest seen in Houston since the war, the procession being fully a mile long, and was made up of the local militia, consisting of the Emmet Rifles, Houston Light Guards, Rutherford Rangers (Cavalry), and Houston Light Artillery; Emmet Council, Fire and Police Departments in full uniform, Mayor, City Council, and other city officials, Dick Dowling Camp, 150 strong, under our new Commander, Major Chris. C. Beavens, witha detail from the Grand Army Post of this city, and hundreds of vehicles. One of the pallbearers served throughout the war in the Federal Navy. A detachment of the Emmet Rifles fired three rounds over his grave; "taps" was sounded, and Capt. Jack White was left to his last, long sleep.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
While Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

A PRISONER'S LUDICROUS ACCOUNT.

A propos to the battle of Sabine Pass, the following was written by a Federal officer who was captured on that occasion:

The "commander of the fort" was a modest, retiring, boyish-looking Irish lad, nineteen years of age. I could not refrain from laughing in his face when introduced to me as "Lieutenant Dick Dowling, who is in command of the fort."

"And you are the Shaughran," I asked, "who did all this mischief? How many men and guns did you have?"

"We had four 32-pounders, and two 24-pounders, and forty-two men," was his reply, made with a blush.

"And do you realize what you have done, sir?" I asked.

"No," he said frankly, "I do not understand it at all"

"Well, sir, you and your forty-two men in your miserable little mud fort in the rushes, have captured two of our gunboats carrying sixteen guns, a good number of prisoners, many stands of small arms and plenty of good ammunition; and all that you have done with six popguns and two smart 'Quakers.' And that is not the worst of your boyish trick. You have sent three other gunboats, 6000 troops and a general out to sea in the dark. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sir."

"What was the matter with your fellows, anyway?" he asked. "Why didn't they come up and take us, as we expected they would?

"I am very sorry, sir, that you were disappointed. * * * My impression is that it was owing to a sudden attack of homesickness."

ABOUT REUNION OF ARCHER'S BRIGADE.

Howard W. Newman, of Turney's First Tennessee Regiment, now of Canton, Ga.:

I was delighted to see W. M. McCall's request for a reunion of "Archer's Old Brigade." Am heartily for it, and would suggest and nominate that peerless soldier, Capt. F. S. Harris, of Nashville, to assume command of the movement at once, as it will take "sharp shooting" to make it a success and "Ferg" knows exactly how that is done. I would suggest that we meet in Nashville the day before the annual reunion of the Confederate Association, as a great many living at a distance would want to attend both. For instance, in this small town nestled among the mountains of north Georgia are living, temporarily, Col. Jack Moore, of the Seventh Tennessee, Dr. J. M. Turk, who was Assistant Surgeon of the Fifth Alabama Battalion, and near here is a member of the Nineteenth Georgia.

Archer's Brigade is too gallant to say they did more fighting, but they do say they saw more Yankee backs and can testify to their running qualities better than any other two Tennessee brigades.

Comrade Newman reviews the sparring of '62-'65 by his last sentence. Let us smile at the idea that the Tennesseans who fought in Virginia were twice as brave as all others. They must have never realized that they saw "the backs" of foreigners, largely, who came to America for soldier salaries, while others "faced" the sturdy Aglo-Saxons who had gone to the Northwest from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and fought to restore the Union of their fathers.

In a recent letter, H. C. Dial, of Greenville, Texas, objects to the honor paid by Comrade Anderson to the Indians in the battle of Pea Ridge, as stated in March VETERAN. He writes as follows: With due respect to Comrade Anderson, I will state that the Indians did not capture the battery referred to, but it was captured by the Ninth Texas Cavalry, led by Col. W. B. Sims, whose arm was shattered in the charge. There was not a shot fired by the Indians.

Col. Wm. Dudley Sneed, a native Tennessean, who was living in New York in 1861, but came home and fought for his native Southland, was killed by a freight train near Tangipahoa, ninety miles above New Orleans, September 8th. His record as a soldier and officer was good, as attested by his promotion from Captain to Lieut.-Colonel. In 1866, Col. Sneed married Miss Fannie C. Boyd, of Kosciusko, Miss., and they raised five children. Two of the four survivors, Miss Bertie and Dudley, are on the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat.*

JUDGE J. M. LONG, Paris, Texas.

Comrade Long is a native Tennesseean—born in Obion County, September 12, 1843. He is a Texan by adoption, and a lawyer by profession. His interest and zeal in Confederate matters is unfailing.

His daughter, Miss Love Long, was sponsor for Paris Camp at the Dallas reunion and represented the Northeast Texas Division at the reunion of United Confederate Veterans at Richmond.

Gen. Richard C. Gattlin died at Mount Nebo, Arkansas, September 8th. He was born in Lenoir County, North Carolina, January 18, 1809. He graduated from West Point in 1832, and served in the Seminole war in Florida in 1842. He was at Fort Brown during its bombardment by the Mexicans, and was wounded at the battle of Monterey. He commanded at Fort Smith, from 1851 to 1857, and later at Fort Craig. He was appointed Brigadier General of North Carolina troops in 1861 and assigned command of coast defenses at Wilmington and later was Adjutant General of North Carolina.

THE LATE GEN. F. A. SHOUP.

Many readers of the VETERAN will be pained to learn of Gen. Shoup's death. Even those who did not know him will recall his thrilling articles in its pages. "How we went to Shiloh," his story of the ludicrous things done at that period of the war, and again his account of the plan proposed to defend the Confederacy along the Chattahoochee

River will comprise a record of importance in the history of that great war. Gen. Shoup's visits to this office, though rare, are recalled with peculiar pleasure. His loyalty to everything for which he fought, his philosophy enabling him to worry not over reverses of the inevitable, furnished an example, worthy of remembrance.

Bishop Thos. F. Gailor, in a letter to the New York Churchman, mentions his birth in Indiana in 1832, his graduation at the West Point Military Academy at the age of twenty and his service in the artillery of his country for seven years. He gives briefly Gen. Shoup's career in the Confederate Army as Brigadier General and Chief of Artillery in the Western Army. He also gives an account of his service in the ministry, and states that as a teacher Dr. Shoup "was wonderfully stimulating and attractive" and that "his learning was so varied and his native wit so keen and brilliant it was delightful to hear him talk on any subject. * * * He was a man of exquisite taste and refinement, an enthusiast for truth and beauty and goodness, loyal in his friendship, brave, noble, generous in argument, strong and resolute to the end in his great convictions."

THE DRAMA "SAM DAVIS."

Months ago, Mr. W. D. Fox, of Murfreesboro, wrote a drama which makes the career of Samuel Davis its theme. Mr. Fox is a young man, born long after that great tragedy, but he seems to have gotten into the life and thought of that time and to have become thrilled with the wonderful deed of that noble young man in serving his country, and being faithful to his honor, in the greatest conceivable peril. The VETERAN had serious misgivings about this play, but, having investigated carefully, commends it. Some of those who have read and seen it, comment as follows:

The Hon. E. H. Ewing, who has carefully read the drama, writes: The plot founded on a sad but true story is well conceived, and the characters especially are well sustained. Brave, modest and inflexibly honorable, the author carries Davis to his death as if in dying he was discharging an undoubted duty. Altogether I regard Mr. Fox's play as a bright production.

Prof. J. M. Webb, of the Webb School, Bell Buckle, Tenn., states that the interest is well-sustained, the phraseology classical.

Bishop C. T. Quintard, Sewanee, Tenn., having read the admirably written drama of the martyr, "Sam Davis," writes: "It does the author great credit and should be published."

Capt. B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, takes pleasure in commending the play and of complimenting its author. "It is finely done; unique in design, pointed in purpose and really pathetic."

Hon. J. D. Richardson, member of Congress from Tennessee, states: "I have just had the genuine pleasure of listening to the play, 'Sam Davis,' and I was charmed with it. You are to be congratulated."

Hon. A. B. Woodward, Fayetteville, Tenn., writes to Pulaski friends: "The Sam Davis Club gave their show here last night. It is splendid and the purpose of the young men and ladies engaged in it is worthy of most liberal patronage."

Mr. J. Holland Wright, editor of the Fayetteville, Tenn., *Conservative*, states to Mr. Romine, editor, Pulaski *Citizen*: "The play here is highly praised by all who attended. The audience was enthusiastic as to its merits and the ability of the performers. It is a wholesome entertainment, appealing to man's highest impulses and noblest sentiments. The performers are well trained."

This drama will be presented in Nashville, October 13, 14, in the interest of fund for his monument.

The Eighth Tennessee Infantry held its annual reunion at Fayettville. Addresses were delivered by Hon. John M. Bright, Cols. John H. Savage, J. H. Holman and J. G. Carrigan and Judge Walter S. Bearden. The latter, who was a valliant officer of the Forty-first Tennessee, was introduced by Gen. Bright and thrilled the assembly as he ever can. The dinner was bounteous.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

Office: Willcox Building, Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

While this VETERAN is being mailed to its many thousands of patrons, the fifty-fourth anniversary of Samuel Davis' birth, October 6th, will have passed. During next month that other great event will have occurred whereby his soul went back to God who gave it. Fitting indeed must have been his welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant."

"He did what he could." Who could have done more? This theme is a comfort above that of honoring all the heroes who fell. He is not the only one of his fellows who would have done likewise. Doubtless thousands would if tested, but he stood modestly, yet so steadily in the vortex that the record made, upon the testimony of his enemies, is the most characteristic Confederate event of those awful years. Remember the language of a Union officer who wrote for a Northern paper years afterward: "Of just such material was the Southern army formed."

Will all friends who have subscriptions report, so they may appear in November issue?

Col. E. W. Cole, Nashville, Tenn.—A patriotic note:—Enclosed I send you check for $25.00 towards the "Davis Monument." This is a cause in aiding which all should feel a national pride. The ages have furnished no higher evidence of moral or physical courage in humanity than was shown by this soldier of the South.

T. N. Theus, Savannah, Ga.: I enclose five dollars as my mite towards the Sam Davis Monument. Every one should assist in building this to the hero.

The subscription of Daughters of the Confederacy at Fayetteville, Tenn., was inadvertently omitted from the published list to the Samuel Davis monument. When the list is again printed notice of any omission will be appreciated.

Georgia State Division United Daughters of the Confederacy will convene in Macon, Ga., October 20-21. Quite an interesting meeting is looked for.

The Publishing Agency of Tennessee Centennial Exposition has undergone a change by the transfer of Mr. Leland Rankin to management of the Nashville American, and Mr. Herman Justi, a gentleman of fine literary attainments and ex-President of the First National Bank, has been chosen to succeed Mr. Rankin. The members of the press will find Mr. Justi an agreeable confrere.

DEATH OF A FAITHFUL COMRADE.

The death of John C. Rietti, of Jackson, Miss., was a sad surprise to the VETERAN. He had quite recently done efficient service for it. It will be remembered that he wrote of his first Regimental Commander, Col. Smith, in the August number.

Mr. Charles Rietti, of Jackson, writes:

My father was born in Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 7, 1841, came to Jackson 1843, and remained here until his death Aug. 29th, except during the war.

His funeral took place from St. Peter's Catholic Church, August 30th, of which he was a member.

There are of the family a wife and six children, two brothers and a sister. He was a member of the Gem Fire Co., a member of the Robert Smith Camp, No. 12, and belonged to the Catholic Knights of America.

He volunteered for the Confederate service, joining the Robert Smith Rifles first being attached the Tenth Mississippi Regiment and sent to Pensacola, Fla. He was subsequently transferred to the Third Mississippi Regiment in which he remained to the end. He served under Bragg, Hood and Joe Johnston, from Shiloh to Bentonville, N. C., where he was paroled.

One of Comrade Rietti's most important acts was to publish the Military Annals of Mississippi, in which he gives complete rosters of Mississippians in the army.

The VETERAN suggests renumeration for his family and the publication of these annals on good paper for distribution by his State

Comrade Rietti had sent his soldier boy picture and that of Colonel Robert A. Smith.

POWHATAN TROOP MONUMENT.

August 20, 1896, was a memorable Confederate day at Powhatan, Va. It was the occasion of dedicating a monument to the Powhatan Troop, which though organized in a time of peace with "Guard of the Daughters of Powhatan" inscribed on its banner, the gallant command went forth to battle for the cause of the South in 1861.

THE MONUMENT ON DEDICATION DAY.
(From photo. by Miss Edyth Carter Benridge.)

Survivors of the troop and their friends after two decades have succeeded in completing the monument, and Mr. James R. Werth, Chairman of the Committee in charge of its construction, formally turned it over to Mr. Augustine Royall, Chairman of the Custodian Committee. The picture does not present the monument advantageously. Upon the base are carved wreathes. Upon one side is the "palm of peace" with the Confederate flag, on another is an unsheathed sabre. Upon the capital is a pile of lotus blooms, "1861 Manassas—1865 Appomattox." The group is of present members of the Troop—survivors of the organization who take pride in this monument which is specially in honor of the Confederate war period. Judge John H. Ingram, who was selected as orator of the occasion in place of Governor O'Ferrall, who was obliged to cancel the assignment, gave an interesting history of the organization:

The Powhatan Troop was organized in a time of peace, and when plenty abounded all over our Southern land. Powhatan was the most prosperous county in all Virginia. The canal boat of pleasant memory was the argosy richly laden that bore the fruits of the planters' industry to the busy mart of Richmond. By the rivers, on every hill and nestled in every valley, were to be found the homes of true Virginians. Some were rich, the great majority were well to do. Powhatan was well blessed. Whigs and Democrats, with a chivalry never to be forgotten, struggled for political supremacy. Lovely women graced the scene, and here the devout Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist, without cant or hypocrisy, worshipped God in his peculiar way, after the dictates of his own conscience. These people did not want war; on the contrary, they desired peace, for they had everything to make its enjoyment pleasant.

The first captain of the Troop was Phillip St. George Cocke, soon made a Brigadier. Reserved yet courteous, in every sense a gentlemen; responsibilities he would not shirk proved too much for his health. Besides a large family and connection, he had a thousand slaves who depended on the largess of his bounty.

Judge John F. Lay, the second captain, who commanded the company only for a short time, still lives. Brave, eloquent, and able, our hearts in tender sympathy go out to him in his old age and changed condition of fortune.

The third and fourth captains are here with us. God grant that both may be spared for many more years of usefulness. Charles Old in battle was as he is in peace—cool, intrepid, and undismayed in the face of any danger. Wounded and promoted to major at Boonesboro, his reply to Fitz Lee was characteristic. When told to check the advance on General Hill's retreat at the South Mountain Pass—"Right about by fours! draw sabre! forward! charge!" were the orders given by Captain Old in that cool deliberate manner for which he was noted; and the Powhatan Troop, if they had no other claim than this to military glory, could safely rest their claim to proud distinction on their action in this decisive engagement.

The fourth and last captain, whose name is forever linked with the glorious achievements of this gallant troop, was Joseph Hobson. It is not alone as a soldier that I commend him to your favor, for it was not alone as a soldier that those who knew him loved him best. It was rather for the modest, good sense and the warm honest heart that beat beneath his ragged uniform—a heart that never brought a blush to the cheek or a tear to the eye of any soldier.

The roll of your "Battle Abbey" would be incomplete without the names of the men from dear old Chesterfield and Maryland. "My Maryland" contributed to your troop a gallant son.

With a membership of a little more than 100, the killed and wounded of the Powhatan Troop numbers forty-six. The music of the day was by the Belle Meade Brass Band from a colored college.

Mr. Robert S. Miller, a comrade, of Shelbyville, Tenn., who many times added to the VETERAN subscription list, has fallen. His town people paid fitting tribute to his memory in a public meeting, where resolutions were adopted in his honor and of sympathy to his bereaved widow. Business houses were closed at the hour of his funeral.

YOUNG MEN TO THE FRONT.

A pleasing feature of the reunion, at Hico, Tenn., by the Stonewall Jackson Camp of McKenzie, was the prominent part taken by young men in the addresses. Hico is an accessible point from McKenzie by the railway track, and thousands attend reunions every year on July 21st.

Comrades sell lemonade, and, in this way, have procured funds to help many Confederate causes. Dr. J. P. Cannon, Commander of the Stonewall Jackson Camp, gives the following list of contributions made by the Camp from this fund:

Confederate Soldiers' Home, Nashville, $40.00; Jeff Davis Monument, $106.00; McGavock Cemetery, Franklin, Tenn., $25.00; Gen. E. Kirby Smith Fund, $10.00; Confederate Monument at Chicago, $10.00; Sam Davis Monument, $6.00; Battle Abbey, $62.00; to needy Confederate soldiers, $11.00; for other purposes in small amounts, $18.00.

The Camp number is 42, and among the Bivouacs of the States it is 20.

Andrew Smith made an address in behalf of the Sons of Veterans. Spurgeon Wingo recited A. S. Morton's poem written for the VETERAN (published in April '96), "The Women of the South," and Miss Brooxie Nowlin gave a recitation, delivering it well. The leading address of the occasion was by Mr. Finis J. Garrett of McKenzie. It was a kind of oratory in which young patriots rivaled in the aristocratic days of the South. Mr. Garrett concluded as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, in conclusion permit me to repeat a sentiment which has been uttered by others, and to which I would add my humble indorsement, and that is that there is no "N— South."

It is true that so far as we are concerned, we consider the talk of the "bloody chasm" as foolish, because there is no "bloody chasm;" now it is true that the daisies are blooming in the mouths of the rusting cannon; it is true that the fields which once were laved in blood, now show white as the wintry snow with fleecy cotton, or golden as the sunset glow with bounteous harvests, or green and beauteous with the trembling, quivering stalks of corn; it is true that the valleys blush in beauty and the broad plains "blossom as the rose;" it is true that from the ashes that followed the wreck and despoliation of war have sprung magnificent cities and splendid temples and triumphant archways; but,

"What constitutes a State?
Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
When, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts?
When low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No! MEN—high-minded MEN—
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude.
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

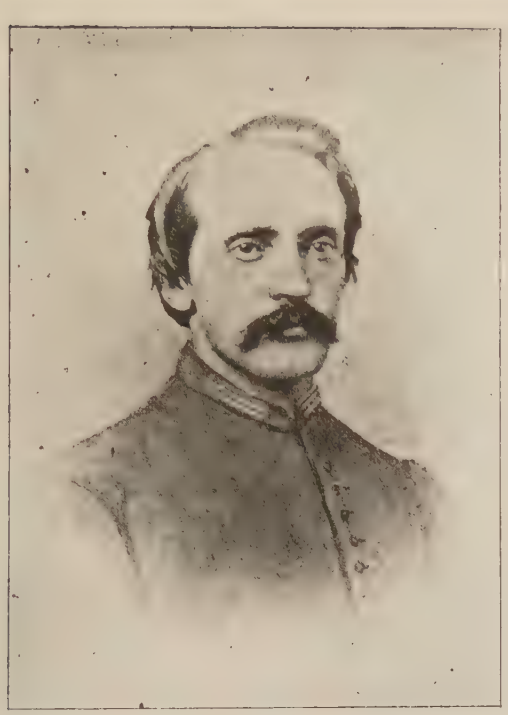
"These constitute a State," These have builded and constituted the Southland; and I say to you that the same spirit that animated the hearts of the Southern fathers of this republic in 1776, the same spirit that animated the hearts of the manhood in 1861-65, animates the hearts of the manhood of today—the spirit of patriotism and devotion to home and hearthstone. Don't talk of a N— South. The Old South is good enough—the Old South with her pure history and her noble traditions and her splendid romance. The old time Southern manhood is good enough—the manhood that offered life and heart's blood as a sacrifice for convictions; the old true chivalrous manhood that knelt at the feet of pure womanhood and paid to her the highest homage of their knightly hearts. And the old time Southern womanhood is good enough—the pure womanhood that sat on the pedestal erected out of a nation's love, around which clustered the truest knighthood of the earth, and who, by the tender touch of her hand, by the tender prayer of her pure soul, by the tender influence of her love, made that knighthood worthy to wear the white rose. That womanhood is good enough for all the coming ages. My friends, we want no N— South. We want the same Old South, with her sun-kissed hills where lingering beauty gleams and glows; with her lovely valleys that smile neath Heaven's tender caresses; with her mountains that pierce the blue and bended sky; with her broad plains that blush and bloom and bear rich fruitage; with her gentle sweeping breezes that breathe of her traditions, her grandeur and her glory; with her rippling rills and clearest streams that murmur an eternal song; we want the same Old South with her Christian homes and her temples of worship and her pealing school bells; we want the same old land of beauty and bloom, land of poetry and love, land of gladness and song, land of romance and of chivalry; we want the same old Southern manhood and the same old Southern womanhood, and "if the sons of the land shall weep, the daughters will wipe the tears away," and we will march onward and upward into a purer plane of political liberty and Christian citizenship, under the applause of nations, the admiration of mankind and the benedictions and blessings of God."

Comrade F. A. Howell, Adjutant of Camp 398 at Bowling Green, Miss., sends the following stanzas quoted in an address by Wiley M. Nash. [Who can give their authorship? ED. VETERAN.]

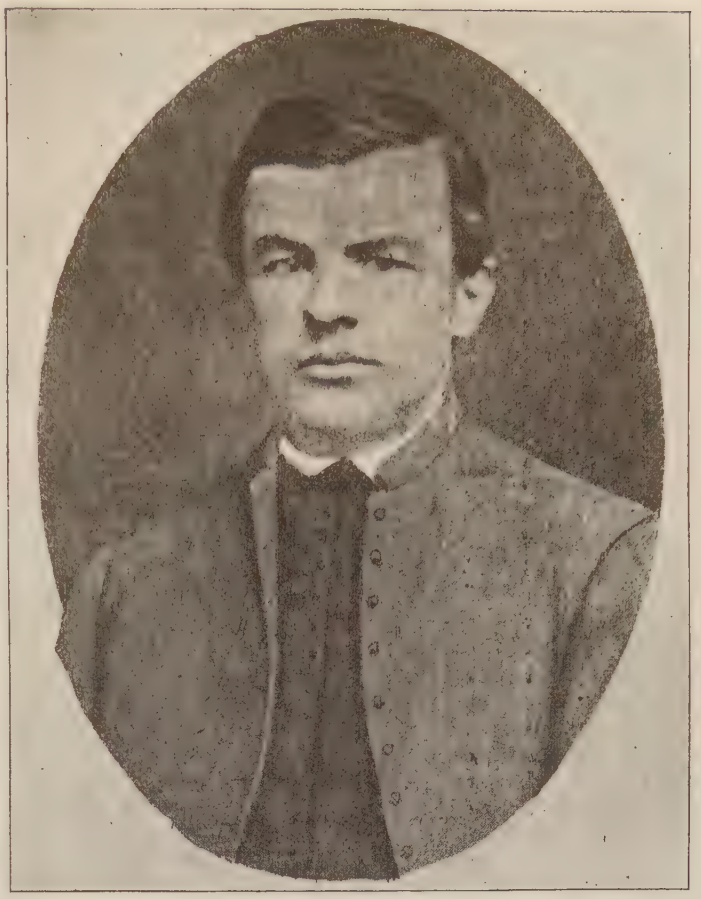
"The maid who binds the warrior's sash
And, smiling, all her pain dissembles
The while beneath the drooping lash,
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles;
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds the husband's sword,
'Mid little ones that weep and wonder,
And bravely speaks the parting word,
Although her heart be rent asunder;
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er,
Was poured upon the plain of battle.

The mother, who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then speaks a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot's brow she blesses;
With no one but a secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."



Capt. Thomas Quirk, a native of Ireland. enlisted in the Confederate service September, 1861, in Second Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's original company. In the battle of Gallatin, Tenn., his gallantry secured his promotion to First Lieutenant of his company. He was in a multitude of battles and was wounded several times, twice in the head and severely in the arm. He surrendered at Chattanooga, May 5, '65, and died at Lexington, Ky., January 13, 1873.



John H. Waller, a native of Lynchburg, Va., —Feb. 9, 1835— enlisted at Richmond early in 1861 in the First Kentucky Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia. He afterward served in the Twelfth Mississippi Infantry and later with Quirk's Scouts under Gen. John H. Morgan. He was in many battles and paroled at Nashville, Tenn., May, 1865. He located after the war at Shelbyville, Ky., where he died June 27, 1867.

Capt Gabe S. Alexander, of Mercer County, Kentucky, born April 5, 1829, enlisted as a private in the Confederate States' service in Joe Desha's Company First Kentucky Infantry. He commanded his company in many battles and skirmishes in various parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, and was killed on a scout near Bardstown, Ky., July, '63.

Maj. T. B. Monroe was born at Frankfort, Ky., July 3, 1833. He enlisted at Nashville, Tenn., in September, 1861, and was elected Lieutenant in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. He was soon afterward promoted to Major of of this Regiment and He was in command of it when mortally wounded at Shiloh.

Capt. Ben J. Monroe, a native of Frankfort, Ky., Aug. 7, 1836, enlisted at Camp Burnell, Tenn., in September, 1861. He was elected Captain in the Fourth Kentucky Infantry. He was so severely wounded in the leg at Shiloh that he never recovered and died in Marshall County, Miss., Oct. 4, '62.

[The above are from a lot of engravings graciously furnished by Gen. Jonn Boyd.]

"THE DAILY REBEL BANNER."

Volume 1. No. 49, of the above named paper, published at Murfreesboro, Tenn., Dec. 29, 1862, is an exceedingly interesting two page sheet, of five columns each. It was published by Joseph Wright, with Chas. D. Kirk as editor, "every morning except Sundays." The first thing in it is an appeal for clothing, etc., by Gen. W. A. Quarles, commanding the Third Brigade at Port Hudson, La. He states: "One word, Tennesseans, for the gallant Seventh Texas; there are but few of them left, the the rest of them were buried at Fort Donelson."

"O. F. Strahl, Col. commanding First Brigade, Cheatham's Division," advertises a lost horse.

Chas. W. Peden, Provost Marshal, advertises: "All persons having officers below the rank of Brigadier General or soldiers stopping at their houses in town or in the country, will please report a list immediately to this office."

* * * Wilbur F. Johnson advertises the loss, "from his watch fob" of $892, and offers the finder a liberal reward.

A. S. Marks, Colonel Seventeenth Tennessee Regiment, advertises a lost horse, and a reward of $100 for him.

Private James A. Jackson, of the Thirty-second Alabama Regiment, offers a reward for a trunk containing his wife's and child's clothing.

An editorial reports the white males in the South from eighteen to forty-five years of age as numbering 1,118,000, leaving out Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, and estimates the available source of strength at 700,000.

The longest article in it is a communication in which complaint is written, in rather bitter spirit, for keeping A. P. Stewart back to the grade of Brigadier General and Otto French Strahl to the rank of Colonel, although he was in command of a brigade. [It is known that General Stewart rose to a Lieutenant Generalcy and that Strahl was made a Brigadier.—Ed. Veteran.] In referring to Strahl he mentioned the "conspicuous injustice" of not promoting him, and added: "Here is an instance of unselfish patriotism and love for our cause that deserves mention. Col. S— is a native of Ohio and his parents reside there still, and he has a brother who is a Brigadier General in the Lincoln Army; but, strongly impressed with the justice of the Southern Cause, he offered himself and rushed into the conflict. He showed conspicuous gallantry at Shiloh and at Perryville."

"Events at the front" were sensational. It reported skirmishing in front of the town, and stated: "In the past three days the enormous forces of the Abolitionists have been concentrating, with a view to an attack upon our lines.

"The First Louisiana, which had been the provost guard in our town for sometime, was ordered to the front this morning. The Fifteenth Tennessee relieved them, but was subsequently ordered forward."

Reporting the condition of the town, the Banner states:

"Couriers in hot hast dashed along the crowded streets, and officers in resplendent uniforms spurred, for all we know, to the devil. We hope that Cobb's Kentucky Battery will wake us to glory again this morning. We shall await, dear Cobb, dear Gracey and dear Matthews, the sharp crack of your rifles. They were heard at Shiloh, at Vicksburg and Hartsville. Let them not be unheard at Murfreesboro. The Kentucky Brigade started battle yesterday, as is its wont, with flags flying, with drums beating, and with lusty cheering. It has never been whipped and never can be. The boys are fighting for their 'old Kentucky Home.'

"Gen. Floyd had just captured $250,000 worth of arms and other army supplies in Eastern Kentucky."

Capt. J. B. Harvey, who after having fought in Virginia had come to Tennessee, was severely wounded the day before.

"If we win the battle to-day, the Angel of Peace will revisit our land and we will have a country which we can call our own. If we permit them to drive us from our position the war will perhaps be prolonged for years. * * * We lost, in the skirmish of Saturday, one piece of artillery. In return, let us capture to-day the 150 pieces that the enemy brings against us."

"Roger Hanson went to the front yesterday. He was a Colonel at Donelson and there won a Bridadier Generalship. God grant he may survive to wear the stars of a Major General. [He was mortally wounded Jan. 2, in that battle, and died Jan. 4, '63 —Ed. Veteran.]

Remember Shiloh. Let to-day be the Sunday of that battle."

Capt. James L. Finley, commanding the Tenth Mississippi after Col. Smith had been killed, sent the old battle flag of the regiment to his sister, Mrs. H. Dudley, at Jackson. The correspondence is copied in full.

Capt. G. A. Dure, of Dure's Artillery, advertises for a deserter from his company, and offers thirty dollars for him.

Gen. A. Buford advertised for recruits. He wanted 1,000, stating that he could "furnish bridles and saddles, and they could go into Kentucky for horses."

The marriage of Mr. John Kimbro to Miss Emma F. Shaddett, (Dec. 26th), by Rev. H. Bridges, is announced.

A considerable sum of money found in the office of Leiper and Menefee was advertised by them as notice to owner. A multitude of advertisements appeared for lost horses, watches, etc.

A most reliable patron and friend of the Veteran suggests inquiry in its columns concerning some women who were sent to Louisville during Sherman's raid through Georgia. A Government factory turning out jeans and other cloth had been put in operation in Georgia, and some of the best young women and girls in that section had secured employment in it. Money was scarce and they were in need. "This factory was burned and its employees, all women, were scattered to the four winds. Many of them, perhaps 300, were sent to Louisville, and in bleak weather were dumped down in tents just where the Union depot at Louisville now stands. Very few if any of these poor women ever saw their native soil again."

THE "CHARMING NELLIE" LETTERS.

The name of Mr. J. B. Polley, the gifted author of these letters, has inadvertently been omitted several times, though he may not have observed it.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, May 20, 1862.

The battle of Chancellorsville has been fought and won, but it has cost us the life of Stonewall Jackson. It is the only great battle Gen. Lee has fought without Longstreet. McClellan, Pope, McClellan again, Burnside and Hooker, have each been pitted against our peerless chieftain. Who will be the next, is both an interesting and a vexed question with us Confederates. Confident of the superiority of our Commander over the very best material the Yankees can find, we prefer that he should meet a foeman worthy of his steel. But while there is little credit to be gained, either by army or commander, in opposing such vainglorious boasters as Pope, Burnside and Hooker, there are more rations, and these are getting to be a consideration of no small importance. Why we cannot be better and more regularly supplied is a problem beyond our solution. Perhaps we are expected to live off of the enemy; if so, we protest. When fighting ceases to be a matter of pure, self-sacrificing patriotism, and degenerates into a mere business, we Texans will ask discharges. We are getting homesick any way, and nothing in the world increases the severity of that complaint more than hunger. Apropos to nothing, apparently, except the communings of his own inner man, a comrade said the other day: "I wish to God I was at home." "Oh, yes," I replied, "you want to see the girl you left behind you, don't you?" "No, indeed," he blurted out, "but I want something to eat," and, hungry myself, I unanimously acquiesced in the sentiment.

It is not so much at the quantity of rations we grumble as at the intolerable sameness of bread and meat. Such a limited variety gives us, by the rule of permutation, only two changes; if coffee were added to the menu, we could have nine, and if sugar also, no less than twenty-four. As Bill Calhoun says, "This thing of having bread for the first course one day, and meat the next, and so on, *vice versa* and alternately *ad infinitum et nauseam*, has an excessively depressing effect even upon a fellow's patriotism."

Writing of Bill reminds me to tell you of his generosity at Suffolk, where, in order to accomplish any good, our men would have had to be amphibious. One day while the Brigade was there, Gen. Hood halted for a moment at the Fourth's camp to speak about some matter to Col. Key. While talking, the General noticed Bill standing a little way off, and, knowing his character and with a view to sport, said, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole regiment: "Detail an officer and twenty-five of your best men, Colonel, and order them to report to me at once at my quarters. I have set my heart on the capture of one of those gunboats down on the river, and I know that many men of the Fourth can easily get it for me."

Bill heard and accepted the challenge. Stepping to the side of Hood's horse and laying one hand on the animal's neck, while with the other he touched the brim of his hat in respectful salute to the rider, he said: "Now look ah here, General, if you've just got to have a gunboat, whether or no, speak out like a man and the Fourth Texas will buy you one, but we don't propose to fool with any of them down yonder in the river. They say the darned things are loaded, and, besides, there's only a few of us fellers can swim."

Not being with the Brigade at Suffolk, I can tell you little of its performances there. I was more pleasantly engaged hunting for rations and forage in the section of North Carolina lying near the coast and between the Pasquatank and Chowan Rivers, where the only obstacle to rapturous enjoyment of life was the invariably monotonous diet of salted shad. Intensely Southern in sentiment and within the Yankee lines quite long enough to delight in the sight of a Confederate soldier, the people were lavish in their hospitality to us, and the young ladies everything that was kind and charming. But, while at first almost captivated, the exclusive fish diet demanded such watchfulness and operated so adversely against any indulgence of a naturally æsthetic temperament that I insensibly acquired the habit of looking more carefully for bones than for aught else. Indeed, toward the last, I not only began to feel fishy, but imagined that my entertainers regarded me with fishy stares. These, however, may have been caused by my strict and undeviating adherence to the soldierly principle of eating everything in sight—a course in which, by the way, I was ably seconded, if not outdone, by my comrades for the time being, Captains Jimmie Littlefield, Jimmie Rust and Walter Norwood, each of whom, and especially the last named, is a trencherman of unsurpassed capacity, spirit and persistence. * * *

Where we are going now, is a question concerning which a private soldier can only surmise. Camp rumor saith that the time has come to offer the Marylanders another chance to flock to the Confederate standard, but of the truth of the report or even of the probability of a movement at all, I must absolutely refuse to vouch. While protesting vigorously against the inaction which denies me access to the Federal Commissary Department, I have long ago gratified my once inordinate thirst for gore and glory. Sometimes I feel inclined to echo the desire expressed by Jackson's man, who, reprimanded by his General for running out of the fight "like a baby," broke into a big boohoo and exclaimed between his sobs: "I don't care what you say, sir, but I wish I was a baby, and a gal baby at that." Not for the world would I cast the faintest shadow of a slur upon the manly characters of my comrades here in the Army of Northern Virginia, but we are all human beings, and I honestly believe there is a whole lot of the bravest and most gallant of them who would at times be glad of a chance to return to babyhood, even at the risk of a change of sex. With their easy access to Europe, the plagued Yankees have such an ability and habit of outnumbering us, that we are not prompt to join in any severe censure of the Fifth Texas Irishman, who, sent out on the skirmish line, came back on a treble quick, and when told by his Lieutenant, "I'd rather

die, Mike, than run out of a fight in such a cowardly manner," fixed upon the officer a witheringly sarcastic look and replied: "The hail you would, Leftenent—the hail you would, sor, whin there was only a skimmish line of us boys an' two rigiminta and a bathery of thim."

Still their numbers furnish a certain class of our soldiers with grand opportunities for killing. Charley Hume, of the Fifth, tells an amusing story about a member of that regiment, whose name he will not mention, but whom I will call Dick. Dick is something of a braggart and is wonderfully assisted at times by a vivid imagination. On the day after the Yankees recrossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, Hume found him snugly and safely ensconced behind a huge rock on the South side of the river, apparently busy in death-dealing warfare. "What are you doing here, Dick?" inquired Hume. "Doing?" repeated Dick, as if surprised at being asked so foolish a question; "What am I doing? Well, sir, I'm killing Yankees, if you must know. Don't you see those fellows over yonder on the side of that hill? I've just set here by my lone self and killed every son of a gun of 'em." Hume looked, and, sure enough, there on the hillside, half a mile away, were twenty or more bodies dressed in blue and lying silent and still. But while he was wondering at such wholesale destruction of human life and framing a suitable compliment to the fell destroyer at his side, first one and then another of the presumed dead rose to his feet, and, picking up gun and accoutrements, sauntered carelessly up the hill without once glancing behind to indicate that he was aware of having been shot at. Hume's wonder and admiration evaporated instanter, but when he turned to apprise his companion of the fact and suggest that the corpses were a little too lively to be those of dead men, Dick was out of sight and hearing.

To make honors easy between me and Dick, I must relate a joke that I can now laugh at, but for obvious reasons, personal to myself, have carefully concealed from my comrades. While moving from Winchester to Fredericksburg last fall, I straggled one morning and, about nine o'clock, knocked at the front door of a handsome residence on the Orange Plank Road. It was opened by a hospitable old lady whose first inquiry was whether I had been to breakfast. Conscience prompted an affirmative and truthful answer, but appetite overruled it, and I replied in the negative and, for reward, was ushered into a spacious dining room and delivered over to the tender mercies of two young ladies, while my hostess gave necessary orders to the cook. One of these girls was a Texan, and both were so entertaining and witty that I was at once put fairly upon my best mettle, joining forces with the fair Texan in defence of our State against the jocular but vigorous attacks of the equally fair Virginian. After a long lingering breakfast of fried chicken, hot biscuit, fresh butter, and potato coffee, we adjourned to the sitting room, where two old gentlemen—the host and a visitor—were keeping themselves warm before a brightwood fire. Texas being still the subject of conversation, the right of the Southern States to secede was incidentally adverted to, and, strengthened wonderfully by the breakfast, encouraged by the presence and bright smiles of my Texas compatriot, and foolishly presuming upon the ignorance of the gentlemen, I boldly asserted that Texas had a right to secede superior to that of any other State.

"Ahem!" said the host, straightening himself up in his chair and looking at me with the air of a man ready for an argument. "Upon what fact, sir, do you base that claim?" Surprised by the prompt challenge and disconcerted by the intelligent look of my interrogator, I forgot the reason generally advanced—that Texas was an independent republic when she entered the Union—and answered, "Upon the well known fact, sir, that when Texas became a State of the Union she expressly reserved the right to secede whenever she chose." I spoke so confidently that the Texas girl gave me an admiring look and an encouraging smile. But, to my dismay, my antagonist returned to the charge. "Ahem! ahem!" said he. "Really, sir, I fail to recall any such reservation, although I was a member of Congress from the time annexation was first proposed until it was consummated." And then, as if determined to rout me "horse, foot and dragoon," he turned to the other fellow, saying: "You were my colleague in Congress, Judge; do you recollect any such reservation?" "No, sir, I do not," replied the Judge emphatically, "I recall nothing of the kind. Our young friend is certainly mistaken, for I distinctly remember—" But I was too utterly vanquished to care to listen to reminiscences, especially when the Virginia girl seemed to take keen delight in my discomfiture and the Texas maid to have lost faith in me; so, seizing my hat and bidding the party a rather hasty and awkward adieu, I made my exit, vowing to myself never again to take part in a political discussion without first learning whether or not my opponents had been Congressmen.

James H. Cottrell, Owensboro, Ky.: I recall an incident of the "Great War" which occurred in Hopkinsville, Ky. I was captured and taken there in the spring of 1863, and, among other Confederates brought there about the same time, I remember three men—Kelly, Knight, and an Irishman—belonging to Gen. Forrest's command, who made their escape at Hopkinsville. We were confined up stairs in an old hotel. The three men made their escape by climbing out through the chimney. Kelly started up, but was suffocated by the soot and came back. He then made a second and successful attempt, followed by Knight and the Irishman, who carried his boots under his arm. The next day a Yankee corporal came in with the Irishman's boots on, which I recognized.

I assisted in their escape and expected to make mine also, but the putting on of relief guards prevented. I was soon after taken to Camp Douglass, Ill. Is Col. D. C. Kelley, mentioned in the February Veteran, the same Kelly? [This evidently was not Rev. Dr. Kelley.—Ed. Veteran.]

William Alexander Peacher, died at Brandon, Miss., on August 26th, aged seventy-three years. He was a highly esteemed citizen and a veteran of the Civil War. He had been afflicted with rheumatism for several months previous to his death.

TRIBUTE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Conclusion of sketch from September VETERAN:

On January 24th, after delivering his "Farewell," Mr. Davis returned to Mississippi as Major General and Commander-in-chief of the volunteer forces of that State, and while organizing these forces the Provisional Congress at Montgomery unanimously elected him President of the Confederate States. He had expressed himself as preferring to serve in the army, but he at once sacrificed his own personal preference and took the helm of State. He was inaugurated at Montgomery on February 18, 1861. In his inaugural address he said: "You will see many errors to forgive, many deficiencies to tolerate, but you shall not find in me either a want of zeal or fidelity to the cause that is to me highest in hope and of most enduring affection."

After his inauguration he proceeded at once to form his Cabinet. This, he said, was an easy matter for him, as he was bound only by a consideration for the public welfare, having no political rivalries to satisfy. The result was that no member of his Cabinet bore any close personal relationship to him, and, in fact, two of them he had never known previous to this official connection.

No one not intimately acquainted with the history of the several executive departments of the Confederate Government can ever appreciate the Herculean task that these men had undertaken. It was certainly a case of making bricks without straw.

The magnitude of the undertaking was unprecedented in history, and the spirit and ability with which its directors entered upon their duty is nothing short of marvelous. In the organization of the army, too, there were many obstacles to be overcome.

The Southern people are characteristically an individual people. It was a hard lesson to teach them that a disciplined army must not be made of men who had surrendered their freedom of will. Then again, our soldiers were citizens, and as such exerted a powerful political influence by their communication with their respective homes.

At the beginning of hostilities arms were the greatest need felt. Men volunteered in large numbers, but the Government could not properly equip them for service, and finally there were State rivalries and jealousies to be propitiated in the organizations of brigades and the assignment of officers.

When we consider these difficulties, together with the wonderful energy and ingenuity displayed in the construction of powder mills, the building of arsenals and the boring and changing of guns, we stand back abashed at the temerity of these men. Each one grows more heroic, and we begin to understand how deep and strong must have been their love for constitutional liberty when they dared grapple with such difficulties for its sake. This building up of a nation in a day reads like a fairy tale, and we realize with justifiable pride that this fair South of ours held in her midst sons who would have been a glory to any nation and any time. Thrice happy are we, Daughters of the Confederacy, in being able to claim them for our own.

And the leader of all these vast enterprises, the man to whom they all turned for guidance and support, never once shirked the responsibility that fell to him. Weighed down by care, distressed by adverse criticism and dissatisfaction at home, he still adhered to the guiding principle of his life and duty always found him responding to her call.

In November, 1861, Mr. Davis was elected President of the permanent Government of the Confederate States, and was inaugurated at Richmond, Va., February 22, 1862. His Cabinet was the same under the permanent Government as under the provisional.

HIS JUDGMENT OF MEN.

Mr. Davis has been blamed for many of his official acts, but no man has ever been able to face him with any charge of unfaithfulness to the cause or his State, or one which would reflect on him. As a pure-minded, stainless patriot, the Hon. B. H. Hill says: "I would be ashamed of my own unworthiness if I did not venerate Lee; I would scorn my own nature if I did not love Dixie; I would question my own integrity and patriotism if I did not honor and admire both. There are some who affect to praise Lee and condemn Davis, but of all such Lee himself would be ashamed."

Though Mr. Davis has been most severely criticised for his determined upholding of Albert Sidney Johnston, his attitude towards that great soldier was ably vindicated by the battle of Shiloh, and his judgment in the selection of a soldier was indisputably upheld by his unswerving friendship for Gen. R. E. Lee after his West Virginia campaign. At this time Gen. Lee was severely censured by the newspapers, and nearly all of the officers on the South Carolina and Georgia coast signed a protest against his being placed in that important command. Mr. Davis, however, knew the man he was dealing with and stood firm to his own judgment in the matter.

When, after the battle of Gettysburg, Lee asked to be removed from command on account of the adverse criticism of the press, Davis said, in a letter replying to him: "Were you capable of stooping to it you could easily surround yourself with those who would fill the press with your laudations and seek to exalt you for what you have not done, rather than detract from the achievements which will make you and your army the subject of history and the object of the world's admiration for generations to come. * * * * To ask me to substitute you by some one in my judgment more fit to command or who would possess more of the confidence of the

army or of the reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility."

FALSELY CALLED CRUEL.

Mr. Davis has also been accused of having been responsible for the sufferings at Andersonville. It has been proven, however, by indisputable authority, both Confederate and Federal, "that the mortality in Southern prisons was over three per cent. less than the mortality in Northern prisons; that after medicine had been declared contraband of war the Federal Government refused the proposition of Judge Ould that each Government should send its own surgeons with medicines and hospital stores for soldiers in prison; that the Federal Government also declined a proposition to send medicine to its own men in Southern prisons without being required to allow the Confederates the same privilege; that it refused to allow the Confederate Government to buy medicine for gold, cotton or tobacco, although it offered to pledge its honor that these medical stores should be used for Federal prisoners only; that it refused to exchange sick and wounded, and neglected, from August to December, 1864, to agree to Judge Ould's proposition to send transports to Savannah and receive, without equivalent, from ten to fifteen thousand Federal prisoners, and finally that when Judge Ould did agree upon an exchange with Gen. Butler, Gen. Grant refused to approve it and Mr. Stanton, United States Secretary of War, repudiated it.

Mr. Davis' courage in the face of disaster was wonderful. Note the ring of hopefulness even in his last message to Congress, March, 1865:

"While stating to you that our country is in danger, I desire also to state my deliberate conviction that it is within our power to avert the calamities which menace us, and to secure the triumph of the sacred cause for which so much sacrifice has been made, so much suffering endured and so many precious lives lost. This result is to be obtained through fortitude, by courage, by constancy in enduring the sacrifices still needed; in a word, by the prompt and resolute devotion of the whole resources of men and money in the Confederacy to the achievement of our liberties and independence."

After this message, events hurried the life of the Confederacy to its close. On April 2nd the Confederate Cabinet moved from Richmond to Danville, Va., and then to Greensboro, N. C., where it consulted with Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and Beauregard. After this conference the Cabinet moved farther South, and finally disbanded at Washington, Ga.

Mr. Davis now determined to join his family, who were traveling in Georgia, and he was eventually captured while with them by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry early on the morning of May 10 1865, at Irwinsville, Ga.

INSULTED AS A PRISONER.

At this time the indignities to Mr. Davis began. The party was robbed and the President treated with such uncalled for insolence that Governor Lubbock, of Texas, one of the party, says in a personal letter: "I became so indignant and so completely unstrung and exasperated that I called upon the officers to protect him from insult, threatening to kill the parties engaged in such conduct."

As a prisoner he was conducted to Fortress Monroe and there imprisoned for two years.

Whatever may have been the animosities that Mr. Davis incited as Chief Magistrate of the Confederacy, whatever may have been the criticism of his executive acts, these were all blotted out by the noble, dignified and uncomplaining attitude which he preserved during this cruel test. Adversity showed him as he really was, a wise, considerate, conscientious man, one who could suffer for conscience sake, and who, when he believed a thing to be right, followed it to the bitter end even if it took him through a dark valley and over a toilsome road.

MONUMENT TO JEFFERSON DAVIS, Jackson, Miss.

When first incarcerated he was put in irons (an indignity unheard of in the history of the treatment of State prisoners). The details of this early prison life are simply and plainly told by Lieut. Col. John Craven, post surgeon at Fortress Monroe. This Federal surgeon speaks of Mr. Davis during this fearful ordeal in terms of the highest respect, and it was through his intervention that the distinguished prisoner was relieved of his shackles and re-

ceived such creature comforts as were the means of preserving his life and reason. In his book published in 1866, he writes: "Before history takes up the pen to record her final judgment, the world will be willing to conclude that the man who was our most prominent foe was not utterly bad—had, in fact, great redeeming virtues—and that no movement so vast and eliciting such intense devotion on the part of its partisans as the late Southern rebellion could have grown up into such gigantic proportions without containing many elements of truth and good which it may profit future ages to study attentively."

THEY DARED NOT TRY HIM.

Mr. Davis was always anxious and willing to be brought to trial. In fact, the chief aim of his life while in prison was to preserve himself so as to be able to go before the Courts and to vindicate his own cause and that of his people before the whole world. When eventually an attempt was made to bring him to trial, no trained perjurer, could implicate him.

There were three charges brought against him. The first attempted was, "Complicity in the Assassination of President Lincoln." This failed. The next charge was, "Cruelty to prisoners." This, too, failed. The third charge was "Treason."

In this last charge the first grand jury of whites and blacks ever empanelled in this country found an indictment of treason against Jefferson Davis and R. E. Lee. Gen. Grant "squashed" the indictment against Gen. Lee by maintaining that his parole protected him. In the case of Mr. Davis the authorities at Washington and Chief Justice Chase himself decided that the charge of "treason" could not be maintained. Mr. Davis, still anxious for trial, was finally admitted to bail and was never afterwards brought before the Court.

In 1867, after having made an arrangement by which he was to have sixty days' notice whenever the United States Courts required his presence, he went to Europe to live. After a year's residence abroad, during which time he was offered an interview with Louis Napoleon, (an honor which he declined), he returned to Memphis to accept the presidency of a life insurance company in that city.

LIFE AT BEAUVOIR.

About this time he bought Beauvoir from his old friend, Mrs. Dorsey, and before he had fully paid for it she died, leaving him her sole legatee. From 1876–79 he devoted his life to the preparation of his classic defence of the South, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government."

He was seldom seen in public life during his latter days. He presided at the Lee memorial meeting in Richmond in November, 1870, and spoke at the Convention held at Montgomery White Sulphur Springs, Va., in August, 1874, to organize the Southern Historical Society. Again, he spoke at the unveiling of the monument to "Stonewall" Jackson in New Orleans, at the meeting of the Southern Historical Society in New Orleans, at the unveiling of the monument to Albert Sidney Johnston in New Orleans, and at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate Monument in Montgomery. Mr. Davis' health had always been uncertain and the sufferings and trials of his latter days would have completely overcome a man of less stubborn will or weaker character. His was a clear case of the power of the spiritual over the material. He was spared, however, to a ripe old age and was able to outlive envy, silence calumny and to advocate with his pen the people he so dearly loved.

This great work done, he was laid to rest, followed by the love and admiration of a nation who looked upon him as their great and noble "leader," a man who had preserved for them a stainless and honorable name.

He died disfanchised, denied the simplest political privileges of a man, but the principles for which he suffered defeat and clung to till death still live and are to-day strong in the hearts of all men who believe in and consider what constitutional liberty is. It has been an extremely interesting task to me to find out what the wise and good of our own times have said of this soldier of three wars, this statesman who wore the mantle that Calhoun laid down, and this brilliant member of a notoriously brilliant Cabinet of the United States.

HIGH PRAISE FROM A FOE.

In 1886, Mr. Benj. Williams, of Massachusetts, wrote in the Lowell Sun: "When Mr. Davis was a prisoner, subjected to the grossest indignities, his proud spirit remained unbroken and never since the subjugation of his people has he abated in the least his assertion of the cause for which they struggled. The seduction of power or interest may move lesser men; that matters not to him; the cause of the Confederacy as a fixed moral and constitutional principle, unaffected by the triumph of physical force, he asserts to-day as unequivocally as when he was seated in its executive chair at Richmond. Now, when we consider all this—what Mr. Davis has been and, most of all, what he is to-day, in the moral greatness of his position—can we wonder that his people turn aside from time-servers and self-seekers and from the common-place chaff of life and render to him that spontaneous and grateful homage which is his due? The Confederacy fell, but not until she had achieved immortal fame. Few great established nations in all time have ever exhibited capacity and direction in government equal to hers, sustained, as she was, by the iron will and fixed persistence of the extraordinary man who was her chief."

SENATOR DANIELS' EULOGY.

On January 25, 1890, in an address before the Virginia Legislature, Senator Daniels said of him: "No public man was ever subject to sterner ordeals of character or closer scrutiny of conduct. He was in the public gaze for nearly half a century. Proud, high-minded, sensitive, self-willed, but not self-centred; self-assertive for his cause, but never for his own advancement; aggressive and imperious as are nearly all men fit for leadership; with the sturdy virtues that command respect, but without the same diplomacies that conciliate hostility, he was one of those characters that naturally makes warm friends and bitter enemies; a veritable man, terribly in earnest, such as Carlyle loved to count among the heroes.

"I can recall no public man who, in the midst of such shifting and perplexing scenes of strife, maintained so firmly the constancy of his principles and who, despite the shower of darts that hurtled around his head, triumphed so completely over every dishonorable imputation.

"It was fortunate for the South, for America and for humanity, that at the head of the South in war was a true type of its honor, character and history; a man whose clear rectitude preserved every complication from impeachment of bad faith, a patriot whose love of law and liberty were paramount to all expediencies. * * * * A publicist whose intellectual power and attainments made him the peer of any statesman who has ever championed the rights of commonwealths in debate or stood at the helm when the ship of State encountered the tempest of civil commotion. * * * * Had a less sober-minded and less strong than he been in his place, the Confederacy would not only have gone down in material ruin; it would have been buried in disgrace."

AN APPEAL TO HISTORY.

History will do justice to the man, and it only remains for us who now stand at the end of his century to fully appreciate the grandeur and nobility of his character; to honor his unswerving devotion to principle and to venerate his dignity in adversity.

Then we will show ourselves able to discriminate between him who enjoys and him who deserves success, and will be true to our duty as lovers of all those virtues which make up the patriot and hero.

"The world does not to-day think less of Warren because he fell at Bunker Hill a red-handed colonial rebel, fighting the old flag of his sovereign even before his people became secessionists from the Crown; not because his yeomen were beaten in the battle.

"Oliver Cromwell is a proud name in English history, though the English Republic which he founded was almost as short-lived as the Confederacy and was soon buried under the re-established throne of the Stuarts. And we but forecast the judgment of years to come when we pronounce that Jefferson Davis was great and pure as a statesman, man and patriot."

The death of Dr. J. Edgar Chanceller, of Charlottesville, Va., prominently connected with the general hospital at that place during the greater part of the war, and with the University of Virginia afterwards, is announced. Comrade veterans acted as escort at the funeral.

BAKER'S CREEK AND CHAMPION HILL.

What Abe Buford's Brigade and Others Did There.

BY J. V. GREIF, PADUCAH, KY.

Brigadier General Abe Buford's Brigade, of Major General W. W. Loring's Division, was composed of the 3rd, 7th, and 8th Kentucky, 12th Louisiana, 9th Arkansas, 27th, 35th and 54th Alabama Regiments and Snodgrass' Alabama Battalion.

We had been on an unsuccessful chase, by rail, after Greison, who was making a raid, endways, through Mississippi. At Meridian, Miss., the Eighth, and six companies of the Third Kentucky Regiment, were mounted and sent after Greison on horseback. The four remaining companies of the Third Kentucky, under command of Major James Bowman, were ordered to Big Chunky to guard the railroad bridge and trestle works. We remained there several days, and were then ordered to Jackson, and from Jackson to Edwards depot, where we joined Buford's Brigade again, May 14th. The other two brigades of Loring's Division, Gen. Lloyd Tilghman, from Hankinson's Ferry, on Big Black River, and Gen. W. S. Featherstone, from Bovina, with a part of Buford's Brigade, had been confronting Grant's Army in its effort to environ Vicksburg; but, being too weak to more than retard its progress, had, with Generals Bowen's and Stevenson's Divisions, fallen back to Big Black River. On May 15th, in the afternoon, Gen. Pemberton, with the three Divisions, numbering 16,500 men, marched southeast to meet the enemy and to try to cut his communications with the Mississippi River.

Late in the day we bivouacked near the cross roads leading from the Clinton and Edwards depot to the Raymond and Edwards depot. The Thirty-fifth Alabama, of our Brigade, and Twenty-second Mississippi Regiment, of Tilghman's Brigade, were sent forward some two miles in front of Loring, where he (Loring) had established his headquarters. to picket the Raymond road. Nothing occurred to disturb the army during the night, but very early in the morning there was artillery and musketry firing on the advance pickets. A man of the Twenty-second Mississippi Regiment was wounded by a shell from the enemy. * * * Tilghman's Brigade passed our position and formed on a hill in our rear, as we supposed to obtain a better position, but it was counter-marched to Edwards depot. * * * Gen. Pemberton decided to place his army on the Raymond road to cut the enemy's communications, and to cut loose from Edwards depot—a fortified position—before commencing the counter-march.

Wirt Adams' Cavalry was required to check the advance of the enemy. Gen. Loring, who was on the Raymond road, informed Gen. Pemberton that the enemy was in such force and position that we could not successfully withdraw without offering battle, and that our line should be formed at once It was formed on Tilghman's Brigade, which was on the right of Loring's Division. The four companies of the Third Kentucky, less than 200 men, were thus between the lines, where we remained so long that we thought we were forgotten, but finally got orders to fall back and join our Brigade, which we found in an old field. In a few minutes, when skirmishers were sent forward, and the line was ordered to advance, believing we were going into the fight, we threw off our blankets—they may be there yet—and advanced about half a mile without meeting the enemy. There was no firing on our front, but to our left there was heavy skirmish firing. We stood in position for some time; the firing on the left grew in volume all the time, showing that the enemy was making his attack on our left and trying to cut us off from Edwards depot.

About 1 P.M. we were ordered to move by the left flank to the support of the left, where it was evident from the increased volume of firing that a heavy and determined attack was being made on Bowen and Stevenson. Our skirmishers, under command of Col. Dunlap, were ordered, as were we, to move by the left flank with the division. We double-quicked about two miles.

Buford's and Featherstone's Brigades only were moved to the support of the left, Tilghman's Brigade having been ordered to hold its position on the Raymond road and keep the road open to secure our retreat. We passed through a terrific artillery fire, where J. G. Brooks, of Company D., Third Kentucky, was pinned to the earth by the limb of a tree, cut off by a cannon ball, and was captured before he could extricate himself, but was recaptured after being a prisoner a half hour.

Gen. Bowen ordered the Thirty-fifth Alabama Regiment to the support of a battery, and to move straight forward until they should meet the enemy. At the same time Gen. Pemberton detached the Twelfth Louisiana to go to another part of the field. Featherstone's Brigade had been sent to the support of Stevenson, thus Buford had only a small part of his Brigade. He did not know that the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Twelfth Louisiana had been detached. The Thirty-fifth Alabama moved forward and met troops of Bowen's Division leaving the field. They had been supporting the battery, but their ammunition having been exhausted they were compelled to retire. The gunners had left their guns also. The enemy was nearly in possession of the battery when the Thirty-fifth Alabama, having been joined by our Brigade skirmishers, under Col. Dunlap, gave them a volley and charged, driving them back. The gunners returned to their guns and worked them effectively. This battery was taken and retaken two or three times after the Thirty-fifth Alabama came to its support.

What was left of Buford's Brigade moved forward over the field where Bowen had driven the enemy. The ground was covered with dead and wounded. Gen. Buford was ordered to attack across an open field with the enemy in an adjacent wood, and from which they opened with a withering fire. General Buford, seeing the hopelessness of a successful attack in the face of the deadly fire, moved up to a woods and reformed the remnant of his Brigade. Featherstone's Brigade formed on us, and as we were in the act of moving forward to attack the enemy, Gen. Loring received an order to fall back and cover the retreat of Bowen's and Stevenson's Divisions. These Divisions had made a gallant fight against superior numbers. Gen. Stevenson, with 6,000 men, estimated those opposed to him as 25,000 and Gen. Bowen was about as heavily outnumbered, yet they had not only held their ground, but had driven the enemy a considerable distance. When their ammunition was exhausted, the ordinance train having gone astray, there was no way to replenish their cartridge boxes except from the dead and wounded, which was done until that source had been exhausted also. We fell back and took position on a ridge near our hospital—a double log house, where we were joined by our skirmishers and the Thirty-fifth Alabama and Twelfth Louisiana Regiments.

We had been in our position to cover the retreat but a short time, when the enemy opened with artillery on our left rear. Then a section of Bledsoe's Missouri Battery was placed on the side of the ridge in the rear of our hospital, on our left, and we had a "beautiful" artillery duel. Soon the Federal battery limbered up and got out.

We held our position long enough to enable Stevenson and Bowen to reach the bridge on Baker's Creek, when we moved, our brigade closing up the rear. Gen. Buford had been informed that a regiment of infantry and a battery would follow us, but through some misunderstanding we were left uncovered, and the enemy came after us in a swarm, infantry and cavalry. We were marching in column, with flankers, and making a left turn around a point of woods, we were hidden from the view of the enemy. Gen. Buford here placed the Twelfth Louisiana in line, lying down, and as the enemy swept around the point of woods, in short range, these Louisianians raised up and gave them a volley which settled the matter, when they fell back out of range and did not trouble us again. Gen. Bowen was to hold the bridge, but the enemy had come against him in such force that he had to abandon it. After putting fifty rounds of cartridges in our haversacks from an abandoned ordinance wagon, we marched by the left flank up the hill into a cornfield, where we formed to cover the withdrawal of Tilghman's Brigade, when the enemy opened on us with sharpshooters from a two-story house. We supposed it was the "Champion House." Gen. Buford placed two guns of the Point Coupee Battery on our right, at short range, and shelled them out.

We were now in a close place; they had a horse-shoe around us reaching from the position held by Tilghman's Brigade on our right around to the bridge on Baker's Creek, and our only hope of escape was through the creek bottoms—between the heels of the horse-shoe. Dr. Williamson, who

had practiced medicine through that section, said he could pilot us to a ford four miles below. It was now dusk, and Tilghman's Brigade had retired from their position. They had made a gallant fight to hold the road, having withstood, with 1,500 men, the attack of 8,000.

It was here, at 1:30 o'clock P.M., that Gen. Tilghman was killed. Gen. Tilghman entered the Confederate service from Paducah, Ky., as Colonel of the Third Kentucky Regiment of Infantry. His first battle was in defense of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, where he sacrificed himself and 80 men to cover the retreat of the infantry to Fort Donelson, (on the Cumberland River).

Col. A. E. Reynolds, of the Twenty-sixth Mississippi Regiment, who succeeded to the command of the Brigade, paid this high tribute to his memory:

"As a man, a soldier, and a general, he had few superiors. Always at his post, he devoted himself, day and night, to the interests of his command. Upon the battle field collected and observant, he commanded the respect and entire confidence of every officer and soldier under him, and the only censure ever cast upon him was that he always exposed himself too recklessly. At the time he was struck down he was standing in the rear of a battery, directing a change in the elevation of one of the guns. The tears shed by his men on the occasion, and the grief felt by his entire Brigade, are the best tribute that can be given to the gallant dead."

We moved into the Raymond and Edwards Depot road, marched down the road a short distance toward the bridge, when we left the road and marched through a plantation. We marched twelve miles to reach that four mile ford, and when we got there we learned that the enemy were in such force between us and Edwards Depot, and also Baldwin's Ferry, that it was impracticable to cross. It was therefore determined to march east and try to reach Jackson, Miss. The night was very dark; the enemy having fired some buildings afforded us a light to march by. The roads were impracticable for artillery, so we crippled and abandoned our guns, but saved the horses and harness. We had not marched far until we struck a creek and were marching on a bank, looking out for a suitable place to cross by fording or bridging. Every step now was taking us nearer the enemy, and we were anxious to get over.

Ed. Moss, of Company "D," Third Kentucky, sang out: "Here is a foot-log." Stepping on the log(?) to cross, he plunged into the creek. The bank was a bluff, the light from the burning buildings cast the shadow of a large tree across the creek, and Moss mistook the shadow for a log. A little further down we carried logs and brush and filled up the creek, making a bridge on which we crossed. We soon got into a road and marched on until nearly day, when word was passed down the column to halt and rest one hour. We were completely broken down, having been on the move all day and all night without having eaten anything since noon of the 15th. We soon dropped into the most convenient places and slept. I sat on a stump and, using my gun for a rest, laid my head on my arm and slept soundly. When we were called it was daylight and I found that I was sitting on the sharp end of a number of splinters. Ed. Moss and P. H. Byrd sat, as they thought, on a log; when awakened they were sitting on a dead horse. We were on the Raymond battle field, fought on the 12th, by Gregg's Brigade against Logan's Command. We moved on, marching all day with frequent but short rests, and late at night of the 17th bivouacked near Crystal Springs, having marched forty-six miles.

Our Commissary had secured during the day some supplies in the country—corn meal and beef cattle. The cattle had to be butchered, and I was detailed from my company to do it. About 12 oclock at night we drew our rations. We had no cooking utensils, but broiled our beef on the coals, and baked our bread on pieces of bark. We remained in camp until 10 o'clock A.M. of the 18th, and then marched to Pearl River, which we ferried that night, and in the afternoon of the 19th reached Jackson.

In our retreat we had marched around the Federal army, being sixty hours without rations. We passed so near the enemy on the night of the 16th that we could hear them talking.

It was said that as we were approaching a road which crossed the one on which we were marching, Gen. Loring, learned that the enemy had a strong picket post at the cross roads, dressed a courier in a Yankee uniform and sent him around to come up the road and order the picket withdrawn. They must have obeyed the order promptly, as we had a clear road.

While our men were hardly able to keep up from starvation and fatigue, there was no grumbling or straggling. Some few men who were unable to keep up dropped out and made their way the best they could, getting into Jackson two or three days after the command.

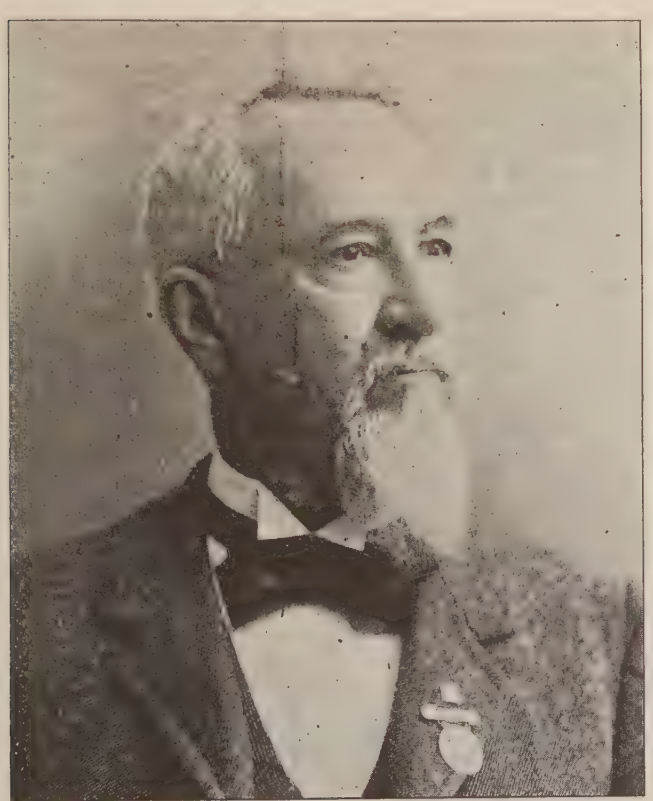
We were permitted to rest a few days at Jackson, to refit with cooking utensils and some much needed clothing; then we marched to Canton

General Pemberton marched from Edwards Depot with 16,500 men. On the order to counter-march Reynolds' Brigade, 1,500 men of Stevenson's Division were sent as a guard with the trains, and were not in the battle. Of Tilghman's Brigade, of 1,500 men were left on the extreme right to hold the Raymond and Edwards Depot road, and were not available in the fight; of Buford's Brigade, 1,000 men did not fire a gun—4,000 men that were not engaged, leaving Pemberton's force 12,500 men to engage two corps, the Thirteenth and Seventeenth, of the enemy.

The official reports show the losses at Baker's Creek to be: Confederate—Missing, 2,103; killed and wounded, 968. Federal—Missing, 189; killed and wounded, 2,268. It will be seen that the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was more than double ours—fifty eight per cent.

COMMANDER N. C. DIVISION U. C. V.

Major General William L. DeRosset, commanding the North Carolina Division of United Confederate Veterans, is of Huguenot extraction and was born in Wilmington, N. C., in 1832. He was educated at St. James College, near Hagerstown, Md., and at Chapel Hill, the University of his own State. He went from the Chapel Hill College to Massachusetts as an apprentice and worked in the Lawrence Machine Shops. That climate was unsuited to him, however, and he returned home, when he was employed in the house of DeRosset & Brown, and in their branch house in New York, of which houses he afterwards became a partner, continuing as such until 1877, except when absent in the Confederate Army. He then went into the employ of the Navassa Guano Company of Wilmington, where he continues its Secretary and Treasurer.



GEN. WILLIAM L. DeROSSET.

In 1855, Comrade DeRosset was made Lieutenant, and in 1856, Captain of the Wilmington Light Infantry. This organization was maintained and he took his company into the Confederate service April 15, 1861. His company served first at Fort Caswell, but a little later he was ordered to Confederate Point, where a two-gun battery had been constructed, and the first guns of the famous Fort Fisher were then mounted. All but three or four of this fine company were commissioned within six months as officers in the State or Confederate service.

In May, '61, Capt. DeRosset was appointed by the Governor Major of the Third North Carolina Infantry, one of the ten regiments raised by the State and enlisted for the war.

He was again promoted, first upon the transfer of the Lieutenant Colonel to one of the volunteer regiments, as Colonel, and again by the death, at Malvern Hill, of Col. Gaston Meares, July 1, 1862. Previous to the battle of Sharpsburg, where he was disabled, he was in all the battles participated in by his regiment. In this action the regiment lost 330 out of 520 men, including 23 of 27 officers, of whom 7 were killed or died in a few days of their wounds. His injuries permanently disabled him, and he was obliged to resign his commission. In January, 1865, he was appointed Colonel of the Invalid Corps, P. A. C. S., and surrendered with Johnston's Army near Greensboro.

General DeRosset was elected by the North Carolina Division, U. C. V., to succeed the lamented Gen. E. D. Hall, and re-elected during the Richmond Reunion to serve another year. He took charge of the Division in August, 1895, then numbering 16 Camps, and now there are 30, with several others in course of organization, and it is under good discipline.

BATTLE OF IUKA.

C. W. Dudley, editor of the Iuka, Miss., Vidette, has published a booklet with a map of the battlefield at Iuka, fought Sept. 19, 1862, in which Brigadier General Henry W. Little, commanding a division, was killed.

The story is told in sixteen pages, giving the attendent circumstances causing the battle to be fought. Mr. Dudley has taken much pains in his sketch.

GEN. HENRY W. LITTLE.

Gen. Little had reached the field at 5 p.m., and after a conference with Gen. Price, it was agreed to do quickly what they did at all. Price and Little were mounted, and the former had just finished speaking to Little when a minie ball pierced his head. Col. Celsus Price, son of the General, dismounted and eased the form of Little to the ground. Price called him "the brave Marylander," and he was known as "right arm" to the eminent Missourian.

The losses in the battle are as follows: Confederate—killed, 63; wounded, 305; missing, 40. The Federal—killed, 144; wounded, 598; missing, 40.

The 36th, 37th, 38th, and 40th Mississippi, the 3rd Texas, 3rd Louisiana, and 37th Alabama Regiments, and the 1st Texas Legion were of the Confederates engaged in the battle.

CAMPAIGNING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Tom Hall, Louisville, Ky.: One of the toughest sieges that any squad of skirmishers went through in the entire Civil War was that during the winter of '62 and '63, along Deer Creek Pass in Mississippi. The work was against the Federal gunboats, and the Confederates were compelled to remain in water from shoe to knee deep all of Christmas week, and for about two weeks on either side of it. One of the greatest vicissitudes was in finding room enough to lie down at night without being in water, and another was in getting food of any kind. For over five weeks the writer was on this skirmish line, and during most of this time subsisted on corn that was toasted on the cob as best it could be done at a fire surrounded entirely by water. It was very trying, and at times the soldier felt as if he would like for a friendly minie ball to stray along and take the top of his head off.

One sunny Sunday I remember well, when private Swazey came hurrying down the levee that we were lying behind watching for a Yankee head to pop up on a big gunboat, and, short of breath, exclaimed: "Say, boys, come go with me quick. There is a bear in that clump of trees; I saw it go in just now." The clump of trees he referred to was surrounded by water, and was the only land visible except the levee that we were on, but the water through which it was necessary to pass to reach it was not over waist deep, and four of us hurriedly went with Swazey. We soon reached the highland island and then deployed so we could close in on bruin and be sure not to miss him. Slowly each of us crept into the thicket, and for a time all were sure that poor Swazey was mistaken in his vision, and finally we were about to give up in dispair, for by that time we had all hoped to get some kind of fresh meat, bear or no bear. While we were "guying" him on the subject, and at a moment when I was about to rise to resume my way back to my post of duty, my eye caught sight of a very small bear sure enough, then, quicker than a twinkle, my old trusted Enfield resounded the glad tidings to my comrades that bruin was ours. We quickly cut its throat, and in less than ten minutes had it swinging from a limb, skinning it. The animal was very poor, for, like ourselves, it had had nothing to eat for many days. We were not to be bluffed at its condition, however, for as soon as it was skinned and quartered we were on our way back to line, anticipating what a good time we would soon have eating it. We had no way to cook it, however, and in order to eat it at all, we were compelled to cut in small slices and dry it over the fire. We man aged to save a canteen of grease each, even as it was but had an awful job in doing it. These canteens of grease every man saved until after we were recalled to our regimental quarters, Jan. 6, 1863, at Snyder's Bluff, a few miles back of Vicksburg, on the Yazoo River. We carried them to Fort Pemberton, and from there to Chickasaw Bayou, where we went through a regular six day skirmish battle, and it was after this that we went into camp on Snyder's Bluff, where at last we got to mix our bear grease with meal and eat it. The battle of Chickasaw Bayou was one of the hardest prolonged engagements of the war, and while our forces were on duty in water all the time, the Yankees got fresh men from off their transports every day, and all but their skirmishers were on board their boats at night. It was a terrible ordeal for us, and our men were carried out of the bog sick, in long lines, every day, until our force was reduced to 284 sound soldiers—your correspondent was one of them—and was one of nine only in his regiment to answer roll call ready for duty on January 7th, 1863.

One thing that benefited the sharpshooters along Deer Creek Pass, however, was the target practice we got in shooting the sights off the big guns on the gunboats. Every sunny day we could see the brass shine a mile off, and whenever we were sure one could be "tripped" the crack of an Enfield would ring merrily over the water, and away would fly a valuable piece of Yankee property. Once in a while the top of a man's head would rise above the bulkhead and a body shot would be received by an unfortunate Yank that chanced to show up above what we called the "dead" line. Whenever we killed a man, the gunboats would line up and shell the surrounding territory, sometimes for an hour before ceasing; and while this was going on, we skirmishers would simply lie down behind the levee and often go to sleep under the music of the big Yankee guns. To have them waste all their valuable ammunition was "nuts" for us. In the entire five weeks that our squad was fighting gunboats only three of us were hurt, and they were caught by a big limb that a Yankee shell knocked off a tree.

The Franklin (Tenn.) Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, No. 14, was organized October 28, 1895, with the following officers:

Mrs. George Cowan, President; Mrs. Louisa Perkins, Mrs. Ninnie Cliffe, Mrs. Lizzie Synan, Vice Presidents; Mrs. Martha J. Gentry, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mariene Richardson, Treasurer; Miss Susie Gentry, Recording Secretary, and eight charter members. There are now twenty-two members in the Chapter.

Miss Susie Gentry, one of the two ladies appointed for Battle Abbey work in Williamson County, gave the first entertainment in the State for this fund on the evening of March 13, 1896, from which she realized $21.00. Miss Gentry and Mrs. Louisa Perkins, the other lady on this committee, have collected with the assistance of the Chapter at least one hundred dollars for this Confederate Memorial.

There have been some interesting papers read before the Chapter and many instructive reminiscences told.

Rufus F. Dunn, Reform, Ala.: I desire to learn the address of any relatives of Capt. Rufus F. Dunn, of the Third Regiment of Texas Cavalry, Ross' Brigade. He was an attorney in Athens, Texas, before the war and died soon after it closed. He had two brothers and a sister, all of whom are dead, and, as I am informed, left no children. Capt. Dunn was my father and I have not been able to learn anything of my relatives.

TRIBUTE TO MONTGOMERY LADIES.

J. W. Simmons, now of Mexia, Texas, but who served in Company E, Twenty-seventh Mississippi Regiment, Walthall's Brigade:

I see in the August VETERAN a very complimentary sketch of Mrs. B. S. Bibb and those worthy lady assistants who so nobly conducted the Ladies' Hospital in Montgomery, Ala., from '61 to '65.

I am a glad witness to its truthfulness. There could not have been, in all the bounds of the Confederacy, a more devoted association of ladies than that of Mrs. Bibb and her co laborers. The day was never too hot nor the night too long for them to remain by the bedside of sick soldiers whenever necessary.

When Pensacola was evacuated and the troops transferred to Tennessee, it was my lot to be sent as attendant with the sick of my Regiment to that Ladies' Hospital. A great many were sick, and the hospital was crowded to its utmost capacity, with but very few attendants, so I saw those ladies under the true test of womanhood, and they stood it nobly. They knew nothing of our coming until several hundred of us were driven up to the door, and there, for my first time, I saw beautiful and stylishly dressed ladies lifting and working with dirty and ragged soldiers as if they were their own brothers. These lady nurses were the more appreciated by the soldier boys, as we had been away down on the coast of Florida and had not seen a lady in eight months.

In my special charge was a sixteen-year-old youth from my own company, Hiley Dismuke, who was very low with typhoid fever, having been unconscious for several days. Mrs. Bibb became very much attached to this boy, I presume on account of his youth and feminine appearance, and asked me who he was. I told her of his devoted mother and loving sisters in the far off Mississippi Valley, surrounded by wealth, but that they could do him no good in his immediate need. She ordered her family carriage and we carried him to her own splendid residence where she, in addition to her hospital duties, with the aid of her household servants, nursed this gallant youth back to health.

When he had sufficiently recovered, she procured for him a sixty days' furlough, and he went home, but rejoined his Company when his furlough was out. This gallant soldier boy followed Bragg through that memorable Kentucky campaign; was in the battle of Perryville; helped drive the "Yanks" through the cedar brakes at Murfreesboro; faced the leaden hail for two days at Chickamauga; helped crowd the Federal Army into Chattanooga; was in the "Battle of the Clouds" on the point of Lookout Mountain; was forced off of Missionary Ridge by Yankee bayonets; and was at last killed in the breastworks at Resaca, by the explosion of a bomb-shell.

Dismuke had a chum named Tom Hill. The two had been school-mates at home and were about the same age and size. They always messed, drilled, and fought together, and were so much together that the men of the company called them "the two kittens."

At the time Dismuke was killed, the small arms were not engaged, although the artillery was very heavy. One explosion had killed six men in the next Company, another killed Dismuke. Hill was by his side at the time, and seeing that his chum was dead, he laid his head on his arm by the side of his mate—and the very next shell struck him in the head. Thus they fell side by side, and thus we left them, as it was instant death to attempt to remove them. Our army evacuated that position soon after dark, and we left the "two kittens" as they had fallen, to be buried as the enemy saw proper.

MAJOR JOHN CUSSONS.

Conspicuous generally at reunions is the above named comrade. He was promoted from private in the Fourth Alabama Regiment, and commissioned as A. D. C., on the staff of Gen. E. M. Law.

Mrs. A. M. Raines, President United Daughters of the Confederacy, reports the organization at San Francisco, Cal., of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, No. 79, of which Mrs. Wm. Pritchard, daughter of Gen. A. S. Johnston, is President. Inquiry has also been received from Westchester County, New York, about forming a chapter.

The growth of this organization is very encouraging and speaks well for the zeal of its able and efficient officers. These inquiries from remote sections show that our women are ever loyal to the beloved Cause and are eager to perpetuate the memories of the heroic struggle made by those who wore the Gray.

COMPANY B, NASHVILLE CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

1, Capt. Sam Mays; 2, Lieut. M. S. Cockrill; 3, Wm. D. Aimison; 4, R. L. Morris; 5, M. M. Brown; 6, T. J. Jones; 7, W. D. Barnes; 8, J. D. Tolbert, Ensign; 9, Mike Martin; 10, J. O. Allen; 11, W. H. Moody; 12, J. J. Andrews; 13, B. W. Pelway; 14, Dr. I. C. Loftin; 15, W. J. Potter; 16, Geo. Reddick; 17, J. B. Powell; 18, J. Y. Gill; 19, Dr. N. Gooch; 20, P. M. Griffin; 21, J. W. McConnell; 22, A. Allen; 23, Robert Cheatham; 24, J. B. Weaver; 25, S. J. Caldwell; 26, Alex Speier; 27, S. J. Williams; 28, J. B. Smith; 29, M. M. Barnes; 30, W. W. Randolph; 31, J. J. Clark; 32, J. A. McGonigal; 33, H. T. Smith; 34, R. T. Towns; 35, George Holmes; 36, W. Wills; 37, A. Setliff; 38, Bart Hughes. DRUM CORPS—SONS OF VETERANS.—39, Willie Setliff; 40, Geo. Greer; 41, James Simms; 42, Wm. Green; 43, John Wills; 44, Walter Griffin; 45, Earnest Collins.

THE PHANTOM HOST.

P. D. HAY, Marion Artillery, S. C. Volunteers

My form was wrapped in the slumber
That steals from the heart its cares,
For my very life was weary
With its barren waste of years;
But my soul, with rapid pinions,
Fled fast to the light that beams
From a phantom sun and planets,
For the dreamer in his dreams.

I stood in a wondrous woodland,
Where the sunlight nestled sweet
In the cups of snowy lilies
Which grew about my feet;
And while the for st arches
Stirred gently with the air,
The lilies underneath them
Swung their censers, pale in prayer.

I stood, amazed and wondering
And a grand memoriam strain
Came sweeping through the forest
And died, then rose again;
It swelled in solemn measure
'Till my soul, with comfort blest,
Sank down among the lilies,
With folded wings to rest.

Then to that mystic music,
Through the forest's twilight aisle,
Passed a Host with muffled footsteps,
In martial rank and file;
And I knew those grey-clad figures,
Thus slowly passing by,
Were the souls of Southern soldiers
Who for freedom dared to die.

In front rode Sidney Johnston,
With a brow no longer wrung
By the vile and senseless slanders
Of a prurient rabble tongue;
And near him *mighty* Jackson,
With placid front, as one
Whose warfare was accomplished,
Whose crown of glory won.

There Hill, too, pure and noble,
Passed in that spirit train,
For he joined the martyred army
From the South's last battle plain
Then, next in order, followed
The warrior priest, great Polk,
With joy to meet his master,
For he had nobly borne his yoke.

There Stuart, the bold and daring,
With matchless Pelham rode,
With earnest, chastened faces-
They were looking up to God;
And Jenkins, glorious Jenkins,
With his patient, fearless eyes,
And the brave, devoted Garnett,
Journeyed on to Paradise.

Before a shadowy squadron
Rode Morgan, keen and strong,
And I knew by his tranquil forehead
He'd forgotten every wrong;
There peerless Pegram, marching
With a dauntless, martial tread,
And I breathed a sigh for the hero
The young, the early dead.

'Mid spectral Black Horse troopers,
Passed Ashby's stalwart form,
With that proud, defiant bearing
Which so spurned the battle storm;
But his glance was mild and tender,
For in that phantom host
It dwelt with lingering fondness
On the brother he had lost.

There strode the brave Malony,
Kind, genial Adjutant;
And next him walked the truthful,
The lion-hearted Gaunt.
* * * * * *

There, to that mystic music,
Passed triad of the brave—
Hayne, Taylor, Alfred Pinckney—
All had found a soldier's grave;
They were young and gentle spirits,
But they quaffed the bitter cup,
For their country's flag was falling,
And they fell to lift it up.

Aye, there passed, in countless thousands,
In that mighty Phantom Host,
True hearts and noble patriots,
Whose names on earth are lost;
There the missing found their places—
Those who vanished from our gaze,
Like brilliant, flashing meteors,
And were lost in Glory's blaze.

Yes, they passed that noble army—
They passed to meet their Lord,
And a voice within me whispered,
They but march to their reward.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

INTERIOR OF GIERS' ART GALLERY, NASHVILLE.

The genial and popular Otto B. Giers, photographer, of Nashville, has a reputation of which he may well be proud.

His father, Mr. C. C. Giers, established a gallery here during the war, and continued until his death in May, '77.

The junior Giers begun business at the old stand of his father with Thuss Brothers and Koellein in 1883, and in 1892 he succeeded the firm. His gallery is now 415½ Church St.

Mr. Giers is proud of his bronze medal awarded by the National Photographer's Association of America. He was one of four in the class for which there was largest competition

Mr. R. Holding, Columbia, Tenn.: I remember, during the war, of reading about the reception of Gen. John H. Morgan by the Virginia Legislature. I have been very anxious to read it again. The address delivered by the speaker I thought one of the best I ever read. Please try to get and publish it in the VETERAN.

Rev. J. C. Blanton, of Nettleton, Miss., would like to ascertain the names of four Confederate soldiers buried in the Union Cemetery near that place, about ten miles south of Tupelo. It is thought that they were Missourians and belonged to the command of the "Lion-hearted" Bob McCulloch. They will erect a monument to these soldiers.

DARING DEEDS OF STAFF AND ESCORT.

Capt. B. L. Ridley, Murfreesboro, Tenn.:

Florence Depot, near Mufreesboro, Tenn., is the home of Major Chas. W. Anderson, an interesting character and who was a faithful Aide on the staff of the great "Wizard of the Saddle," Nathan B. Forrest. In times of peace you will find him, like Cincinnatus, following his plow, and, like Falstaff, taking his ease in his inn, but in time of war he was the faithful Lieutenant who moved and acted with his great Captain.

On a recent visit to Maj. Anderson, after mention that "Tennessee had two lieutenant generals in the Confederacy—yours of the Infantry and mine of the Cavalry"—he said: "Tell me of the most impetuous dash that you can recall of your staff and escort in battle?"

MAJ. R. A. HATCHER.

My mind readily reverted to the final scene when we routed the enemy at Chickamauga, thirty-three years ago. On Sunday, September 20, 1863, Stewart's Division occupied the right of the left wing commanded by Gen. Longstreet. A staff officer informed Gen. Stewart that the whole of the left would attack exactly at five o'clock. The Federals in our front were covered by log breastworks; and, although we had been fighting desperately Friday and Saturday and until then, the old division, with Gens. Bate, Brown and Clayton in conjunction with our detached Gen. Bushrod Johnson commanding a division, responded as precipitately as if just entering the fray. They leaped the barricades, broke the Federal lines into confusion and soon got them muddled. Stewart's staff and escort, animated and flushed with the excitement of the dawning victory, led by Maj. R. A. Hatcher, Adjt. General, the brigade staffs joining in, dashed into the Fourth Brigade of regulars, cut them half in two apparently, and in this way we were instrumental in capturing four or five hundred prisoners.

In the excitement a Federal officer shot at Lieut. Terry Cahal, but the pommel of his saddle bow caught it and saved him, and in the twinkling of an eye one of the escort brought his adversary down. Oh! the scene was of thrilling animation, impetuosity, and dash! Gen. Stewart had ordered Maj. J. W. Eldridge to bring up the reserved Eufaula Battery. I can hear Eldridge's stentorian voice now: "Bring up the Eufaula Battery! forward! double quick! march!" Here she came a tumbling and Darden's, in conjunction with Humphrey's and Dawson's Batteries, already in action, administered with effect farewell shots to a badly defeated foe. It was a vividly memorable occasion. The sun of Chickamauga was setting gloriously; the sable curtain of night was rolling down; "Hallelujah! 'tis done!" permeated the hearts of Bragg's Army, when that old Rebel yell seemed really to shake the earth, peal over the hill tops, ring through the gorges, and hasten the footsteps of Rosecran's stampeded army. Then began the concentration of Generals at our point, and when hand shaking and congratulations were the order of the day. Gens. Longstreet, Stewart, McLaws, Buckner, Bushrod Johnson, Bate, Clayton, Brown, and others were present. I felt like thanking God- I did thank Him, not only for the glorious victory, but that I was spared the storm of shot and shell through the long, bloody battle.

Maj. Anderson, in rejoinder, after a moment's reflection, said: "I witnessed a most blood curdling venture at Paducah, Ky., in March, 1864. We had Bell's and Buford's Brigades of Cavalry with us and had determined to try and take the city, let the boys get some good clothes and get back, knowing that we could not hold it. By Gen. Forrest's order, a few of the staff took nineteen of the escort and dashed through the city to the wharf. Two gunboats were there, the 'Peosta' and the 'Paw Paw.' The 'Peosta' steamed down to get in range of our command, but the 'Paw Paw' opened on our squad with shot and shell. We took shelter behind and in the houses and peppered her deck, and penetrated her portholes until she set sail and steamed away, allowing us to burn ninety bales of cotton. While some of our men were engaged in destroying the cotton, the first thing we knew of being nearly cut off was a peremptory order from Gen. Forrest to 'Get out of there!' The Federals were coming in different directions and scattered our squad. One of the staff was cut off entirely and, on entering a street, his only hope was to charge two cavalrymen. Like Richard, he had set his life upon a cast and concluded that he would stand the hazard of the die. He did so, and, when at close quarters, one Sir Knight dropped from his horse, severely wounded. A hand to hand encounter followed with the other, who at last broke and ran. The officer followed at his heels and threw at him one empty pistol. Thinking the fire exhausted, the Yankee sud-

denly wheeled on the Rebel, who then fired the two reserved cartridges from his other navy, but with no apparent effect. The Yankee also emptied his pistol at the officer. They then drew sabers; the tug of war had fairly come, swords gleamed in the sunlight and, like trained gladiators, the death struggle between them began. The Yankee must have been a skilled swordsman; the Rebel was not, but somehow parried his blows, struck him in the side of the neck, dropped him in the middle of the street and got away."

After detailing this thrilling encounter, Maj. Anderson grew eloquent over the many hair-breadth escapes and startling adventures of Gen. Forrest, who is believed to have been the greatest cavalry commander the world has ever known; he had the dash of a Murat, the determination of a Combronne. He recurred to the scene the day after the Chickamauga battle, when Forrest fought his way to Missionary Ridge, climbed a tree and saw Chattanooga blocked with retreating soldiers, the streets impacted with wheels, the pontoon bridge broken, and everything a tumultuary mass. He directed his Adjutant to dispatch Gen. Bragg to let him go into Chattanooga, that "every hour lost was the loss of a thousand men." The army, however, was allowed to lay in torpor which was depressing. Had Forrest been permitted to make the dash Bragg's Army would doubtless have captured or annihilated the Army of the Cumberland.

LIEUT. TERRY CAHAL.

Gen. S. G. French writes of Lieutenant T. H. Cahal: He was a member of Lieut.-Gen'l Stewart's Staff, and was noted for his gallant conduct on all occasions He went with me to Allatoona. During the assault, where the main fortifications west of the railroad were captured, he and Captain E. T. Freeman rode up the mountain side and charged into the midst of the enemy, cutting right and left, and brought out a Federal officer prisoner, and, as their captive was wounded they carried him to a surgeon to have his wounds dressed. Cahal, like Freeman, was ever ready for a fight, and found recreation in the excitement of a bout with the enemy.

Chancellor N. Green, of the Cumberland University, writing from Lebanon, Tenn., September 16, states: Terry Cahal graduated here in the law school in 1867, in a class with Judge Lurton, Judge McFarland, of Memphis, Judge R. P. McClain, of Lebanon, Hon. Henry McCorry, Claib. Maury, and a number of other splendid fellows.

I think every man in the class had been a soldier. He was a good student, stood high with teachers and members of the class. He was ambitious without being selfish, and had he lived would have stood among the best of his profession. He disdained a mean thing, and, indeed, was the soul of honor.

He was best of all, an ardent christian. This was well. How soon, even in the prime of his promising life, death, which so often leaves a shining mark, ended his mortal career.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

It was so strange that no name was given to the Confederate who had so thrilling an experience in the street at Paducah, an investigation was made and it turned out that Major Anderson was himself the man. He made confession in the following:

"I cannot give names of the cavalrymen I fought in the streets of Paducah, for the only compliments passed on the occasion were with pistols and sabers, and for the time it lasted, it was hot sharp work. I went into the Fort next morning with a 'flag of truce,' and was asked by a soldier from the parapets: 'Aint you the man that fought two of our men in the streets yesterday?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' said he, 'are all Forrest's men like you?' 'No, they are not,' I replied, 'for I am about the poorest in the deck, otherwise there would have been two less in this Fort at roll call last night.' He then said he was one of the men and answered at roll call, but that his comrade died soon after reaching the Fort. He expressed some surprise that out of all their shots none of them had touched me. I could have gratified him (but did not), by showing him four bullet holes in my coat.

Bolivar, Tenn., Comrades have awakened to the importance of organization. Early after the war they erected a beautiful monument in the Court House yard, but they have not been active in recent organizations. Now, however, they have organized a camp. Had a reunion recently at which there were present about 3,500 persons. Rev. C. C. McDaniel, Commander, was master of ceremonies. Addresses were delivered by Gens. W. B. Bate and G. W. Gordon, W. H. Jackson, and others. Gen. R. P. Neeley, the most venerable patriot of that section, was a pleased participant. Good music and a fine barbecue were important features of the entertainment.

The death of Captain Joseph Hawkins at the age of seventy-six years is announced. He was the last survivor known of the Third Regiment United States Cavalry under its organization when the Cherokee Indians were removed from Georgia to the Cherokee nation. He served four years in the Confederate Army. Was a member of the Baptist Church for half a century.

WHO IS "COMMANDER" J. C. BRAIN?

So much importance is attached to the subject the following from Sherman, Texas, is printed:

There was traveling through Texas last spring and early summer a smooth-tongued, bold-faced man, who made it a point to look up the officers of the camps at the places he visited—introduced himself as Commander John C. Brain, late of the Confederate States Navy. He claimed to have been commissioned by the Secretary of the Navy on account of capturing a vessel in the vicinity of New York Harbor, that he had captured three important vessels—the Chesapeake, the Roanoke, and the St. Mary's—together with other wonderful and thrilling exploits on sea and land, also to be the last prisoner of war. He said he was lecturing for the benefit of the Jefferson Davis Monument and that his home was in Mobile, Ala. Said Brain was lame, had a long and prominent scar in his left forehead, and stated it was caused by a rifle shot received in front of Richmond, Va., in 1865.

This battle-scarred Veteran (?) excited the sympathy of Confederates and was treated with due courtesy wherever he went.

In some places his lecture proposition was not encouraged and he passed on to other towns.

It has been learned that no proceeds have ever reached the Association fund. He appealed to members of camps to introduce him at banks that he might draw some money to defray his expenses, always with a logical story and giving the banker explicit directions on what bank and date to send draft. His appearance, his intelligent way of expressing himself, his information in regard to naval affairs, his apparent honesty and his scars induced comrades in several cities to introduce him, and he drew for considerable sums and disappeared, getting the cash in advance. His drafts were all returned unpaid. He has not lived in Mobile for years, nor was he ever a regular officer in the Confederate States Navy. He has been in Arkansas imposing upon camps and individuals.

One of Brain's letters, type written, with letter headed "*Commander John C. Brain*," lecturing for benefit of Jefferson Davis Monument Association, comes from Dallas, Texas. The address is to "Dear Comrade," who invites him and his Camp to attend in a body. He notes in a postscript that he was "the last prisoner of war."

Gen. R. G. Shaver, Commander U. C. V. Division for Arkansas, has had various letters of warning from Texas, in the hope that comrades in that State may not be imposed upon by him. Gen. Shaver calls attention to Brain's war record, which shows that the only official position John C. Brain held was acting Mate, and that appointment was only for a specific purpose, and that he violated his orders and thereby embroiled the Confederacy in a difficulty with Spain by violating our neutrality laws with that government in the face of positive orders of the Confederate Consul at Havana. In correspondence between the said Consul and the Confederate Government in relation to the matter, Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of State, denounces Brain for his acts in the premises, and charges him with the offence of willful mendacity.

Another letter states that an old, scarred "Confederate Veteran" went to Austin, Texas, and advertised for young ladies to accompany him on a tour through the States, to sing at his lectures. He claimed to represent the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. One lady worked for weeks for the success of the entertainment, but it rained for days so he failed entirely, and left the city heavily in debt, and he has never given any evidence of regret.

This man Braine wrote the VETERAN several times asking for copies and subscription blanks, and, according to the rule of the office, a package was sent on the presumption that he was what he represented himself to be.

In this connection, we add that a Mrs. Rosa Gardner, formerly of Montgomery, Ala., and afterwards of Atlanta, Ga., but who has been in Texas some two years since the VETERAN was established, also had authority to collect subscriptions, but she has failed to report.

Another correspondent, from Franklin, Tenn., writes of the work of the Daughters in Williamson County, stating that Miss Susie Gentry and Mrs. Thos. F. Perkins for Williamson County, were each provided with a book to secure subscriptions for the CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL or the "Battle Abbey." Miss Gentry secured about forty dollars, and was also instrumental in giving a very enjoyable concert, from which quite a nice sum was realized. Mrs. Perkins enrolled upon her book forty-seven names, for one dollar each. Then the Confederate Veterans assisted by the Daughters of the Confederacy, and the generous contributions of citizens at a dinner, furnished $40.70 which was enrolled upon Mrs. Perkins' book, entitling members to life certificates in the "Battle Abbey." Other certificates were given to Confederate Veterans who were not able otherwise to obtain an interest in that enterprise. Making $87.70 reported through Mrs. Perkins to Secretary Jno. P. Hickman.

The Maury County Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy, No. 42, was formed in Columbia in March last, with Mrs. F. A. Shoup as President and Mrs. W. B. Dobbins, Secretary. The Vice Presidents are Miss Eliza Polk, Mrs. Amanda Galloway, Mrs. F. C. Dunnington, and Mrs. W. M. Voorhies. Mrs. Robt. L. Granberry is Treasurer.

On Memorial Day, May 1st, they gave an entertainment for the "Battle Abbey" fund from which $200.00 was realized, and in addition to this they have collected $100.00 for this fund.

They have assisted also in various ways toward raising money for the Sam Davis Monument [The largest amount yet received was $115 through Mrs. E. H. Hatcher] and contributed funds for the relief of two disabled veterans.

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A. J. Allen, 928 Woodland St. Telephone Barnes, Woodland and Tenth.

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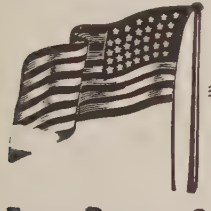

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SUCCESS OF A COMRADE,

Dr. J. G. Deupree, recently elected by the Board of Trustees, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Mississippi, is a native of Mississippi, of French Huguenot lineage. At the age of eighteen he entered the Confederate service in '61, and remained faithfully with his command, the First Mississippi Cavalry, under Colonel R. A. Pinson. He participated in many battles; was in the gallant charge made by his regiment when at the battle of Shiloh they captured a battery of six splendid "Napoleons," and was with Van Dorn during his briiliant career as commander of cavalry. He was in the front four that rode into Holly Springs on the morning of Dec. 20, 1862, when 1,500 Confederate cavalry captured more than 1,500 Federal infantry, and destroyed immense army supplies, compelling the retreat of Grant's Army. He was with the dismounted cavalry in the trenches during Johnston's memorable retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, and with "Red" Jackson and Forrest in Hood's advance and retreat, and was with his command in their last stubborn fight at Selma, after Lee's surrender.

Since the war Mr. Deupree has devoted himself to teaching, having been educated before the war at Howard College, Alabama. By close application he has since won the degree of A. M., and LL. D. Perhaps no teacher in Mississippi has a more honorable and successful career. He is regarded as the Nestor of Mississippi educators.

FOR FREE KINDERGARTEN.

That which promises to be one of the most unique entertainments ever given for charity in the South is now being arranged for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten of Nashville. The ingenuity of Mrs. L. H. McHenry, co-operated with by her daughters in this crucial financial period to secure necessary funds to maintain this most worthy institution, created the idea of making an exhibit of photographs of attractive children and children of distinguished parentage. Before consulting with other members of the Association, it was decided to write a few letters as a test. Joseph Jefferson sent photographs of himself and grandchild, with a characteristic note. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's pictures and Dorothy Drew were received with autograph of the "grand old man," and others coming promptly seemed to assure the success of such an enterprise. The response from Li Hung Chang has this autograph.

Accordingly, the work of an entertainment is now being systematized and various committees are being appointed to take charge of the different departments. Children of eminent artists, musicians—all the professions and of prominent people generally are to be represented. Already many requisite contributions have been received. Pictures of all the Presidents of the United States, all the Governors of Tennessee when children and in mature life, their children and grandchildren; in fact pictures of all who have added to the world's history are being sought. The editor of the VETERAN is urged to secure photos of Confederate children and of veterans themselves in childhood. Childhood pictures of those who became generals in the war are especially desired. The collection may be exhibited in other cities and also, at the Tennessee Centennial.

Nashville Business Directory.

[*Firms and Institutions that may be depended upon for the prompt and satisfactory transaction of business.*] *Mention the Veteran.*

ICE CREAM.—The leading ice cream dealer of Nashville is C. H. A. Gerding, 417 Union St. Caters to weddings, banquets, and occasions of all kinds. Country orders solicited.

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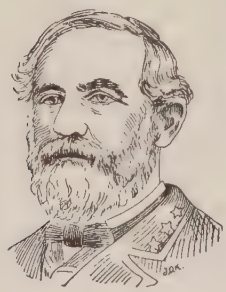

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A TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL POEM.

By Mrs. Mary A. A. Fry, Chattanooga, Tenn.:

In the preparation of this book, the author has had in mind the object, above all others, to present to the people of her native State a faithful, complete synopsis of the history of Tennessee through her colonial period up to the time she acquired the dignity of Statehood—June 1st, 1876—thence through a period of one hundred years. The story of Tennessee, the achievements of her noble sons and her fair daughters, in peace and in war, is a story worthy to live in history and in song. She has given a faithful outline of this thrilling and interesting theme, which she has executed in rhyme. She trusts it will be an incentive to every boy and girl in Tennessee to study the history of their State and to emulate the examples of the grand men and women whose lives have shed luster and glory upon mankind. In this historical poem will be found short, but faithful biographies of three Presidents, twenty Governors, twelve Generals, three Admirals, more than thirty Judges, Doctors of Medicine and Divinity, historians and men who attained eminence in business life.

The book is endorsed liberally by the press. The price is $1 50. Agents are wanted.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)

MONEY IN OLDEN TIMES.

The VETERAN gives extracts from an old time letter by Mr. Joseph W. Allen of Nashville. [To Mr. Allen is greatest indebtedness due for the success of the Samuel Davis Monument scheme. Promptly on the date for which subscriptions were requested did he respond with $100 00, the largest sum yet given by any individual]. Mr. Allen is esteemed by all who know him.

Away back in his young manhood, he was the financial agent of his State and while representing its bank at New Orleans for more than two decades he was never required to give a bond.

Mr Allen emphasizes that, for Tennessee, if its three old banks, Union, the Planters and the State banks could be restored—in a word, if State banks generally could be restored, very different conditions would prevail. He believes that the restoration of State banks would be a blessing to the people. Referring to this subject in a letter about old times, he states:

If we had these two banks and the Bank of Tennessee back again, with their $10,000,000 of circulating notes, we would not hear all this gab and froth about "gold standard," "16 to 1," "unlimited coinage of silver," nor would the business men of the country be standing open-mouthed, afraid to do business, nor the farmers and miners and manufacturers in doubt as to being able to feed, clothe, and shelter their families; it would not make a particle of difference whether there was a dollar of gold or silver on the American continent, or within 10,000 miles of it. We don't need it. What this country needs, and needs badly, is an unlimited supply of old-fashioned bank notes to loan at six per cent. for twelve months to the people who dig in the ground, and give them time to make their crops, and dig out the coal and iron ore, and cut down trees and season their lumber, and raise their stock and mature them for market, and we won't see any permanent prosperity until we have the banks of issue again.

Mr. Allen tells this remarkable history of his management of the Union Bank:

In January, 1865, I was elected cashier of the Union Bank of Tennessee, in Nashville; soon after which the law of Congress *taxing* the issue of State banks *out* of *existence* forced the bank into liquidation, and I was appointed trustee to wind it up. The assets, books, and papers of its seven branches were all sent to Nashville, and it took ten years to close up and settle the affairs. Notwithstanding the frightful losses of the bank and its seven branches during the war, I collected enough out of the wreck to pay every depositor in full, amounting to $1,250,000; to redeem all the circulating notes, amounting to $1,400,000; and to pay the stockholders $450,000; very few banks in the South paid anything after the war

Although he made much money in National Bank interests, he has ever opposed the law creating and sustaining them.

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LETTERS FROM WAR TIMES.

Mr. F. G. DeFontaine, well known in Southern Literary circles, announces the reprint in serial form of his army correspondence, under the *nom de plume* of "*Personne*," which appeared in the *Charleston News* and *Courier* in the years 1861–5.

Some data about them states:

Only two copies of them are known to be in existence, and their re-publication as a whole, is now begun for the first time since the close of the struggle.

They were written amid exciting and rapidly occurring events from fields of action in South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Mississippi; they are imbued with the warlike atmosphere that pervaded the South during its great contention and, by reason of their freshness of detail, they reflect all the charm of contemporary interest.

These letters of "*Personne*" will recall many stirring memories, beginning with the first hostile shot at Fort Sumter. They will open new chapters in the history of the strife that are full of picturesque descriptions of scenes in camp, battle and on the march; incidents of man's bravery and woman's devotion and narratives replete with the humor, poetry and pathos of the time. When finished, the work will take its place in the libraries of the country as a graphic record of many of the most interesting events of the war, written on the spot.

The *Personne letters* are to be issued monthly under the original title of "NEWS FROM THE FRONT," and the price is ONE DOLLAR a year, or 10 cents a number. It is suggested that subscriptions be made promptly, to avoid delay in procuring back numbers when an edition is exhausted.

Address the author, at Anderson, S. C.

In addition to the foregoing, announcement is made that Mr. DeFontaine has published "The Missing Records of the Confederate Cabinet," which comprise more than two hundred Official opinions and constitute a volume of more than five hundred pages, possessing peculiar historic color and interest even to the general reader.

The chief value of the book, however, consist in the fact that it completes a hitherto unfinished story of the war. It is also a valuable souvenir of the great struggle.

The work is sold by subscription at $4 per copy, payable on delivery. Postage or expressage to any part of the world prepaid.

Attention to the card on back cover page will be general. "Bob Taylor's Tales" will be accepted as very, very funny, and many a fellow who yearns for relief from discussion that aggravates will seek that diversion in these TALES. DeLong Rice and Co., sale owners, are printing large editions and hope to supply those who have, and the others who haven't heard him.

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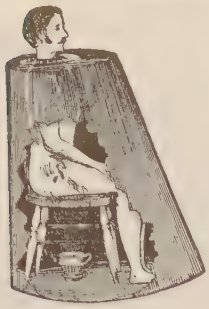
By all odds the best route to Chicago and the North is the Monon, via the L. & N. Running as it does through the rich blue-grass regions of Tennessee and Kentucky, and through the best agricultural portion of Indiana, skirtings the barrens, the coal district and the hard lands, its lines are truly cast in pleasant places The scenery to the very point where the bounds of the great metropolis are reached is most picturesque, and the travelers by this route moreover may secure a stop-over at Mammoth Cave and French Lick or West Baden Springs. Through its double terminal, Michigan City and Chicago, the Monon makes direct connections with all Northern, Northwestern and Northeastern lines and the famous summer resorts of the Peninsular State and the Great Lake country.

Look well to the books advertised by the VETERAN. Only those of special merit are furnished by it, and too when they may be supplied upon liberal terms.

The above is a design of picture 18x24 inches, that is diligently sought by many who have seen it. The publisher's price, postpaid, is fifty cents. It will be sent by the VETERAN for a renewal and two new subscriptions.

(Mention Veteran when you write.)



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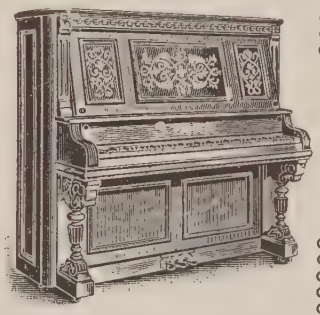

That received the highest award of merit at the World's Fair, Chicago.

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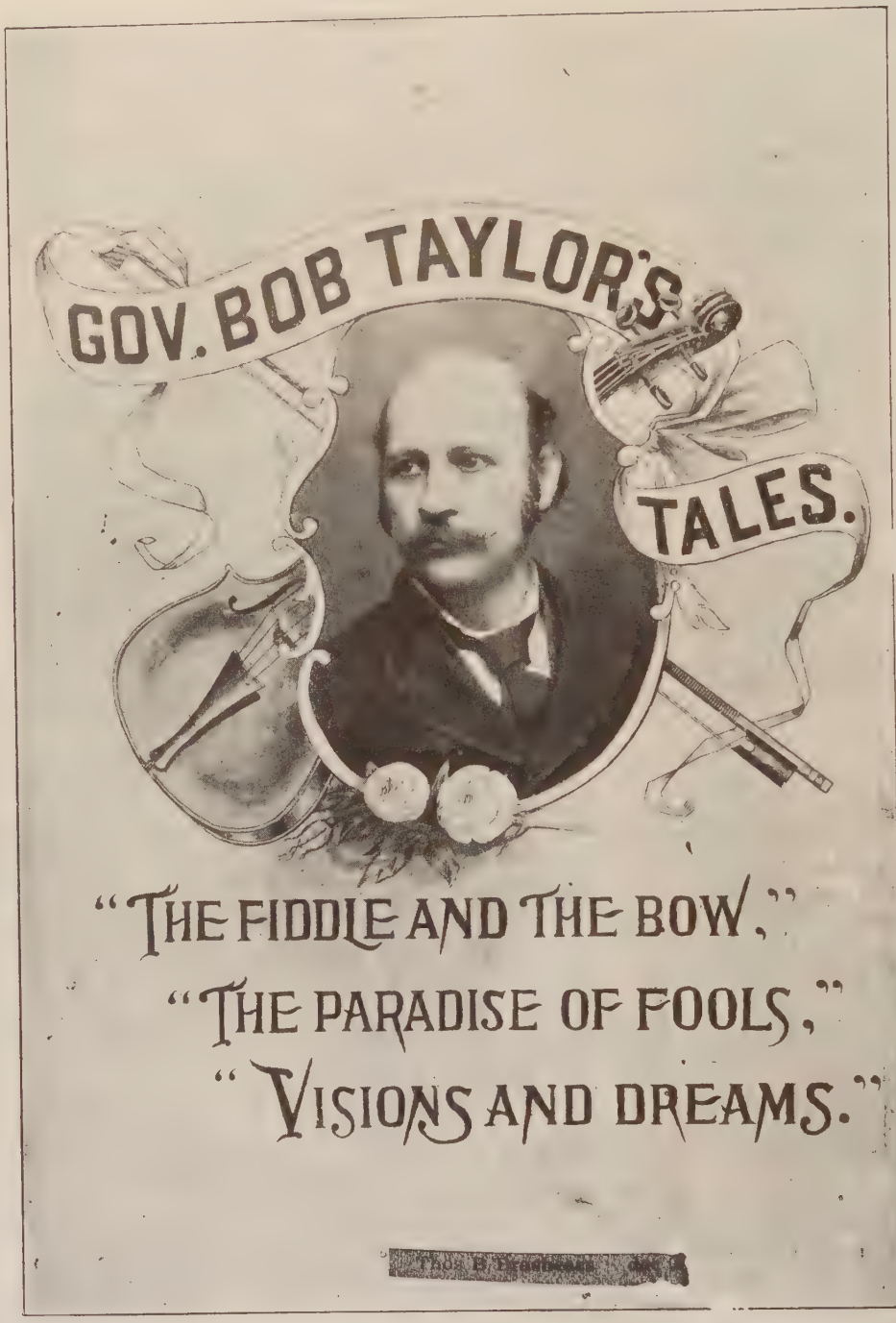

"Gov. Bob Taylor's Tales," is the title of a book recently placed on the market. This book contains the three famous lectures of Gov. Robt. L. Taylor, "The Fiddle and the Bow," "The Paradise of Fools," and "Visions and Dreams." It is published in a neat volume, containing fifty humorous illustrations.

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PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER, 1896. | No. 11. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

Greeting and welcome to the United Daughters of the Confederacy! As this VETERAN goes to press they are coming from all directions to the annual convention appointed for November 11th. Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome noble wives, widows, daughters and granddaughters of Confederate soldiers!

The same cordial welcome is extended to you that is so happily expressed in the address of a Nashville Daughter to the Soldier Veterans, who assembled at Nashville last month. See the next page.

An invalid Daughter, Z. Z. T., at Athens, Ga., who can't help in her local chapter, but has heart in it all, sends the following tribute:

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Proud? Yes, we are very proud to say
Our fathers wore Confederate gray,
In that struggle for the right;
And we've united into a band
All over this sunny Southern land,
For which they did nobly fight.

Since little children on papa's knee,
We've heard the praises of Robert Lee,
And immortal is his name.
We have loved the cause our whole lives long,
We'll sing o'er and o'er the Dixie song,
With never a pang of shame.

* * * * * * *

What is our mission, do you ask me?
'Tis to keep alive the memory
Of the deeds so brave and bold,
When our men, in unequal strife,
Each nobly risked, for States' rights, his life,
And the story must be told.

With flowers the rarest to be found,
We'll bedeck every lowly mound
Of the fallen heroes brave;
And with gentle hands and words of cheer,
We'll smooth the paths of the soldiers here,
As they wend toward the grave.

We'll perpetuate the rebel yell,
And all the South will the anthem swell
With voices strong and loud;
For our soldier-boys, year after year,
Struggled on, knowing naught of fear,
And we're proud of them—yes, proud!

Southern people who are proud of their section, and advertisers who want to reach the homes of representative people in Southern States will be interested in the contents of pages 391–2 of this month's VETERAN. The former will be glad to see how generally its work for truth is accepted and the latter can avoid discount of "claims" to circulation, and *know exactly* the locality and the number of people they may reach with their advertisements. They are hereby authorized to verify the figures given by request that any postmasters inform them as to the number stated and the names of subscribers. Isn't this fair? Again the advertising rate is cut in two—from $2 to $1 per inch, and $10 per inch by the year—so that if they are not afraid of the name and want the trade it represents they can use its pages profitably with their wares. It is sincerely desired that comrades and friends will examine this list and consider whether their own localities are well represented. If not they may recommend some one to become interested on a commission. Specimen copies free.

DELIGHTFUL REUNION AT NASHVILLE.

The Kentucky–Tennessee Reunion at Nashville October 14 and 15, 1896, was an event that left only pleasant memories. So much of admiration for and gratitude to Nashville ladies has been expressed by visitors, that, with the brief mention that more generous hospitality could hardly have been conceived, extra comment is omitted.

Each State organization held its annual convention and transacted its usual business. Reports for Tennessee are not given as fully as for Kentucky. However, there will necessarily be much space given to Tennessee comrades in preparing for the general reunion at Nashville next year; it is expected, in May. The Tabernacle entertainment was a success in every way. The address of welcome was by Miss Mary L. Morris. She was introduced by Col. Thomas Claiborne, the retiring President of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers.

INTRODUCTION OF MISS MARY L. MORRIS.

Col. Claiborne in a happy manner said: In a seminary of this city a few years ago, a little girl

came to her history teacher one morning and told her she didn't intend to study Mr. Higginson's History any more, that she had burnt her book up, for "it made the Yankees win all the battles." The other little girls in the class who were daughters of old soldiers burned their books, too, and there was no history class. Frank Cheatham Bivouac heard of it and passed resolutions of approval, and the newspapers throughout the South noticed it in the most complimentary manner. From Arkansas came a most flattering paper, signed with 500 names, telling these little girls that, innocently, they dared to take the first step toward writing a history that would do justice to the South.

The little girl who would not study her history because "it made the Yankees win all the battles," is here to-night to give you an address of welcome.

MISS MARY L. MORRIS.

Soldiers of The Lost Cause: As the daughter of one who followed the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy to its bitter ending, it is to me a most pleasant task to welcome you to-night to our city, our homes, our hearts.

We are greatly rejoiced that so many of you who were soldiers in that greatest of wars yet survive, after the lapse of so many years, to recount its glorious achievements.

Once more the soldier from the "dark and bloody ground" of old Kentucky stands side by side with the soldier of the Volunteer State, but not as of yore to face a common enemy and to charge to death or victory, but to revive and renew the pleasures of old comradeship under "time's blest wings of peace."

Before the century was yet born, the brave men who were to be the creators of the great commonwealths of Kentucky and Tennnessee had cemented their friendship on the fiery crest of King's Mountain under the leadership of the gallant Sevier and Shelby. Again upon the plain of Chalmette and behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, Kentuckians and Tennesseans fought side by side.

Together they marched over the burning plains of Mexico to share in the glories of Monterey and Cerro Gordo. Of that still later and more dreadful war that shook the world with the roar of its cannon and the clangor of its contending armies, need I tell how Kentuckians and Tennesseans stood together as brothers and comrades and oft went down together in one "red burial blent?"

Comrades of Kentucky and Tennessee, you remember all too well the hard-fought and bloody field of Shiloh where the rising sun of that noblest of Kentuckians, the peerless Albert Sidney Johnston, was extinguished by the dark clouds of death. Murfreesboro, Perryville and Chickamauga bear witness to your glorious valor and desperate daring. Upon the latter field you men of the Orphan Brigade lost your brave and loved Commander, Ben Hardin Helm.

Though the flag be furled and mute be the drum, we, your children, shall ever teach, as we have been taught, that for all past as well as for all future ages it is to the Confederate soldier that we look for the brightest and truest exemplar of courage, endurance, and patriotism.

When we read of Napoleon, we shall think of Stonewall Jackson. In the dashing Prince Rupert of the West, we shall see the handsome cavalier, John Morgan. In the Bayard without fear or reproach, the mighty Robert E. Lee. In that greatest of cavalry leaders, Murat, we see our own wizard of the saddle, Forrest. And as a true type of all that is best and bravest in war, we will think of that magnificent soldier, Joseph E. Johnston. But enough: why

"Raise the veil by dark oblivion spread,"

why revive the memories of those soul-stirring deeds and harrowing scenes of a mighty and fratricidal war? "The muffled tramp of years" has nearly obliterated the last vestige of that war. Benign peace with tender hands has healed the wounds of battle. The heart has ceased to ache for the loved and lost, and instead we have, as a reunited nation, a common heritage in the glorious achievements, desperate valor and brilliant deeds of the American soldier.

Soldiers of the Confederacy, we bid you welcome.

"Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you are looked for or come without warning;
Kindness and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more we'll adore you."

[See notice of Dr. Martin's response on page 376–Ed.]

General Lewis, in his response to Miss Morris' tender address of welcome, said:

"I was born within twenty-five miles of the Tennessee State line. I know you of old. If I had not known Tennesseans before, I would have found them out in fighting by their side from 1861 to 1865. In February, 1862, our four regiments, with four thousand in round numbers, marched through Nashville; and next to the grief of leaving home and kindred, was our sorrow that we could not remain and defend your good city."

On Thursday there was a parade through the principal streets of the city and out to Cumberland Park, the line being as follows:

Thomas's Band, numbering twelve pieces, preceding the Chief Marshal and Staff. Then came the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, with Gen. Joe Lewis at their head. Next in order were the different bivouacs of the State Association—Forbes, of Clarksville; Leonidas Polk, of Columbia; Joe D. Palmer, of Mufreesboro; James E. Rains, of Dickson; Frank Cheatham, of Nashville, and Donelson, of Gallatin, bringing up the rear. Battery A., National State Guard, followed the bivouacs, and after them was a typical Confederate camp, which was erected on a float; and the antics of the occupants who wereinmates of the Confederate Soldier's Home excited a great deal of amusement. Some were playing cards, others cooking and washing, while the squeaking of an ancient fiddle and the plunk, plunk of a greasy guitar and banjo added an element of reality to the scene. Next in line came about fifty old soldiers in wagons from the Confederate Home. The ravages of time and suffering had unmistakably been planted on many of their faces. The Confederate Drum Corps next; and last, but by no means least, in the line of march were Company B., infantry, and Troop A., cavalry, dressed in the regulation Confederate uniform. Although these old veterans have repeatedly been seen in Nashville, their presence always excites cheers of enthusiasm. The wagon train and hospital ambulance brought up the rear end of the parade, completing a spectacle which will long be remembered by those who saw it. There was a great gathering at the park, and some fine speeches were made.

Comrade J. B. O'Bryan, officer of the day, announced:

"We propose to make this reunion a Confederate love feast. We are here to commemorate worthy deeds and exchange loving words. We are glad so many ladies are here; but for them we could not have done what we did. We are glad so many young people are here to learn more about their fathers' heroic efforts."

Miss Holly Witherspoon, Maid of Honor for Kentucky, is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Witherspoon, of Winchester, Ky., President of Winchester Bank. Mr. Witherspoon entered the Confederate service at the early age of sixteen, and served throughout the war with Company H. Fifth Kentucky Cavalry.

Miss Witherspoon is a perfect blonde, rather above medium height, with a wealth of golden hair and large, expressive blue eyes, that show the character of one of Winchester's loveliest and most attractive girls.

Miss Julia Hughes Spurr, Sponsor for Kentucky, is the daughter of Hon. Richard A. Spurr and Mrs. Ruth Sheffer Spurr, of Fayette County, Ky.

Hon. Richard A. Spurr was captain in the Eighth Kentucky Regiment, General John H. Morgan's command. He was with General Morgan on the famous Ohio raid, and continued in the service until the close of the war, and has since served for ten years in the Kentucky Legislature.

Miss Spurr graduated from Sayre Female Institute, Lexington, Ky., and finished her education in Baltimore.

Miss Spurr is of slender, graceful figure, a brunette, and is a typical daughter of Kentucky.

After prayer by Rev. R. Lin Cave, he spoke with great feeling, and, among other things, said:

"As death always paints our loved ones in fairer colors and makes them dearer, so to-day, standing more than thirty years from the grave of the Confederacy, I can say truthfully that she is dearer than ever. As the sunlight of truth comes in on our history, our true position is seen, and in the forum of the conscience we stand acknowledged as right. Some think such occasions as this are wholly out of place. Nay, verily; if the boom of cannon is heard it is harmless, as are also the roar of the musketry, the flash of swords—mere friendly salutations. These reunions have tended more to break down bitterness and command self-respect between the North and the South than anything else. The preservation of the American Government is in the hands of the South, because Southern blood is purely American."

Capt. Weller, of the Orphan Brigade, responded:

"I don't know what is expected of me in this love feast, but if I can in any way convey to you the feelings of the Orphan Brigade and Morgan's men, I will do well. We love you! Only three words, but if that grand passion could pass through our hearts

MISS OSBORNE, THE SECRETARY'S DAUGHTER.

they would burst. Let me say to the fathers and mothers who mourn for boys who fell on the field of battle, your sons were the flower of the South."

Col. Hiram Hawkins, of the Fifth Kentucky Regiment, Orphan Brigade, said:

"The Kentucky Brigade was called the Orphan Brigade because they left parents and property to help the South. I want to emphasize the words of your orator, that the blood of the South is the purest and most American. I am glad the Confederates have taken a stand to purify the literature of our public schools."

Professor Wharton, of Nashville, on the navy:

"The Confederate Navy was the largest thing for its size on the face of the globe. In July, 1862, there was one lone Confederate gunboat, the Arkansas, up the Yazoo River. On July 15, three Yankee gunboats, from a fleet of forty, came up the river, and the Arkansas fired on them. They returned the fire and fled, and the Arkansas pursued, firing its two eight-inch sixty-four-pounders, until we reached the fleet. Then we had cannon at the front, rear, and both sides. They vollied and thundered. Talk of nerve! I saw it that day! An eleven-inch shell came into the Arkansas, killing and wounding fifteen men, and also setting fire to the vessel. The bell of the ship sounded the fire alarm. Those men laid a line of hose, put out the fire, and then resumed their positions at the guns as coolly as if on parade. I want to give credit to the man, Lt. Thomas Stevens, who trained and disciplined those men. We landed at Vicksburg. That night Farragut's fleet went down to New Orleans. We fortified Port Hudson, and for one year held the Mississippi, from Port Hudson, La., to Vicksburg, Miss."

Col. J. J. Turner, of Gallatin, Tenn., asked:

"When the historian of the future writes the history of this war, who on the other side can take the place of such as Lee and Stonewall Jackson?"

Dr. Menees, Supervisor of Confederate Hospitals, told of the devoted work of Southern women among the sick and wounded.

A barbecue was then served in the large dining room. The dinner was elaborate and bountiful.

After the banquet congratulatory speeches were made by several Tennessee comrades.

The Brigade held its business meeting afterward.

BUSINESS MEETING OF THE ORPHANS.

Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, last commander of the brigade, presided, and Secretary Thomas D. Osborne was at his desk.

Gen. Fayette Hewitt announced the death of Lieut. Col. Joseph P. Nuchols, of the Fourth Kentucky, and Surgeon John Edward Pendleton, of the Ninth Kentucky Regiments.

Capt. John H. Weller offered a resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, That as Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, the brigade historian, has been earnestly requested to put forth a new edition of his 'History of the First Kentucky Brigade,' and as he has now nearly completed said history, which is being sold by subscription, be it

"*Resolved*, That we heartily approve and endorse said history, and urge our comrades to purchase it, and in every way to encourage Captain Thompson in his efforts to enlarge upon the great work already published."

Sergt. I. H. Bush offered a resolution of thanks to the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, to the citizens of Nashville, and especially to the ladies, for their great kindness and hospitable entertainment.

T. D. Osborne offered the following amendment:

"*Resolved*, 1. That our thanks are highly due

and heartily given to S. A. Cunningham, through whose invitation the reunion was held at Nashville, and whose efforts for its success have been untiring.

"2. That we deeply thank him for the unsurpassed souvenir badges so freely furnished members of the Orphan Brigade.

"3. That we heartily commend his magazine, THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN, as a valuable, historical, and literary publication."

The amendment was accepted amid applause, and the resolution adopted.

Invitations were received for the meeting of 1897 to be held at Louisville, Memphis, Nashville, and the Mammoth Cave. The time and place are to be decided by a committee of five, two of whom are the President and Secretary, and the President is to select the others.

A telegram was read from Comrade W. B. Haldeman, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, expressing regret that he could not attend.

Gen. Joseph H. Lewis, President, and Private Thomas D. Osborne, Secretary, were reëlected.

General Lewis, in announcing adjournment, said:

"It is due from me, as the presiding officer, to signify the feeling of our deep gratitude. I was never so impressed as with the hospitality shown here. They have anticipated our every possible want. They met us on the train at Gallatin, and have kept us in hand ever since. Not a man will go away from here hungry, or in want of anything. No people can compare with these of Tennessee."

Then came the farewell hand shaking, and the Fifteenth Reunion of the Orphan Brigade was over.

Royal as were preceding reunions of the famous Orphan Brigade, that of the fifteenth, held in the Rock City (Nashville, Tenn.) October 15, 1896, was unsurpassed. Addresses of welcome by Mayor W. M. McCarthy, County Judge John C. Ferriss, and Col. Thomas Claiborne contained all manner of praise of the heroic band.

The Mayor "was glad to welcome that body of men whose names have been written high on the scroll of fame."

Judge Ferriss wanted their reception to surpass that of Lafayette and General Campbell after the battle of New Orleans.

Ex-Mayor George B. Guild said: "The Orphan Brigade outfought any body of soldiers that I ever saw."

Colonel Claiborne declared that "a more gallant band never lived."

REUNION NOTES BY SECRETARY OSBORNE.

The Secretary furnished the VETERAN with many happy notes, such as the following:

The Orphans found a home in Tennessee.

The Centennial Exposition management had special cars for the Orphans to visit its grounds.

During the day meals were served us in the Jackson building, the finest structure in the State, and the dinner was in keeping with the house.

In the evening a concert was given at the Gospel Tabernacle, a magnificent auditorium, to six thousand people, and a delightful programme rendered.

Every one complimented Dr. W. J. McMurray, Chief Marshal, for his management of the parade.

Ceremonies at Cumberland Park were singularly successful in every way.

"The glorious Southern women," said Rev. Dr. Martin, "who were our splendid inspiration in 1861, are our gracious benediction in 1896."

General Jackson, introducing General Lewis, said: "He led the truest and hardest fighting command in the Confederate Army. All honor and praise to these Kentuckians. They are Orphans. Every gray-haired sire here will gladly be a father, and every lovely matron will be a mother."

Miss Morris touched all hearts with her sincere words of welcome in her address at the Tabernacle.

Mrs. Gwathmey's rendering of "Gwine Back to Dixie" was thoroughly enjoyed.

Every singer had an ovation, but Miss Armstrong, who sang "My Old Kentucky Home," and "The Bonnie Blue Flag," captured all hearts.

Miss Vesey's "great dramatic voice" rang out splendidly in "Suwannee River" and "Dixie;" and a bevy of beautiful young girls, the pupils of Miss Geary and Mrs. Randle, teachers of violin and piano, rendered an excellent selection.

Mr. Julian Cantrell's solos were most enjoyable.

Most notable of those present were Miss Jane Thomas, in her ninety-seventh year, and Miss Mary Carlisle Cherry, who is nearly four score. Both were cheerful and smiling as when waiting on sick and wounded soldiers a third of a century ago.

Prominent among the ladies who came with the Orphans were Mrs. Joseph H. Lewis, Miss Mary Flournoy Wichliffe, Miss Charlotte Osborne, and the Misses Wall.

Capt. John H. Weller, of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, writes from Louisville:

Since our recent reunion in Nashville, we are impressed with the fact that there are worse conditions of life than being "Orphans," yet my body is in jeopardy daily because of the many who would have the badge you gave me in your office. The editor of the VETERAN, the ladies of your city, the Confederates and citizens will never be forgotten for their hospitality, and our trip there is one of the brightest spots in the history of our organization.

A few of us went down to Murfreesboro on the 16th and viewed the ground where the great conflict took plack between the armies December 31, '62, to January 3, '63.

Murfreesboro has always been a favorite place with the Kentuckians. We were encamped on the Shelbyville road, south from the court house, for quite a while previous to the battle, and marched through the town almost daily to our drill and review grounds, at which times the patriotic ladies and men never tired of cheering and otherwise extending to us warm expressions of esteem, and sympathy. Our regimental band, Fourth Kentucky, being in the lead, its master, Wm. R. McQuown, had it at its best for those exhibitions. It was a usual sight to see men, woman and children waving flags and handkerchiefs, with tears streaming down their cheeks, when our band played the Medley composed of "Old Kentucky Home," "The Dearest Spot on Earth to Me," and "Home Sweet Home."

I'll warrant old citizens there cannot have forgotten it. The Federal prisoners in the courthouse would fill the windows and doors, and they, too, cheered and cried like the rest.

Many of the youth and manhood of that section were our division mates (such as Third, Eighteenth etc., etc.,) and we came to love them as our own troops.

While thousands are giving Nashville the praise, so richly deserved, for its unprecedented hospitality to us as ex-Confederates, I wish I could equal them in a tribute to Murfreesboro as well. Captains B. L. Ridley, Fletcher Burrus, ex-Confederates, and Capt. McClure, ex-Federal, took charge of us and, procuring an easy team, took us to the points of greatest interest to the Orphan Brigade.

We visited the city cemetery, where a host of our comrades lie in unknown graves. We gathered there evergreens as mementoes, and then visited the old camp ground, and looked down to where the color line of the Brigade was often seen.

Returning, we took dinner at the old Reedy residence (now the Jordan Hotel.) We rested before dinner in the very room in which the great cavalryman, John H. Morgan, was married. We took position just as we did that festive evening, and imagined the parties present in all the glorious circumstance of the occasion. Alas! alas! But they have won glory and renown unperishable.

After dinner, the comrades mentioned took us out the Nashville road opposite where Breckinridge's Division made the charge on the evening of January 2, 1863. Leaving the wagon, we crossed the river and went over the route from where we started with the battle. The history of that charge is full and complete, and it is useless to repeat what is so generally known. But to the Kentuckians it will be remembered with peculiar horror. At no time during the war was our loss so great in so short a time. We were not engaged over half an hour, and our loss was thirty-five per cent. Looking over the field now, it seems incredible that any should have escaped. After such disaster, it is usual to criticize freely, but I have no words of bitterness for our commanders. I suppose it was "the fate of war" that we were rushed into such destruction. Standing on the eminence in front of the stronghold of Rosecrans' Army, it may be summed up thus: Breckinridge's Division, 4,500 in number, packed like sardines in full view and in magnificent range of fifty-eight cannon, supported in front and rear by a large force of the Federal Army, with fire arms, large and small, pouring their contents into our ranks, with an impassable river between us!

That old field is now bounteous with corn, cotton, and other products—the blessings of peace.

Comrade William Wood, of Glasgow, Ky., sends copy of resolutions in honor of the late Col. J. P. Nuckols, who joined that "army of heroes" gone before, passing over the river to rest under the shade of the trees on March 30, 1896. Resolutions were adopted by the Association of Barren County Confederate Veterans, expressive of their high appreciation of his manly character. The committee was F. J. Railey, Chairman; J. Lewis, James Chenault, and Thomas G. Page.

About the middle of August request was made of Mrs. Buckner for a reliable sketch of the General for the VETERAN, and the data was sent promptly; but the sketch of the Orphan Brigade, by its Secretary, gave account specifically of the officers of the present organization. At that time General and Mrs. Buckner were expected to attend the reunion.

Mrs. Buckner was Miss Delia Claiborne, of Richmond, Va., and the lad on opposite page is their son.

On that bitter cold Saturday night, February 15, 1862, he who now edits the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was walking in search of some place where he might sleep off of the sleet covered snow and maybe under a tent, when he suddenly confronted Gen. Buckner sitting alone by a camp fire, his face frightfully sad. It was then that he, in command of the army there, was negotiating with Gen. Grant concerning the surrender. Indebtedness to him for continued existence, through that surrender, has been freely and gratefully expressed.

Gen. Buckner was chosen as one of the pall bearers at the funeral of Gen. Grant, and has had many other evidences of esteem from successful rivals in that great conflict which must have influenced him most kindly. He can hardly appreciate the conditions of his fellow-Confederates in areas of the South where white men have, of necessity, banded together, agreeing continually to surrender their lives that their race maintain control of affairs for integrity, and for local, state and national well being.

SKETCH OF GENERAL BUCKNER.

Lieut. Gen. Simon Boliver Buckner was born, April 1, 1823, in Hart County, Kentucky, where he now resides. He graduated at West Point Military Academy in 1844 and was appointed Second Lieutenant. He was in the Mexican war from June, '46, until its close, first under Taylor and afterwards under Scott. He was in several famous battles and was promoted for gallantry. From 1848 to '50 he was Instructor at West Point. In 1855 he resigned from the army and, three years later, located in Louisville. He organized the Kentucky State Guard in 1859 and was made Major General. He declined important rank in both armies early in 1861, but later joined the Confederacy and was appointed Brigadier General in September, 1861. He commanded at Bowling Green until the arrival there of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, when he was sent to Fort Donelson. His surrender there is well known.

S. B. BUCKNER, JR.

Gen. Buckner was exchanged from Fort Warren in July, 1862, and made a Major General. He was with Bragg in the Kentucky campaign, commanded a corps at Chickamauga and after that served in the Trans-Mississippi Department as Lieut. General.

Gen Buckner afterward did editorial work on the New Orleans Crescent, and later on the Louisville Courier. He has since served as Governor of his State four years.

James A. Loudon, Memphis, Tenn., October 17, 1896: As memory fondly reverts to the overflowing welcome and bounteous hospitality extended by the citizens of Nashville and "Daughters of the Confederacy" to the old veterans at e annual re-union of our State Division, I wish mention a few of the many incidents that touch my heart and made a lasting impression.

While seated on the "Grand Stand," surrounded by the beauty and chivalry of Tennessee and Kentucky, and being entertained by the most vivacious of charming women, the echoes of the rousing cheer that greeted the arrival of the veterans, led by the "Orphan" Brigade, dying in the distance, the wife of Col. John Overton, that peerless friend of the lost cause, approached and began to chide us all that the cheering along the line of march in the city was not sufficient! The noble woman seemed to think the very earth should have cried aloud in honor of that martial tread of the tried heroes. Partly appeased by the thunderous applause that shook the grounds of "Cumberland Park," she took a seat near the speakers' stand, remarking that the handsome dress of "Royal Purple" she wore was made expressly to more greatly honor the "Confederates."

All honor to this grand woman, whom allow me to hail, in the name of the Southland, as "*Mother of the Heroes of the Lost Cause.*"

Again, the utterance of that matchless hero and "diamond tongued" orator, Chaplain Lin Cave, whose sparkling eloquence flashed and scintillated, lighting up the hearts of that vast audience responsive to the sentiment that "Confederate Veterans, their sons and daughters, should marry none but those of Southern origin; that the patriotic blood of the Cavaliers, still untainted, might be perpetuated to the latest generation."

Capt. Ed Porter Thompson, of Frankfort, must be a proud and grateful Kentuckian. Away back in 1868 he wrote an elaborate volume of the First Kentucky Brigade in the Confederate Army. It is an illustrated volume of 930 pages, and his work was so appreciated that his comrades, after twenty-eight years, have put it upon him to write a more extended volume. This new work is well in hand.

Comrades and others who are interested in this work should take up the matter and secure entry for supply when the book is published. E. Polk Johnson, well known in Kentucky, and who is perfectly familiar with Captain Thompson's fitness for the work, writes: The value of Captain Thompson's work to the future historian who shall tell of Kentucky's stirring part in our great war cannot be overestimated. His calm, judicial mind, his untiring energy, and a love of truth for truth's sake, admirably fit him for the rk. Kentucky, with her proud military record, owes Captain Thompson a lasting debt of gratitude

for rescuing from forgetfulness the story of the deeds of her gallant sons who served the South. The work is without a word of bitterness or reflection upon those who won their honors under the flag of the Union. He has torn away the record of no man to build up that of another. A gallant Christian soldier himself, his entire aim has been to do the fullest justice to all, and in this he has succeeded as have few historians of the war. The private soldier has not been overlooked in order that the officer might have praise, but to each his due has been given, and the result is a work that should find its way into the heart and home of every Kentuckian.

Captain Thompson has been requested to give an account of how the name "Orphan" came to the brigade and in reply states:

There are a dozen stories afloat; but in the main they are the products of imagination. One man heard it at one time, another at another, and under circumstances that led him to construct a theory. I never heard of it till after General Breckinridge cried out at Stones River, "My poor orphan brigade! They have cut it to pieces!" General Nuckols maintained till his death that it originated right there; but why General Breckinridge used the term I have never ascertained.

Tom Hall, Louisville: I assume authority to say that Kentucky Veterans were never welcomed and entertained before by any community in the magnificent style in which they were in Nashville by the Daughters of the Confederacy and the very generous gentlemen of the Cheatham Bivouac. For my part, I feel too full of pleasant memories of the '96 re union to find words to express myself. One of the magnificent surprises was the endless attentions we received from the Daughters. They seemed to express in acts all the kindness of Cheatham Bivouac, and I tell you, my dear sir, that such generosity was never equaled in any country. Nashville and her people have won our hearts. He adds in compliment to the VETERAN: I am glad to assure you that every one of us stands ready to do anything in reciprocation for your many favors

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TRIBUTE TO GEN. JOEL A. BATTLE.

Survivors of the Twentieth Tennessee Infantry held their twentieth annual reunion at Smyrna, September 18th. There was a fine gathering of perhaps one thousand. It was a most creditable representative Confederate assembly.

Hon. Horace E. Palmer made an address of welcome, in which he paid this fitting and deserved tribute to his own father:

From my earliest youth I learned from the lips of one who endured every suffering, bore every burden and encountered every danger known to the soldiers' life, and whose body to the day of his death was marked by the malignant scars of a determined and terrible enemy, to respect and admire the character of the Southern soldier.

Mr. Palmer's theme was of honor to the private soldier. He referred incidentally to Samuel Davis:

The laudable efforts which are being made in this direction in the South, and particularly in Tennessee, are, in my opinion, largely due to the lofty courage and splendid patriotism of that beardless youth, whose short but glorious life was mainly spent in this community, and who, rather than betray a trust, suffered a martyr's death at Pulaski.

I sincerely trust that these efforts will be continued until every instance of individual bravery and courage is discovered and is given due consideration in the history of the war.

Other patriotic addresses were made by Dr. W. J. McMurray, Col. Patterson, Maj. Chas. W. Anderson, Mr. Covington, and Capt. B. L. Ridley. Col. Jack Gooch, Master of Ceremonies, interspersed business suggestions with vivid humor of camp life.

It was resolved to undertake the completion of a monument to General Battle.

A resolution was adopted concerning the faithfulness of Gen. Joel A. Battle which has generally been awarded to another. It was proposed by Henry K. Moss, Company B. Twentieth Regiment, and is in reply to a tribute to the "Integrity of Harris in preserving a half million dollars belonging to the School fund of Tennessee." He states:

Mr. Harris had nothing whatever to do with the safe-keeping of the $500,000 school fund belonging to the children of Tennessee.

Gen. Battle was permanently disabled while leading his regiment at the battle of Shiloh, and was afterward made Treasurer of the State of Tennessee, and this fund was turned over to him. He paid Mr. Harris' salary periodically, as it became due, but that is all Harris had to do with the school fund.

Gen. Battle is alone entitled to credit for saving the fund. Hon. John H. Savage, of McMinnville, denies credit to Mr. Harris in the matter, but gives no credit to Gen. Battle, who is entitled to it all.

At the annual reunion of the Twentieth Tennessee at Gallatin Capt. C. S. Johnson, of Nashville, A. C. Goss, of Gallatin, and Mr. Moss were appointed to examine into and report under this matter, and such is the result.

The report was ordered spread on the minutes, and its publication in the VETERAN was requested.

Doctor J. W. Davis, who pays tribute to Sam Davis on page 375, is not related to the family, but was their family physician. He states that he once cut a minie ball from the thigh of the old man, put there by Yankees one night while they were trying to get into his smokehouse.

The Doctor is averse to the idea of dramatizing the tragic event; and other noble patriots agree with him. Such was the sentiment in this office, but after having seen it, the high character of the exhibition and its tendency to popularize the incomparable theme induced not only acquiescence, but sincere commendation.

PATRIOTISM OF THE SECTIONS.

Mr. John D. Billings, (of the Webster School), Cambridge, Mass., replies to Dr. J. Wm. Jones:

Once more, and finally, may I intrude upon your space long enough to state my own case a little more fully, and after that to review briefly some of the statements made in the October VETERAN by Dr. Jones, for while they have no bearing on the origin of the controversy, yet, left as they were by the Doctor, they are not in full accord with the truths of history as I read it.

First, then: I stated in my letter that it is easier to be a partisan than it is to be a patriot. This truth is being exemplified everyday, and it seems to me that Dr. Jones was illustrating it when, in speaking to the toast, "The National Flag," at Chattanooga, he made claims for a certain section of the country which are not justified by the facts. His tribute to Virginia I should expect, and I glory with him in it, for she has a splendid record of which every true American who knows that record must be proud. But when he claimed that the "starry banner" was designed from the coat of arms of Washington, I recalled the statement of Prof. John Fiske of Harvard University (History of United States), that "there seems to be no evidence in support of this opinion."

Again, when he claimed for Virginia, without qualification, the ownership of the old Northwest Territory in its entirety, I remember that the claims of Connecticut and Massachusetts covered a generous portion of that territory, which they, following the example so nobly set by the Old Dominion, ceded to the general government.

Then, when he placed Virginia first in the number of men furnished to the War of the Revolution, it seemed to me there was an obliviousness of the rights of other States which should receive some notice, and I wrote as I did. In this connection, Dr. Jones indulges in the use of innuendoes with the apparent intent of discrediting my figures. I only notice them to say that they fail to satisfy as a substitute for the facts. The Reverend gentleman quotes from an address made by Gen. C. A. Evans, of Georgia, and from the Historical Register of F. B. Heitman to sustain his position, but Gen. Evans does not state which ranks the highest, but as the figures which he presents are in practical accord with those of the Secretary of War, which I quoted, it may be fairly assumed that those not given would be. As to Heitman's figures, they place Massachusetts first. I may add that Lossing does the same. The warrant then for Dr. Jones' statement must have been found in the "several books," other than the above, which he had read.

But the Doctor is moved to make a retort, which he begins by saying, "I cordially congratulate him (Mr. Billings) that he has found three New England Regiments which bore honorable parts in the War of 1812," and he goes on to say that "the opposition to the war was so great in New England that it was denounced by press, platform and pulpit, and every measure of Congress to raise men or money practically nullified." * * Much of the foregoing statement is true, for the Federalists had brought themselves to hate Madison and his administration most cordially and many of them were ready to do anything to hamper him. But Dr. Jones again shows himself a better partisan than patriot when he discharges his battery loaded with the faults of New England and keeps her virtues, however few, stored in his ammunition chest. Why, even Massachusetts, the chief promoter of the famous—or infamous—Hartford Convention, did something for the cause. That this fact shall not be lost sight of through any inadvertence of my esteemed friend, let me ask the Doctor to take from his bookshelves Vol. VIII of Henry Adams' exhaustive history of Jefferson's and Madison's Administrations and turn to the extracts from a private letter of Jefferson's in which he makes light of the threatened defection of Massachusetts from the cause as of no material consequence. Adams meets this by some interesting statisties, among others the statement that during the year 1814 there was loyalty enough left in the Bay State to recruit six regular regiments while Virginia recruited but three. And, again, Adams says: "New England furnished thirteen regiments, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania furnished fifteen. The Southern States from Deleware to South Carolina inclusive furnished ten. Of all the States in the Union, New York alone supplied more regular soldiers than Massachusetts, and Massachusetts supplied as many as were furnished by Virginia and the two Carolinas together." Let me supplement this extract from Adams by saying that Lossing, himself a New Yorker, says (787) that Massachusetts furnished more men than any other single State. From the foregoing the Doctor will see that the task of finding "three" new England Regiments was a comparatively easy one.

Now a few words only as to money, and again I refer to Adams, Vol. VIII, who says, quoting from official records, that on the basis of the direct tax Virginia should have contributed one-eighth or one-seventh more men and money than were required from Massachusetts. He continues: "The actual result was different. * * In money, Massachusetts contributed *four times as much as Virginia* to support the war, and her contributions were paid in Treasury notes or paper equivalent to coin."

Now, Doctor, in all candor, if this was "practically nullifying every measure of Congress to raise men and money," what should be your characterization of Virginia and the other States of the Union which did so much less in raising both?

As to the Hartford Convention, Dr. Jones declares it "the first secession Convention ever held in this country." Well, possibly, though there are not a few individuals who believe that that distinction was fairly preempted by those bodies which adopted the famous Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions of '98. But be that as it may, why should the Doctor sneer at this Convention when in his Chattanooga speech he declared that the Confederates thought in 1861-'65, and know now, that they were right? It should command his approval if it was really a secession convention, but was it? This is not a one-sided question, as any student of the country's history well knows, but it is too large

an one to be entered upon in this correspondence and I leave it with a single quotation as an offset to the Doctor's statement. The late ex-President Woolsey of Yale College says, (Johnson's Enc.): "It was falsely charged upon them that their meeting looked toward a dissolution of the Union." But, good or bad, let the record stand, for, good or bad, it has had its value in the development of this nation. My personal sentiment is against secession and I will join Dr. Jones heartily in its condemnation, whether in Massachusetts, South Carolina or Nebraska.

In what I have thus far written, Mr. Editor, you will bear witness that I have indulged in no boastful spirit. I have contented myself with making my defence from the record. That I am proud of my own State of Massachusetts goes without saying; but she would regard as a recreant son him who should erect a monument in her honor of blocks wrested from the walls of the structures of her sister States. I am proud of Virginia. I honor all of the Old Thirteen for the part, great or obscure, which each has had in the building of this mighty nation, but there is honor enough to go round, and if, in answering the letter of Dr. Jones, I have made any statements not in substantial accord with the facts, he shall receive my grateful acknowledgments for any correction.

In conclusion, permit me to say that I regret the temper of the Doctor's concluding paragraph—I allude to the opening statement in which he makes a grave charge against the dwellers about the "Hub." If it were true, it impressed me as having no place in a correspondence of this sort, but if the Reverend gentleman, and "Johnny Reb" that was, will accept the humble hospitality of the writer, a "Yankee soldier" that was, here and now most heartily proffered, he shall be retained an honored guest in this vicinity long enough to convince him that his charge is not true.

Yes, here "under the eaves of Harvard University," of which I regret that I am not an alumnus, he shall have the best seat at the home camp fire. shall be freely granted the opportunity to open and close the discussion of any questions, national or partisan, especially which relate to our common country, which we both cherish so dearly, and shall return at last convinced that the descendants of the Roundheads might we l have been born of Cavaliers, and that his people are our people and his God our God.

Publication of the above makes an unsought record. The VETERAN believes that a better showing for Virginia and the Carolinas is due. It may be that carelessness, which has ever been conspicuous by the Southern people in historic interests, will not enable Dr. Jones or others to present the exact truth in response. It is consistent with the purposes of the VETERAN, however, to publish the whole truth, *knowing* that whatever may be defective in the history of that other generation, living witnesses, North as well as South, are conscious that Virginia and each other Southern State in the war between the sections was as valiant and self-sacrificing as the most patriotic of the North. Mr. Billings is informed that when he comes South he will find reciprocal hospitality to that proposed by him, and he will be gratified with having expressed sentiments honoring Virginia and her sister Southern States as he does. If all writers in New England were as broad-minded as Mr. Billings, there would have been less of discord through the thirty years and more that have passed since the great war ended. These editorial notes are not in any way offered as a reply, but Dr. Jones is requested to turn on what historic light there is, that the whole truth may be known. Others are invited to do likewise.

Assuming that indifference to historic record is the cause of Mr. Billings having clearer data, does it not argue, with pathetic plea for posterity, that actors in the years 1861-'65, should be diligent to make record of any fact tending to just merit of the Southern people?

A THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION, '61.

WHEREAS, it hath pleased Almighty God, the Sovereign Disposer of events, to protect and defend the Confederate States hitherto in their conflict with their enemies as to be unto them a shield.

And whereas, with grateful thanks we recognize His hand and acknowledge that not unto us, but unto Him, belongeth the victory; and in humble dependence upon His almighty strength, and trusting in the justness of our Cause, we appeal to Him that He may set at naught the efforts of our enemies, and put them to confusion and shame.

Now therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States, in view of impending conflict, do hereby set apart Friday, the 15th day of November, as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer; and do hereby invite the reverend clergy and the people of these Confederate States to repair on that day to their usual places of public worship, and to implore blessing of Almighty God upon our arms, that he may give us victory over our enemies, preserve our homes and altars from pollution, and secure to us the restoration of peace and prosperity.

Given under hand and seal of the Confederate States at Richmond, this the 31st day of October, year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

By the President, JEFFERSON DAVIS.

R. M. T. HUNTER, Secretary of State.

The Eighth Tennessee Infantry survivors hold annual reunions. The last was at Fayetteville-Speeches were made by Chancellor W. S. Bearden, who commanded a company in the Forty-first Tennessee, but who knew well the gallantry and heroism of the Eighth. Other addresses were made by Hon. Jno. W. Bright, Colonels John H. Savage, Holman and Carrigan.

GEN. SHERMAN'S COLONIZATION SCHEME.

His Comment on Men and Measures in August, 1862.

Copied from the "Washington Evening Star":

United States Commissioner A. J. Williams, of Cleveland, O., a member of the Loyal Legion, recently gave out for publication the following letter written by Gen. Sherman to his brother, Senator John Sherman, in 1862.

MEMPHIS, TENN., Aug. 13, 1862.

My dear brother: I have not written to you for so long that I suppose you think I have dropped the correspondence. For six weeks I was marching along the road from Corinth to Memphis, mending roads, building bridges, and all sorts of work.

At last I got here and found the city contributing gold, arms, powder, salt and everything the enemy wanted. It was a smart trick on their part thus to give up Memphis that the desire of gain to our Northern merchants should supply them with the things needed in war.

I stopped this at once and declared gold, silver, teasury notes and salt as much contraband of war, as powder. I have one man under sentence of death for smuggling arms across the lines, and hope Mr. Lincoln will approve it. But the mercenary spirit of our people is too much and my orders are reversed and I am ordered to encourage the trade in cotton, and all orders prohibiting gold, silver and notes to be paid for it are annulled by orders from Washington. Grant promptly ratified my order, and all military men here saw at once that gold spent for cotton went to the purchase of arms and and munitions of war. But what are the lives of our soldiers to the profits of the merchants?

After a whole year of bungling, the country has at last discovered that we want more men. All knew it last fall as well as now; but it was not popular. Now 1,300,000 men are required when 700,000 was deemed absurd before. It will take time to work up these raw recruits and they will reach us in October, when we should be in Jackson, Meridian and Vicksburg. Still, I must not growl. I have purposely put back, and have no right to criticise, save that I am glad the papers have at last found out we are at war and have a formidable enemy to combat.

Of course I approve the confiscation act, and would be willing to revolutionize the government so as to amend that article of the Constitution which forbids the forfeiture of land to the heirs. My full belief is, we must colonize the country *de novo*, beginning with Kentucky and Tennessee, and should remove 4,000,000 of our people at once south of the Ohio River, taking the farms and plantations of the Rebels. I deplore the war as much as ever, but if the thing has to be done, let the means be adequate.

Don't expect to overrun such a country or subdue such a people in one, two or five years. It is the task of half a century. Although our army is thus far South it cannot stir from our garrisons. Our men are killed and captured within sight of our lines.

I have two divisions here—mine and Hurlbut's—about 13,000 men; I am building a strong fort, and think this is to be one of the depots and bases of operations for future movements.

The loss of Halleck is almost fatal; we have no one to replace him. Instead of having one head we have five or six, all independent of each other.

I expect our enemy will mass their troops and fall upon our detachments before new reinforcements come. I cannot learn that there are any large bodies of men near us here.

There are detachments at Holly Springs and Senatobia, the present termini of the railroads from the South, and all the people of the country are armed as guerrillas. Curtis is at Helena, eighty miles south, and Grant at Corinth. Bragg's Army from Tripoli has moved to Chattanooga and proposes to march on to Nashville, Lexington and Cincinnati. They will have about 75,000 men. Buell is near Huntsville with about 30,000, and I suppose detachments of the new levies can be put in Kentucky from Ohio and Indiana in time.

The weather is very hot and Bragg can't move his forces very fast; but I fear he will give trouble. My own opinion is we ought not to venture too much into the interior until the river is safely in our possession, when we could land at any point and strike inland. To attempt to hold all the South would demand an army too large even to think of.

We must colonize and settle as we go South, for in Missouri there is as much strife as ever.

Enemies must be killed or transported to some other country. Your affectionate brother,

W. T. SHERMAN.

ONE OF THE LAST OFFICIAL CONFEDERATE PAPERS.—"Headquarters 1st Battalion, Duke's Brigade, May 2, 1865. Special Order No. ——.

Leave of absence is hereby granted the following named soldier, D. F. Barry, Co. F, Ninth Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, for sixty days.

W. W. WARD, Col. Comd'g.

Approved and respectfully forwarded.

B. W. DUKE, Brig. Gen'l.

HEADQUARTERS, ETC., May 2, 1865.

Approved by command of the Secretary of War.

WM. J. DAVIS, A. A. G."

Comrade Barry sends also to the VETERAN an account of "the last Council of War," at which Mr. Davis manifested faith still in the final success of a struggle for Constitutional rights of States. He believed that the 3,000 men with him could be made to serve as a nucleus around which the whole people would rally when the panic then afflicting them had passed. When it was proposed to remain organized only long enough to secure his exit from the country, he said he would listen to no suggestion that only regarded his personal safety. It was at that conference, near Abbeville, S. C., that Mr. Davis gave up hope and ejaculated bitterly: "Indeed, all is lost!"

H. M. Dillard, for himself and others, at Meridian, Texas, sends five dollars for the monument of Sam Davis, whose death is "a priceless heritage to every man who wore the gray." He concludes: "Let Nashville, be the place for this monument."

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

The Board of Trustees of Confederate Memorial Institute at its last meeting, held in Nashville, appointed Gen. John C. Underwood, widely known by Confederates through his active and successful efforts to honor comrades, dead and living, in Chicago, as their agent. Gen. Underwood's headquarters are to be in Nashville. Gen. Jackson, of Nashville, is chairman of the Executive Committee, and friends of the cause may expect active measures to be inaugurate d andpushed with zeal.

GENERAL W. D. CHIPLEY.

Hon. William D. Chipley, President Board of Trustees, of the Confederate Memorial Institute—decry the name "Battle Abbey"—was born in Columbus, Ga., June 6, 1840, but in 1844 the family returned to Lexington, Ky., and he was educated in that State. In 1861 he came South to fight for the Rights of the States, serving as Sergeant Major and then Adjutant of the Ninth Kentucky Infantry of the Orphan Brigade.

While performing his arduous duties with that regiment, having been appointed Record Agent for Kentucky, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he gathered a large amount of data—which unhappily was burned afterward in Augusta.

Colonel Chipley was wounded severely at Shiloh, and again at Chickamauga, and was captured in the battle of Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta.

After the war he married in Alabama near his birthplace. For the past two decades he has lived at Pensacola, and is mentioned by the press of that section as the "father of West Florida." He was rime mover in building an important railroad of that section, and was several times Mayor of that city. He was active in the erection of a Confederate monument, and suggested for inscription on one side the following, which was used:

JEFFERSON DAVIS,
PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.
CHRISTIAN—SOLDIER—STATESMAN—PATRIOT.
THE ONLY MAN IN OUR NATION WITHOUT A COUNTRY,
YET TWENTY MILLION PEOPLE MOURN HIS DEATH.

In all Confederate matters Comrade Chipley is active. He ranks as Brigadier General, Commanding the First Florida Brigade, United Confederate Veterans, and is President of the Board of Trustees of the Confederate Memorial Institute. It will be recalled that his daughter, Miss Clara Chipley, as Sponsor for the "land of flowers" at the Houston reunion. was universally admired. In all the walks of life General Chipley has been a progressive and useful citizen.

The Trustees are in good spirits for the success of the CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE.

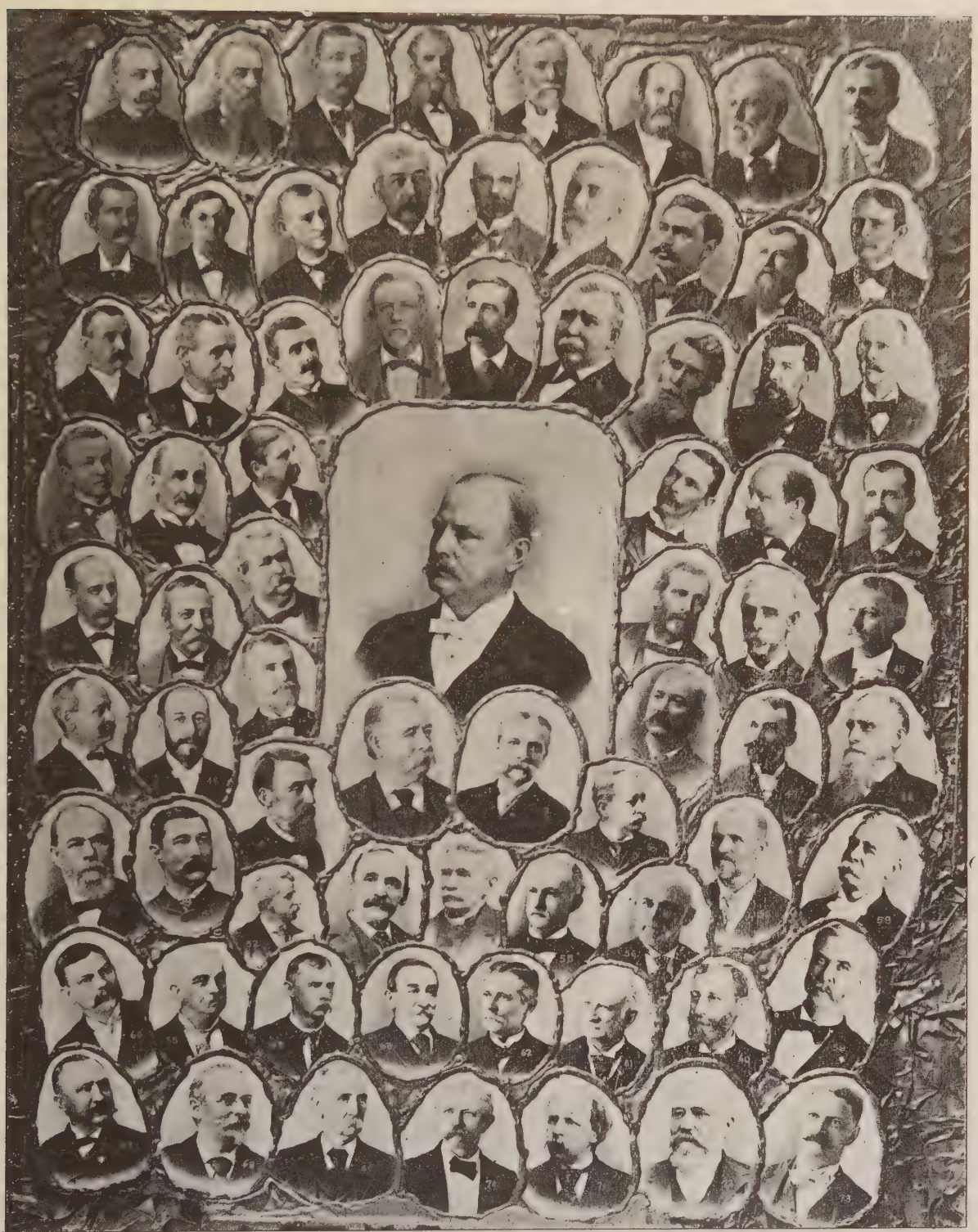
FENNER'S LOUISIANA BATTERY.

This company was organized from the Veterans of the Dreux Battalion, which command was made up of the first volunteer companies mustered into the Confederate service in Louisiana. The Dreux Battalion having served one year in Virginia, was mustered out of service on the Yorktown line early in April, 1862, but, anticipating a fight with McClellan's forces, remained in the trenches with discharges in their pockets until General Johnston began his retreat to Richmond.

In the interim, New Orleans had been captured by General Butler, and the boys as they arrived in Jackson, finding their homes in possession of the enemy, enrolled themselves under Captain Fenner, who had been a favorite officer in the Louisiana Guards, one of the companies of the battalion. The battery wound up its last year with Johnston and Hood, being attached to Clayton's Division, and was always at the front. The members were paroled at Meridian, Miss., in May, 1865.

Of the seventy-three members in the picture, living in 1894, three have since died, viz: Lieut. Nat Tyler Cluverius, Sergeant John F. Early and Sergeant Stephen R. Garrett.

A majority of the survivors reside in New Orleans nd are members of U. C. V., Camp No. 2.



73 LIVING MEMBERS OF FENNER'S LOUISIANA BATTERY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1894.

ENLISTMENTS DURING THE WAR, 265.

1. Capt. E. C. Fenner,
2. Lieut. T. J. Duggan,
3. " N. T. Cluverius,
4. " Geo. P. Harris,
5. " Fred. Ernest,
6. Sergt. Jno. F. Early,
7. " S. R. Garrett,
8. " Jno. L. Gill,
9. " C. Young,
10. " R. Howe,
11. Corp'l D. B. Rundle,
12. " J. K. Renaud,
13. Corp'l F. M. Hall,
14. " B. N. McCarty,
15. " A. H. Clark,
16. " J. W. Noyes,
17. " E. A. Brandao,
18. " Walter Fry,
19. B. M. Childress,
20. Alex. B. Clark,
21. Henry Ginder,
22. Thomas Seaton,
23. James Hibben,
24. Phil. C. Clark,
25. H. Gibbs Morgan,
26. J. H. Bruton,
27. Lionel C. Levy,
28. Geo. S. Petit,
29. B. T. Brunet,
30. James W. Person,
31. Dr. W. B. Cooper,
32. David Hughes,
33. Elijah S. Ross,
34. J. T. Pecot,
35. E. G. Wells,
36. Jerry F. Shaw,
37. L. C. Ivey,
38. Nather Conrad,
39. Dr. Hugh Pierson,
40. John Dirker,
41. Dave M. Murphy,
42. R. H. Brunet,
43. S. B. Gill,
44. A. H. N. Hunter,
45. Joe Bridgins,
46. Sam. W. Cotton,
47. Geo. Mather,
48. A. D. Henriques,
49. L. R. Simmons,
50. Gus Horton.
51. Geo. S. Waterman,
52. Adolph Grivot,
53. Chas. A. Bessac,
54. Rev. J. L. N. Logan,
55. Wm. H. Renaud,
56. R. H. Crawford,
57. A. Bowman.
58. Leonce Desforges,
59. James L. Pierson,
60. A. B. Brittin,
61. W. S. Crawford,
62. Walter H. Rogers,
63. B. F. Jonas,
64. R. H. Burton,
65. Jno. B. Cooper,
66. E. T. Manning,
67. Jos. Murphy.
68. Geo. M. Steirer,
69. Geo. P. Childress,
70. Thos. C. Pateous.
71. J. J. Beylle,
72. J. S. Beers,
73. Jno. R. Picton.

THIRTY-THREE YEARS AFTER A TRAGEDY.

The approaching 27th of November recalls the sentiment of Miss Cary in those beautiful lines,

> One sweetly, solemn thought,
> Comes to me o'er and o'er.

It is the most noted anniversary in the life of the writer, as that of a happy wedding and a birthday of later date; but it is the anniversary of the most tragic event in American history that induces these musings. November 27, 1863, was the day that that matchless test was made wherein a young man, taught from his childhood to be honorable and truthful regardless of consequences, was able to declare that his word was of more value than his life, and to demonstrate it to the end. The God who gave him life must have said: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," and "Thou shalt wear a crown of glory."

It was thirty years after that awful day before the testimony of his executioners was made known to his Confederate comrades, who, at that time, were absorbed in defending their homes against invasion. Ah, that awful day at Pulaski, when Samuel Davis was the manliest man in all the earth! He honored his parents and his State, he honored the South, he honored the Jacket of Gray, he honored manhood, he honored God. Does it not seem fitting that we of the South, who were specially honored by Comrade Davis, should do something to prove our appreciation, even thirty-three years after the day that he surrendered his young life for truth? How patriotic that soliloquy, "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me." Do let us give expression on November 27. Thousands who honor that sacred memory cannot put a stone in the monument, nor give one dollar toward it; but to them appeal is made to consider whether they cannot pay tribute with pen and ink by writing their appreciation. It would be well to have such testimonials—say on commercial note paper—to deposit in the cornerstone of the monument. Do let us all remember that day, and let those who can send something to be added to the fund, now over $1,700, for a monument in his honor.

MOTHER OF SAMUEL DAVIS.

It was intended to print in this Veteran the names of all who contributed one dollar and over, but is deferred so as to include all who respond by the anniversary (November 27), and it will appear in the Christmas number.

A sacred memory occurs in this connection. The late Mrs. Sarah C. Douglas (mother of Dr. Richard Douglas, of Nashville), who was ever quick to manifest her interest in Confederate matters, and was one of the first subscribers to the Sam Davis Monument, met the writer on the street only a few weeks before her death, and said that she wanted to subscribe for a grandson; and while the name was being written, she added those of her other two grandchildren to the list. [At the funeral of this good woman there was high evidence that multitudes loved her. Exquisite floral tributes, when being taken from the house at the time of the funeral, lined the street for nearly half a block.]

Mrs. W. R. Bringhurst, Clarksville, Tenn.:

Some time ago one of my young sons brought me a copy of the Veteran, with the remark: "You have been writing history, have you?" When I told him I had not, he pointed to an article, written by Mr. Josh Brown, who had, by the way, gathered his information from the Confederate side, saying, pleasantly and deferentially, "I have heard that story too often for you to deny it."

I mention this to show how very correctly the facts must have been stated to have coincided so exactly with what I saw and heard from Federal soldiers. It was a mere accident that I was an eye witness to the execution of our hero, Samuel Davis.

> No braver lad ere wore the gray,
> No nobler heart ere ceased to beat.

I was a girl, only fourteen years of age, and was boarding at that time with Mrs. Clayton Abernathy, in Pulaski, Tenn. I slipped out into the back yard which overlooked the ravine between Dr. Abernathy's home and the Giles College on an opposite hill, when I saw a group of soldiers on the hillside; and soon a man rode to the group with a paper which he handed to its central figure. The scene was unusual, and my eyes were riveted to the spot. After a moment's parley, a young man stepped into a cart, and was driven between two upright posts. After another short pause, he waved his hand. I instinctively put my hands before my eyes, and when I dared to look again I saw his form hanging.

Horrified, I ran into the house to tell what I had seen. I was only known to them as a "little Rebel," and they to me as "Yankee soldiers," though we were forced to eat at the same table; and the conversation was an impressive one. At our next meal three Federal officers, who sat on the opposite side of the table from me, discussed the tragedy at length. Dr. Elias B. Glick, Surgeon in the Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, one of the three, was a fine old gentleman, who, in spite of our intense prejudice, commanded our respect. He expressed his indignation over the death of such a hero, saying that it was a foul blot upon the nation; and my

blood ran cold as he told that, though offered his liberty and an escort through the lines to tell the name of the person who had furnished him the papers, he steadfastly refused, but begged, in the name of justice and right, and for the sake of his mother, to give him a soldier's—not an ignominious—death. This seemed to be the only thing that stung him, but still he did not falter, even in reading his own death warrant.

Samuel Davis was a scout—not a spy. He wore the gray. The two other officers at the tab e agreed with Dr. Glick that all sense of justice was outraged when this last request was denied him.

Tribute by General George Maney of Nashville:

You have repeatedly requested of me some contribution for publication in your esteemed periodical in regard to Sam Davis, executed by Federal military authorities at Pulaski, Tenn., during our Civil War, urging that as his commanding, officer during his military services, it was peculiarly a propriety, if not a duty, on my part so to do, and many others, interested in his history, seem to hold your views in this respect. While sharing fully in the pride of all his companions in arms at the noble manner in which he met his fate, I have not felt your ideas well taken as to any special ability of mine in the matter, since I can say no more for perpetuation of his memory because he was of my command than if he had been of another's, nor justly speak differently of him even if he had belonged to the ranks of the enemy. The loyal and intrepid fidelity that brought him death will, and should, stand boldly out, unneedful of praise, as defiant of censure.

Sam Davis, born of highly reputable parents in the adjoining county of Rutherford, had, before passing from his teens, enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Ledbetter's Company, First Tennessee Regiment, and with his command taken part in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville and Murfreesboro. After retreat of the Confederate Army from the field last named, aspiring to a larger usefulness to his cause, he sought and secured detail for secret service within the enemy's lines in obtaining information of their forces and movements for use of the Confederate Commander, and while thus engaged was captured, bearing on his person drawings of some, perhaps, unimportant, fortifications. This, however, under usage of civilized warfare, rendered his life a forfeit as example to deter others from the dangerous duty of seeking and obtainir g like information of greater importance. In a word, he was, by military tribunal, tried, convicted and sentenced to death as a spy. These proceedings were had with military promptness, usual in such cases, but during the brief ordeal his bearing of fearless devotion was such as to profoundly impress those holding his fate in hand, and pardon, with safe conduct to his own lines, was freely offered and repeated on condition that he would name the party from whom he had received his information. With more worldly experience and selfish disposition, he might, perhaps, have named some one who, if in existence at all, was yet secure from capture, and aided by the strong inclination of his judges to save him from the extreme penalty, possibly have so escaped his doom, but, in the ingenuousness of youth, no such thought seems ever for a moment to have entered his mind, and, apparently averse to all subterfuge or evasion, with the calm but unflinching courage belonging only to heroes, he met his responsibility squarely, with the fixed refusal to divulge the name of anyone as his associate. Even at the last moment, when standing upon the scaffold, the rope of ignominy upon him and death at hand, he met the final proposition of pardon upon condition of becoming informer with unfaltering refusal, and, fearless of everything, except to do wrong, stepped serenely to his execution.

So lived and died Sam Davis!
Shall we pity or congratulate?

Mainly, the difference in men is difference in the use of their opportunities. Yet there is no rule more universal, and of fewer exceptions, than that they alike hold life as the supreme blessing. Even in the decrepitude of age, when all reason in echoing voice sayeth, "only, at best, for a little while longer," for its brief extension men will barter fortune and station. Strange truth, yet endless in its suggestion!

In the halo of youth, when the heart beats high and warm, with only happy memories of his boytime at home, with tender mother and loving sisters to survive him, with everything to exalt life's value, fortunate Sam Davis encountered a something more precious. His supreme opportunity came, and with courageous virtue to match, he of his own free will secured that something, to him more precious than life, and which will endure so long as the virtues of honor, fidelity and unselfish devotion, shall find reverence of men.

Dr. J. W. Davis writes from Smyrna, Tenn.:

Sam Davis' noble and heroic death, stands out unique and alone, as the most noble and tragic of any life given up for our lost cause. Thousands of as brave, and true sons of the South, lie buried in unknown graves, and we honor them all that we can.

But Sam Davis, after his capture, was tried by courtmartial, without witness or counsel, condemned to die in twenty-four hours. He then was told, if he would tell who gave him certain papers, found upon his person, his life would be spared. That he, with his horse and side arms, would be put within Gen. Bragg's lines. He refused the offer, saying the man who gave him the papers could do the Confederate cause more good than he could.

Who gave Sam Davis those papers is a secret until this day, so far as the public knows.

The old, broken hearted father of Sam Davis, had his darling boy buried not far from his house, and then, a beautiful, tall, white marble shaft erected by the grave.

The father, mother and grandmother have since died, and are buried in the same enclosure, but no one else is ever to be buried within it.

The great monument, the American people expect to erect to his memory, will be of free-will offerings.

When the hardness of the times relaxes, I expect to give a liberal contribution myself, though my life is far spent, for I am now five past three score and ten years, yet I revere the memory of all who fought and bled, for our dear Southland.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

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This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

An address by Hon. Richard B. Hubbard, ex-Governor of Texas, delivered at Tyler, Texas, should have appeared ere this, and may be expected in the Christmas VETERAN. It emphasizes the importance of Southern people, especially those who staked property and life upon constitutional issues, being more and more closely united together with their children and children's children in caring for decrepit survivors, in preserving relics of honorable association from the great war, and *to preserve the history* of Confederate armies. He calls attention to the misrepresentations by the other side, which deplorable fact makes it incumbent upon the Southerners referred to, to exercise diligence for the truth's sake and for Southern honor.

The meeting of the Tennessee Division of Confederate Soldiers, held October 14th in Nashville, was pleasant and profitable. A more extended account of it, or at least, the publication of features that would be helpful to other organizations, may be given later.

Dr. J. B. Cowan and Maj. Chas. W. Anderson, both of whose pictures and sketches appear in the September VETERAN (page 288), were nominated for President; the vote of delegates was fifty-four to fifty-two, and on Dr. Cowan's motion it was made unanimous for Maj. Anderson. Dr. Cowan and Major J. A. Loudon were elec ed Vice Presidents. John P. Hickman was, of course, elected Secretary, a position he has ever held efficiently. Rev. R. Lin Cave was chosen chaplain, and it was made unanimous at request of Rev. J. E. Martin.

The response to address of welcome to the Kentucky and Tennessee veterans in Nashville as reported elsewhere, was by Rev. J. E. Martin, of Jackson, Tenn. His address was brief and so thrilling that its complete text was to be given in the VETERAN, but, unhappily, copy is not at hand.

Dr. Martin begun by saying that the air was so charged with patriotism that he was like the Irishman whose heart was so near his mouth that he was afraid to open it. His theme being the women of Tennessee, he prefaced by referring to a number of her great men, paying royal tribute to Samuel Davis, which was responded to with generous cheering. And then, taking up the women whose devotion was the "bulwark of the war," he said justice could not be uttered in the tribute that they deserved.

He paid high tribute to Miss Jane Thomas, who is now in her ninenty-seventh year, in excellent health and spirits, a typical, devoted, kindly Southern woman. He told of the privations and sorrows of the Southern women during the war, and of their uncomplaining devotion to duty. "*In all the war there is not a single instance of a Southern wowan betraying a trust of the Confederacy.*"

Mrs. Louise Randle, who had charge of the concert given to comrades in the Tabernacle at the reunion has the credit of conducting the most enjoyable entertainment in VETERAN history.

Miss Katie Daffan, Ennis, Tex., sponsor for the Trans-Mississippi Department at the last General Reunion, and daughter of Mr. L. A. Daffan, an official of the Houston & Texas Central Railroad who served in Company G., Fourth Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, writes in regard to a convention of

United Daughters: "Any duty that may be required of me I will perform cheerfully, and I will do anything in my power to promote our cause." Miss Daffan adds: "I think *by all means* that Nashville should be looked upon as our headquarters. It is one of our prettiest Southern cities, and there are so many enthusiastic workers there."

John T. Bryan, of Marianna, Fla., sends renewal of his subscription, and closes his letter with the following, to which respectful attention is called:

"Times is hard and gittin' harder,
Provisions scarce and gittin' scarcer,
Money short and gittin' shorter.
But pay the editor don't you think I oughter?"

HOOD'S TEXANS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

J. B. POLLEY, FLORESVILLE, TEXAS.

NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, July 30 1863.

"CHARMING NELLIE."

"Grim-visag'd war hath smoothed her wrinkled front," temporarily, and I am sitting in a chair and writing on a table to-day, Charming Nellie, under the grateful shade of a wide-spreading maple and amid surroundings so pleasantly peaceful that the scenes recently witnessed, the adventures experienced, and the hardships, privations and dangers undergone seem like

"Dreams which, beneath the hovering shades of night,
Sport with the ever restless minds of men"

But alas! the present can only be an interlude between the acts of this terribly real and bloody tragedy of war. Another may never come to me, and, to make the most of this, I devote a part of it to your entertainment. Don't imagine that because I am so happily situated, I am not on duty; for I am. Ostensibly, I am protecting the premises of an F. F. V.—a gentleman of the old school, the paternal ancestor of a pretty and vivacious daughter, and the host of a prettier and more vivacious friend of the daughter. Under the humanizing influence of the fragrant roses that bloom in the yard and those animate flowers who, flitting from room to room and from piazza to porch of the house, come within range of my greedy eyes whenever I raise them from the table, my warlike spirit has been tamed into the peacefulness and timidity of "Mary's little lamb," and, were it not for the conflict between obligations that distress my tender conscience, would be as sportive. The trouble is this: In exchange for three substantial daily meals, and for the blessed privilege of flirting *ad libitum* with the young ladies and sleeping at night in the front yard, I am expected to protect my host's roasting-ears, watermelons, pumpkins, apples and the like, from the depredations of my gallant comrades, encamped three miles away in the direction of Fredericksburg. At the same time, my duty to these comrades is to afford them every possible opportunity to follow the advice of Jim Sanders of the Fifth. Catching sight of a terrapin one day, he captured it, saying, "A man orter vairegate his eatin' every chance he gits." Considering that Jim has been a man of mark ever since he awarded to the Enfield Rifle the palm of superiority over the Mississippi Yager, on the sensible ground that the "chronic" ball carried by the former was so much more destructive than the round ball of the latter, the Texans are not to be censured for following his wise counsels. This granted, I do not feel called upon to be an obstacle to "vairegation" as long as I can keep myself out of the sight and hearing of the boys.

Crossing the Potomac on a pontoon bridge, at noon we halted in the outskirts of the town of Williamsport, Md., and, *mirabile dictu*, drew rations of whiskey. There was only about a gill to the man, but as the temperance fellows gave their shares to friends, the quantity available was amply sufficient to put fully half the brigade not only in a boisterously good humor, but in such physical condition that the breadth of the road over which they marched that evening was more of an obstacle to rapid progress than its length. At an early hour, John Brantley, of my company, became so exhausted by his latitudinarian tendencies as to prefer riding to walking, and perceiving that Col. Key was in an excellently good-natured condition, took advantage of a momentary halt to approach that gallant officer and, slapping him familiarly on the leg, remarked: "Say, Kunnel! I'm jus' plum' broke down; can't you walk some an' lemme ride a while?" Bending forward over his horse's neck and grasping the pommel of his saddle with both hands to steady himself, the old Colonel looked pityingly down at Brantley and, between hiccoughs, replied: "I'd do it in a minute, ole feller, d—d if I wouldn't, but I'm tired as h— myself, ah sittin' up here an' ah hol'in' on."

Just after crossing the boundary line into Pennsylvania, I went to a farmhouse in sight of the road and inquired if the owner of it had any bacon for sale. Answered in the affirmative, I asked the price and was told "fifteen cents a pound." Reflecting that in Virginia the price was two dollars for the same quantity, and bacon almost impossible to buy at that, I determined to lay in a good supply. So selecting from his well-filled smoke house two sides which weighed exactly eighty pounds, and were streaked with lean and fat in exactly the right proportion to be exceedingly toothsome, I tied them together with a piece of old rope and, throwing them across the loins of my horse, handed the farmer a twenty dollar Confederate bill. "Oh!" said he, as he took it gingerly between thumb and fore-finger and eyed it as if suspicious that it were unclean, "I can't pass this kind of money here in Pennsylvania." "Yes, indeed you can, my dear sir," said I, speaking with the fervor of absolute conviction. "Can't you see from the army passing by that we intend to take possession of this little neck of the woods? You will need our money to pay taxes and for many other purposes, and you had better begin to get hold of it." "But I can't change this bill, for I haven't got any of the same kind," he whined. "Oh! that's a small matter," said I; "just give me greenbacks—I ain't afraid of them." "I'll see what I can do," he answered, after a moment's hesitation, and walked into the house. In less than a minute I heard the shrill voice of an angry woman scolding vigorously and, guessing that the farmer was encountering opposition that might interfere with the trade, deemed it prudent to mount my steed and be prepared for emergencies. I had scarcely settled myself in the saddle when the farmer appeared and, extending the bill toward me, said: "Here, Mister, give me back that ar bacon and take your money—I can't make the change, for I hain't got eight dollars in the house." Fully equal to the imperative demands of the occasion, I resolved not to suffer such a pitiful trifle as eight dollars of Confederate money to spoil a good trade, and, assuming the

most lordly Southern air of which I was capable, said: "Then just keep the change, sir," touched my weather-beaten hat with the politeness of a Chesterfield and, giving free rein to my horse, soon overtook a wagon and unloaded my prize into it.

There are men in the Fourth Texas endowed with as keen a scent for food as any animal, and Dick Skinner, of Company F, is one of them. Excepting the driver, whom I swore to absolute secrecy, not a soul saw me put that bacon into the wagon, and yet, within twenty minutes after we went into camp near Greencastle, Dick approached me with as bland a smile as he wears when asking a comrade to hold his gun while he takes a drink of water, and said: "See here, Joe, I haint had a bite to eat for three days and I'm gettin' too weak to serve my country. Can't you lend me about ten pounds of that bacon you got this evening? I'll make it even with you within the week." Devoting one minute to wondering how in the world Dick had learned of my purchase, I gave another to rapid reflection. While the fellow lied like a trooper about his starving condition, he was obviously too hungry to be a good Christian and obey all of God's ten commandments, and especially those against covetousness and stealing; therefore, solely out of regard for his moral welfare, I placed temptation out of his reach by lending him the bacon. But, although I abjured him with tears in my eyes not to think of making things even until he could buy as I had, I am satisfied that when, two or three days later, he settled the account by sending me a couple of fat chickens, somebody's henroost had been robbed?

* * * Horses were needed to move the artillery and, to obtain them, the non-combatants of the Q. M. Department were ordered to scout through the country and pick up as many as possible. Always ready to serve our country in its time of need, we set out as blithely as schoolboys on a frolic, our cheerfulness wonderfully increased by timely information that we would not be expected to penetrate the mountain fastnesses where guerillas were supposed to be lying in wait for the unwary, but, on the contrary, were to confine our researches to the open country between Longstreet's Corps and Ewell's, then far up the Susquehanna toward Harrisburg. Shortly after noon of the first day's scout, we caught sight of two colts feeding on a hill, a mile to the right of the road. Knowing their dams must be near them, we cut across the country and, tied to a hedge, found two splendid young mares. I took the bay, while Capt. Cussons (or Cozzens) of Gen. Law's staff, who had joined our party, took the sorrel. The poor animals kept up such a constant and increasing racket over the separation from their offspring that when night came, and we encamped in a grove some distance away from any road, an expert at milking was in demand. Far away from the protection of friendly infantry, in an enemy's country and armed only with pistols, we felt unpleasantly lonesome, insecure and forlorn; it was recklessly imprudent, therefore, to run the risk of having our presence betrayed to passing foes, as it might be, unless the uneasiness of our captives was speedily allayed. Having graduated in the art of milking when a boy, I lost no time in practicing it on the animal chosen by me. Capt. Cussons, however had more difficulty. It was his first essay as a milkmaid and, although under my laughing tuition he finally succeeded, it was at the cost of infinite travail and labor, and he carried away in his eyes and mouth, and on his face, long flowing beard and new uniform far more milk than fell upon the ground.

An old Dunkard gave us such an early breakfast next morning that when at noon we halted before a large and elegant mansion, surrounded by beautiful grounds, we were as hungry as bears. It fell to my lot to ask for entertainment, and, dismounting, I rapped gently at the front door. Waiting a reasonable time and hearing no sound from within, I rapped again a little more vigorously than before, and after another interval of absolute quiet, a third time. Then a well-preserved lady of fifty opened the door and, her face as white as a sheet, looked silently at me. Raising my hat in acknowledgement of her presence, I stated my errand. Not a word fell from her lips until she had first looked at me from head to foot and then glanced in the direction of my companions; then she said in a tremulous voice: "You are rebels, are you not?" "That is what you call us, madam, I suppose, but we call ourselves Confederates," I explained. "Orders have been published," said she, "prohibiting citizens from giving any aid or comfort to the Confederates." "I shall regret very much, Madam," I rejoined, "to have the orders obeyed in our particular case, for in that event we will have to ask elsewhere for food, and we are quite hungry, I assure you." "That alters the case," she replied quickly, smiling for the first time, "The Bible commands us to feed the hungry, and it is of higher authority than the orders of man. Ask your friends in—I will give you dinner." The smile and the spirit of genuine Christian hospitality, which spoke in the lady's sweet voice and shone in her still bright eyes, captivated me, and I suggested carrying my party around the house to the back door rather than have them tramp through the spotlessly clean hall. She smiled again gratefully this time—saying: "Thank you, sir. You have been trained by a careful mother, I see. It will please me very much to have your friends conducted directly to the back porch—they will find water, towels and a comb and brush there, should they need them."

To make a long story short, within half an hour, eight Confederates sat around a long table in a spacious dining-room, eating huge slices of light bread, cold ham, corned beef and roast mutton, interspersed liberally with sweet pickles, jam, jelly and apple butter, drinking genuine coffee and the richest of milk, and, between sups and bites, chatting as merrily with our hostess, her three handsome daughters and an old gentleman whom the girls called "Uncle John," as if they were acquaintances of long and intimate standing. Stray whithersoever he might in the delightful fields of literature, prose, poetry, the arts and the drama, the disputatious, critical and sarcastic Capt. Joe Wade, of the Fourth Texas, found his match in the well-informed, bright-minded elder sister; for every one of our many crude essays at wit or humor, Capt. Walter Norwood, of the

Fifth and your humble servant, the writer, received an ample *quid pro quo* from the next in age of the girls, and Capt. Mills, of the First—a Chevalier Bayard *sans peur et sans reproche*, although quite an old bachelor—and the others of the visitors, found ample entertainment in lively, laughing converse with our hostess, her youngest daughter and "Uncle John."

We sat there fully three hours; then Capt. Mills suggested departure, and, calling me to one side, quietly dropped a treasured five dollar gold piece into my hand, saying in a low voice: "Here, Joe, pay for our dinner with this. They have been too kind to us to be offered Confederate money." Turning to the hostess, I offered the coin and asked if it would satisfy her for her trouble. "Yes, sir, it would were I willing to accept pay," said she, drawing back rather indignantly. "But I am not. We have heard horrible stories of the treatment we might expect from Confederates, but if all are gentlemen like yourselves, I will make them as welcome to my house and table as you have been. Won't you stay longer? It is early yet." The invitation declined, each of us expressed our thanks for her hospitality and took leave. It was my youthful appearance, I reckon, that gained me the compliment, but when I said good-bye, she clasped my hand warmly and, looking at me with eyes that reminded me of my own good mother in far away Texas, said: "Good bye, my dear boy, and remember if you get sick or are wounded and will only let us know where you are, you shall be brought here and nursed until you are well again." * * * * *

Rejoining the Brigade late that night at its camp near Chambersburg, and being very tired, I laid down near the wagons and went to sleep. Awakened next morning by Collin's bugle, and walking over to the camp, I witnessed not only an unexpected but a wonderful and marvelous sight. Every square foot of half an acre of ground not occupied by a sleeping or standing soldier, was covered with choice food for the hungry. Chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese squawked, gobbled, quacked, cackled and hissed in inharmonious unison, as deft and energetic hands seized them for the slaughter, and, scarcely waiting for them to die, sent their feathers like snowy clouds flying in every direction, while immense loaves of bread and chunks of corned beef, hams and sides of bacon, cheeses, crocks of apple-butter, jelly, jam, pickles and preserves, bowls of the yellowest butter and demijohns of buttermilk were in confusion, all around. The sleepers were the foragers of the night resting from their arduous labors—the standing men, their messmates who remained as camp-guards and were now up to their eyes in noise, feathers and grub. Jack Sutherland's head pillowed itself on a loaf of bread and one arm was wound caressingly half around a juicy-looking ham. Bob Murray, fearful that his captives would take to their wings or be purloined, had wound the string which bound half a dozen frying chickens around his right big toe; one of Brahan's widespread legs was embraced by two overlapping crocks of apple butter and jam, while a tough old gander, gray with age, squawked complainingly at his head without in the least disturbing his slumber; Dick Skinner lay flat on his back—with his right hand holding to the legs of three fat chickens and a duck, and his left, to those of a large turkey—fast asleep and snoring in a rasping bass voice that chimed in well with the music of the fowls. * * * The scene is utterly indescribable, and I shall make no further attempt to picture it. The hours were devoted exclusively to gormandizing until, at 3 P.M., marching orders came, and, leaving more provisions than they carried, the Texans moved lazily and plethorically into line—their destination being the fateful battlefield of Gettysburg.

REMINISCENSES BY MISS SUE MONROE.

The Capt. "Curran," mentioned by J. B. Polley in one of his letters to "Charming Nellie," was Capt. Mark Kerns, of Chambersburg, Penn., who commanded a battery in a Pennsylvania regiment of artillery. His guns were some distance in advance of those on the hill in the pines east of Young's branch. When he was wounded, the few that were with him put him and two other wounded men on the guns and wheeled to run, but just then the horses were shot, the two men were thrown off, one killed, the other disappeared. Capt. Kerns was mortally wounded in the side and taken to a place down on Young's branch near a large oak tree and every attention paid him. There was a large red silk handkerchief folded and placed on the wound. The next day, Sunday, Col. Carter, of the Fourth Texas Regiment, had to leave. He saw that Capt. Kerns could not live and left his overcoat for him to be buried in. The coat had staff officer's buttons on it. Capt. Kerns was buried under the large oak tree. His military books that were captured were sent to his mother. Some one gave his field glass to Gen. Hood. Capt. Kerns was a graduate of West Point. His mother was from Loudoun County, Virginia. She was opposed to his entering the army. He received a flesh wound during the seven days fight before Richmond, and had just gotten back to his command in time for the second Manassas. His stepfather was Dr. Samuel B. Fisher, a Reformed minister and editor.

When Col. Carter, of the Fourth Texas, was wounded at Gettysburg, he and others were taken to Chambersburg. Dr. Fisher attended to the Confederate wounded and his wife cooked rice for them. He found Col. Carter and a Major Brown who gave all the information about his stepson. Col. Carter died and Dr. Fisher buried him in the Reformed Church burying-ground, and, if my memory serves me right, all the Confederate dead there were buried in that cemetery. In the same battle was mortally wounded a son of a Presbyterian minister, named Carothers, who would have been a minister too. He was taken to Dr. Macrea's, above Gainesville, and lingered until Christmas. He is buried there. When Mrs. Fisher left here she gave me ten dollars, and after she got home sent me five more towards buying a marble tombstone for Mr. Carothers. The money was some of her son's pay the United States Government was owing him when he died. Mrs. Macrea gave me five dollars more for the stones. The stonecutter was a Confederate and let me have large stones cheap.

VISITING MANASSAS BATTLEFIELD.

Mrs. J. E. Alexander, a member of the Mary Custis Lee Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, writes from Alexandria, Va.:

Our Chapter has taken a holiday for the summer months and many of our members are out of town.

Disappointed in not being able to attend the Reunion at Richmond, we compromise by a trip over the Manassas battlefield, and, after reading the VETERAN, concluded that our trip might interest some of your readers.

On the 4th of July a party of eight, well equipped for a drive, left the home of Col. J. T. Leachman for a trip over the First and Second Manassas battlefields. We proceeded to the "Cut" on the line of the old Manassas railroad, where so many of the Federals lost their lives; then to the monument erected on the Dogan farm to their dead; around by the Sudley Church, which was a conspicuous place during the first battle. The old church, which was then a shelter for the dead and dying, has given place to a new building where the Gospel of Peace is proclaimed every Sabbath. From here we went to the "Stone House;" then to the "Henry" hill, where we were met by Mr. Henry, now eighty-six years of age, whose step is faltering and hair white, but whose mind is as clear as the sunlight.

We received a Virginia gentleman's welcome. Under Mr. Henry's guidance we visited the points of interest on this part of the field. The first tablet that came to view was a large board bearing the following: "On this spot General T. J. Jackson was shot in the hand and received the name of 'Stonewall!'"

A short distance further we saw this: "On these spots Generals Bee and Bartow fell." Bartow's comrades erected a monument, bearing his last words: "They have killed me, boys, but never give up the field". This has been destroyed gradually by relic gatherers, until nothing is left but the base.

When we saw that in such a short distance two of our noble Generals gave their lives for the cause, and as we stood and viewed the fields covered with grain then ripe for the reaper, we felt that we were standing on sacred soil, remembering that every foot of ground on that hill was fought for and held by the boys who wore the gray, and that here many a precious soul returned to God who gave it.

With tears in our eyes we returned to the "Henry" house, with the vision of Jackson before us and the carnage on the hill that we had seen just thirty-five years ago. A child then, is it strange that these memories can never be effaced?

The old Henry house is gone and a new one is in its place; the only occupants Mr. Henry and his faithful old servant Bailey. Mr. Henry is well-known to all our Alexandria veterans, for he taught many of them.

Just back of the house is a monument erected to the Federal dead. It is a tall shaft of brown sandstone, but it, too, is falling into decay.

When the time came for refreshments, with a party of friends from Kansas, we spread our dinner on the grass not far from the graves of Mrs. Judith Henry and her daughter, mother and sister of Mr. Henry. It will be recalled that the mother was killed during the first battle by a piece of shell.

With our trophies of pine burrs from the trees where Jackson, Bee and Bartow stood, we left the "Henry" hill and went to Bull Run bridge, and there memory again carried us back to the 18th of July, 1861, when we first heard cannonading, which was at Blackburn's ford.

Standing there, looking at the high bluff and the fine bridge we thought of the retreat when the scene was so different; then was turmoil, strife and blood—now peace and quiet reigns.

Afterward, we turned our faces homeward, stopping on the way at the cemetery near Groveton, where our dead are buried. The hand of time has been busy; the fences are down; the grass has grown tall and rank over the graves of the 500 men who sleep here. Most of them are from our own Southland. In this cemetery stands a white slab to the memory of "James Jerman Palmer, son of Dr. Jno. S. and Esther Simmons Palmer. Born in Charleston County, South Carolina, May 25, 1840. Killed in the Second Manassas battle, August 20, 1862; a private in the Spartan Rifles and Regiment of Palmetto Sharp Shooters."

His white tombstone stands as a lonely sentinel over his 500 comrades who lost their lives in the first and second battles of Manassas.

With the mountains as the background and the golden sun just bidding good-night to earth, kissing with its last rays the lonely watcher in the hillside cemetery, we leave the scene, with the thought—Sleep on until the last roll is called and the last trump shall sound, when the dead shall come from the swamps of Chickahominy, from the heights of Gettysburg, from the lovely cemeteries in our cities and the lonely cemetery on the Manassas field, but be it our duty, women of the South, to keep their graves green while we live, and leave the work as a valued heritage to our children.

Sam J. Stockard, Jr., Savannah, Tenn., writes:

Capt. Robt. C. McMechan, familiar to river men along the Tennessee, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, died the 5th inst., at Michigan City, Miss.

He was extremely popular with men of his profession, and his death caused genuine regret. He was a gallant Confederate captain and served his country faithfully through her four years of victory and defeat; he was born and raised near Bridgeport, Ala., and was a typical Southerner in every respect.

For twenty years he had been commanding steamboats on the Tennessee River. As a mark of the people's affection for him, upon his appearance on his boat, some months ago after a very serious illness, he was greeted at one of the principal towns of the river, by the firing of cannon.

At the Shiloh Re-unions he was always a prominent visitor, and was loved and admired by both Union and Confederate veterans alike for his genial humor. Sympathy is extended by his multitude of friends to the widow and children now residing at Evansville, Ind.

LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR.

Comrade W. J. Slatter, Winchester, Tenn.:

For more than three years I have intended to write the VETERAN about the really "last battle of the war," because I have read so many incorrect reports of it. I allude to the battle at West Point, Ga., on the 16th of April, 1865, between regularly organized forces, and before the fact of Lee's surrender had been received on either side.

The reports heretofore published have contained very brief, when any, notices of Tennesseans engaged in that heroic defense of Fort Tyler. I wish this record in the VETERAN—It fills a large niche in the great Abbey for which my noble friend, Charles Broadway Rouss, so generously offers one hundred thousand dollars.

I was in that fight from start to finish and was there captured and sent to prison.

Edward A. Pollard, in his history "drawn from official sources and approved by the most distinguished leaders," gives the clearest report (page 723) of this fight that I have seen. He says: "Having captured Selma and communicated with Gen. Canby, Wilson determined to move by the way of Montgomery into Georgia and, after breaking up railroads and destroying stores and army supplies in that State, to march then, as rapidly as possible, to the theater of operations in North Carolina and Virginia. On the 12th of April his advance guard reached Montgomery and received the surrender of the city; then a force marched direct on Columbus and another on West Point. Both of these places were assaulted and captured on the 16th, but at West Point there was an episode of desperate Confederate valor in the dreary story of a country overrun almost without resistance. Gen. R. C. Tyler, with an obstinate heroism unsurpassed during the war, determined to hold West Point with less than three hundred men. He believed the maintenance of his post and the delay of the opposing forces from crossing the Chattahoochee at that point an essential aid to the defense of Columbus; and, although his garrison was a feeble one, improvised for the most part by the citizens, he did not hesitate a moment in what he regarded his duty to hold that post, whatever the sacrifice might be. It was a hopeless defense except for the purpose mentioned, but it was protracted until the brave and devoted commander had fallen dead with his sword in his hand. This gallant officer had served as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster to Gen. Cheatham and was also staff officer with Gens. Pillow and Bragg.

"This memorable defense of West Point was made in a small work—Fort Tyler—about a half mile from the center of the town. Firing continuously with large cannon and rifles, the enemy slowly and cautiously approached the gallant little band of heroes until within about twenty steps of them. Then, with loud yells, they attempted to scale the works, but were repulsed and held at bay until all the ammunition in the fort had been exhausted, and then the brave and gallant men inside the fort hurled stones and even their unbayoneted guns upon them. The Confederate flag was never hauled down until by the Federals, nor any white flag hoisted until the enemy had leaped over the parapet."

This account is quite correct except there were only about one hundred in Gen. Tyler's Command.

Mr. Pollard again quotes from a newspaper that "a more gallant instance of devotion has never been known since the time of Charles, King of Sweden, when he, with his body guard and a few house servants in the heart of the enemy's country, defended himself against an entire army of Turks until his place of retreat was burned to the ground by lighted arrows from the assaulting party."

Having been in that fight as a volunteer, knowing that a goodly number of Tennesseans were there, and never having seen any of their names mentioned, it aroused my State pride and I want to put it on record. The Atlanta Constitution, dated June 6, 1892, (sent me by Mrs. Judge Simmons of Georgia, with whose uncle, Mr. Hendrick, I boarded, across the Chattahoochee from West Point—She was a bright school girl then, and I still have the watch, etc., I left with her for disposal if I should lose my life,) contains a column account of the West Point affair, and, after unstinted praise of Col. Fannin, gives the following as to "who were there:"

"The men who fought to hold that little fort will ever serve to be remembered as heroes.

Never were there more courageous men than Fannin and his 100 Confederates who held back 3,700 Union soldiers a whole day. Among the men who fought under Colonel Fannin were Mr. Albert Cox, of Atlanta, one of the youngest boy soldiers in the fort. Judge B. C. Ferrell, of LaGrange, is another. President S. F. Cox, of the LaGrange Female College, Captain F. A. Frost, Henry Moore, Sergeant Robert Jones, and Charles H. Montgomery were all in the fort."

Now, I remember all of these except the last three, but no Tennessean is mentioned.

Another published account reports Tyler dead before Capt. Gonzales, yet I remember that Capt. Gonzales passed by me with his hand on his side and said to Tyler: "General, I'm shot." Soon after Gen. Tyler went to the very spot—fronting Dr. Grigg's residence—where he was killed. Brave Gonzales lived until next morning.

Mr. F. S. Power, of Natchez, Miss., in a long account of the matter, tells of several Louisianians who were in the fort with him, but never a Tennessean is mentioned. He states that "Maj. W. A. Camp, proprietor of the hotel, who left the bridge for the fort to report, had both eyes shot out."

When I came over the river from Mr. Kendrick's, I went directly to Camp's hotel, where I had boarded, found him alone, for all the women and children had been sent across the river or out of danger. Major Camp and I went together to the fort, under the fire of sharpshooters, and the first person we met was Gen. Tyler, who said to me: "What are you doing here?" Here a bit of romance is recalled. The "belle of Georgia," Miss Sallie Fannie Reed, one of the most entertaining and brilliant conversationalists I ever met, was a fascination to Gen. Tyler, and my presence there was evidence that I had disobeyed some of his instructions.

Maj. W. A. Camp never left the fort, but, early in the action, was shot down. His young son, L. A. Camp, was by my side. He is yet living. Within arm's reach of me was Mr. George Bomar, one of the six or eight printers Gen. Tyler had detailed from Waite's South Carolina Battery to work for me in my printing office, "The Winchester Daily Bulletin." Mr. Bomar was the brave gunner who directed his twelve-pounder with deadly effect upon the enemy until his gun became useless. Another writer called him Tropanier, and does not mention that any Tennessean was in the fort, yet I am proud of Tennesseans therein engaged.

There is Judge McFarland, of Memphis, then a Lieutenant, young and handsome, returning to his command, (Cheatham's) after a brief furlough, who called on Gen. Tyler to see if he intended to try to hold the fort. The General said he did, and asked McFarland to stay with him and act as adjutant for him, as his own was absent. On going into the fort, McFarland asked permission to burn the houses in its front, suggesting that they were so near that the enemy could use them advantageously in their attack. Gen. Tyler said the people to whom they belonged could not stand the loss, as they were, principally, beautiful cottage homes, and finally refused to give the order. It was from one of these houses that a sharpshooter fired the ball which killed Gen. Tyler. A large, fine looking Indian was the first to enter the fort. He carried an ax and cut down the pole from which floated our flag. En route home after my parole from prison, I met that same Indian, the Orderly Sergeant of his company, and he told me that Gen. Lagrange had offered a furlough to the one who first entered the fort, and he secured it.

I saw no white flag, but one of our number raised a white handkerchief and instantly Lieut. McFarland made him drop it, and swore he would shoot the first man who raised a token of surrender. Years after in a letter to McFarland I asked him why he objected to a surrender, when he knew we were out of ammunition and our three large guns useless, and he replied: "You remember that when the hurried council was called it was nearly dark, and my idea was we could hold out until dark and then with a rush, cut our way out and escape. But when we did surrender, I found the enemy had bridged our ditch surrounding the fort and were just about to give the command for a general charge when we surrendered.

Lieut. McFarland speaks in complimentary terms of the Federal commander. "After the surrender, Gen. Lagrange was exceedingly courteous to me. He put me on parole, regretted the death of my General, told me to regard myself as of his staff, until further orders, and gave me a horse. I rode, generally with the advance, to Macon.

The scenes of that trip are memorable—some acted with dignity, others with craven apologies. It was all wonderfully human. The negroes hurriedly joined the caravan, many walking, some riding mules or horse back, two or three on one animal, while others were in buggies, wagons or carts, old family carriages of the whites, full of bed clothes, chickens, young negroes and old ones, a sight humhumorous in spite of its deep pathos.

In all the accounts I have seen of West Point, but little mention is made of Tennesseans or the part taken by them. As I remember, a large portion of those engaged were from Tennessee. I now recall Charlie Locke, of Memphis, now with the Scimitar, who lost an arm there."

I conclude with a few biographical words in reference to Gen. Robt. C. Tyler, born and reared in Baltimore, Maryland. He was in the Nicaraguan expedition under Walker, in 1859 or '60, and thence he went to Memphis, Tenn., where he joined the Fifteenth Tennessee Regiment, (Carroll's,) as a private in Company D; was appointed Quartermaster, but went into the fight at Belmont. He was elected Colonel at the reorganization at Corinth. After the battle of Perryville he was made Provost Marshal General by Gen. Bragg. He was badly wounded at Shiloh. He commanded a brigade at Missionary Ridge, and was badly wounded there, necessitating the excision of a leg. After this he was placed in command at West Point. He was a dear friend of mine and I revere his memory.

Association with Grand Army Veterans.—A. Vincent, a Union Veteran, writes from Chicago, October 15: I do like to come across, once in a while, a man of his word We met by chance as it were, coming home from St. Paul, and I hope you were as entertained by our company as we were by yours. I thank God to-day the war is over; and I know it is with us who carried the guns and did the hard work. Politicians are beginning to let us alone. They can't keep us apart now. We have a Camp of Confederate Veterans in Chicago of as good stuff as there is in this world, and we are as Comrades. In our Post room is a Virginia eagle, the gift of that Camp. If alive and well I am coming to your Centennial next fall. Accept my thanks for the Veteran. It has been the rounds of a good many of the boys. Enclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription.

Remember that November 27, will be the thirty-third anniversary of the death of Samuel Davis. If you can't do more *write* your tribute to him.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. STONEY.

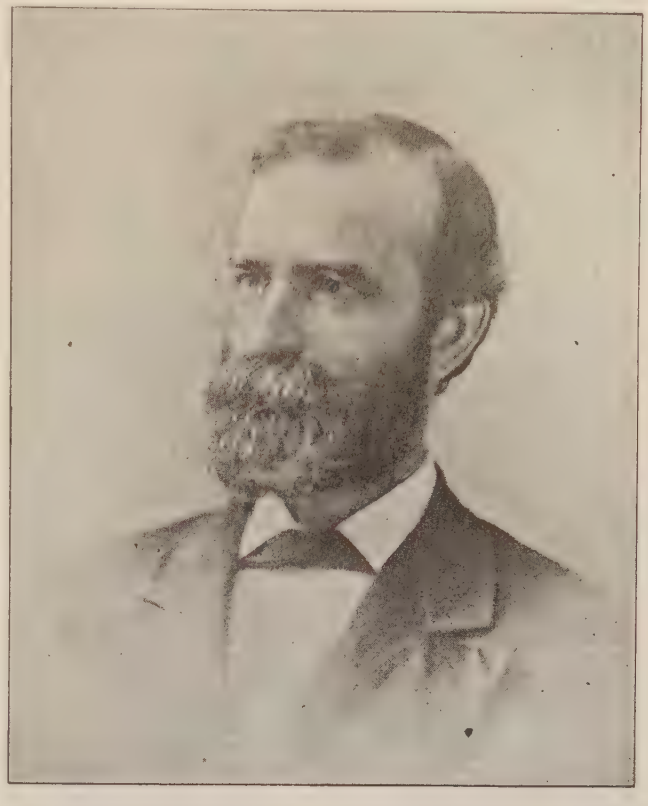
Gen. Johnson Hagood Pays Tribute to His Memory.

Those who served the Confederacy and followed the Red Cross flag in victory and defeat, with a loyalty rarely equaled in history, are rapidly passing away. The great majority have already gone, and in a few years all will have passed to the inspection and review of the Great Commander beyond the River. As they answer, one by one, the final roll call on earth, it is meet for surviving comrades to put on record their names and services. If their disembodied spirits retain cognizance of this life, no higher tribute is asked than the simple record of duty done; and to the soldier instinct no higher praise could be given.

Captain Stoney's boyhood was spent upon a plantation, where he acquired the hardy physique and imbibed the manly virtues of the farm. He matriculated in the South Carolina Military Academy in 1856, and four years afterward graduated cadet captain (of Company B). In December of the same year he went into state service as lieutenant in the First Rifle Regiment and remained with that command until after the reduction of Fort Sumter in April, 1861. Having been appointed a lieutenant in the regular service of the Confederacy, he was ordered to Wilmington, N. C., as drill-master. Soon after he was sent to Richmond and attached to the staff of Gen. Winder—then transferred to the staff of Gen. Bonham in the field. Upon the resignation of Gen. Bonham in November, 1861, Stoney was assigned to general staff duty in South Carolina. In May, 1863 he was promoted to Captain. He was on Morris Island at the time of Gilmore's attack of the 10th of July, and aided in the repulse of the assault on Battery Wagner. In the renewed assault upon that Battery and bloody repulse on the 21st of July he was severely wounded, shot through the thigh. Reporting for duty in September, he was made Inspector General of Hagood's Brigade, with which he served until the close of the war.

In the action at Walthall Junction, near Petersburg, he was shot through the lung and incapacitated for service the remainder of the summer campaign of '64. Rejoining his brigade in December, he accompanied it to North Carolina, whither it was despatched, and participated in the fighting below Wilmington on the Fort Anderson lines and at Town Creek, and was with his command on to the end, at the battle of Bentonville. At Town Creek, his horse was killed under him, and he was cut off by the enemy and narrowly escaped capture, but rejoined his command some days later.

Captain Stoney returned to his plantation near Charleston and engaged for a time in planting. He afterward went West and engaged as a civil engineer in Nevada, Missouri, and the Indian Territory. When the Carpet Bag and Radical Rule was overthrown in South Carolina in 1876, Captain Stoney was offered and accepted a position in the office of his old Commander, Gen. Hagood, who had been elected Comptroller General of the State. Here he remained for Hagood's two terms, and the term of his successor—Gen. Bratton. Upon Bratton's retirement, Stoney was selected by the Democratic party to succeed him. Being re-elected to a third term, he resigned before its expiration to take the Auditorship of the South Carolina Railroad Company, and he was in its service at his death.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. STONEY.

Captain Stoney met the duties of life as they came, and quietly and fully discharged them. He served the State well, both in war and peace. He died on May 24, '96, in his fifty-eighth year.

Gallant soldier, noble gentleman, rest in peace!

"A Soldier's Mother" writes of the organization of Stonewall Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at Lake City, Fla., in March last. Though few members were enrolled then, they went bravely to work and on May 1st gave an entertainment for the "Battle Abbey" Fund, realizing a neat sum for it. This "Mother," though eighty years of age, takes great interest in the work, and hopes to have fifty active and zealous members before the year closes.

The United States Infantry commands suffered severely at Chickamauga. The Fifteenth Regiment went in with fourteen officers and 262 men; its losses were eight officers and 158 men; the Sixteenth entered with nineteen officers and 289 men; lost fourteen officers and 187 men; while of the Eighteenth, in which 587 were engaged, there were: killed, forty-five; wounded, 159 and missing ninety—more than half of the command. This record shows something of the terror of that great battle.

LATE CHAPLAIN TRANS MISS. DEP'T.

Rev. A Pickens Smith was born in Dallas County, Ala., June 16, 1833. He was of French-English and Scotch-Irish ancestry, and a descendent of "Landgrave" Smith, of South Carolina, a great-grandson of Rev. Josiah Smith, Pastor of the old Circular Church of Charleston, who was the first native of South Carolina to obtain a degree from a college, and the only native author of theological works in that State before the Revolution. His maternal grandmother was Margaret Pickens, daughter of Gen. Andrew Pickens of Revolutionary fame, and a cousin of Frank Pickens, Governor of South Carolina when the State seceded. A German friend once said to him, when speaking of his ancestry, "Well, den, you was born one rebel, you could not help it."

REV. A. PICKENS SMITH.

He entered, when a mere boy, the military school at Selma, Ala., where he completed the course of studies and, in January, 1852, entered "Oglethorpe University" while presided over by the Rev. Samuel K. Talmadge, D.D., graduating in 1855. He then taught school a few months, when he entered the Theological Seminary at Columbia S. C., and from those master minds—Thornwell, Howe, Adger, and Palmer—he acquired his training for the ministry. In May, 1858, he was licensed in the Second Presbyterian Church in Charleston. On the 1st of December following he was married in the old "Circular Church"—the Church of his forefathers.

In 1862 Dr. Smith joined the Army of Northern Virginia, and was commissioned as Chaplain of the Second S. C. Regiment. He was ever at his post of duty, unflinchingly ministering to the wounded and dying on the battlefield, where he was often exposed to the missiles of the enemy. Near the close of the war he was sent home a cripple from rheumatism, brought on by exposure, and when told by the Surgeon that he could not extend his furlough, but he must get a certificate of exemption, tears trickled down his cheeks.

A soldier of his Regiment wrote to a home paper in 1863. "The day of humiliation and prayer was observed in our Brigade as such. Our Chaplain, the Rev. A. P. Smith, preached to us, and, I am happy to say, that a large majority of the Brigade attended the meeting. His text was Daniel ix. 2–3. The speaker drew a comparison between the condition of the Israelites in the days of Daniel and our condition at the present time, and discovered many striking similarities. Their condition temporally and spiritually was nearly akin to ours; they were set upon by a cruel and vindictive foe, their country laid waste, their homes desolated, their people carried away captive, etc. * * * He drew a picture of the scenes being enacted that day throughout our land; told of how our gray haired sires and mothers, wives and little children were bowed around the altar pleading with God for the loved and absent ones—beseeching him to stay this cruel war, to preserve the loved ones far away, and that he restore them to their hearts once more. When this scene was presented, with a beauty and force for which the speaker is remarkable, pearly drops trickled from eyes unused to weeping. The discourse had a happy effect. Mr. Smith held a Brigade prayer-meeting at night. We are blessed with a worthy, gifted, and acceptable Chaplain"

The war over, still proud spirited, Dr. Smith resumed his life work with unfaltering faith in the "Captain of our Salvation." After laboring a short time in Spartanburg, S. C., and a few years in Mississippi, where he preached and was President of "Aberdeen Female College." He then went to Dallas, Texas, where he took charge of the First Presbyterian Church, and was its Pastor for over twenty years. His death occurred May 10, 1895, just thirty-seven years after he entered the ministry.

"Peace to his ashes, let him rest;
We mourn his loss, but God knows best."

The Kentucky delegation at Richmond reunion was so pleased with the services of some of the members in the general welfare of the delegation that they held a meeting and adopted resolutions of thanks to Capt. Leeland Hathaway, Alex T. Forsythe, Lieut. R. M. Wall, Miss Julia Spurr, State Sponsor, and Miss Linna Witherspoon, Maid of Honor. See sketches of the Sponsor and Maid of Honor elsewhere.

H. L. Manning, 1059 E. Michigan St , Indianapolis, writes to Rev. Dr. J. William Jones that he got separated from his father in his young days and has not heard from him since. He was E. A. Manning, 1st Lieutenant Company A, First Tennessee Infantry, afterwards of Fifth Missouri. Information of him will be thankfully received.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCE OF BROTHERS.

Dr. J. P. Cannon, of McKenzie, Tenn., writes of the misfortune of two brothers, H. J. and L. J. Walker, who went out in the same Company of a North Carolina Regiment in 1861:

Each lost the left leg just below the knee, so near the same place that they can EXCHANGE LEGS and have a perfect fit.

Mr. A. F. Montgomery, a member of Stonewall Jackson Bivouac, has a picture of them taken just before the war on the same card, and another taken after the war showing but TWO LEGS. They are on exhibition at Dr. Cannon's drug store in McKenzie, who favors the VETERAN in their use.

L. J. Walker lost his left leg at Gettysburg, and is now a merchant at Charlotte, N. C. Dr. H. J. Walker lost his, a few days later, after Gen. Lee had retreated into Virginia. H. J. is a practicing physician of Huntersville, N. C.

UNCLE JIM BATE.

Chas. B. Rogan, of Gallatin, Tenn., pays tribute to "a faithful old servant gone to rest:"

"Uncle Jim" Bate, a colored man who lived and died in Sumner County, had quite a history. He was brought from Huntsville, Ala., to Sumner County before the war by Gen. Bate, being a part of the inheritance of Mrs. Bate from her grandfather, Benjamin Pope. "Uncle Jim" was devoted to the family to which he belonged. He was an accomplished cook and house-servant, and was serving the family as such when the war began. He accompanied Gen. Bate to the army and remained with him as a faithful servant during the entire war. He nursed the General, while wounded, with a constancy and devotion characterized by the deepest sympathy.

"Uncle Jim" came from the Confederate Army in 1863 to his home in this neighborhood, then in the Federal lines, and took South with him, at their own request, his family and other servants, fifteen or twenty in all, belonging to Gen. Bate. They were furnished homes and cared for in the South by their owner, and at the close of the war they were brought to their old home or wherever they desired to locate. Some of them are still with the family. "Uncle Jim," wishing to live in Gallatin, was provided with a comfortable home where he had his every want supplied by his former owner and members of the family, until he died recently nearly eighty years old. The "boys" who knew him during the war were fond of him. He often prepared diet for those who were sick in camp. The battle did not demoralize him, and it was his boast never to have lost anything that was under his care on a retreat. When the Confederate lines were broken and overrun at Nashville, in December, 1864, the division headquarters' wagon, in which were the army papers of Gen. Bate and camp equipage of the mess, was under a heavy fire and likely to be captured. The white driver jumped off the saddle mule and ran away, leaving the wagon. Jim abused him for cowardice and, mounting the mule, drove the wagon from under fire, thus saving it and the papers of the division. After the war Jim was kindly remembered and treated, especially by those who knew him in the army.

The white family to which he had belonged and the ex-Confederates who knew him followed "Uncle Jim's" remains to the grave. It was an object lesson to those who fought on the other side, and to Northern philosophers. He now sleeps under the shade of a beautiful oak in the Gallatin Cemetery. Peace to the ashes and honor to the name of "Uncle Jim" Bate!

The following is copy of letter sent to a gentleman, now of Edgefield, S. C., on the death of his son:

RICHMOND, VA., June 25th, 1864.

CAPTAIN J. C. BROOKS,

My Dear Sir:—It is with no ordinary emotion that I inform you of the death of your noble boy, W. B. Brooks, who fell at his post in the battle of Trevillian, Va., on the 12th inst. He was certainly an honor to any family. So gentle and unassuming, he was the idol of his company, an ornament to society, an honor to his regiment and his country.

I am, dear Captain, very respectfully, your friend,

J. J. BUNCH.

Lieut. Com. B, Sixth Regiment, S. C. C.

AT OLD WINDSOR, NORTH CAROLINA.

A Confederate monument was unveiled, August 13th, in Windsor, North Carolina. Windsor is an old Colonial town near the Atlantic coast, the capital of Bertie County, and its history antedates many years the Revolutionary War. Its public buildings were made of brick from England.

It was once a wealthy and aristocratic place, but suffered much in the crucial test of reconstruction and the severe ordeal that followed it. It has recuperated, however, wonderfully, aided by its large and valuable fisheries on the Roanoke River and Albemarle Sound. It is not only historic, but enthusiastically Confederate. It furnished many more soldiers for the Confederate Army than it had voters. It was in Bertie County that the celebrated "Captain Byrd's Company" was raised and equipped for the war. That company—of the Eleventh North Carolina Infantry—participated in "Pickett's charge at Gettysburg" with thirty-eight men besides its Captain (Byrd) and two Lieutenants—when thirty-four of them were killed and wounded. Capt. Byrd and the four men left for service went into the fight next day, when he and two of the four men were killed.

It was the color company of the regiment, and the flag waved on although its staff was twice shot away. The flag was preserved through and survived the battle. After a time, such of the wounded as were able returned to the company and preserved its organization. Its First Lieutenant, Ed. Outlaw, who on that fatal day was under detail by order of Gen. Lee, became its Captain and, with some additions to the company, commanded it in subsequent battles and on until the surrender at Appomattox. Two of the survivors of that charge were on the speakers' stand while Gen. W. B. Bate, of Tennessee, delivered the address at the unveiling of the Monument. For the photograph the VETERAN is indebted to Mrs. Francis D. Winston, of Windsor, N. C.

The wording on the shaft is as follows:

"We responded to our Country's call.

"We fought an honest fight

We kept the Southland's faith.

"We fell at the post of duty.

"We died for the land we loved.

OUR CONFEDERATE DEAD 1861-'95.

"Erected by the Confederate Veterans' Association of Bertie, 1895."

Four thousand people were present to witness the ceremonies. A royal welcome was given Gen. Bate, winding up with a public reception at night in his honor. Bertie County was the home of the paternal ancestors of Gen. Bate for several generations, and that added much to the interest of the occasion.

J. N. Ohlwine, Secretary and Treasurer of the Thirtieth Indiana Regiment Veterans Union, in renewing subscription from Cromwell, and states: For four years I marched and fought in the ranks of the Thirtieth Indiana Infantry Regiment. Shiloh was our first battlefield experience, then the long race march after the siege of Corinth back to the Ohio River, thence back again in Tennessee, at Stone's River, on to Chickamauga, thence to Atlanta, and back again to contest with Hood's veterans in Tennessee. I yet remember vividly, the battles of Franklin and Nashville, which ended the great conflict so far as we were concerned.

T. H. C. Lownsbrough, Woodland Mills, Tenn., calls attention to an article in the VETERAN of last year that is misleading as to the state from which Archer's Brigade served; that the inference would be that they were Marylanders, whereas they were Tennesseans, Alabamians and Georgians. It was comprised of the First, (Turney's) the Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee, the Thirteenth Alabama and the Nineteenth Georgia, and thinks it included the Fifth Alabama Battalion. "The Marylanders were a brave and gallant body of men," he adds "and few of the Seventh or Fourteenth Tennessee will forget the Baltimoreans of the Twenty-first Virginia. They were the life of Loring's command in western Virginia, during the campaign of the autumn of '61."

He concludes: "All honor to the grand old Maryland line, but Archer's Brigade did not belong with them. However, the gallant Archer himself was a Marylander, and Tennesseans were proud of him."

PRIVATE AT THE PLOW.

His old blade is now a plowshare,
And he makes as straight a row
As his bullets made their furrows
Through the mad, invading foe.
Such men are not in places high,
Nor on monumental stone;
But of grand and holy meaning
They have made the word—UNKNOWN!

IDA PORTER OCKENDEN, Montgomery, Ala.

MY LAST MEETING WITH GEN. FORREST.

CHAS. W. ANDERSON, FLORENCE, TENN.

The spring before Gen. Forrest's death, he wrote me from Memphis that his health was failing him, and that he contemplated spending the hot summer months at Hurricane Springs, with the hope that the waters there would prove beneficial, also requesting me, in the event he did so, to go and spend a few days with him.

Early in July I received a note from him announcing his arrival at the Springs and renewing his request. I answered at once that I would go the next day. When the stage arrived, I found the General waiting for me. As I waited for ladies to alight, Gen. Forrest went to the opposite side of the coach, gave me a hearty handshake, and expressed his pleasure at my visit. There was a mildness in his manner, a softness of expression, and a gentleness in his words that appeared to me strange and unnatural. At first I thought his bad health had brought about this change, but then I remembered that when sick or wounded he was the most restless and impatient man I ever saw.

Soon I told him that there was something about him that I couldn't understand; that he didn't appear to me to be the same man I used to know so well. He was silent for a moment, then seemed to divine my trouble, and, halting suddenly, he took hold of the lapel of my coat and turned me squarely in front of him, and raising his right hand with that long index finger (his emphasizer) extended, he said, "Major, I am not the man you were with so long and knew so well—I hope I am a better man. I've joined the Church and am trying to live a Christian life." Said I, "General, that's it, and you are indebted to 'Old Mistess' (as we called Mrs. Forrest), and to no one else, for this great change." "Yes, you are right," he repiied, "Mary has prayed for me night and day for many years, and I feel now that through her prayers my life has been spared, and to them am I indebted for passing safely through so many dangers."

This conversation occurred as we were walking by the long row of cottages to the main hotel. Upon nearing it, I asked him to excuse me for a few moments while I secured a room and got the dust brushed off, when he took me by the arm, saying, "No, you must come right up to my room; Mary is waiting to see you. I have already selected a good room for you, and we have seen you many a time far dustier than you are now."

I remained with the General several days, and before I left he had come to the conclusion that the water was not benefiting him, but he spoke hopefully of recovering his health. Mrs. Forrest, however, had, on several occasions, told me her fears; that he had an unnatural appetite, and seemed always to crave food unsuited to him. We sat together at the table and I remember that at breakfast one morning, the General, with knife and fork in hand, started to help himself from one of the dishes brought in by the waiter. Mrs. Forrest laid her hand gently on his arm and said, "Please don't eat that. Your breakfast has been prepared, and will be here in a few minutes." Dropping his knife and fork, and looking at me, he said, "Major, I know Mary is the best friend I have on earth, but sometimes it does seem that she is determined to starve me to death."

They went to Bailey Springs, but as the water did no good they returned to their home in Memphis, where the General died, October 29, 1877.

PRISON REMINISCENCES—J. A. RANDOLPH.

I. T. Miller, Milledgeville, Ga.: In reply to the inquiry in August VETERAN by J. C. Randolph, of Springtown, Texas, for information of James A. Randolph, belonging to the Twelfth Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, supposed to have been sent to Ft. Delaware in January, 1863, will say that, if memory serves me aright, Jim Randolph died in the winter of '63 or '64 with smallpox, and was buried in Jersey soil, where many a poor, brave Confederate was laid to rest after suffering untold privation in that horrible place. At the time I think he died there were from fifteen to twenty-five a day transported from the island up the bay and landed just below the mouth of the Brandywine on Jersey side, and laid to rest in a very humble way. I well remember making a trip with the burial squad, which was principally Louisianians, with twenty-seven corpses, eighteen of which died with smallpox. I daresay a great many Tennesseans, as well as others, will remember Head Sergeant Tennessee Barracks, Seventeenth Division, in cutting down a prisoner who was tied up by the thumbs until his face was black.

Writing the above brings to memory many faces of very dear friends and comrades who were as true to their country while prisoners at Fort Delaware as when in the ranks. They were offered every inducement to don a suit of blue and a handsome bounty to take the oath and go out to the Black Hills to fight the Indians. A great many, I am sorry to say, were weak enough to fall in and accept, but I suppose a good many thought that better than starvation, for they put the screws to us in every way. I would like to inquire of a few whose names are just now recalled. I could call fifty names that were on my roll, but space and time will not permit. I will mention a few that were the life of the Seventeenth Division. Four of these were from about Memphis, and wore spurs in the army. The bad boy of the four was Bob Eyrich; the noisy ones Sam Ennis, Button Ennis and Billy May; then there were two from same command who were judge and jury of our courts—W. E. Boyling and Dr. J. A. Abernathy. I don't remember the number of their regiment, but they belonged to the cavalry and were roosters; then Fourteenth Tennessee: Ed Bringhurst, Sergeant Eighteenth Division, J. D. Fakes, J. A. Averitt; Seventh Tennessee: Hans Myers, Henry Jackson and Charley Wright.

Let every friend of the South, and who thinks record ought to be made of Southern men in the great war, consider the importance of giving the VETERAN their patronage and influence.

GALLANTRY OF A STAFF OFFICER.

I. N. Shannon, Goodlettsville, Tenn.: At the opening of the bloody battle of Franklin, Tenn., there occurred the most thrilling act of bravery I ever witnessed. I belonged to the famous "Whitworth Rifles" detachment of long range sharpshooters of Cheatham's grand old Division. This Division was the front one of Hood's army in the advance from Spring Hill to Franklin. Our position on the march was always in front of the Division, and we were thus the advance of our army. The Federals were tardy in their retreat when in a few miles of Franklin, but our detachment was commanded by that veteran master of skirmish line tactics, the hard-fighting Lieutenant John M. Ozanne, and, by tactics peculiar to our arm of the service, we manouvered every Federal soldier into their works with but a single shot. We took position on Merrill's hill, a high, rocky, sparsely wooded elevation about twelve hundred yards south of the Carter house, and the line of battle commenced forming back at the Winstead hills, a mile or more to our rear. Soon the Federal artillery began firing all along our front, throwing their shells high over our heads at the line of battle as it formed in our rear. As soon as possible we trained our guns on the Federal gunners, which we could then see through the embrasures in their second line of earthworks. After a while our skirmish line, composed of men about five or six yards apart, in single line, advanced to the attack. Over the ridge they came and down the slope of the hill they went into the level valley below, with step as proud and knightly as though they were princes of the whole earth.

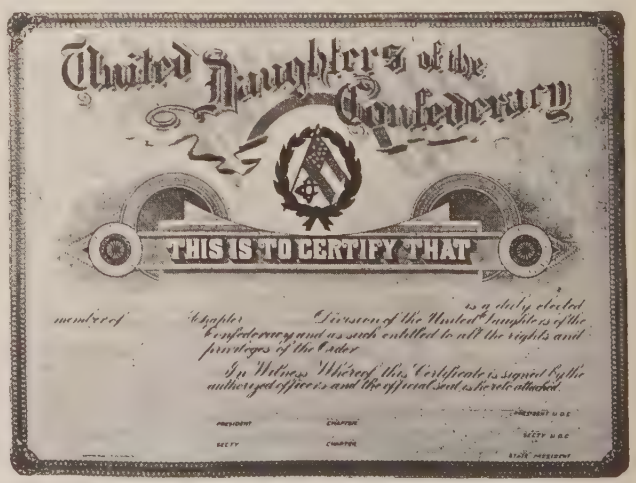
Several hundred yards in advance of the foot of the hill was the first Federal line of earthworks running from the Columbia pike to the west and several hundred yards long. When the skirmish line passed our position on the north apex of the hill, I was forcibly struck with the very peculiar appearance of the officer in command. His eyes seemed strangely brilliant as the fire of battle blazed in them, his ruddy face seemed all aglow with intrepid valor, while a halo of martial glory seemed to surround him as down the slope he went, with horse at full speed, riding as gracefully and as chivalrously as a knight of old. Soon they had reached a position in easy rifle range of the Federal works, and I supposed the officer would halt and wait till the line of battle came up to reinforce him. He did not do so, but took position in front of the line and at full speed dashed from one end of his line to the other, encouraging his men by his daring and dash. About this time I became convinced that he was going to charge the line of Federal works with his skirmish line, and although Federal shells and thousands of minie balls from sharpshooters all along their second line of earthworks were whizzing near me, I was so thrilled and entranced that I ceased firing and stood still in order to take in the whole of the impending tragedy. Instead of resisting the onset of the skirmish line, the Federals gave up their works without firing a shot and, seeing his advantage, the intrepid commander pressed his skirmish line forward in quick time and gained on the Federals, so that about the time the last of them scaled their works, the skirmish line got into the ditch in front. This saved the skirmish line from a withering fire which would have been given them but for the retreating Federals.

This officer was Major Jos. Vaulx, now of Nashville, who was on Major-General Frank Cheatham's staff. This is written without his knowledge or consent, as I have not met him since the war, but I desire that your thousands of readers may know who led that gallant and brilliant advance in the face of almost certain annihilation. Long may Major Vaulx live to wear in peace the knightly wreath he that day so gallantly snatched from the gory brow of grim-visaged war.

MAJOR JOS. VAULX.

The editor of the Veteran is grateful to Comrade Shannon for the deserved tribute to that gallant officer whose welcome presence ever reminds him of those heroic days. It was especially significant to see him alongside of "Marse Frank," when we were headed toward the enemy. There is no other face of a surviving officer that so vividly recalls history making days by the Confederate Army.

Every Daughter of a Confederate who was true to the faith should secure a membership in some Chapter of, and all Chapters in her State, and the State organization should co-operate in the United Organization.


United Daughters of the Confederacy
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
member of
Chapter
Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and as such entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Order.
In Witness Whereof, this Certificate is signed by the authorized officers and the official Seal is hereto attached.
PRESIDENT
CHAPTER
SECY
CHAPTER

THAT FLAG OF TRUCE AT ANTIETAM.

F. H. Venn, Memphis, Tenn., recalls and states: In answer to Comrade Rowan, of Campbellsville, Miss., as to the flag of truce at the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), mentioned in the VETERAN, which incident is vividly in my mind, will say that at the time I believe its purpose to have been an effort to bury the dead and to dispose of the wounded, who were sadly in need of attention, lying between the lines and exposed to both fires. The orchard spoken of, and previously occupied by our sharpshooters, was situated a little in advance and to the right of our line, and, surmising that something unusual was transpiring, owing to the sudden cessation of firing all along the line, I walked over to it. Here a severe engagement had taken place on the previous day, and amongst others one poor fellow patiently awaited medical aid and removal, having been shot seven times. From the Federal line (Meagher's Brigade) I observed the waving of a white flag, soon to be responded to by the same token from our line. Two couriers now leave their respective lines, approach each other and meet half way in a slight declivity of a large field and, after a short parley, separate and return whence they came. Anon an officer leaves each line, each accompanied by an Aide. Feeling an interest in this novel spectacle, I prudently leave my gun in the corner of a fence and, with feelings of perfect security, owing to the proximity to the officers of the truce, unconcernedly step forward and watch their proceedings. This conference, headed on our side by Gen. Roger A. Pryor, was not of long duration, and when closed, I very properly return to the orchard for my gun and back to my place in line.

I was a member of the 19th Mississippi Regiment, one of no journalistic fame. During the war the press at Richmond exhausted its talent to do justice to the Stonewall Jackson Brigade, while since the war our home press tires not to proclaim the 154th the paragon of our army.

I believe Gen. Pryor was in command of our Brigade on this auspicious day, for what reason I do not know, and all the troops on this part of the field were commanded by Gen. D. H. Hill. I remember an unusual number of regimental flags within a small compass, proving to me the severity of the past few days' engagement. I felt the seriousness of the situation and with immeasurable satisfaction beheld the intrepidity of Gen. Hill. In order to shield us from the batteries of the enemy, it became necessary to move us from one position to another, and during these evolutions I saw Gen. Hill on horse guiding the troops with stoic indifference, smoking his short pipe, while shot and shell plowed up the ground around him. At that moment I would not have changed my humble position to the exalted one of major general.

Comrade Rowan will probably remember another strange and remarkable incident having occurred on the same afternoon. In relating this to a party of friends at Holly Springs, Miss., some years ago, I was the innocent cause of gladdening the heart of my friend Dr. B. (Bruns), F. McKie who joyfully informed me that he had often related the same story to his incredulous neighbors, and had thereby forfeited his reputation for truth and veracity. The incident simply relates the caprice of a shell. We were all lying low when it came hurling towards us with a searching sound, alighting at the head of our line, recoiling repeatedly in its course, but each time missing a man. At the lower end, away to the left, a man had his back turned in the direction whence the missile came, but, fortunately, by the time it reached him, its force was spent, and, falling by its own weight, it gave him a final tap on the back of his cranium—a gentle reminder to wake up—but inflicting no wound.

That night, or the following, orders were whispered along the line to fall back, with the admonition to create no noise, no talking, no rattling of canteens, etc., and in retiring no sound reached our ears save the twittering of the night birds. Unimpeded by artillery or army wagons, we knew that we were the last to leave the field—except the dead. The army had already crossed.

J. H. Robertson, Marlin, Texas, (in reply to the inquiry of Cleve Rowan, Campbellsville, Miss, for any incidents in connection with the hoisting of a white flag by the Federals at the battle of Antietam,)

I was in Roger A. Pryor's Brigade, and was in the road in line of battle. Gen. Pryor passed in twenty steps of me in going to and coming back from the white flag. I saw him when he rode up to the Federals that had the white flag, about half a mile from me. They met in an open field. In a few minutes General Pryor came back and, as he passed us, he said: "They will be firing in fifteen minutes;" but in about two minutes they opened fire. I heard at the time that the white flag was hoisted by the Federals to give them a chance to get their wounded out of the apple orchard. I belonged to Company H, 5th Florida Regiment, Pryor's Brigade. After the Sharpsburg fight, we were commanded by Gen. Perry.

I was captured at Gettysburg on the second day of the battle, in Longstreet's charge, taken to Fort Delaware and kept a prisoner till the 11th of June, 1865, and I got to my home in Florida on the 28th day of June, '65. Should be glad to hear from any of my old friends who were with me in that prison.

J. W. Butt, of Duck Hill, Miss., was a member of Stanford's Battery, under Stewart and Cheatham in Bragg's raid into Kentucky, went through the battles of Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, on through the Georgia campaign, then the battles of Franklin and Nashville, and escaped unhurt, surrendering at Meridian, Miss., May 10, '65. Would like to hear from any of the "boys" with whom he served.

At the annual meeting at Warrensburg, Mo., of the M. M. Parsons Camp No. 735, U. C. V., Judge W. P. Gibson was elected Commander and D. P. Woodruff, Adjutant. Mr. Woodruff states that the Daughters of the Confederacy gave a dinner at that place on the 13th inst., (at a Democratic rally) for the benefit of the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., by which they cleared $100.00.

DR. C. F. FORCE, FAITHFUL CONFEDERATE.

DR. R. D. JACKSON, BROOKWOOD, ALA.

Dr. Charles Fairchild Force was born in Washington City, Feb. 9th, 1827. His mother, Hannah Evans Force, was from Virginia and was of Scotch lineage. When the Hugenots fled to South Carolina for refuge from the persecution of king and clergy, chief among them was his ancestor, Pierre La Force.

Gen. Peter Force, the father of Doctor Force, was twice Mayor of Washington, and he compiled the American Archives. With an intense interest in books and a discriminating literary taste, he collected a library of such historical value that it was purchased by the United States Government just before his death in 1866.

Dr. Charles F. Force was a great favorite, brave physically, courageous morally, and generous to a fault. He was a leader among his companions in class room and on campus. His spirit of adventure and love of fun often led him beyond the laws of school, but he would, occasionally, have fun anyhow.

DR. CHAS. F. FORCE.

While a boy he left home without the consent of his parents and went to sea, visiting China, Japan, and other foreign countries. He abandoned the sea at the solicitation of his mother.

Dr. Force was educated in Washington and at Alexandria, Va., taking his medical course at Columbia College, Washington, under Dr. Thomas Miller, an eminent physician, and to whom the Southern people will ever be grateful for his kindness to President Davis while a prisoner. Force was a favorite student with Dr. Miller and did the dissecting to illustrate his lectures on surgery.

Dr. Force was prompt to take up arms for his country in the Mexican War, serving with the Virginia troops under Col. Cross. Afterwards he returned to Washington, where he rose rapidly in his profession. In 1860 he was health officer of Washington surgeon of the District of Columbia troops.

Notwithstanding his father's opposition, he determined to cast his lot with the South in its struggle for constitutional rights and, having arranged his business, he bade farewell to his family and immediate friends and, crossing the Potomac on a dark and stormy night, entered the Confederate lines. He made his way to Gen. Rhodes' headquarters where his brother Henry was, being a member of the General's staff. There he met Senator John T. Morgan, with whom he became intimate.

Gen. Morgan was commissioned to go to Alabama and raise a regiment for Gen. Forrest's cavalry. The two Force brothers accompanied Gen. Morgan to Oxford, Ala., where he soon organized his regiment. Dr. Force was "offered any position in the regiment," but he only wanted a place in the line with a good gun. However, he was prevailed upon to act as adjutant until the regiment was organized. He was offered the captaincy of a company, but declined, saying the men should select a captain from their own ranks—but when this was reported they elected him unanimously and this tribute affected him so deeply that he accepted the trust, and no company in the Confederate Army loved its Captain more than this company did Capt. Force.

During the battle of Murfreesboro he was captured and taken to Johnson's Island, along with Judge Lapsley, of Anniston, Maj. McCran Isbel and others.

Eighteen months of suffering and hardship left him such a physical wreck that, in order to avoid the trouble of burying him, he was exchanged. A few months rest in Alabama restored him to his former health and he again took the field, continuing in active service to the end, he and Gen. Morgan surrendering together.

A comfortable home awaited him in Washington; but he had identified himself so thoroughly with the South, had fought her battles, had suffered much for her sake, and he now determined to cast his lot with her people. In the old town of Cahaba—once the Capital of the State—Gen. Morgan had his home; thither he and Dr. Force went, to take up again the professions which each had abandoned at duty's call.

After remaining here a short while he moved to Selma and formed a co-partnership with the writer in the practice of medicine, and soon became one of the most eminent physicians of that city. While there he sought and won the heart and hand of Miss Mary E. Mathews of Tuscaloosa.

A few years after marriage his health again failed and, finding himself unable to bear the hardships of practice, he gave it up and entered the hardware business.

He was devotedly pious, taught a class of young ladies in the Sabbath school and was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He exercised a wonderful influence over young men, due to a never failing sympathy and love.

He died in Selma Aug. 4th, 1884. His life was plain and simple, but it is worthy of a monument. He was a true patriot, a brave soldier, a good citizen, a warm friend and a sincere Christian.

Judge C. S. Hays, Mineola, Texas: I am a native Tennessean, but went through the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Had a dear brother in the Tennessee Army, J. C. B. Hays, who I understood was sent, with others, from Murfreesboro to a small-pox hospital at Atlanta, Ga., and was buried there. If any comrade living was with him in his last moments, I would be glad to know him.

Comrades and friends by giving attention to such requests will render greater favors than they think.

WHERE THE VETERAN IS SENT.

The following list includes the subscriptions at places named where there are four or more. There are 13,465 paid subscriptions, at 2,709 post-offices, in 43 States and Territories, and to 3 foreign countries. There are printed of this edition 14,000 copies.

ALABAMA.

Anniston 11
Athens 11
Benton 7
Birmingham 60
Camden 4
Carrollton 10
Decatur 13
Demopolis 5
Elkmont 18
Epes 5
Florence 20
Greensboro 4
Greenville 5
Guntersville 10
Hayneville 5
Huntsville 27
Jacksonville 16
Livingston 18
Lowndesboro 9
Lower Peachtree 10
Mobile 6
Montgomery 39
Oxford 11
Piedmont 36
Scottsboro 5
Seale 4
Selma 6
Snowdoun 4
Spring Garden 6
Troy 5
Union 5
Warrior 4
Offices with three each 6
Offices with two each 10
Offices with one each 124

ARKANSAS.

Arkadelphia 11
Ben Lomond 8
Booneville 7
Camden 12
Conway 6
DeWitt 4
Fayetteville 10
Fort Smith 5
Helena 14
Hot Springs 17
Little Rock 119
Locksburg 7
Magnolia 11
Marion 6
Morrillton 11
Newport 10
Pine Bluff 8
Pocahontas 5
Prairie Grove 6
Prescott 23
Searcy 12
Springdale 15
Texarkana 4
Van Buren 7
Wilton 5
Offices with three each 3
Offices with two each 9
Offices with one each 68

CALIFORNIA.

Offices with three each 2
Offices with two each 3
Offices with one each 15
Santa Anna 11

CANADA.

Offices with one each 3

COLORADO.

Offices with three 0
Offices with two 3
Offices with one 8

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington 59

FLORIDA.

Altoona 4
Apalachicola 4
Brooksville 17
Cantonment 4
Chipley 4
Fernandina 12
Inverness 4
Jacksonville 98
Lake City 9
Lakeland 4
Mariana 5
Milton 5
Monticello 13
Ocala 19
Orlando 17
Pensacola 16
Plant City 4
Quincy 4
Sanford 19
St. Augustine 13
Tallahassee 4
Tampa 69
Welaka 4
Offices with three each 3
Offices with two each 6
Offices with one each 46

FOREIGN.

Offices with one each 2

GEORGIA.

Athens 41
Atlanta 48
Augusta 28
Calhoun 6
Canton 5
Cartersville 12
Columbus 7
Covington 6
Dalton 8
Eatonton 10
Greensboro 5
Hawkinsville 34
LaGrange 13
Macon 60
Madison 14
Milledgeville 18
Rome 10
Savannah 38
Union Point 4
Washington 18
Offices with three each 3
Offices with two each 9
Offices with one each 55

ILLINOIS.

Chicago 30
Offices with one each 14

INDIANA.

Evansville 16
Indianapolis 5
Offices with two 1
Offices with one each 5

INDIAN TERRITORY.

McAlester 9
Offices with two each 2
Offices with one each 28

IOWA.

Offices with one each 10

KANSAS.

Coffeyville 7
Hutchison 5

KENTUCKY.

Adairville 4
Augusta 6
Bardstown 6
Bell 5
Bowling Green 55
Bordley 4
Chilesburgh 4
Danville 12
Elizabethtown 6
Elkton 5
Frankfort 4
Franklin 32
Fulton 10
Georgetown 6
Guthrie 6
Harrodsburg 6
Hanson 4
Henderson 29
Hopkinsville 14
Kennedy 4
Lawrenceburg 4
La Grange 4
Lewisburg 5
Lexington 38
Louisville 59
Madisonville 6
Marion 5
Morganfield 8
Nebo 4
Newport 5
Owensboro 43
Owingsville 5
Paducah 20
Paris 8
Pembroke 7
Pine Grove 5
Richmond 8
Russellville 11
Shelbyville 10
Slaughtersville 6
Stamping Ground 7
Stanford 9
Sturgis 7
Trenton 12
Versailles 6
Winchester 19
Offices with three each..... 10
Offices with two each 19
Offices with one each 115

LOUISIANA.

Amite City 12
Arcadia 8
Bastrop 10
Baton Rouge 6
Berwick 5
Grand Cane 7
Jackson 13
Lake Charles 11
Lettsworth 8
Mansfield 14
New Orleans 90
Opelousas 5
Patterson 4
Plaquemine 6
Rayville 4
Ruston 9
Shreveport 58
Smithland 7
St. Patrick 8
Thibodaux 8
Wilson 6
Offices with three each..... 5
Offices with two each 11
Offices with one each 52

MARYLAND.

Annapolis 5
Baltimore 71
Cumberland 14
Pikesville 6
Offices with three 1
Offices with two 1
Offices with one each 12

MINNESOTA.

St. Paul 7

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston 4
Offices with three 1
Offices with one each 3

MICHIGAN.

Offices with two 1
Offices with one each 10

MISSISSIPPI.

Amory 7
Booneville 12
Brookhaven 11
Byhalia 4
Centreville 6
Coldwater 6
Columbus 23
Corinth 13
Crystal Springs 34
Duck Hill 4
Edwards 8
Fayette 9
Hazlehurst 13
Holly Springs 8
Jackson 10
Kosciusko 5
Lexington 6
Louisville 6
McComb City 10
Macon 29
Meridian 34
Natchez 25
Nettleton 12
Pass Christian 4
Port Gibson 5
Senatobia 7
Scranton 17
Shell Mound 5
Terry 4
Utica 9
Vicksburg 40
Water Valley 14
West Point 10
Winona 39
Woodville 20
Yazoo City 20
Offices with three each 13
Offices with two each 25
Offices with one each 111

MISSOURI.

Bolivar 8
Cape Girardeau 4
Carthage 10
Columbia 4
Exeter 10
Fredericktown 4
Golden City 4
Higginsville 15
Huntsville 9
Independence 20
Jefferson City 5
Joplin 4
Kansas City 8
Kearney 4
Knobnoster 8
Lamar 9
Lee's Summit 4
Lexington 17
Liberty 23
Louisiana 5
Mexico 8
Marshall 4
Moberly 11
Morrisville 6
Odessa 16
Page City 5
Palmyra 8
Pleasant Hill 9
Salisbury 6
Sedalia 4
Seneca 4
Springfield 53
St. Louis 57
Warrensburg 15
Offices with three each 4
Offices with two each 8
Offices with one each 102

MONTANA.

Offices with one each 2

NEBRASKA.

Offices with one each 3

NEVADA.

Offices with three each 1

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Offices with one each 1

NEW JERSEY.

Offices with two each 1
Offices with one each 7

NEW MEXICO.

Offices with two each 2
Offices with one each 4

NEW YORK.

New York 76
Brooklyn 5
Offices with one each 6

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville 20
Bentonville 4
Bryson City 4
Goldsboro 14
Hickory 4
Mt. Airy 7
Newton 4
Raleigh 5
Salem 6
Salisbury 18
Smithfield 4
Sutherlands 5
Wilmington 16
Winston 50

Offices with two each 9
Offices with one each 58

OHIO.

Cincinnati 8

OKLAHOMA.

Offices with one each 7

OREGON.

Portland 5
Roseburg 4
Offices with one each 2

PENNSLYVANIA.

Philadelphia 4
Offices with one each 5

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Aiken 18
Anderson 8
Belton 4
Bradley 4
Charleston 142
Columbia 20
Darlington 10
Edgefield 16
Florence 6
Greenville 6
Greenwood 19
Johnston 4
Manning 4
Marion 5
Newberry 23
Ninety-six 6
Orangeburg C. H. 22
Pelzer 21
Rock Hill 8
Salley 5
Trenton 6
Wagener 8
Offices with three each 5
Offices with two each 13
Offices with one each 73

TENNESSEE.

Ashland City 5
Ashwood 6
Auburn 4
Baker 9
Belleview 4
Bellbuckle 22
Bigbyville 4
Billingsly 5
Bristol 8
Brownsville 14
Burns 6
Camden 8
Carthage 7
Carter's Creek 4
Castalian Springs 5
Chattanooga 50
Chapel Hill 4
Clarksville 39
Collierville 38
Cookeville 5
Crescent 4
Culleoka 11
Columbia 131
Cornersville 4
Covington 7
Decherd 6
Dover 5
Dickson 22
Dresden 12
Dyersburg 11
Eagleville 9
Enon College 9
Erin 25
Fayetteville 48
Florence 8
Fountain Creek 4
Flynn's Lick 4
Franklin 60
Gainesboro 12
Gallatin 34
Gibson 4
Goodlettsville 11
Hampshire 5
Hickory Wythe 4
Howell 5
Humboldt 34
Huntingdon 4
Hurricane Switch 4
Hartsville 28
Holt's Corner 4
Jackson 46
Knoxville 36
Lawrenceburg 6
Lavergne 6
Offices with three each 44
Leiper's Fork 4
Lipscomb 6
Lebanon 16
Leftwich 4
Lewisburg 16
Lynchburg 20
Lynnville 26
Martin 20
Manchester 22
Milan 11
Morristown 5
Mossy Creek 4
McMinnville 8
Mulberry 5
Memphis 93
McKenzie 54
Mt. Pleasant 26
Murfreesboro 97
Nashville 431
Newbern 13
Newport 11
Nolensville 5
Paragon Mills 6
Paris 20
Petersburg 10
Porterfield 4
Port Royal 10
Pikeville 6
Pulaski 25
Rankin's Depot 9
Riddleton 5
Robinson Forks 4
Rockvale 4
Rome 4
Rudderville 4
Rogersville 11
Sadlersville 4
Santa Fe 5
Savannah 7
Selmer 5
Somerville 4
Sparta 21
Spring Hill 9
Saundersville 6
Sewanee 5
Sharon 8
Shelbyville 39
Shonn's X Roads 5
Silvertop 5
Smyrna 10
South Pittsburg 14
Springfield 14
Stanton 9
Station Camp 5
Sweetwater 8
Tennesee Ridge 6
Tiptonville 11
Tobaccoport 5
Thompson Station 5
Trezevant 5
Tracy City 17
Trenton 30
Tullahoma 17
Union City 77
Unionville 5
Verona 4
Waco 5
Warrensburg 7
Wartrace 15
Waverly 9
Winchester 15
Woodland Mills 4
Woolworth 6
Woodbury 4
Yorkville 6
Offices with three each 38
Offices with two each 86
Offices with one each 286

TEXAS.

Alvin 4
Alvarado 20
Archer City 4
Austin 60
Athens 6
Axtell 4
Bastrop 6
Beaumont 4
Belcherville 10
Bells 12
Belton 36
Bogota 5
Bonham 17
Brady 23
Breckinridge 10
Brenham 25
Brownwood 13
Bryan 51
Calvert 11
Cameron 6
Canadian 6
Canton 10
Cedar Creek 7
Celeste 4
Center Point 16
Chico 22
Childress 5
Cleburne 35
College Station 5
Columbia 9
Coleman 41
Comanche 18
Commerce 5
Corpus Christi 11
Corsicana 4
Cuero 6
Dallas 60
Decatur 7
DeKalb 16
DeLeon 11
Del Rio 12
Denton 13
Dexter 8
Elasville 4
Era 9
El Paso 25
Enn's 10
Fairfield 5
Floresville 5
Forestburg 7
Foreston 9
Fort Worth 97
Forney 13
Gainesville 46
Galveston 124
Gatesville 28
Giddings 8
Glen Rose 21
Goldwaite 6
Gonzales 15
Graham 28
Grand View 5
Groesbeck 15
Hamilton 28
Hempstead 9
Henrietta 6
Holland 5
Houston 58
Kaufman 8
Italy 10
Jacksboro 7
Jasper 4
Kemp 10
Kerrville 30
Killeen 6
Ladonia 6
La Grange 16
Lampasas 20
Lancaster 8
Lansing 4
Livingston 4
Llano 4
Lott 15
Lubbock 18
Luling 13
Marlin 18
McGregor 24
McKinney 42
Meridian 8
Memphis 5
Mexia 25
Milford 18
Minneola 8
Montague 16
Mt. Pleasant 7
Mt. Vernon 6
Navasota 10
Paint Rock 5
Palestine 21
Palmer 25
Paradise 4
Paris 37
Poetry 4
Red Rock 4
Richmond 6
Ripley 4
Rising Star 4
Rockwall 22
Rosston 13
Salado 5
San Antonio 23
San Augustine 4
San Saba 4
Seguin 6
Seymour 5
Sherman 28
Strawn 6
Taylor 5
Tehuacana 15
Temple 12
Terrell 35
Travis 5
Waco 58
Waxahachie 41
Weatherford 12
Wellborn 12
Whitesboro 9
Wichita Falls 6
Wills' Point 15
Wrightsboro 9
Offices with two each 76
Offices with one each 280

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria 39
Charlottesville 5
Culpeper 5
Danville 5
Fredericksburg 4
Harrisonburg 7
Lynchburg 12
Manassas 4
Matthews 9
Norfolk 12
Petersburg 11
Portsmouth 23
Radford 8
Richmond 114
Staunton 4
Strasburg 14
Wellington 4
West Point 16
Williamsburg 5
Woodstock 6
Offices with three each 6
Offices with two each 10
Offices with one each 107

WASHINGTON.

Offices with one each 6

WISCONSIN.

Offices with three 1
Offices with one 1

WYOMING.

Offices with one each 4

WEST VIRGINIA.

Charleston 4
Huntington 7
Romney 7
Offices with three each 3
Offices with two each 3
Offices with one each 25

POSTOFFICES IN EACH STATE.

Alabama 179
Arkansas 118
California 20
Colorado 10
District of Columbia 2
Florida 90
Foreign 4
Georgia 95
Illinois 15
Indiana 8
Indian Territory 34
Iowa 10
Kansas 15
Kentucky 95
Louisiana 95
Maine 4
Maryland 18
Massachusetts 5
Michigan 10
Minnesota 3
Mississippi 198
Missouri 165
Montana 2
Nebraska 3
Nevada 1
New Hampshire 1
New Jersey 9
New Mexico 6
New York 8
North Carolina 87
Ohio 16
Oregon 4
Oklahoma Territory 9
Pennsylvania 5
South Carolina 131
Tennesseee 565
Texas 581
Virginia 144
West Virginia 32
Washington 6
Wisconsin 2
Wyoming 4

RIVER BATTERIES AT FORT DONELSON.

Story of the Terrific Bombardment, by Capt. Ross, with Extracts from Accounts by Gen. Lew Wallace and Admiral Walke.

Rev. Edward B. Ross writes from Rossview, Montgomery County, Tenn., inclosing extracts from the private journal of his deceased brother, Captain (afterwards Brigadier General) R. R. Ross, C. S. A., in which he describes the action between the gunboats and the river batteries at Fort Donelson, Feb. 13-14, 1863. They were written shortly after the battle, while the scenes were fresh and vivid. The account shows how these men, with hardly any drilling, stood bravely by their guns under the most discouraging circumstances, and drove back that most formidable fleet of gunboats flushed with their recent victory at Fort Henry. General Grant sagaciously determined to force the fleet by the batteries in order to cut off the retreat, if possible, of the Southern Army. It was a brilliant victory for the Confederates, and perhaps the only instance during our great war in which a Federal fleet attempted to pass a land battery or fort and failed.

GEN. R. R. ROSS, U. S. A.

Reuben R. Ross was born in Montgomery County, Tenn., April 17, 1830. Prior to his appointment to the West Point Military Academy, he studied under his father, Professor James Ross, of the Masonic College, at Clarksville. In 1853 he graduated from West Point, where he was the classmate of General Schofield, General Hood, and other distinguished military heroes.

Soon after graduation he resigned his commission as Lieutenant in the regular United States Army, and taught a semi-military school near Clarksville until the outbreak of war, when he entered the Confederate service. He strongly advocated the early formation of corps armed with muskets, picks, and shovels. This was considered visionary at the time, but before the war ended almost every well-equipped army had such a corps. He became captain of the Maury County (Tenn.) Artillery, which he led into the river batteries just as the battle of Fort Donelson was about to begin. His journal gives the appended account:

I arrived at Fort Donelson on the 11th of February, 1862, the day previous to the first attack of the gunboats. General Pillow told me that men were wanted at the river batteries. I told the company what was desired and what was required of them, making a full explanation to them of the circumstances. I told them, as General Pillow had told me, that it was the post of danger, but the post of honor. Every man declared that the post of honor was the one he wanted. In a word, the Maury County (Tenn.) Artillery believed, when they went down to the river battery, that, in the desperate battle which was about to come on, they would not survive with more than one-fourth of their number. General Pillow had promised to have the guns protected by bomb-proof casements; but they were not yet constructed, and the battle was hourly expected. The companies in the batteries were under the same apprehension of the danger they incurred in doing that duty. Indeed, the whole army, from what I saw and heard, believed that the great danger lay in the gunboats; that the land forces were safe if only the gunboats could be driven back. The companies in the batteries were infantry, trained by Captain Culbertson (one of the first officers in the Confederate Army) to do work as artillerymen. Captain Beaumont's and a portion of Captain Gorham's companies (Sugg's Tennessee Regiment) were serving the 8-gun, 32 pdr. battery.

Arriving at the river, I found the defenses were as follows: First, and lowest down, an 8-gun battery of 32 pdrs., with a 10 inch Columbiad on the left of them. These were placed in a strong but rough siege battery, with natural earthen traverses, mostly revetted with hurdles of sapwood, capped between embrasures with sandbags, the embrasures lined as usual with rawhide. There were no bomb-proofs or roofs of any kind. The upper battery was a barbette battery without any traverses. During the several nights of the action embrasures were made, and greater safety secured, by filling in between muzzles with sandbags. This battery contained two 32-pdr. seacoast howitzers, which were of no use whatever in the action; and one of the 32-pdr. guns was dismounted early in the action, by which Captain Dixon was killed before the main bombardment came on; so that when the fleet attacked there were only seven 32's, the 10-inch Columbiad and the rifle that could return their fire, making nine guns in all which repulsed the gunboats.

Our company reached the battery about half past eight o'clock Wednesday morning, and I commenced the drill. Captain Dixon assigned my company to serve the Columbiad of the lower battery and the whole of the upper battery. I should have mentioned that the rifle and Columbiad were cast apparently in the same mold, and were mounted upon the same carriage, a center-point chassis, carriage and chassis made of wrought and cast iron combined. They were most excellent guns and carriages. [It was one of these that the land forces knew as "Long Tom," and in the terrific bombardment its deep, muttering, "earth-trembling" sound would give joy and hope, expressed by the rebel yell as it never before had been heard.—Editor Veteran.]

Sparkman, my First Lieutenant, with a detach-

ment of men, served the Columbiad. He was assisted by a Lieutenant Bedford. I suppose we had drilled half an hour when Bedford came and notified me that the gunboats were coming. As I said before, Captain Culbertson had immediate command of the eight 32's. Only a single gunboat engaged us that morning. She appeared above the bend, took position, and opened fire on us. Though two and one-fourth miles off, her shot and shell reached us with perfect facility. We mostly answered her with the rifle, firing only a few rounds from the Columbiad. The rifle did fine service, striking, with an elevation of thirteen and one-half degrees, probably four or five times out of the twelve or fifteen shots fired. She drew off after about forty-minutes' bombardment, and we saw no more of them that evening. No one was killed or any damage done by this boat. Her object was, we suppose, to learn something of our guns and get the range. We fired the rifle as many times as we were able. That afternoon was spent in perfecting the drill. In the meantime the land fight began, as was shown by the reports of musketry and light artillery. Toward nightfall the guns were arranged for night firing, and we slept in batteries with vigilant guards on the lookout. General Pillow came round during or soon after the firing and said much to encourage us.

We expected an attack from the fleet early on Thursday morning, but only a single boat came up again. She was armed with powerful rifles, and it was easy to see that she was taking advantage of knowledge gained by the boat of Wednesday; for, knowing where the rifle was situated, she fired fourteen rifle bombs in and about our battery in the course of about an hour and twenty minutes. Others she fired at the lower battery (I supposed at the Columbiad), and many promiscuously over the hill, on the top of which was situated the fort. These were elongated Parrot shells of 42 and maybe higher caliber. One of them dismounted a 32-pdr., by a bolt from which Captain Dixon was killed. Another plowed through the fortification on the hill above us, killing one infantry soldier and wounding two others. Still another ricochetted on the hilltop, passed through three strong cabins built of eight and ten-inch logs, mostly cutting their logs in two, then through a shanty, and finished by killing a mule. This, too, was at a distance from the huts of two and one-half miles. We were able, against a single boat, to hide ourselves from every shot by dropping down when we saw their smoke gush from the portholes. This bombardment began at about 9.30, and continued until 11 A.M. We fired the rifle at her sixteen to eighteen times, and must have struck a third of that number. I suppose we had fired half a dozen rounds when Captain Dixon was killed. Poor fellow! How I grieved at his loss! A cannon ball entered the embrasure near which he happened to be stationed, and knocked off a cheek, from which a screwbolt flew out and killed him.

Supposing by this time, from their mode of conducting the bombardment, that the general attack by the fleet would be postponed till at least another day, I prepared to fire on the gunboat which was to come up this evening. I imagined that I could already see the effect of prompt and vigorous firing which we had heretofore practiced. I, therefore, concluded that I would fire at them just as soon as enough of the boat passed the point to aim at. Furthermore, I thought that I would aim all the guns of the upper battery at the same point; and when the boat arrived there, as seen by the telescope, I would give the command for all the lanyards to be pulled at once. The rifle had already been trained to that point, and we knew exactly what elevation to give it. To the howitzers we gave the highest elevation and the same direction. The black smoke showed about 3 P.M. that the boat was coming. We loaded, pointed and elevated all the three guns, and placed the men at the lanyards. Then, taking a convenient position with the telescope, I awaited her arrival. When the chimneys cleared the remotest brushwood, the word "Fire!" was given. If the guns were aimed properly, they were bound to strike in their rear, and I cared not how close to the chimneys, as the boilers must be in that neighborhood. We hoped to be able to see the effect of these shells. The large quantity of smoke, however, prevented any of the projectiles from being seen; but the effect of this simultaneous discharge was soon visible. This boat remained up only long enough to fire one round, and then fell back to load, as we supposed. Her firing, too, was the most inefficient we had yet seen on account of the hurry with which it appeared to be delivered. We loaded our rifle, and fired as fast as we could take aim. Each time as she returned we had the rifle aimed for her, firing at the same point of the boat. After the third return, she lay behind the brushwood, out of view from our battery, and fired on the lower battery, which, being to our left some rods, was still in her view. We turned the rifle upon the point behind which we could judge by the top of her chimneys she lay, and still fired on her. Again she moved lower down with her firing on the lower battery, and again we turned our rifle for her. . . . She withdrew, gradually driven off by it. Not one of her shot or shell did us harm. The 32-pdrs. had as yet fired none, the distance being too great for them, and the Columbiad had fired only a few times.

This was Thursday, the 13th. It was a pleasant day, but night set in with gloom and rain. Before eight o'clock the rain had changed to partial snow, which rendered everything invisible beyond a few paces. I had ridden up to Dover after nightfall to attend to some business. When the darkness and snow became so thick, I began to fear that the fleet might attempt a passage under its cover, and hastened back to the battery under serious apprehension, as no one else was practiced in aiming the rifle. My alarm was much increased, soon after setting out on my return, at the sound of a concert of whistles of many different tones below the bend. Hurrying to the battery, I found that, though men were on the lookout, nothing further had taken place. Thinking over the matter, I could see nothing to prevent their coming up. To let them know that we were on the lookout, I ordered the battery to begin firing. The first two rounds we fired as nearly in the different directions of the day firing as we

were able, the rain having destroyed all our chalk marks for night firing. The third and last round we placed in a loaded percussion shell, pointed the gun fifteen or twenty degrees to the right, away over the forest, gave it its highest elevation, and fired, with a hope of striking three-fourths or a mile below the bend. We soon were without further apprehension until just before day, when, again fearing that a surprise might be attempted, I fired the rifle three times down the river and over the timber.

VIVID SCENE OF FORT DONELSON DURING THE SIEGE.

I must not omit to mention the services of Colonel Bailey and Lieutenant Colonel Robb, of the Forty-ninth Tennessee Regiment, in gradually improving the upper battery at all intervals between the bombardments. Not a night, however cold and disagreeable, that their presence and encouraging words did not give evidence of their perseverance and patriotism. In behalf of the artillerymen, I must acknowledge an obligation to them and the various captains of their regiments, which we hope to be able to repay. Our boys brought down ready-cooked provisions for us, and our meals were pleasant by being unexpected, and frequently caught us with fine appetites, of which we were not conscious before.

Friday morning the sun arose so bright that the fleet could not attack us, sunrise being immediately in the faces of the enemy. Sharpshooters began practicing on us from a house five or six hundred yards off, situated on a hill on our bank of the river, and within good range of the lower battery. A conference with Captain Culbertson on the subject resulted in our firing a few rounds of grape and shell at the house, and we heard no more of their balls. This was about 8.30 A.M. Still no gunboat appeared. I have seldom seen a more piercing wind than blew that morning. At about nine we discovered a vast number of transports in the river below the bend, visible only by their chimneys; and looking closer with telescopes, we could see, by the help of the snow, a dark, continuous line of men passing the remote bend of the river. Cavalry and infantry in great numbers, we found, were debarking and marching round to reinforce the enemy's line. I consulted Colonel Bailey as to the propriety of annoying them with shells from the rifle and Columbiad. He at length agreed to send a courier to ask permission from General Floyd. About 1 P.M. authority came from him to do so. By this time the landing of the troops had ceased, however, and nothing was left but the transports. As we had plenty of ammunition for our long-range guns, I proposed to Captain Culbertson to fire shell among them, as, by the abrupt bend in the river, they were but little farther off than at the bend. He consented, although fearing that it might "draw out a bombardment;" but I argued that we would have them at a disadvantage. We had not fired more than two rounds before numerous columns of white steam showed that the transports were moving off. At the same time, however, columns of black smoke showed us that something else was going on. We prepared as usual, and did not allow the first boat to half clear the bend without a shot from our rifle, which we kept up unceasingly. Soon another boat came in view, and then another, till four were abreast. There was delay till each one came up separately and arranged itself in line of battle. They then advanced, firing as they came. We had expected that, when the fleet advanced, we would not be able to screen ourselves from the fire of each gun as we had done with a single boat. The four boats kept up a fire too continuous to allow screening; and when two more came into view, forming a second line, all raining shot and shell upon us, we quit hiding altogether. I only left the rifle sight long enough to allow time for firing, and "pointed" even while running into battery. I singled out their left-hand boat for the rifle. Still they came on, apparently unharmed, until they reached a slight undulation in the bank on the side where the boat was that I was firing at, when she turned and went to the shore. I thought that she might be about to sink, or at least in great distress, and commenced firing on the next boat. They all held back till she returned to the line, when they proceeded on their advance. They were now about passing the "blockade," a place where trees had been placed in the river the summer before to make an obstruction. Up to this time the Columbiad had fired only a few rounds, but now added greatly to our courage by the hope which her tremendous report inspired. No 32-pdr. had been fired. Captain Culbertson had arranged all their pointblanks for the "blockade," and waited until they got within that range. The first round from that battery was fired at nearly the same time by all the guns, and the report was tremendous. The cannonade was then at its utmost, and beyond anything ever seen by any of the parties engaged. Not infrequently did all our guns open nearly together. The air above and around us was full of shot, solid, case, and shell, while the river below was almost a continuous spray.

About this time several feats of great personal daring were performed in our battery. Though the bombardment was terrific, one shell cutting off the rear of a casemate carriage within ten feet of the epaulement, another bursting within the fort so as to throw earth quite all over us, and any number of grape and fragments of shells passing around and through us, still nothing could exceed the cool effi-

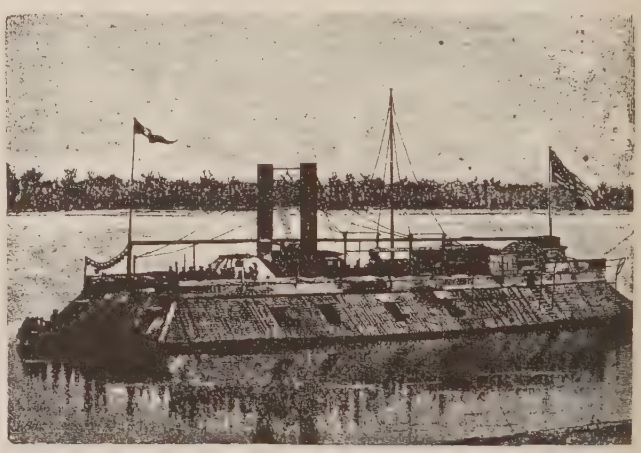
ciency of those immediately under my own observation. To illustrate: One of our balls refused to go down, stopping halfway in the bore; and all efforts to drive it down with rammers had proved unavailing. The boats were advancing, and things were looking serious. Ten or twelve men were ordered to leave the batteries and find a log long and large enough to fit the rifle. This they soon succeeded in doing, and in the midst of the fire they mounted the parapet and drove the ball home. After firing this load, these same men took the sponge, swabbed out the bore with copious water sufficient to soften the dirt already dried and stiffened by the heat; and then, applying the rifler, cut the dirt from each of the six grooves until loose; then sponged, thoroughly cleaning, and ended by greasing the sponge well and applying the same thoroughly to the entire bore. We were then able to resume the firing at any time. Several times before during the previous bombardments had the rifler been applied. Once again during the fleet attack, the rammer of the rifle was thrown over the parapet in suddenly jerking it out, when the No. 1 immediately jumped down into the battery. I told him that we must have the rammer. He mounted the epaulement and coolly walked over and returned it.

The bombardment still raged, yet a singular paralysis appeared to take possession of the fleet after the front boat came within six or eight hundred yards. Only one porthole of the rifle boat continued to be served, and that both occasionally and harmlessly. The ports were open, but we could see no sign of men in them. As their fire weakened, ours was better sustained. I should have mentioned that soon after the two rear gunboats came into view other craft came also, of what kind we had not time to determine. Those rear vessels opened upon us promptly. Our work grew very warm; but yet our men became cooler, it appeared, in proportion. Two men, Lieutenant Fitzgerald and Private Mays, were struck dead, apparently, one on each side of me. We took only time to place them in the magazine. The line was nearly even with the lower battery, and I had begun to think of our plan of driving them from the battery when boarded. We had determined to sell our batteries as dearly as possible, even with stones, handspikes, and sponge-staffs. The great disports of our Columbiads made their aim very uncertain as to elevation at short ranges, much more so than at long ranges. Looking at one ball which I could see after it left the rifle, I saw it pass slightly above. The next one, therefore, I aimed much lower. One shot I saw the shadow of. It appeared to take the boat lengthwise and pass entirely through. When I last took notice of them on the advance, the foremost one was within three hundred and fifty yards, measuring diagonally across the river, she being on the opposite side. Our zeal so increased as they approached that I did not consider the advance very closely, and the first thing that I knew again they had all fallen back to four hundred yards. Then it was that a great shout from our batteries rent the sky. The artillery seemed to halt long enough to finish their shouting, and again resumed with almost increased fury. We had then no mercy on them. What a glorious thing if we could sink them! They appeared to run backward faster than they came up. When they had fallen back nearly halfway, another shout arose from the lower battery, which was soon caught by our men. "One is sinking!" was heard; and, looking closely, we saw three run together and give assistance to the middle one. I remember firing the rifle at them when all together. There appeared to be much confusion among them. Floating down together some distance, they were at length seen to separate and other boats mix with them. . . .

So closed the gunboat attack on Fort Donelson, they being all soon out of sight. They fired occasional shots as they retired.

Some extracts from the historic account given by General Lew Wallace, who commanded a division in the battle of Fort Donelson, are here given as a parallel to the extracts from the journal of General Ross:

Two water batteries were sunk in the northern face of the bluff, about thirty feet above the river; in the lower battery, nine 32-pdr. guns and one 10-inch Columbiad; and in the upper, another Columbiad, bored and rifled as a 32 pdr., and two 32-pdr. carronades. These guns lay between the embrasures, in snug revetment of sand in coffee sacks, flanked right and left with stout traverses. . . .



THE CARONDELET.

There are few things connected with the operations against Fort Donelson so relieved of uncertainty as this: that when General Grant at Fort Henry became fixed in the resolution to undertake the movement, his primary object was the capture of the force to which the post was intrusted. To effect their complete environment, he relied upon Flag Officer Foote and his gunboats, whose astonishing success at Fort Henry justified the extreme of confidence.

Foote arrived on the 14th, and made haste to enter upon his work. The "Carondelet" had been in position since the 12th. Behind the low output of the shore for two days she maintained a fire from her rifle guns, happily of greater range than the best of those of the enemy. . . .

Foote forged ahead within four hundred yards of

his enemy, and was still going on. His boat had been hit between the wind and water; so with the "Pittsburg" and "Carondelet." About the guns the floors were slippery with blood, and both surgeons and carpenters were never so busy. Still the four boats kept on, and there was great cheering. It seemed that fortune would smile once more upon the fleet and cover the honors of Fort Henry afresh at Fort Donelson. Unhappily, when about three hundred and fifty yards off the hill, a solid shot plunged through the pilot house of the flagship and carried away the wheel. Near the same time the tiller ropes of the "Louisville" were disabled. Both vessels became unmanageable, and began floating down the current. The eddies turned them round like logs. The "Pittsburg" and "Carondelet" closed in, and covered them with their hulls.

Seeing this turn in the fight, the captains of the Confederate batteries rallied their men, who cheered in their turn, and renewed the contest with increased will and energy. A ball got lodged in their best rifle. A corporal and some of his men took a log fitting the bore, leaped out on the parapet, and rammed the missile home. . . .

When the vessels were out of range, the victors looked about them. The fine form of their embrasures was gone. Heaps of earth had been cast over their platform. In the space of twenty four feet they had picked up as many shot and shell. The air had been full of flying missiles. For an hour and a half the brave fellows had been rained upon, yet their losses had been trifling in numbers. Each gunner had selected a ship and followed her faithfully throughout the action, now and then uniting fire on the "Carondelet." The Confederates had behaved with astonishing valor. Their victory sent a thrill of joy through the army. The assault on the outworks the day before had been a failure.

With the repulse of the gunboats, the Confederates scored success No. 2, and the communication by the river remained open to Nashville. The winds that blew sleet and snow over Donelson that night were not so unendurable as they might have been.

These parallels are from the account of Henry Walke, Rear Admiral, then Commander, U. S. N.:

On the "Carondelet" we were isolated and beset with dangers from the enemy's lurking sharpshooters.

On the 13th a dispatch was received from General Grant informing me that he had arrived the day before, and had succeeded in getting his army in position, almost entirely investing the enemy's works. "Most of our batteries," he said, "are established, and the remainder soon will be. If you will advance with your gunboat at ten o'clock in the morning, we will be ready to take advantage of any diversion in our favor." . . . One, a 128-pound solid, at 11.30 struck the corner of our casemate, passed through it, and in its progress it passed over the steam-drum, struck the beams of the upper deck, carried away the railing around the engine room and burst the steam heater, and, glancing back into the engine room, "seemed to bound after the men," as one of the engineers said, "like a wild beast pursuing its prey." I have preserved this ball as a souvenir of the fight of Fort Donelson. When it burst through the side of the "Carondelet," it knocked down and wounded a dozen men, seven of them severely. An immense quantity of splinters were blown through the vessel. Some of them, as fine as needles, shot through the clothes of the men like arrows. Several of the wounded were so much excited by the suddenness of the event and the sufferings of their comrades they were not aware that they themselves had been struck until they felt the blood running into their shoes. Upon receiving this shot, we ceased firing for a while. After dinner we sent the wounded on board the "Alps," and repaired damages, not expecting any assistance.

At 12.15 we resumed, in accordance with General Grant's request, and bombarded the fort until dusk, when nearly all our 10-inch and 15-inch shells were expended. The firing from the shore having ceased, we retired. . . .

The following day a 128-pdr. struck our anchor, smashed it into flying bolts, and bounded over the vessel, taking away a part of our smokestack; then another cut away the iron boat davits as if they were pipestems; another ripped up the iron plating and glanced over; another went through the plating and lodged in the heavy casing; another struck the pilot house, knocked the plating to pieces, and sent fragments of iron and splinters into the pilots, one of whom fell mortally wounded; another took away the remaining boat davits, and the boat with them; and still they came, harder and faster, taking flagstaffs and smokestacks, and tearing off the side armor as lightning tears the bark from a tree. . . .

Two shots entered our bower ports, and killed four men and wounded several others. They were borne past me, three of them with their heads off. The sight almost sickened me, and I turned my head away. . . .

When within four hundred yards of the fort, and while Confederates were running from their lower battery, our pilot house was struck again, and another pilot wounded; our wheel was broken, and shells from the rear boats were bursting over us. All four of our boats were shot away and dragging in the water. On looking out to bring our broadside guns to bear, we saw that the other gunboats were rapidly falling back out of line. The pilot of the "St. Louis" was killed, and that of the "Louisville" was wounded. Both vessels had their wheelropes shot away. The "St. Louis" and "Louisville," becoming unmanageable, were compelled to drop out of battle, and the "Pittsburg" followed. All had suffered severely from the enemy's fire. Flag Officer Foote was wounded while standing by the pilot of the "St. Louis" at the time he was killed. . . .

Nearly every shot from the fort struck the bow of the "Carondelet." Most of them were fired richochet level, and could be plainly seen skipping on the water before they struck. The enemy's object was to sink the gunboat by striking her below the waterline. They soon succeeded in planting two 32-pound shots in her bow, which made her leak badly; but her compartments kept her from sinking until we

could plug up the shotholes. Three shots struck the starboard casing; four struck the port casemating forward of the rifle gun; one struck on the starboard side between the waterline and plankshеer, cutting through the planking; six shots struck the pilot house, shattering one section into pieces and cutting through the iron casing. The smokestacks were riddled.

Our gunners kept up a constant firing while we were falling back; and the warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were often heard and heeded by nearly all the gun crews. On one occasion, while the men were at the muzzle of the middle bowe gun loading it, the warning came just in time for them to jump aside as a 32-pdr. struck the lower sill, and, glancing up, struck the upper sill; then, falling on the inner edge of the lower sill, bounded on deck and spun around like a top, but hurt no one. It was very evident that if the men who were loading had not obeyed the order to drop several of them would have been killed. So I repeated the instructions and warned the men at the guns and the crew generally to bow or stand off from the ports when a shot was seen coming; but some of the young men, from a spirit of bravado or from a belief in the doctrine of fatalism, disregarded the instructions, saying that it was useless to attempt to dodge a cannon ball, and they would trust to luck. The warning words, "Look out!" "Down!" were again soon heard. Down went the gunner on his hands, as the whizzing shot glanced on the gun, taking off the gunner's cap and the heads of two of the young men who trusted to luck, and, in defiance of the order, were standing up or passing behind him. This shot killed another man also, who was at the last gun of the starboard side, and disabled the gun. It came in with a hissing sound. Three sharp spats and a heavy bang told the sad fate of the three brave comrades. Before the decks were well sanded there was so much blood on them that our men could not work the guns without slipping.

We kept firing at the enemy so long as they were within range to keep from being seen through the smoke.

After the surrender of the Confederate Army at Fort Donelson, Captain Ross was sent, with other prisoners of war, to St. Louis, where General Schofield showed him much kindness, taking the gloves from his own hands and giving them to his old classmate and friend in misfortune. General Schofield also procured him parole, upon which he returned home. For some reason, Captain Ross was not exchanged as early as were the other prisoners. He took part afterwards in several bloody battles, and was severely wounded in the thigh. It was said of him that "he never knew when to retreat."

We learn from the records of the Confederate War Department, now in Washington, and from the "Roster of the Confederate Army" (p. 65), that he was commissioned a Brigadier General, and commanded a brigade in General Bragg's army. He was again captured in the latter part of the war, and, while being carried north, jumped from the moving train near Cincinnati; and, although badly hurt, he escaped. Returning South, he met General H. B. Lyon, C.S.A., a former classmate at West Point, who persuaded him to go with his command upon a raid he was then making into Kentucky. During that raid General Ross was overpowered and mortally wounded in a hand-to-hand encounter, dying a few days later—Dec. 16, 1864—at Hopkinsville, Ky. His wife and father brought his remains to the family burying ground at Meriville, where he now rests beside his parents, sister, and five gallant soldiers of the Confederate States Army.

By permission of Mrs. Quarles, we copy the following words of Major General Quarles, C.S.A., the distinguished Colonel of the Forty-second Tennessee Regiment in the battle of Fort Donelson—viz.: Due honor was not awarded Captain Ross for his gallant services at Fort Donelson. His effectual handling of the large guns of the fort under his command crippled and held back the Federal fleet. For this splendid achievement alone he deserved promotion. He was as brave as Marshal Ney.

It is interesting, after all these intervening, eventful years, to quote from a letter by Gen. J. M. Schofield, dated August 18, 1896, who, in thanking Dr. John W. Ross, youngest brother of Gen. Ross, for a picture of his "old classmate and friend, mentions him as one of the best hearted fellows he ever knew," and is "sure that his account of the Land Batteries at Fort Donelson will be very interesting." He concluded the letter as follows: "I was very fond of him, and wish you all to accept my sincere friendship and regard."

GEN. GIDEON J PILLOW.

JAMES W. JOPLIN AND FAMILY—SIX SONS WERE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Jas. W. Joplin, now a resident of Elizabethtown, Ky., is eighty-nine years old. He lived in Franklin County, Va., at the breaking out of the Civil War. Although too old for active service, he had six sons fighting for the Confederacy. He assisted in raising and equipping one company and had it drilled on his place. His home was known as Confederate headquarters, and many a soldier was fed and assisted by him.

He was a personal friend of Gen. J. A. Early, and it was at the Joplin home that Gen. Early was concealed after Lee's surrender while the Federal soldiers were scouring the country for him, to get the reward for his body, "dead or alive." Gen. Early made his escape from Virginia on "Gray Bill" a noted horse that Thos. M. Joplin rode at the time of the surrender. This horse was captured from a squad of Federal soldiers while Early was attempting to cross the Mississippi River.

Mr. Joplin's sons served as follows: Thos. M. Joplin (now of Franklin, Tenn.,) in the First Tennessee Cavalry. He was considered mortally wounded while with Morgan at Lebanon, Tenn., in 1862. He was afterwards scout from army headquarters and was badly wounded again. He was much with Sam Davis.

J. B. Joplin, the second son, (now of Gurley, Ala.,) served with distinction in Second Virginia Cavalry with Gen. J. E. B. Stuart until his death, and afterwards with Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. He was wounded at the first battle of Manassas—and again in the battle of Seven Pines. He participated in all the battles of his command in the Virginia campaign.

Jessee Joplin, (now of Eureka, Mo.,) served in Second Mississippi Cavalry, with Forrest at Fort Pillow and all through his campaign; he was wounded twice and is now a cripple from his wound.

Wm. A. Joplin, (now of Caruthersville, Mo.,) served in Thirty-seventh Virginia Cavalry with Col. Dunn; in West Virginia under Gen. Wm. L. Jackson, who chose him as a guide and companion after Gen. Lee's surrender. They were to join Gen. Early to the Trans-Mississippi Department, but abandoned the undertaking after ten days in the Pines.

J. C. Joplin, (now at Santa Anna, Cal.,) served in the Second Virginia Cavalry and was known as one of the bravest and most daring soldiers in his regiment, being always at the front when duty demanded.

F. M. Joplin, (now of Elizabethtown, Ky.,) was thirteen years old when the war begun, and participated with Roanoke College Reserve Company. 1863. He ran away from school in June, 1864, joined the First Virginia Infantry when sixteen years old, and served under Gen. Ewell in front of Richmond and in that vicinity. He was with Gen. R. E. Lee's Army at Appomattox.

O. K. Joplin, the seventh son, too young to be a soldier, helped his mother and sister scrape lint and make bandages for the wounded soldiers. How anxiously the mother must have thought of her many sons in their many battles!

The foregoing data was furnished by Mrs. Bettie Joplin Martin, the only daughter.

This photograph of the Joplin family was taken at a family reunion in 1893, at Elizabethtown, Ky., the only time they have all been together in thirty-five years. The picture shows, together with the father and seven sons, the only daughter, all of whom are still living.

MAJOR GEN. GUSTAVUS W. SMITH.

Henry E. Claflin, Abington, Mass.:

In the August VETERAN there is a list of the Lieutenant Generals of the Confederate Army from which the name of Richard Taylor, of Louisiana, was omitted. I send this correction, as the VETERAN will be kept for ages and it should be accurate. I also send a sketch of Gen. G. W. Smith, of Kentucky, who died June 24, 1896:

The late Major General G. W. Smith was born in Kentucky in 1821 He was appointed to the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated as Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He was stationed at West Point as Assistant Professor of Engineering until September 24, 1846, when he took the field under Gen. Scott in the Mexican War, remaining until May 22, 1848. During this time he was brevetted for gallantry at the battle of Cerro Gordo, and for meritorious conduct at the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, with the rank of Captain. Later, he was engaged on the coast defences, he resigned his commission December 15, 1854 and joined the Cuban filibustering expedition under General Quilman, but suddenly broke off his connection with the expedition.

He accepted an important position at the Iron Works of Cooper & Hewitt, at Trenton, N. J., and came to New York City in 1856.

When Fernando Wood was Mayor and undertook to reorganize the municipal offices, he selected Captain Smith to fill the position of Street Commissioner. This office he held until May, 1861, when he and his deputy, Mansfield Lovell, of Maryland, who was also Colonel of the Ninth Regiment National Guard, suddenly left the city and joined the Confederate service at Richmond. He was commissioned a Major General, September 19, 1861, and given the command of the First Division in the Army of Northern Virginia, composed of the Brigades of Whiting, Hood, Hampton, Pettigrew and Hatton. He did gallant service during the famous peninsular campaign, and was in command of the army after the wounding of General J. E. Johnston at Fair Oaks. Gen. Smith was sick and soon gave up the command to Gen. R. E. Lee.

Gen. Smith served as Secretary of War from November 17th, to 20th, 1862. In February, 1863, he took charge of a foundry in Georgia, casting cannon for the Confederate Government.

When Sherman began his march to the sea, Gen. Smith was elected commander of the Georgia State Militia, and remained with them until the end. After the war he took charge of an Iron Company in Tennessee, and in 1870 was appointed Insurance Commissioner of Kentucky. He held this position five years, and came to New York City in 1876, where he resided until his death, June 24, 1896. His political disabilities were removed by a special act of Congress in 1888.

RE-UNION COMPANY F., NINTH ALABAMA.

Henry J. Fusch writes from Elkmont, Ala.:

Company F., Ninth Alabama Regiment, under Capt. T. H. Hobbs, was enlisted at Athens, Ala., June 6th, 1861. It served in the Army of Northern Virginia. It left Athens with 104 men, rank and file, and subsequently enrolled 155 men, thirty-five of whom are known to be living now.

At the invitation of Mr. T. Maclin Hobbs, eldest son of Capt. Hobbs, who, as a boy, heard the guns of First Manassas, and those of Appomattox, sixteen battle-scarred veterans, some of whom had not seen each other since the war, met at Pettusville Springs, Limestone County, Alabama, Wednesday, October 21, 1896, and spent a very pleasant day, recounting their old experiences and reviving hallowed memories. After a sumptuous dinner, prepared by their host, the veterans listened to eloquent and pathetic talks from Comrades Asa Moore, Robt. Culps, S. M. Clay and Mr. Hobbs. Comrades were present from Birmingham, Pulaski and other points.

An organization was perfected, and hereafter the Company will hold its reunion annually, at Athens, Ala., until none are left to answer at roll call.

The foregoing is the kind of reunion that does most good.—Ed.

KENTUCKY CHICKENS IN WAR TIMES.—Col. R. H. Lindsay, who commanded the Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment, tells this story: During the Kentucky Campaign under Gen. Bragg, we were camped on Skegg's Creek, and my orderly went foraging and found some chickens, the price named was seventy-five cents. He offered Confederate note in payment. The good lady said "she did not want such stuff," "that she had enough to cover the side of the house." The adjutant then asked how she would sell for gold. Her eyes brightened, at once she commended the valor of the Rebels, and the justice of the cause, and as they were bound to succeed, she would sell all she had at five per cent. discount for gold, which was respectfully declined. So we paid for the chicks and left.

Mrs. W. A. Fuller concludes a pathetic poem about the capture of a railroad engine at Big Shantie, Ga., describing its recapture by Confederates, and the execution as spies of the bold men who undertook it, as follows:

Honor to the men in that terrible chase,
Whether victor or vanquished in that race;
Heroes who wore the gray and heroes the blue
Fame a garland fair shall twine for you;
A deed of valor, let history declare
The meed of praise which each shall share.

J. J. Hood in the Meridian, Miss., *News*, copies the article in September VETERAN about the battle flag of Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment and adds:

The Kemper Legion was the color company which bore this famous flag during this brilliant charge, and it was within a few feet of this historic emblem of the Confederacy, on the fire-fringed heights of Gettysburg, where the gallant Barksdale, carrying his sword at an angle of forty-five degrees, led those steel nerved veterans on by boldness of action and heroic inspiration, till he fell mortally wounded near the enemy's guns.

Under its inspiring folds in this same dashing charge our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. J. C. Lloyd, lost his arm, and there these venerable old veterans, Mr. F. C. Sinclair and Mr. Hunnicut, of our city, were badly wounded, and many other brave men baptized the soil of Virginia with their heroic blood. This old tattered banner, flecked with blood, pierced by shot and shell, and hallowed by a thousand sacred memories and countless heroic deeds, strongly emphasizes the chivalric conduct of the fearless men who carved their fame under its waving folds.

This precious and priceless relic of the war tells of deeds that shall inspire our sons to a cultivation of the highest patriotism—and that will be a stimulus to noble emotions. However cruel and relentless war may be, it has its virtues and compensations—arousing a people to noblest deeds, to worthy sacrifices, and elevating them in every element of patriotic worth and manhood.

Strip them of these relics, histories and memories, and you soon degenerate their patriotic pride

GEN. LEE'S REGARD FOR PRIVATE PROPERTY.—As Lee's Army was retreating from Gettysburg, (says Maj. D. L. Sublett of Chattanooga, Tenn.,) and had reached the plateau of the Blue Ridge, south of Fairfield, Penn., Ewell was in the valley below fighting the advance. Commissary Sergeant Allis, of Longstreet's Corps, was driving a herd of beef cattle for that command. Knowing the road would soon be filled with wagons and artillery, he tore down a fence and drove the cattle into an adjoining wheat field.

Gen. Lee, who happened to be there, observed it, and asked the Sergeant why he wished to destroy that wheat. Gen. Lee told him to put his cattle across the road in some woods where they would "not destroy anything." That although the owner might be an enemy, we were not making war on individuals, and added: "That wheat may be necessary to feed women and children. We cannot afford to be vandals because they have been."

R. S. Jones, of Canton, Texas, wishes to know if Maj. Geo. Donald, who saved the flag of the Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment from capture at Appomattox, April 9, '65, is still alive, and if so, where he lives. Also inquires for Jno. E. Brown, of Company K., Thirteenth Mississippi Regiment, who was shot through the groin at the charge on the fort at Knoxville, Nov., '63.

G. W. Barr, Goldthwaite, Texas, reports the death of Maj. W. H. Thompson, who enlisted in Company K, Second South Carolina Cavalry. He was a gallant soldier and a good citizen. His burial was conducted by Jeff Davis Camp, No. 117, U. C. V.

W. A. Jones, Holly Springs, Miss.: I was a private in Captain Lea's Mississippi Company, in Second Kentucky Cavalry, Gen. Jno. H. Morgan's command. I was wounded September 4, 1864, at Greenville, Tennessee, the morning Gen. Morgan was killed. Was carried to hospital in Bristol and kept there about a month, and as our army fell back, I was carried to hospital at Emory and Henry College. While there, Lieutenant Rudy was brought in wounded, and in a few days his leg was amputated, near the hip joint, in the same room in which I was confined. He also, belonged to Morgan's command. I should be very glad to hear of him.

M. B. Owens, Quincy, Fla., in writing for sample copies of the VETERAN to be used in getting subscribers, added: It will be a large club, as our farmers are all happy over their tobacco and cotton crops.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE SAM DAVIS DRAMA.

The character of Sam Davis has aroused the intense enthusiasm of all who have become familiar with his history. He is acknowledged as the typical patriot and his death a patriot's death. Although the Confederate Army was made up of just such men as he, yet no other was offered such a shining opportunity to manifest fealty to honor and the Southern cause. His life was a noble one and his tragic death overtops in heroism that of any martyrs of older days.

The life and heroic fall of this young patriot has afforded the theme for a drama which has been issued from the press of the Southern Methodist Publishing House. The book contains nearly a hundred pages, is neatly bound and will be sold through the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at 50 cents per copy. The profit arising from the sale of the book will be placed to the credit of the Monument Fund which is being raised through the VETERAN.

The drama is in the main historically correct. Whatever imaginary events that have been wrought into it are so germain to the text that they can easily be accepted. The drama has been presented in the larger towns of Middle Tennessee, and also in Nashville, it has been received with general favor. As a literary effort the book has received the endoresement of such eminent Tennesseans as Hons. E. H. Ewing, J. D. Richardson, Bishop C. T. Quintard, Will T. Hale, Capt. B. L. Ridley and others. The press of the State has been especially complimentary both to its dramatic and literary merit. Every household in the South whose members are in sympathy with the cause for which Sam Davis died, would enjoy the book. In buying the book you add to the sum for the erection of a monument to this peerless hero. While sending renewal get two new subscriptions and this book will be sent free in return.

This thrilling drama portrays the character of Samuel Davis true to history in the main as far as facts are known.

The October number of The Watts' Official Railway Guide of the South, published by The Watts' Publishing Company, Atlanta, is a gem of typography, and is a concise, comprehensive and thorough guide to railroads, hotels and resorts in the South. It is the only railway guide in the territory South of the Ohio and Potomac and east of the Mississippi Rivers, and is a valuable medium of information. Price 25 cents.

GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO.

Attention unsolicited is called to the standing advertisement of the Georgia Home Insurance Company, which has been so long established and is so well known for honorable dealing that no reference is necessary except to call the attention of those who have property to insure.

The VETERAN, however, emphasizes the important fact that its friends should adopt the rule to favor its patrons. This company begun its advertisement in the second volume of the VETERAN, pays yearly in advance and never asks any special consideration. If it does business in your section, remember these things.

PERSONNE'S WAR LETTERS.

These interesting memorabilia of camp and field, written to the old Charleston Courier between 1861 and 1865, are attracting general attention. Not only are our own people subscribing in large numbers, but Mr. De Fontaine, the author, has been called upon to furnish libraries, clubs and historical societies throughout the country with copies as they appear monthly. Among his subscribers are officers of the Commandery of the Loyal Legion, members of the Grand Army of the Republic and many hundreds of others who are anxious to know how we "ragged rebs" managed things behind the great curtain that for four years shut us out from their sight. Every line of these army letters is replete with interest, and to say that they are fascinating as a novel is not to draw the simile too strong. The subscription price is one dollar a year or ten cents a number. At the end of the year the reader will have an octavo volume of 300 pages of Confederate history portrayed by an eye-witness and participant. The monthly is beautifully printed by the War Records Publication Company, of Columbia, S. C.—singularly enough the first home of Secession.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

The Cotton Belt Route has had published a series of attractive pamphlets, beautifully illustrated, which set forth in a clear and concise manner the wonderful resources of the States of Arkansas, Louisiana and Texas, commonly known as "The Great Southwest."

The information contained in these pamphlets is thoroughly reliable, being compiled from the best sources and each one is complete in itself. Much interest is being taken in them, and the general good they are doing in upbuilding the country traversed by the Cotton Belt Route is commendable.

The pamphlets are entitled "Homes in the Southwest," "Texas," "Truth About Arkansas," "Glimpses of Southeast Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana," "Lands for Sale Along the Cotton Belt Route."

These books are for Free Distribution and will be cheerfully sent to any address free, upon application to E. W. LaBeaume, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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The above is a partial list of those who have secured the premium watch. A number have secured the second and third watches See special offer in this issue. See also bicycle offer.

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The author tells what devices and precautions men and measures availed to make Charleston impregnable to the enemy for four years of active operations by land and water.

Every Confederate who has a library should secure this valuable book. Address the author at Charleston, S. C., or

The Confederate Veteran,
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A friend of the VETERAN desires to purchase a gun and sword that was used during the war. Also would purchase a gray jacket or blanket. Anyone wishing to dispose of any such relics will please address, stating price.

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DECEMBER 1896. PATRIOTIC AND PROGRESSIVE. PRICE, 10 CENTS

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PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. | VOL. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1896. | NO. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM EDITOR.

Circulation: '93, 79,430. '94, 121,644. '95, 154,992. '96, 161,332.

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Increase in New Business.
A Large Gain in Surplus.

Gain in Income,	$ 261,413.47
Gain in Interest Receipts.	113,895.05
Gain in Surplus,	302,082.66
Gain in Membership,	4,363
Gain in Assets,	1,839,617.82
Gain in Amount of Insurance.	9,038,080.00
Gain in Amount New Business Written.	3,928,039.00
Total Assets.	14,555,288.63
Total Liabilities,	12,685,026.51
Surplus, 4 per cent. Standard,	$1,870,262.12

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Confederate Veteran.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Confederate Veterans and Kindred Topics.

PRICE, 10 CENTS. YEARLY, $1. | Vol. IV. | NASHVILLE, TENN., DECEMBER, 1896. | No. 12. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM Editor.

Entered at the postoffice, Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter.

Advertisements: Two dollars per inch one time, or $20 a year, except last page. One page, one time, special, $40. Discount: Half year, one issue; one year, two issues. This is an increase on the former rate.

Contributors will please be diligent to abbreviate. The space is too important for anything that has not special merit.

The date to a subscription is always given to the month *before* it ends. For instance, if the VETERAN be ordered to begin with January, the date on mail list will be December, and the subscriber is entitled to that number.

Though men deserve, they may not win success,
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

The "civil war" was too long ago to be called the "late" war and when correspondents use that term the word "great" (war) will be substituted.

THE VETERAN FOUR YEARS OLD.

With this number the fourth volume of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN is completed.

Four years old! Of the forty-eight numbers there have been printed, in the aggregate, 517,398 copies, many thousands of which are preserved; and in elegant libraries its bound volumes are conspicuous.

There can hardly be a doubt from any of its devoted patrons that, from the beginning, persistent zeal is the result of intense conviction that the VETERAN has a high mission, and that everything possible is being done for its achievement.

As was the case in our great war in the achievements of private soldiers, it is true in this connection that for the extraordinary success of this little magazine, the credit is due those in humble station. While bankers, judges on the bench, and patriots in other places of emolument and honor have done well, the countryman who has ridden horseback from house to house, shown his own copies and induced his neighbor to subscribe, and the mechanic who, not able to own a horse, deprived himself of needed comfort in order to sustain, as they say, "Our VETERAN," deserve gratitude and praise.

For two years the founder and owner published it on his own account, and then for the succeeding two years Mr. S. W. Meek has been publisher, assuming all responsibilities. During this latter period Mr. Meek has been earnest in co-operation and liberal as could have been asked in advancing its every interest.

Beginning alone again, a plea as earnest as its cause is sacred is made to all who believe in its merit to do something for its success. Many will do what they can. Special plea is made to those who have done much, to renew those interests at once in behalf of increasing subscriptions—regret is often felt at the inability to supply back numbers for zealous patriots who deplore not having known sooner of its existence. Do call the attention of those whom you think may not be familiar with it.

The VETERAN, having the highest endorsement by the greatest number of good people of any periódical in existence, and having an absolutely sacred purpose to serve, this appeal is made in confidence of response from all who honor that purpose.

Very important plans are made for the immediate future, which can be executed by the co-operation sought. The aid of postmasters is asked, especially in places of less than 5,000 population. A special offer is made that every subscriber in arrears, see what it is, remit it with $2 additional, and the VETERAN will be sent to January, 1900.

Subscriptions are due from the month and year by each name. John Smith, July, '95, for instance being on the slip with name, would indicate that Mr. Smith is a year and a half in arrears—$1.50; again, Mar., '96, would indicate three-fourths of a year—75 cents. By adding these sums to the proposition of "$2 additional" it would pay to 1900. In renewing for one or two years, it seems unnecessary to register letters or buy money orders. Bankers have sent as high as twenty dollars currency in the usual way; loss by mail is rare.

Considering these things, remember what YOU can do. If *you* will see at once whether *you* are in arrears and act as suggested it will be worth over $1,000 to the VETERAN. If YOU stop your patronage it will sadly weaken its power for good. Bear in mind advantages in taking the VETERAN for 1897; the Nashville reunion year of United Confederate Veterans, and Centennial Exposition year, in which by the low railroad fares, regardless of that celebration, extraordinary interest will be added to what may be expected in its pages. Beginning in January it will give much attention to the great Exposition, which it predicts will be supurb in many respects.

All premiums offered for subscriptions are guaranteed to be as good as represented. Life-size pictures of Gens. R. E. Lee, J. E. Johnston, G. T. Beauregard, Longstreet, Sterling Price, R. S. Ewell, and A. P. Hill, will be sent postpaid to any subscriber who will send two new ones. They are fine.

"Bright Skies and Dark Shadows," by Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., an elegant volume containing a series of letters about the South, price $1.50, and his paper, the New York Evangelist, price $3.00 a year, will be sent with the VETERAN all for $3.50, or the book and VETERAN $1.75. Those who have paid into '97 may renew to January, 1900 for $2.00, and new subscribers begining with '97 can have it the three years for $2.50—two subscriptions $5.00.

Quite a number of articles designed for this issue are necessarily held over for January. They include data about designs for the Jefferson Davis Monument at Richmond. The most important of them all, however, is Dr. J. Wm. Jones' "triumphant reply" to Mr. J. D. Billings on "Patriotism of the Sections."

Bear this important fact in mind: that very few general advertisers have ever patronized the VETERAN. They do not understand its high, patriotic character, or are prejudiced because of the name. To make up for that, help to make it a medium for Southern people. The rate at $1 per inch for each time, or $10 for that space one year, is so low that many a friend not in the habit of advertising might use its columns to advantage. Another rate is fifty cents for directory cards, or $5 per year for five lines.

Dismiss the subject now; peruse this copy carefully, then reconsider this appeal and act as you think you should in regard to it.

The old year is drawing to a close, and tish thought should act as a reminder that many subscriptions are expiring with it. Comrades, look now at the label on your copy of VETERAN and see if a renewal is not in order. It would make Christmas happier and the New Year brighter if each friend would do this thing.

Col. Wm. Preston Johnston, stepson of Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston (see page 439), mentions her as a woman of talents, accomplishments, and great beauty, as well as force of character.

CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

In an address to the public the Executive Committee of the Confederate Memorial Association, selected at the meeting of the Board of Trustees at Lookout Inn, Tennessee, Sept, 3, 1896, state, that they have secured a Charter under the laws of Mississippi, have formulated the by-laws, and selected Gen. John C. Underwood, of Kentucky, as Superintendent and Secretary, and the Fourth National Bank, of Nashville, Tenn., as Treasurer; and are now organized for work.

They make an earnest appeal to Confederate Veterans, other sympathizers and friends in every land and to the noble women of our beloved Southland for the active aid and support in raising sufficient funds to erect a Memorial Institute Edifice, which shall be on a scale, and in architectural style, that will be a monument to and properly commemorate the memory of our noble dead and the heroic and valorous deeds of both the dead and the living Confederate Soldiers.

In order to correct errors and misapprehensions which have crept inadvertently into the minds of some of our people, the Committee state:

1st: This movement is under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans, and will be so conducted.

2nd: Our comrade, Charles B. Rouss, deserves your thanks for inaugurating this commendable movement; we appreciate his great interest as evidenced by his proffered subscription of One Hundred Thousand Dollars and by his liberal additional aid in furthering the work.

3rd: Comrade Rouss notwithstanding his very munificent donation, has in no way interfered with our work or sought in person, or through his Representative, to dictate to the Board of Trustees, or influence them in their actions.

4th: The selection of a city for the location of the Memorial Institute is absolutely under the control of the Board of Trustees, and will not be considered until sufficient funds are raised with which to erect suitable buildings; and then every applicant will be given a fair chance to secure its location, and will be visited and its advantages and inducements weighed most carefully before a decision is reached by the Board of Trustees.

5th: To the ladies, who did everything for the Southern cause during the "sixties" except to fight its battles, and who encouraged Confederate soldiers by their smiles, their cheers, their matchless patriotism, fortitude and self-sacrifices, we appeal for aid, with the assurance that every assistance will be rendered them to accomplish any work they may undertake, which we assure them shall be done under their own organizations in such manner as they may prescribe, in their respective States.

6th: The delay in this work is not the result of any lack of interest in preserving the history of the Southern cause, but from a desire to formulate a proposition that will secure the desired results.

7th: The Confederate Veterans stand pledged before the world to erect a Memorial Institute Edifice that will be a credit to the cause for which they fought so gallantly, and all should work together to accomplish it. We appeal to all State Division Commanders and would impress upon them the great importance of bringing the matter of contribution to the Memorial Fund before every member.

8th: Donations should be remitted in exchange, (drafts, checks, or money orders) together, with pertinent communications to Gen. Jno. C. Underwood, Superintendent and Secretary at Covington, Kentucky.

Signed: W. H. Jackson of Tennessee, Chairman; Robt. White of West Virginia, J. B. Briggs of Kentucky, L. S. Ross, of Texas, W. D. Chipley of Florida, (Member Ex-officio, as President of Board of Trustees,) ExecutiveCommittee.

UNITED DAUGHTERS CONVENTION.

A Good Time at Nashville by the Women of the South.

An account of the Annual Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, held at Nashville, Nov. 11, 1896, is necessarily abridged. The representation was curtailed through failure of the railroad companies to make a liberal rate—charging twice the rate established for such organizations North and South. Then, as there were a few short of the requisite number, the conditional concession was not allowed.

Nashville Daughters did well their part in the entertainment. Guests were shown about the city, taken in vehicles to the Hermitage, of "Old Hickory" fame, where is located the Tennessee Confederate Home, and by special train to Belle Meade in another direction, via Centennial Exposition Grounds.

Mrs. John Overton, President of the Nashville Chapter, in an address of welcome, said:

It is my high privilege and pleasure to welcome you to our city, and I am glad to see so many who by their presence here testify to the love and devotion to a cause so dear to every Southern woman's heart.

Six years ago there was a call made upon the Southern women in Nashville to form an Auxiliary to Frank Cheatham Bivouac for the purpose of aiding in securing a Soldiers' Home for the disabled Confederates of Tennessee. At that time it was known that there were —— of them in the poor-houses of the State. The call met a ready response, and in a short time the united efforts of the Bivouac and the Auxiliary were successful in securing an appropriation from our Legislature. To-day a handsome building stands erected upon the farm once owned by our statesman and soldier, Gen. Andrew Jackson, but now by the State dedicated to this most laudable charity, and it is our pride. Having finished this work, the hearts of our women felt that there were yet duties to be discharged, and the idea was conceived to merge the Auxiliary into an organization to be known as the "Daughters of the Confederacy." In May, 1893, the Nashville Chapter was formed. Its objects were to be of a memorial and benevolent character, and to preserve a record of the part taken by the Southern women during the war and in the dark days of reconstruction. It was proposed to enroll in the membership of this organization the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, granddaughters—indeed all in whose veins flowed one drop of that patriotic blood which has made for our country, by the achievements of its soldiers, a glorious history. This action upon our part was followed by other Southern women, and rapidly other Chapters were formed, until there now exists in the South, under the name of United Daughters of the Confederacy, about one hundred Chapters, with a large aggregate membership.

It is hard to find words which will rightly convey any idea of the soul-stirring purposes of this great organization. Way back in '61 it became evident that our homes would have to be protected from the invader by the sword; there are some here to-day who can recall the day, the hour, when they loosed their arms from around their loving ones and saw them march away for that purpose. The anguish of those partings is keenly felt even now when the pathetic story of their brave and noble sacrifice is told. Upon a hundred battlefields our gallant soldiers poured out their lifeblood, and they have been, lo! these many long years, waiting on the other side of the river, "their mortal pain and anguish lost in its flow." Some day we shall see them as they were when they left us, except they will be crowned by the God of Battles and known as the Martyrs of Freedom. It cannot be thought that our Heavenly Father recks not of patriotism, for when He made man in His own image, He did not implant a stronger feeling in his soul than love of home and country, except it was a love that he should bear his Creator. In the six thousand years of the world's history, no greater exemplification of this feeling was ever shown than by our soldiers in the bloody years between '61 and '65. We are met to-day with the hallowed memories of those dead years, undimmed by time, thrilling our hearts. Ours are common griefs and joys. Who is he that would or could sever the tie of this sacred union? It was our privilege, and we glory in it, to bid God-speed to the immortal heroes of that gallant army. We were their inspiration and their stay in every trial which they met. We will attend their sacred graves and will cherish their memory; we will be the faithful chroniclers of the truth during the remaining years of our lives, and in dying we will endeavor to transmit to the generations that follow such love for them that, while the world shall last, the South shall be as a home and abiding place for true patriotism.

The Nashville Chapter of Daughters of the Confederacy extends to you of the other Chapters throughout the South a hearty and loving welcome —yea, thrice welcome to our homes.

Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, of Atlanta, Secretary of the United Daughters, in responding, said:

I voice the sentiment of the visiting delegates to the Convention of United Daughters of the Confederacy when I express a very sincere appreciation of the welcome so beautifully extended by Mrs. Overton, the President of your local Chapter. Nashville is famed for its brave men, beautiful women, educational interests, and boundless hospitality. Again we thank you! * * * A country is never really grand until it has had its baptism of sorrow, its pathetic legends and its historic fame. * * *

All along on the route from Atlanta were battlefields illustrating Confederate valor; Kennesaw, with its tragic memories; Missionary Ridge, and other fields of conflict, and then the train glided on into your beautiful State of Tennessee. From the car window I beheld panoramic scenes so beautiful, with river, mountain, hill and dale, that I felt I had a foretaste of Paradise.

ALABAMA.

Miss Sallie Jones, State President of Alabama, sent the following report for that Division:

GROUP OF UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY, MADE AT NASHVILLE, TENN., NOVEMBER 11, 1896.

1 Mrs. Sallie Hicks, Hope, Ark.
2 Mrs. John Overton, Nashville.
3 Miss Eleanor Chapeau, Savannah, Ga.
4 Miss Bertie C. Badger, Ocala, Fla.
5 Mrs. R. T. Fouche, Rome, Ga.
6 Mrs. M. R. Richardson, Montgomery, Ala.
7 Miss Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga.
8 Mrs. Conyers, Covington, Ga.
9 Mrs. Ellen Marshall, Nashville.
10 Mrs. Clarence Maxwell, Jacksonville, Fla.
11 Mrs. I. M. Clarke, Nashville, Tenn.
12 Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga.
13 Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.
14 Mrs. H. L. Craighead, Nashville, Tenn.
15 Mrs. E. L. McNailly, Nashville.
16 Mrs. Pregmire, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
17 Mrs. Kate B. Blacklock, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
18 Mrs. Annie Robertson, Columbia, Tenn.
19 Miss Early, Nashville, Tenn.
20 Mrs. C. A. Forney, Hope, Ark.
21 Mrs. M. P. McGuire, Nashville, Tenn.
22 Miss M. A. Smith, Warrenton, Va.
23 Mrs. J. C. Dorsey, Gainesville, Ga.
24 Miss Virginia King, Baltimore, Md.
25 Mrs. Jennie Woodruff, Montgomery, Ala.
26 .....
27 Mrs. E. A. Collier, Atlanta, Ga.
28 Mrs. M. M. Sledge, Athens, Ga.
29 Miss H. Goodrich, Augusta, Ga.
30 Mrs. M. P. Watt, Montgomery, Ala.
31 Mrs. F. A. Kirkpatrick, Montgomery, Ala.
32 Mrs. N. O. Scott, Lynchburg, Va.
33 Mrs. Mary Smith, Nashville, Tenn.
34 Mrs. J. T. Reed, Chattanooga, Tenn.
35 Mrs. W. E. Carter, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
36 Miss Lena Bean, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
37 Miss Katie Cooke, S. Pittsburg, Tenn.
38 Mrs. Ada Douglass Meguiar, Gallatin, Tenn.
39 Mrs. Addie Turner Cherry, Gallatin, Tenn.
40 Mrs. W. A. Smoot, Alexandria, Va.
41 Miss Kate Shields, Nashville, Tenn.
42 Mrs. W. T. Hardison, Nashville, Tenn.
43 Mrs. S. Satterwhite, Nashville, Tenn.
44 Miss Mollie Winn, Castalian Springs, Tenn.
45 Mrs. W. J. McMurray, Nashville, Tenn.
46 Mrs. A. E. Snyder, Nashville, Tenn.
47 Mrs. J. P. Hickman, Nashville, Tenn.
48 Mrs. John C. Gaut, Nashville, Tenn.
49 Mrs. W. D. Robertson, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
50 Miss Susie Gentry, Franklin, Tenn.
51 Mrs. R. H. Dudley, Nashville, Tenn.
52 .....
53 Mrs. Nat Gooch, Nashville, Tenn.
54 Mrs. Hattie McGavock Cowan, Franklin, T.
55 Miss Mary Mitchell, Nashville, Tenn.
56 Mrs. Mary Hightower Richardson, Franklin.
57 Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S.C.
58 Miss Clark, Jackson, Tenn.
59 Miss Bessie Robb, Gallatin, Tenn.

The United Daughters donated $10 to the Sam Davis Monument, and $40 to furnish a room in the Tennessee Confederate Soldiers Home. The officers for the ensuing year are President, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. A. T. Smythe, Charleston, S. C.; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Kate Mason Rowland, Baltimore, Md.; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Nashville; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Jefferson Thomas, Atlanta, Ga. [The large photograph from which the above was engraved on card 14x17; inches price $1.00, will be sent with the VETERAN for $1.50. Chapters sending four subscriptions can have it free.

The Charter Chapter of Daughters in Alabama was organized at Camden last March. The next Chapter for that State was formed at Selma in April, and five others have since been organized—one each in Auburn, Birmingham, and Tuscaloosa; and two in Montgomery, the "Sophie Bibb" and "Cradle of the Confederacy."

The Charter Chapter has directed its attention mainly to securing records of the gallant soldiers of their own county. The members of the Historical Committee are appointed in turn to obtain the names of officers and privates of some company selected, and incidents connected with their service. These are published in the weekly paper, and collected by the Historian into a scrapbook, which will be placed in the Memorial Institute when completed. There are fifty members of this Chapter. At the last meeting it was determined to assist the disabled veterans by trying to secure a home for them, to be located in Montgomery.

Miss Jones adds to her report the history of the Children of the Confederacy, organized by herself. It is the first Chapter organized in Alabama and the second in the South, the first having been organized at Alexandria, Va., by Mrs. D. H. Appicle. The membership is seventy, all under fifteen years. The Chapter is named for Sam Davis, and the initiation fee of thirty members at ten cents each has been sent for his monument.

ARKANSAS.

Mrs. C. A. Forney, State President in Arkansas, made the following report:

The Charter Chapter of Arkansas, located at Hope, was organized in March with only seven members. There are now twenty-one members, with good and efficient officers, and a fund of fifty-three dollars in bank.

Having no local work, this Chapter has offered to help Little Rock Memorial Chapter build a monument in the Confederate Cemetery at that place. Report from the latter Chapter is exceedingly good. The Memorial Aid Association of Little Rock was formed in 1889. Its first work was to secure a burial place for the Confederate dead, and remove the bodies thereto. This was then enclosed by a substantial stone wall and iron fence, with a handsome arch and stone pillars at the entrance, at a cost of $1,990. In 1883 this Society sent $100 in cash, and more than this amount in articles for sale, to the Richmond Memorial Bazaar to aid the Museum in the Jeff Davis Mansion. This contribution, added to that of the State at large, amounted to $1,300 and placed Arkansas second in the list of contributors to this Museum. This Chapter has also contributed $162.62 to the Jeff Davis Monument Fund. They have now $100 on hand for the Memorial Institute, and $73 as a nucleus toward erecting a monument in the Confederate Cemetery at Little Rock. Their Charter was received from the United Daughters of the Confederacy last April.

The Mary Lee Chapter of Van Buren has a membership of sixtyfive, with a fund of $130 in bank, and has undertaken the work of building a monument in the Confederate Cemetery there. Hot Springs Chapter has thirty-four members, but, having been only recently organized, no work has been undertaken.

Batesville, Harrison, and Prescott have been instructed about the formation of Chapters. The general interest in the State seems to be increasing as the work is better understood.

MRS. C. A. FORNEY.

A State Division was organized Oct. 20, with the following officers: President, Mrs. C. A. Forney; First Vice President, Mrs. J. M. Keller; Second Vice President, Miss Fannie Scott; Recording Secretary, Mrs. S. W. Franklin; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Maggie Bell; Treasurer, Mrs. Sallie Hicks; Historian, Mrs. William Barry; Registrar, Miss L. E. Clegg.

Mrs. Forney represented practically the entire Trans-Mississippi Department of Daughters at the Convention. Since returning home, she writes that her home chapter had decided to care for one hundred Confederate graves in Washington, Ark., as their special work.

FLORIDA.

Report of Mrs. F. M. Cooley, Corresponding Secretary of Florida State Division:

In May, 1892, a Confederate Memorial Association was organized in Jacksonville, Fla., through the efforts of Mrs. M. C. Drysdale, Mrs. M. C. Murphy, Mrs. M. O. Bessant, and Mrs. T. Hartridge, the latter being the first President.

This Association assisted in paying for the State Home for Confederate soldiers, located at Jacksonville, giving about $100 for this purpose. The C. V. A. of Florida has been seconded in all its efforts, and especially in its Memorial Day exercises. Owing to the meager information obtained of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, it was not until November, 1895, that this Association was merged into a Chapter of the U. D. C., being the Charter Chapter of the State. This Chapter has faithfully performed its duties, using every effort to stir up other cities and villages to active interest, and four other Chapters have been formed—at Lake City, Palatka, Ocala, and Brooksville.

On July 14, 1896, a State meeting was held in Jacksonville, the organization perfected, and the following officers elected: President, Mrs. E. G. Weed; Vice President, Mrs. J. J. Finley; Treasurer, Mrs. F. L. Robertson; Historian, Mrs. J. J. Dicki-

son; Registrar, Miss Lula Gary; Secretary, Mrs. R. C. Cooley.

The Jacksonville Chapter has just completed payment of $137.25 for sixty-six headstones placed at the graves of Confederate dead not previously marked. There are sixty-four members, and applications for membership are constantly being received. A lot in the cemetery has been promised this Chapter, and as soon as available it will be put in order for those unfortunate veterans who have no families to see that they have a decent resting place at last.

Florida is not an easy field, with its changing population and busy present. Many seem almost enemies to our historic past, but precept and example will do much, and our children must be taught to honor and respect the deeds of their forefathers.

GEORGIA.

Mrs. C. Helen Plane, President Georgia Division:

The Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was organized in November, 1895,

at Atlanta. At that time there were but four Chapters in the State, with a membership of about one hundred. These Chapters, with the aid of the patriotic women of Nashville and Memphis, collected the interesting exhibit of Confederate relics at the Atlanta Exposition. A meeting was afterwards called in Augusta for the purpose of adopting a State Constitution and By-laws. The meeting was delightfully harmonious, and all returned to their homes with renewed love for the Southland, and a determination to uphold her honor. Since that meeting the Division has increased from four to fifteen Chapters. Only two places have so far failed to respond to appeals to organize, and it is believed that they will soon join the great army of patriotic women. On October 21-22 the regular annual convention was held at Macon. It was an enthusiastic gathering of women from every part of the State, and reports from all the Chapters were most encouraging. As our Constitution calls for rotation in office, the following were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. Ida Evans Eve; Vice President, Mrs. H. Park; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. K. Rogers: Treasurer, Mrs. A. W. Moore; Historian, Miss Mildred Rutherford. The membership of the Division is now over six hundred.

KENTUCKY.

Mrs. A. B. Chinn, Secretary, sent this report of the work in Kentucky:

The Charter Chapter of Kentucky is located at Lexington. For five years they have had an association called "Honorary Members of the Confederate Veteran Association," which was in October, 1895, admitted to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, being the twelfth to enter. Richmond has a large Chapter, and Winchester and Georgetown have organized. The Lexington Chapter now numbers one hundred members. It has raised $133 for the Memorial Institute, and contributed $65 to unfortunate soldiers and children.

MARYLAND.

Mrs. L. W. Wright, President of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in Maryland, reports:

Baltimore Chapter No. 8 is in a most flourishing condition. During the past year there has been a large increase in membership, now numbering three hundred and sixty-six, and many new applications are being received. This Chapter has organized two important committees—one on "Charity," and the other on "Historical Papers and Personal Reminiscences." The Charity Committee has dispensed clothing, fuel, and money wherever needed to Confederate soldiers and families in their midst, and the Committee on Papers has collected much valuable matter, which the Society hopes to have published in book form. Such papers as are suitable are read at the social meetings, and are heard with deep interest and reverent attention. These social meetings have proved a source of great pleasure, and are held from time to time as most convenient.

One of the duties devolving upon the Society is the decoration of graves of the Maryland dead in the cemetery at Loudon Park. In the future this work will be entirely under the charge of the Daughters. The purchase of the bronze bust of General Lee by Volck has been undertaken, and a contribution of $50 was sent to the Davis Monument Fund. The Society also hopes to contribute to the Memorial Institute, and plans are being made for that object.

MISSISSIPPI.

Report of Mrs. Ernest George, President, Meridian, Miss.:

The Charter Chapter of Mississippi was organized at Meridian in January, 1896. The first work undertaken by this Chapter was the raising of funds for the Memorial Institute, for which they secured nearly $400. Local and State work has also been faithfully done. The State work has resulted in flourishing Chapters being formed at Columbus, Vicksburg, and Greenville. The Charter Chapter has State organization in view, and hopes soon to

bring this to a successful issue. Through their efforts a Camp of Sons of Veterans was recently organized.

Report of Mrs. Georgia Young, delegate of Columbus, Miss.:

The Columbus Chapter of United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in March, 1896, with twenty charter members. There has been a steady increase in membership, seventy-two names now being on the rolls. Something over three hundred dollars has been raised, two hundred of which is in the bank subject to the call for the Memorial Institute. The remainder is to be devoted to the improvement of the local burying ground of the Confederate dead. Many of the graves are already supplied with headstones, and in time all will be. A Confederate soldier of heroic size stands sentinel among the crumbling remains of the gallant dead, and it is hoped that within a year this cemetery will be surrounded by a handsome iron fence.

MISSOURI.

Missouri was not represented, although the entire South may well be proud of the work her women have done; and it is very desirable that Chapters and a State organization be formed to co-operate with the United Daughters. The women of St. Louis, who have ever been a power through their Association, could add much to the general cause.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. William M. Parsley, President, Wilmington:

The Charter Chapter (Cape Fear No. 3) of the North Carolina Division, is located at Wilmington, and has fifty-seven members. On the last Memorial Day they joined the Memorial Association in placing a handsome stone at the grave of Hon. George Davis, a loyal Confederate to the day of his death, and one of North Carolina's noblest sons. He was a member of President Davis' Cabinet, having been the last Attorney General of the Confederacy. Since then $100 has been raised and divided between the Jefferson Davis Monument Fund and Memorial Institute. This Chapter has from the first been engaged in the work of organization in the State.

The "Pamlico" Chapter in Washington, N. C., was organized last April, and now has sixty-one members. The Historian is busy collecting items of interest. $25 has been raised for the Jefferson Davis Monument.

"Rowan" Chapter was organized at Salisbury in last July, and has thirty members. They have contributed $25 to the fund for placing headstones at the graves of North Carolina soldiers buried at Winchester, Va.

A Chapter was organized at Raleigh last April, but has not yet been chartered. Interest seems to be aroused at various points in the State.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Report of Mrs. A. T. Smythe, State President of the South Carolina Division:

The South Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy was organized in Columbia, May 28, 1896, the following officers being elected: President, Mrs. A. T. Smythe; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Thomas Taylor and Mrs. H. B. Buist; Secretary, Miss Martha Washington; Treasurer, Mrs. S. A. Durham.

The Charter Chapter is located at Charleston, having been organized in November, 1894, and now has 225 members. Much of its time and attention has gone to the formation of other chapters, and it has done well its share in assisting many objects. $500 was collected for Jefferson Davis Monument Fund, $41 for the Memorial Institute, $46.50 for the South Carolina shaft at Winchester, Va., and $50 for the South Carolina room at the Richmond Confederate Museum. The first work of this Chapter was done in conjunction with the Sons of Veterans. Its annual meeting is held on December 20, the anniversary of the secession of South Carolina. General Lee's birthday, January 19, is set aside as a day of public observance. The Chapter also observes President Davis' birthday—June 6.

On petition of this Chapter, the Legislature of South Carolina has made May 10, the anniversary of "Stonewall" Jackson's death, our Memorial Day, and January 19 legal holidays. The Chapter has in its possession some interesting relics of the war.

The Wade Hampton Chapter, organized at Columbia in December, 1895, is an energetic and enthusiastic one, with about ninety members. It has a room in the South Carolina College in which to preserve its many records and relics, and proposes to collect portraits of South Carolina women prominent during the war. This Chapter will give annually a handsome gold medal to the student at the South Corolina College writing the best essay on the Confederacy, the medal to be presented publicly on the birthday of General Lee, with an address by some prominent man. In this way it is hoped to interest the youth of the State, and secure valuable material for history. $100 has been raised by this Chapter for the Jefferson Davis Monument.

The Marion Chapter was organized in March, 1896. It has fourteen members, and expects a rapid increase.

Greeneville reports a stirring Chapter of fifty-seven members, organized in April, 1896. It is arranging to work for the Winchester monument this winter.

Abbeville Chapter was organized in June with a membership of sixteen, and now numbers one hundred. Its rapid growth is due to a feature which is unique. It has county members—a director and members in each township—who attend the quarterly meetings, and are entertained hospitably by the ladies of Abbeville. Their success may incite other places to form County Chapters. This Chapter sent a valuable collection of relics to the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

Mary Ann Bowie Chapter was organized at Johnston in March, 1896, and has twenty-four members. It has raised $25 for the Memorial Institute and has sent a fine museum case to the Confederate Museum at Richmond, and is now engaged in furnishing a room for its own use.

Sumter Chapter was organized in July, 1896 with eleven members, and has every prospect of increase.

Cheraw Chapter was organized last September, and has but a small membership as yet, but sent $10 to the Museum at Richmond.

Maxey Gregg Chapter at Edgefield has been delayed in organization by the sickness of its President, but is in good working order.

Arthur Manigault Chapter, of Georgetown, has a membership of thirty-five, and intends to devote its labors to aiding the Winchester monument.

Ellison Capers Chapter at Florence reports a membership of twenty, and has sent $40 to the South Carolina room at the Museum at Richmond.

TEXAS.

Report of Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, President of the Texas State Division:

Eight Associations are now chartered in the State of Texas, and active correspondence is being had with other cities with a view to others being formed. Three years ago the first Association was formed at Dallas for the purpose of procuring a burial place for the Confederate dead, the dues to be used to purchase suitable lots in the cemetery, keeping them in order and placing marble headstones at the graves of each. The plat belonging to the Daughters of the Confederacy is in the prettiest part of the cemetery, where already six old Confederates have been laid to rest and headstones put up. 200 names are upon the rolls of this Association. For three years these devoted women have labored unceasingly to erect a monument in their city, and it will be dedicated next spring. An invitation is cordially extended to the United Daughters to attend the unveiling.

Sherman next joined the United Daughters, and the labors of this Chapter have been very successful. The monument to the Confederate dead erected through their exertions is to be dedicated this month.

Galveston has a magnificent Association, whose object is to aid Confederate veterans and assist the Home at Austin.

The Daughters at Ennis have done earnest work, lending their aid to the Dallas Daughters in the monumental work.

Waco is thoroughly organized, but has not yet decided on the course of work.

Lubbock has a fine organization, and its labors have been in behalf of the Memorial Institute. Through its efforts a better and truer history has been put in their schools in place of one considered unfair to the South.

Alvin's little band of noble women has aided the Jefferson Davis Monument in Richmond, contributed to the Memorial Institute, and now proposes to erect a monument in their own city.

The W. P. Rogers Chapter at Victoria has aided the Memorial Institute. The following comes direct:

San Antonio organized Chapter No. 86 in September, 1896, with twenty-eight charter members. It now numbers over one hundred, and its well-attended meetings are full of interest.

Its name is "Barnard E. Bee," and is in memory of that gallant South Carolinian who gave his life for the cause. It was his rallying cry to his wounded, weary soldiers, just before he fell: "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Its objects are to aid in giving a true history of the South's gallant struggle in defense of freedom; to impress on the minds and hearts of the Southern youth the justness of our cause; to honor our heroes living and dead; to raise a fitting monument to those who rest in our cemetery, and to aid the living in need.

Its annual celebration will be held on January 19, the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The officers of the Chapter are: President, Mrs. Augustus W. Houston; Vice Presidents, Mrs. William H. Young, Mrs. Hamilton P. Bee, and Miss Emma C. Wescott; Secretary, Miss Ernestine Kroeger; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Magruder; Treasurer, Mrs. R. C. Silliman; Historian, Miss Emily Beauregard.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Miss Ida C. Coleman, Indian Territory, reports:

The "Stonewall" Jackson Chapter was organized at McAlester in May, 1896, with thirteen members, but now has seventeen. They are working hard to organize other Chapters in the Territory. $20 has been devoted to the Memorial Institute, and there are $15 in the treasury. The aim of the Chapter is to erect a monument in the Indian Territory in memory of all our dead heroes, and also to obtain a true and complete history of the war.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Mrs. E. T. Bullock, President, reports:

The Anna "Stonewall" Jackson Chapter of Daughters at Washington, D. C., has been working under difficulties, therefore progress is slow. They now have less than twenty-five members, but hope at the next meeting to add others so as to entitle them to a delegate at the next annual convention.

Resolutions offered by Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Athens, Ga.:

MRS. A. M. RAINES.

WHEREAS, Mrs. Raines has refused to allow her name to be placed before the Nominating Committee for re-election; and

WHEREAS, The United Daughters of the Confederacy appreciate the invaluable service she has rendered; therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender to Mrs. Raines our manifold thanks for her untiring zeal, her true devotion, and her self-sacrificing spirit in managing the affairs of this body, and as a body we tender these thanks by a rising vote. Carried unanimously.

[Mrs. Raines, the Tennessee and Virginia Reports next month.]

U. C. V. COMMISSIONS FOR OFFICERS, ETC.

Gen. George Moorman (824 Common St.), New Orleans, sends this circular to all officers and members of the United Confederate Veteran camps:

Blank commissions to be filled out for all United Confederate Veteran officers who desire them, for all generals of departments, divisions, brigades, and every member of their staff, and certificates of membership for individual members of camps, are now ready, and can be sent by these headquarters immediately upon receipt of notification, for officers upon receipt of name, rank, and date of election or appointment; for individual members of camps upon receipt of name, date enrolled, and, if desired, service in the Confederate States Army in addition to the United Confederate Veterans; but where application is made by either officers or members, the facts must be certified to by the Adjutant or Commander of the camp reciting that they are at present in good standing in the camp, and, if it is possible, have the information made out on the typewriter.

These commissions and certificates of membership are beautiful in design, 16x19½ inches, and are ornamented with the Confederate flag in the center, and with red, white and blue ribbon secured by a gilt seal, stamped with the great seal of the Association, all official, and signed by Gen. J. B. Gordon, Commanding General U. C. V's. Thousands of these are being framed and preserved by the survivors as a matter of pride and gratification to them while living, and as a badge of honor and sacred heirloom to be handed down to their children and their descendants as a precious memento attesting their gallant and heroic service during the greatest civil war in history. * * *

Under the constitution, the price is fixed at one dollar for each, to assist in raising funds to pay for printing, stationery, postage, etc., and they will be forwarded immediately upon receipt of the order and remittance.

All generals and staff officers are entitled to commissions; also the following officers of camps: President, Secretary, Commander, all Lieutenant Commanders, Adjutants, Quartermaster, Commissary, Surgeon, Chaplain, Officer of the Day, Treasurer, Sergeant, Major, Vidette, Color Sergeant, and two Color Guards.

THE NEW CAMPS ANNOUNCED ARE:

Cedar Bluff, Ala., Pelham Camp, No. 855.
Altus, Ark., Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 864.
Batesville, Ark., Albert S. Johnston Camp, No. 863.
Black Rock, Ark., Confederate Vet. Camp, No. 870.
Evansville, Ark., McIntosh Camp, No. 861.
Lonoke, Ark., Confederate Veteran Camp, No. 862.
Mariana, Ark., Confederate Veteran Camp, No. 869.
Moorefield, Ark., Joe Johnston Camp, No. 865.
Gibson, Ga., Fons Rogers Camp, No. 844.
Knoxville, Ga., Camp of Crawford County, No. 868.
Davis, Ind. Ter., Jo Shelby Camp, No. 844.
Talihina, Ind. Ter., Jack McCurtin Camp, No. 850.
Leaksville, Miss., Henry Robert Camp, No. 866.
Eldorado Springs, Mo., Eldorado Camp, No. 859.
Fayetteville, N. C., Fayetteville Camp, No. 852.
Snow Hill, N. C., Drysdale Camp, No. 849.
Wadesboro, N. C., Anson Camp, No. 846.
Waynesville, N. C., Pink Welch Camp, No. 848.
Williamston, N. C., John C. Lamb Camp, No. 845.
Tecumseh, Okla., Pat Cleburn Camp, No. 867.
Matador, Tex., S. B. Maxey Camp, No. 860.
Wolfe City, Tex., Ben McCullough Camp, No. 851.
Ashland, Va., W. B. Newton Camp, No. 854.
Bluefield, W. Va., Mercer Camp, No. 858.
Lewisburg, W. Va., David S. Creigh Camp, No. 856.
Union, W. Va., Mike Foster Camp, No. 853.
Upper Tract, W. Va., Confed. Vet. Camp, No. 857.

By order of J. B. GORDON, *General Commanding.*

SAM DAVIS.

C. H. King and Capt. William Ledbetter, of Rutherford County, Tenn., in which county Sam Davis was reared, the latter Captain of the Company in which he enlisted as a Confederate soldier, have written the VETERAN something of their knowledge and views concerning his great secret. They state that there are fellow scouts yet living who know the source of his information, although they think the individual furnishing it to him may never be known. While his fellow scouts feel extremely anxious to satisfy the great desire of the public to give what they know, they fear that the knowledge, which is still sacred, might expose friends to their detriment, and, with Sam Davis' faith, they are inclined to let the secret be buried with them.

They concur in his dying statement that the person giving him the information was of great value to the Confederate cause. They assert that should his secret ever be revealed it would strengthen the glory he achieved. They sympathize with the sentiment that yearns for light upon that most wonderful event in the thrilling history of that great war.

In a postscript they state that while information was received in various ways, the name of the person giving it will never be known.

A comrade who has done much for this cause writes from Knoxville, Tenn., on the anniversary of Sam Davis' death:

He was the greatest of American heroes, though only an humble private in the ranks.

The prattling child enjoys life, but does not know the value of it. He lives for the present and has no conception of the future. When he dies he merely gives up the present.

So also the old man has no future, and furthermore has no present; both are sunk and lost in the past. The pleasures of life pall upon him, and he responds to them no longer. His daily life is not brightened by any pleasurable anticipations for the future, or enjoyment of the present, but he finds a melancholy solace in reflecting constantly upon the past. His reflections always end in a sigh of regret, his joys "departed never to return." He is constantly reaching back after joys which he knows

can never be reached, until his senses are dulled and his heart is sick. It is not hard for him to die. He rather welcomes death as a release from burdens too grievous to be borne.

But how different it is with a youth just coming into manhood! His past, present and future all glow within him. His past is so fresh that it still clings lovingly to him, and he knows that it is not gone, but is being repeated and enjoyed every day of the present. But what shall we say of his alluring future? It stands out before him as an entrancing panorama. Ambition beckons to him to advance and command the applause of listening senates or wield the destiny of nations.

Wealth holds out in seductive promises all its magnificence and luxury. Love stretches forth her arms to embrace him. The vision of a loving and lovely wife and frolicsome babes, in a peaceful home, looms up before him, and the music of their voices sounds in his ears. He hears the benedictions of his aged parents, who are receiving his tender care.

All these allurements make the promises of life sweet to him, and make it hard for him to die.

Such was the situation of Sam Davis. It was hard for him to die, and he could have saved his life. Human society says that self-preservation is the first law of Nature, and would have justified him in the perpetration of murder, theft, treachery or any other crime, in order to save his precious life.

Our young hero chose to blot out his past, present and future of human life, and to die, rather than sacrifice the one who had trusted him and whom he had promised not to betray.

If this were an age of saints, Sam Davis would be a saint. His heroic action commanded the respect and admiration of his enemies. Every American should esteem it a privilege to contribute to the perpetuation of his sainted memory.

Mrs. T. G. Hickman, of Vandalia, Ill., a subscriber to the Sam Davis Fund, wrote on Nov. 27th: * * * "Whose very name, despite the sorrow we feel and the tears shed over his tragic death, causes the heart of every Southerner to thrill with pride that we can claim *such* a boy—for he was barely on the threshold of manhood—who was so grandly firm in his adherence to *Right*."

The Waxahachie (Texas) Daily Light of Nov. 27th gives the story of Sam Davis, concluding with this acrostic by an Ex-Confederate:

Son of the South! thy memory still
Awakes the soul to scenes of glory.
Manly patriot! we feel the thrill,
Unnerved by thy sad history.
E'en when they proffered thee thy life,
Ling'ring not in doubt, but firm and strong,
Death, saidst thou, with honor rife,
And scorned to do thy comrades wrong.
Vindicate thy death? No; let coming ages
Inscribe thy name, ye poets, sages,
'Scribe in gold on History's pages.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRANKLIN.

M. G. Quinn, Commander of Camp J. J. Searcy, U. C. V., writes from Columbia, Mo., Nov. 23, 1896: Enclosed find $5 for the Samuel Davis monument. At the time of his martyrdom I was a boy soldier in the First Missouri Brigade, Confederate Army, commanded by the gallant General F. M. Cockrell, now United States Senator from this State. I never shal fail to remember—I was then about 18 years old—our march through Tennessee under General Hood during the cold winter of 1864, in his attack on Nashville. I was severely wounded in the battle of Franklin. Through the kindness of Misses Annie Briggs and Sallie Shute I was taken to a private house a mile or two west of Franklin and generously cared for until I could rejoin the army. When Hood retreated I heard the rattle of musketry one evening and hastily departed from my comfortable abiding place, riding behind a young scout of the army named Bodine or Boldin.

He was the kindest and bravest young man I ever knew, and doubtless was a compeer of Samuel Davis. Hood's Army had retreated to the Tennessee River, and the Federals were between us and our army. Traveling through fields and forests and swimming creeks, we went through the enemy's lines about midnight. We reached the Confederate lines on the bank of the Tennessee River where Hood crossed on his pontoons into Alabama. The blood from my wound had run down into my shoe and frozen. Sick, sore, starving and exhausted, I was ready and more than willing to die. But thirty-two years afterwards, here I am strong and vigorous in health, thankful to a merciful God for His protecting care.

The First Missouri Brigade lost over sixty per cent. killed and wounded—mostly killed—at Franklin. Out of six hundred who went into the battle, only two hundred and four answered to roll call after the battle. Our regiment, the Third Missouri Infantry, lost five commanders killed in battle during the war.

But returning to the heroism of Samuel Davis—the Robert Emmett of the South—the finest and costliest monument ever erected to humanity should be reared to the memory of this brave hero-martyr.

J. W. Blocker, H. T. Buchanan and E. K. Haley write from Jackson, Tenn., Nov. 27th: To-day being the anniversary of the heroic death of Samuel Davis, we each send one dollar toward the erection of his monument, and wish we could contribute five dollars each instead of one. Such deeds are so rare that they should not be forgotten.

Lakeland, Fla. Nov. 27, 1896.—CONFEDERATE VETERAN: I love to be able to remember that noble boy, Sam Davis, and the cause for which he gave his precious life. It was a sad, sad ending, but yet a noble one. I am sorry I can't help with some cash just now to the Monument Fund.

Hon. Jeff. B. Brown wrote from Key West, Fla., enclosing $2 for United States Army Officers and $2 for his young son, Joseph Emmett Brown, with the sentiment: I want him to have his name among those who have assisted in perpetuating the memory of so great a character as Sam Davis.

Some day perhaps my boy may stand beneath that monument, and as he remembers that he contributed to its erection, it may set in his character, like the rock of which it is built, the heroism and fidelity to truth which it was erected to commemorate.

The total contributions to date amount to $1,832.67

(See list on following pages.)

Adam Dale Chapter Children of American Revolution, Memphis.... 23 00
Adams, A. A., Washington, D. C.... 1 00
Arnold, Col. Brent, Cincinnati..... 5 00
Adcock, M. V., Burns, Tenn..... 1 00
Adger, Miss J. A., Charleston, S. C.... 1 00
Akers, E. A., Knoxville, Tenn..... 1 00
Albertson, W. H., Lake Charles, La.. 1 00
Alexander, J. T., Lavergne, Tenn... 1 00
Allen, Jos. W., Nashville.....$100 00
Amis, J. T., Culleoka, Tenn..... 1 00
Anderson, W. E., Pensacola, Fla... .. 1 00
Anderson, Douglas, Nashville..... 1 00
Anderson, Miss Sophronia, Dickson, Tenn... .. .. 1 00
Anderson, Dr. J. M., Fayetteville, T.. 1 00
Arnold, J. M., Newport, Ky..... 1 00
Arnold, Clarence, St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Arthur, James R., Rockdale, Tex.... 1 00
Arledge, G. L., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Arrington, G. W., Canadian, Tex..... 1 00
Ashbrook, H., St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Ashbrook, H., St. Louis, Mo..... 1 00
Asbury, A. E., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Atkisson, Marsh, Seattle, Wash..... 2 00
Askew, H. G., Austin, Tex..... 1 00
Ayres, J. A., Nashville..... 1 00

Baird, Wilson, Franklin, Ky..... 1 00
Baldwin, A. B., Bardstown, Ky..... 2 00
Banks, Dr. E. A., New York City..... 2 00
Barbee, Dr. J. D., Nashville..... 5 00
Barlow, Col. W. P., St. Louis, Mo.... 1 00
Barnes, R. A., Sadlersville, Tenn..... 3 00
Barrett, J. J., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Barnhill, T. F., Montague, Tex..... 1 00
Bascom, A. W., Owingsville, Ky.... 1 00
Barringer, G. E., Nevada, Tex..... 1 00
Barry, Capt. T. H., Oxford, Ala.... 1 00
Barry, Mrs. Annie, Dickson, Tenn... 1 00
Bell, Hon. J. H., Nashville Ark..... 1 00
Beard, Dr. W. F., Shelbyville, Ky... 1 00
Beazley, Geo., Murfreesboro, Tenn... 1 00
Bee, Eugene M., Brookhaven, Miss.... 1 00
Bee, Robert, Charleston, S. C..... 2 00
Beers, B. F., Roman, S. and Robinson, son, E. T., Benton, Ala..... 1 00
Beckett, J. W., Bryant Sta., Tenn.. 1 00
Bell, Capt. W. E., Richmond, Ky.... 1 00
Bemiss, J. H., Tuscumbia, Ala..... 1 00
Bemiss, J. H., Tuscumbia, Ala... .. .. 1 00
Bishop, Judge W. S., Paducah, Ky. 1 00
Biles, J. C., McMinnville, Tenn..... 3 00
Blalock, G. D., Montgomery, Tex.... 1 00
Blackman, J. M., Springfield, Mo.... 1 00
Blackmore, J. W., Gallatin, Tenn.... 5 00
Blakemore, Dr. Henri, Saltillo, Tenn 1 00
Blakemore, J. H., Trenton..... 1 00
Blocker, J. W., Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
Bonner, N. S., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Boyd, Miss Blanche, Tolu, Ky..... .. 1 00
Boyd, Miss Mamie, Tolu, Ky... ..... 1 00
Boyd, Gen. John, Lexington, Ky..... 1 00
Bradford, Col. H. P., Cincinnati.... 2 00
Bringhurst, W. R., Clarksville, Tenn. 1 00
Browne, Jos. Emmet, Key West, Fla.. 2 00
Browne, Dr. M. S., Winchester Ky.. 1 00
Browne, E. H., Baltimore, Md..... 1 00
Brown, John C. Camp, El Paso, Tex 5 00
Brown, H. T., Spears, Ky..... 1 00
Brown, B. R., Shoun's X Rds, Tenn.. 1 00
Brown, W. C., Gainesville, Tex..... 1 00
Brown, W. A., St. Patrick, La..... 1 00
Bruce, J. H., Nashville..... 5 00
Buchanan, H. T., Jackson, Tenn..... 1 00
Bunnell, T. A., Woolworth, Tenn.... 1 00
Burges, R. J., Seguin, Tex..... 1 00
Burleson, E. H., Lake Charles, La.... 1 00
Bullington, H. N., New York City..... 1 00
Burney, Dr. J. W., Des Arc, Ark.... 1 00
Burkhardt, Martin, Nashville..... 5 00
Bush, Maj. W. G., Nashville..... 2 00
Butt, J. W., Duck Hill, Miss..... 1 00
Byars, H. C., Riverton, Ia... .. .. 1 00

Cain, G. W., Nashville..... 3 00
Calcote, J. L., Meadville, Miss..... 1 00
Calhoun, Dr. B. F., Beaumont, Tex.. 1 00
Calhoun, F. H., Lott, Tex..... 1 00
Calhoun, W. B., St. Patrick, La.... 1 00
Cannon, Dr. J. P., McKenzie, Tenn. 1 00
Cardwell,, Geo. S., Evansville, Ind.. 1 00
Cargile, J. F., Morrisville, Mo..... 1 50
Carnahan, J. C., Donnel's Chapel, Tenn 1 00
Carnes, Capt. W. W., Memphis, Tenn. 1 00
Carpenter, R. W., Piano, Tex..... 1 00
Carter, Capt. Jno. H., Avon, Ky..... 1 00
Carter, J. E., Brownsville, Tenn.... 1 00
Carroll, Capt. Jno. W., Henderson, Tenn 1 00
Cary, Maj. G. W., New York City..... 2 00
Cash collection, Tavares, Fla..... 3 50
Cassell, T. W., Higginsville, Mo..... 1 00
Cassell, W. H., Lexington, Ky..... 2 00
Cates, C. T., Jr., Knoxville, Tenn.... 5 00
Cautzon, C. E., Hardeman, Tex..... 1 00
Cecil, Loyd, Lipscomb, Tenn..... 1 00
Chadwick, S. W., Greensboro, Ala.. 1 00
Cheatham, W. B., Nashville..... 5 00
Cheatham, Maj. J. A., Memphis..... 1 00
Cherry, A. G., Paris, Tenn..... 1 00
Children of the Confederacy, Sam Davis Chapter, Camden, Ala..... 3 00
Chipley, Gen. W. D., Pensacola, Fla.. 1 00
Christy, J. H., Odessa, Mo..... 1 00
Chisum, W. C., Paris, Tex..... 1 00
Clayton, Capt. R. M., Atlanta, Ga.... 1 00
Clark, L. R., Clarksville, Tenn..... 1 00
Clark, Mrs. I. M., Nashville, Tenn.. 1 00
Clarke, J. S., Owingsville, Ky..... 1 00
Craig, Rev. R. J., Spring Hill, Tenn. 1 00
Coffey, W. A., Scottsboro, Ala..... 1 00
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Young, Maj. Jno. G., Winslow, N. C. 1 25
Yowell, J. A., Nashville..... 1 00

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A. W. Bascom, of Owinsville, Ky., reports the death of Comrade Josiah Arrasmith, at Bethel, Ky., on December 5th, in his 62nd year. He served faithfully during the war as a private in the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, and was always held in the highest esteem by those who stood with him in carnage of battle. Twenty-nine years ago he was married to Miss Carrie Badger, who, together with a daughter, Mrs. Albert Robertson, survive him.

For twenty-seven years he was Master of Newton Lodge, No. 286, F. and A. Masons, and stood high in the councils of that fraternity.

His comrades buried him with Confederate burial service, surrounded by the largest concourse of sorrowing relatives, comrades and friends ever assemsembled in Bath County.

The Camp No. 252 adopted suitable resolutions in regard to him, which were signed by J. M. Brother, W. P. Conner, W. R. Petus, Sr., John Webb, Wm. Barker, and A. W. Bascom.

Comrade Arrasmith had been Commader of the Pat Cleburne Camp from its organization, and ever took an active interest in its purposes. He was also a steadfast friend of the VETERAN.

R. Heber Screven, of Charleston, S. C., makes pathetic reference to Edmund Ruffin, "an original secessionist," who enlisted in Confederate service, and when the war was over he suicided rather than surrender to his foes. He fired one of the first guns in the war. Comrade Ruffin was born in 1794, so he was a veteran in years at the beginning of our great struggle. Although a Virginian, he served with the Palmetto Guard of South Carolina.

THE NEXT U. C. V. REUNION.

Official announcement of the next reunion of United Confederate Veterans to occur at Nashville, Tenn., fixes the dates May 5, 6, and 7, 1897—Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The Association on November 21 numbered 870 camps, with applications for 150 additional. The General Commanding urges veterans everywhere to organize at once and join this Association, so to assist in carrying out its benevolent, praiseworthy, and patriotic objects.

The plan for a great, and maybe final, gathering of all survivors of the war who wore the Confederate gray, and are proud of it, is being considered by the bivouacs. It contemplates a gathering of all these men, whether members of any existing organization or not, and from whatever State or section they may now reside. A plain, inexpensive suit of gray is contemplated, and the reorganization of all commands to be under charge of their senior officers.

In a recent letter, Maj. C. W. Anderson, who is President of the Tennessee Division, states:

"I am more than ever convinced of the policy suggested and its necessity grows more apparent every day. I mean that of having one grand Confederate day and procession, and to invite and urge all Confederate soldiers to participate in it, and to do so in uniform as far as possible; also to place those of each organization together and under their ranking officer on the grounds. I want to see Forrest's Escort, Morton's Battery, in line; also members of, or from, all our infantry commands, and do hope that every Tennessee Command that wore the gray will be fully represented in this grand parade.

A LATER "LAST BATTLE OF THE WAR."

Mr. Luther Coyner, of San Diego, Texas, replies to W. J. Slatter's article in November VETERAN about the "last battle of the war," reporting that of the Palmetto Ranch, on the Rio Grande, near Brownsville, Texas, May 13, 1865, between the Sixty-second United States negro troops under Col. T. H. Barrett, and a body of Confederates under Brig-Gen. James E. Slaughter. The other Union troops, Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry and the Second United States Texas Cavalry, not mounted. These forces were estimated by the Confederates at from 1,600 to 1,700 soldiers. The Confederate organizations were Benanide's Regiment, five companies, under Col. John S. Ford; Carter's Battalion, three companies, under Capt. W. H. D. Carrington; Gidding's Battalion, six companies, under Capt. Wm. Robinson; Capt. O. G. Jones' Battery and two companies of cavalry, commanded by Capts. T. R. Wilson and J. B. Cocke, aggregating about 500 men.

Of the forces actually engaged in that last battle of the war, there were about 300 Confederates to 500 Federals. Official reports, quoted by Comrade Coyner, show that at first the Federals drove the Confederates, who, however, after being reinforced, rallied and drove the Federals, capturing forty-eight men of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Colonel Barrett states in his official report: * * * "The last volley of the war, it is believed, was fired by the Sixty-second United States Colored Infantry, about sunset of May 13, 1865, between White's Ranch and the Boca Chica, Texas. Our entire loss was four officers and 111 men." Col. John S. Ford had command of the Confederate forces. He admits that the last shell was fired by the United States war ship "Isabella," but asserts that "a Texan on Texas soil, of Carter's Battalion, fired the last gun;" moreover, that the last battle was a victory for the Confederates.

Errors in names of Fenner's Battery, under picture in November VETERAN: Capt. E. C. Fenner should be Capt. Chas. E. Fenner; N. T. Cluverius, W. T. Cluverius; Walter Fry, Walton Fry; J. H. Bruton, J. H. Burton; Geo. S. Petit, Goe. S. Pettit; Nather Conrad, Mather Conrad; Thos. C. Pateous, Porteous.

A singular error occurred in putting title under picture of Gen. Reuben R. Ross in November VETERAN. It should have been C. S. A. instead of U. S. A.

A telegram from Livingston, Ky., announces the death of A. Rice McClain, First Lieutenant Company A., Fourth Tennessee Cavalry. This news will cause genuine sorrow among survivors of his old regiment; also by members of the Eighth and Eleventh Texas, and Third Arkansas Regiments, with whom he was brigaded during the war, and to whom he was so well and affectionately known. Lieut. Rice McClain was in command of his company during the most of the war, and made a fine reputation as a bold, intelligent and brave officer, always at the post of duty. He was severely wounded in battle. Capt. Geo. B. Guild mentions him as "a royal friend, affable companion and brave soldier."

Natt. Holman, Adjutant, Camp Col. B. Timmons, No. 61, U. C. V., La Grange, Texas, writes that they have lost two beloved and gallant comrades during the year—Capt. W. H. Ledbetter, who was of the Sixteenth Texas, and Capt. Sam Alexander, of Waul's Texas Legion.

Commander J. L. Schaub, La Grange, Ga., reports the death of two officers of Troup County Camp, No. 405—Adjt. E. T. Winn, and Historian Judge Thos. H. Whitaker. Both were boy soldiers during the last year of the war. The new Adjutant is Judge J. B. Strong.

Mrs. M. L. White, of Nashville: The friends of Dr. M. D. L. Jordan were pleased with his biography in the September VETERAN. Many of us were former pupils of his widow, now candidate for State Librarian, pleasantly recall her as Miss Josephine Perry.

DOINGS OF COMRADES IN NEW YORK.

Formal Tributes by the C. V. Camp for Years of Faithful Service by its Commander.

Elsewhere there is an account of a visit to the metropolis, in which depression is manifested; in this, pleasant associations are considered briefly.

An interesting trip was made to the "country place" of Col. A. G. Dickinson, a forty acre farm in the upper suburbs of the great city, and a drive to

COL. A. G. DICKINSON.

Mount Hope Cemetery, which would have pleased any comrade. VETERAN readers would be entertained by the thrilling and pathetic account of Colonel Dickinson's experience in the battle at Galveston, in which he lost an eye and was otherwise so severely wounded that his death was reported; how his devoted wife, with a young babe at her breast, and with a determination characteristic of Southern womanhood, resolved to make the long journey, driving through swamps, from Vicksburg to Houston, Tex., refusing to let her aged father, who journeyed with her, make any inquiry, lest a confirmation of that sad report be made; then how he took command afterward at San Antonio by order of General McGruder, and brought order out of chaos. Then, too, his organization of a Cotton Bureau and other methods of exchange with the outside world through Mexico would be all suitable record for the VETERAN.

After the war the career of Colonel Dickinson in starting life anew, declining proffered aid from his brother-in-law, Governor Randolph, of New Jersey, and how he built up a life insurance department to an annual income of over $100,000 a year, would seem overstated fiction.

Another very pleasant feature of the trip was visiting that eminent and marvelously successful merchant, Mr. Charles Broadway Rouss, the most approachable merchant in the metropolis. Anybody can see Mr. Rouss at will, but he cannot see in return; for, indeed, he is blind. Mr. Rouss' hospitable home is exactly across Fifth Avenue from the great cathedral and in the next block to the Vanderbilt mansion. He rises in the morning, eats his frugal meal, generally of "cornbread and cream gravy," and reaches his great store, about three miles down town, by six o'clock; and, besides staying out to luncheon an hour or so, he may be seen there until seven o'clock at night. He sits in the midst of a dozen—or, perhaps, a score—of typewriters, where he gives direction to every department of his large business; and he has reported to him daily, in extraordinary detail, an account of the two dozen departments.

Mr. Rouss is an interesting man, and enjoys the fame of his good fortune. He recalled, in humorous vein, the kindness of "Boss Anders," a shoemaker, and also a notary public, of Winchester, who showed kindly interest in him when a boy. Anders heard that Charley Rouss, who began with nothing, had accumulated $500 and was going in business; and, thinking it a misfortune for the youth to lose his money in an overstocked town, urged him to desist. He even offered to teach him the shoemaker's trade and a partnership with him. But, "determined to make or break," Mr. Rouss embarked, and within five years bought out every store in Winchester except one.

Although he "never goes" to the regular meetings of the Camp, he attended the one herein referred to in compliment to the writer. He attends the annual dinners on Lee's birthday, but he does not wear a dress suit. An amusing experience was had on one of these occasions. An usher asked him to remove his coat, and, when it was seen that he had on but one, said: "That will do, but let me have your ticket." In reply that he had no ticket, the usher, with a gusto of authority, said: "Well, then, you cannot get in here!" But the man who paid the principal bill of the occasion found someone to vouch for him, and he was one of the guests.

Independent of the royal gift he is making for a Memorial Institute, his liberality is shown in behalf of the Confederate cause by the donation of many thousands, and the VETERAN gladly gives him the credit. Would there were a few more such.

A visit to the Camp was pleasing in the liberal testimony to the good being done by the VETERAN and in the beautiful tributes to the honor of Sam Davis by several members in brief addresses.

[Report of this occasion concluded next month.]

Confederate Veteran

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop'r, S. W. MEEK, Publisher.

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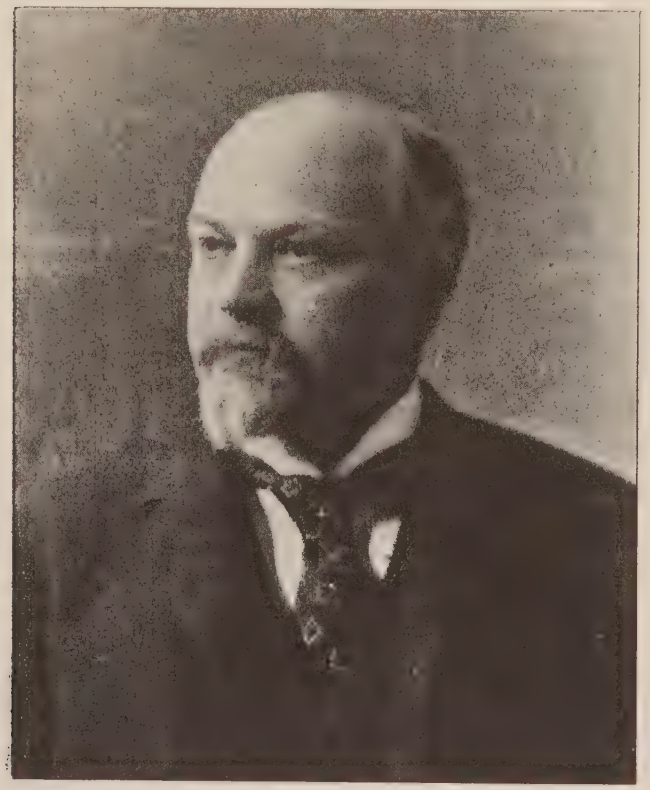
This publication is the personal property of S. A. Cunningham. All persons who approve its principles, and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South, are requested to commend its patronage and to co-operate in extending it.

MR. JOHN H. INMAN.

Sorrow continues for Mr. John H. Inman's death, which occurred several weeks ago in the mountains of New England, where he had gone for health. His family was absent and greatly shocked, as it was so sudden; it was "untimely." No pleasanter memory has been treasured since the years of the war than of a night when the writer and the deceased



happened to occupy the same seat in a passenger coach. On starting from Lynchburg to Petersburg, a "slide" of land had blockaded the track a few miles out, and the train was delayed all night near Lynchburg. The young fellow was well dressed, and his face was fair as a girl's. He belonged to an Escort company, and had a comparatively easy time. We chatted away into the late hours.

In the early morning the conductor announced that the train would be there an hour, and that any who desired to do so, could go up town and get breakfast. Leaving his baggage in my charge, Inman went to breakfast, and when he returned, I left the train, not suspecting danger of being left, but the train carried my scant knapsack and haversack away. I never saw my new friend again until after the war, when he had become an eminent business man of New York. However he had deposited my baggage in Jarrett's Hotel at Petersburg, where I happened to stop and inquire.

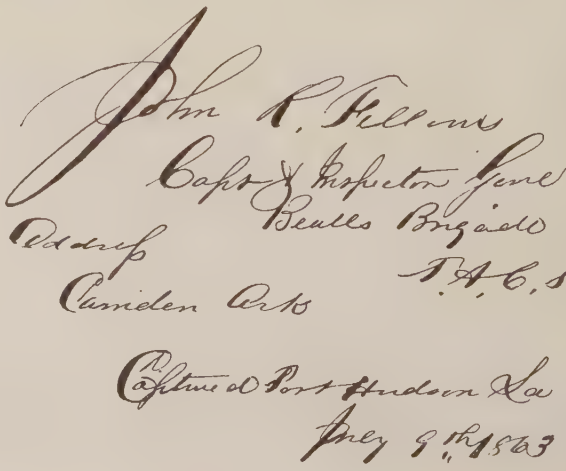
In the succeeding years I saw much of and knew him quite intimately, and mention the fact to strengthen this tribute. I never knew a more admirable man in the business world. He was handsome, ever agreeable in his manner, and the most successful man that ever belonged to the South. He secured to the Southern States for investment many millions of dollars even before becoming a very rich man himself; and later his firm, Inman, Swann & Co., aided many mammoth enterprises with their own means.

In 1873, when this country was in general disaster, Mr. Inman conceived a plan of buying cotton for cash and selling it on time; and his firm cleared during that year, so generally fatal to business men, $475,000. For many succeeding years they conducted this business method with great profit.

There was peculiar pleasure in going with Mr. Inman in his private car, or train, to the great iron furnaces which he aided in establishing through different sections of the South, and watching his pleased expression as we walked about the premises with powerful machinery and molten metal, which he seemed to enjoy as a schoolboy on vacation.

Mr. Inman was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and I never heard an indelicate remark from his lips. He often brought capitalists and writers through the South at his own expense, who made an impression for good upon the country. Among these were Dr. Henry M. Field, whose convictions may be seen in this number of the VETERAN. His cordial and freely proffered friendship will ever be cherished with peculiar pleasure.

The following is copied from the autograph book referred to in connection with the sketch of Johnson's Island. It is done specially because of the comrade's prominence and his recent death.



HONESTY IN THE SOUTH.

A visit to the Metropolis of the country since the national election and the tone of the Northern press induce a digression from the rule of the VETERAN in reference to matters political. The most unhappy campaign of twenty years, with its painful results, cannot be ignored, and, it is believed, may be noticed here with public benefit.

A gentleman in New York who is connected largely with enterprises in the South, directly or as attorney, says nothing has occurred since the war which causes "such serious distrust of the Southern people" as their action in behalf of the Democratic nominee for President in the election, and that he "will favor withdrawing investments from the Southern States as speedily as possible." This gentleman is the son of a gallant officer who gave his life for the Union cause. However, he had great respect and the best of good will for the Southern people, and he expresses deep sorrow at the situation. A leading paper gives an editorial upon "preaching and practice," in which it criticizes harshly Gen. J. B. Gordon for a peroration upon the American flag—telling how he caught it up, held it over his head, quoting, "we join with you all who love that flag, saying that by God's help there shall never come to it one blot or stain; that as long as the ages remain, that flag shall be the most proud and potent emblem of human freedom in all the world."

Then the paper comments: Fine words, but a few days ago the Hon. John B. Gordon was entirely willing to help put a blot and stain on that flag. He supported Mr. Bryan, whose election to the presidency would have made the American flag a flag of dishonor and repudiation. Talk is cheap.

Without espousing the cause of Gen. Gordon in this matter, the fact is asserted that no reasonable man or woman can doubt the loyalty to country of the man who has been honored over and over again by the soldier veterans of the South as their Commander in Chief—they would have no other—and such a condemnation of him is a reflection upon them. Some Southerners think he eulogizes the flag excessively—not that they look less prayerfully to its perpetuity—but he does it as faithfully in the heart of Dixie as in New York or New England. Why not uphold that flag? It is the only hope of the Southern people, the blood of whose ancestors was spilled that it float over a land of liberty, but they cannot gush over it, in the "old glory" sense, until time obliterates memories of hostile hands, even foreigners, bearing it often with firebrands against all they possessed. [A word may not be out of place about that other flag which was used in behalf of the principle of State Rights and over which ablest jurists ever differed. That sacred emblem is revered as are the clothes and playthings of a dead child and is as harmless absolutely. If Mr. Cleveland's request that these sacred emblems of hallowed associations had been complied with in their return to the restored States of the Union, a spirit of inexpressible gratitude would have gone out to the government and to their captors.]

In reply to the charge of "dishonesty" by the people who voted for "free silver," the assertion is made that had that proposition in the Democratic platform been omitted or reversed, the vote for party nominees would have been decidedly stronger because the measure was determinedly opposed by many good men wielding great influence, whereas other measures are of such grave consequence in the South that the maintenance of any kind of money is and will continue secondary. There are hard, hard times in the South, particularly with farmers, but the men who starved, fought and suffered in mud trenches for four years and their children would live now on bread and water before they would renounce principle. Are such people dishonest? Southerners in the Metropolis should remember that that Chicago Convention was regularly called and that the platform was adopted by regular party rules. The ticket was supported by Southern men who have ever been as good sound money advocates with what the term implies as has been, even the President elect; and, too, men who will ever plead in conventions and in legislative halls for honesty in dealing with all public interests. The assertion that the vote would have been stronger on a different money basis is not because bimetallism is less popular, but on the moral question with some as to whether "free silver," under the circumstances, is right. It is believed that unbiased at least sixty-three per cent. of all votes would be for both metals.

Happily, the VETERAN has no financial policy; its editor does not understand the money question, but he realizes the painful estrangement of citizens and sections and pleads for memory of better days when every citizen of every State was proud of his whole country and believed in the same honesty of purpose in every section.

The dominant party in the late election in its exultation should not forget that its money, so freely expended in the South, did not strengthen the tone of morality. The scenes will not soon be forgotten how negroes of the lowest type, in intelligence and in morals, would parade the streets in yellow badges, advocating "sound money and McKinley."

While crossing the Hudson River a conversation was heard between two Jersey men in which it was

asserted that such extreme concern was never manifested in any election before. "Even when Mr. Lincoln was elected conditions were different; the concern was not all about money then as now." The inference was clear that the stability of the government was secondary to the individual financial interests in the East, and that "a revolution would have ensued had the election resulted differently."

This comparison of times with 1861 suggests the propriety of considering the Southern people and their interests during that period. The abolition of slavery was not as 16 to 1, but 100 to nothing. Would it not be well before censuring the South for dishonesty to remember their claim that the currency of the country, from its foundation, was gold and silver until the latter was demonetized by a dominant party, an act which greatly strengthened the power of money? They say, too, "Would it be unpatriotic to remember the men who supported the nominee of the party that has labored for three decades to defeat legislation which tended to humiliate the Southern people by an inferior race?"

It is a coincidence that while writing these lines the slavery period of our national history appears from the widow of Henry Ward Beecher in which she boasts of his "illegal" acts in aiding slaves to secure their freedom and justifies the "higher law" in the premises, and mentions his anti-slavery speeches as "dramatic, convincing, unanswerable."

A Southern man, and a veteran with a mortgage on his farm, in a private letter to the writer during the campaign wrote as follows:

"Before the Chicago Convention met few, if any, Democrats believed it possible to elect the nominee, but guided by an Unseen hand it named Bryan. * * * * * * * * * His success now would be a blessing to all mankind and all who love their fellowmen should labor to secure it."

Does anybody anywhere believe this man wrote with a dishonest motive? He is a fair specimen.

However much the course of Democrats who acted with the Indianapolis Convention may be disapproved, it should not be unappreciated that Northern advocates, largely interested in bonds, stood by that organization rather than support the ticket they could not approve—that they didn't do like the citizen who wrote, "I voted for McK—, d— him."

The promised good times cannot come to the degree largely expected. And if the "campaign of education" is followed vigorously by both sides the result is seriously threatening. Appeal is made to patriots and non-partisans to wait a season and to ponder before charging dishonesty on opposing parties. The "free silver" advocate cannot be believed to be more unfair or unpatriotic than he regards the "sound money" advocate who contributes money to *buy votes* as well as "educate" the masses.

Cannot Southerners in New York and other Northern places realize still how revolting this race problem is with advocacy of the Lodge bill—known as the "force" bill—in Congress by the dominant party? Do they forget how many decades their people in the South have struggled to maintain their families in conscious integrity? Don't they know that white people will not surrender the virtue and decency of their homes to such misrule as would be inflicted with a reverse condition in politics? These inquiries might seem a condonement for disdishonesty in elections, though not intended. The writer, a voter in Tennessee since Confederates were given franchise, has *never known* of a dishonest vote or a dishonest count.

Methods adopted by the use of money in the late election were seriously demoralizing. The effect was most depressing, and attempts now being made to disgrace Tennesseans and other Southern people upon charges of "infamy" and "frauds in all forms" will not accomplish any good, however systematic.

Truly patriotic Southerners, proud of their record through all the generations of the government for honesty in all things, will not be driven from duty by threats. Combined powers against them may deprive them of liberty, but the blood of ancestors, their God-given honesty and hope of reward in the Beyond, will not allow them to swerve in heart from truth and honesty.

The situation is more painfully alarming than is generally considered. In concluding this appeal for both sides to remember that there is much of right and some of wrong with each, and that its recognition must be had, or the result will be a calamity to the generation, a duty is performed and consequences are not feared.

THE FIRE THAT AN IVY KINDLED.

The New York Evangelist of last —— stated:

Dr. Twichell's protest against the planting of this ivy was well spoken. Dedicating the statue of President Woolsey, he spoke of that great man's loyalty to the Union, and of the horror with which he would have contemplated the planting of an ivy from General Lee's grave. That the name of a man who, though good, was "loyal to an infamous cause" should be linked with Yale on the very day chosen for honoring the memory of that illustrious "scholar, teacher, thinker, ruler, citizen, benefactor," President Woolsey, makes the act all the more inappropriate. It can be considered only as an act of childish and unreasoning enthusiasm; but graduates of Yale should be neither childish nor unreasoning in their enthusiasms.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of The Evangelist, happened not to see the above until too late to recall it. Dr. Field has traveled much in the South and knows our people. He regards The Evangelist "as most friendly of all religious newspapers in the Metropolis to Southern people," and he wrote in the next issue from his home at Stockbridge, Mass.:

"Accidents will happen in the best of families" is a proverb to which we have a parallel in the best of papers. Last week appeared in the good old Evangelist a paragraph that seemed so alien to its spirit of peace and good will towards all men, and especially to its desire for a more perfect union in the country as well as the Church, that its readers must have been puzzled by it, as I was myself, for I did not see it till it was beyond recall. * * * As all graduates of Yale know, it is the custom of the graduating class to plant an ivy as a memorial; and the only peculiarity of this year was that *the ivy was taken from the grave of General Lee*, probably at the suggestion of some students from the South, who thought, as well they might, that something from old Virginia would be a fitting mark of respect to an Institution that had educated so many students from the South. It would have been looked upon as a pleasant incident of the Commencement if the clergyman, to whom was assigned the pleasant part of dedicating a statue of the late President Woolsey, had not gone out of his way to speak of this planting as if it were not only a folly, but a crime. * * * *

Now, although this comes from so high an authority as Dr. Twichell, and is endorsed by the equally high authority of the writer of the paragraph to which I have referred, I must take the liberty of differing from both. The preacher protests against the ivy, *and I protest against the protestor!* Looking at it from this distance, the planting of the ivy seems to me perfectly proper, and the censure upon it in the worst possible taste!

It is not necessary that The Evangelist should make any declaration of loyalty. Its history may speak for itself. During the war no paper in the country was more constant in its appeals to stand by the Government and the Union; in proof of which it was sent by the Christian Commission in tens of thousands all over the field of conflict, and read by the soldiers as they sat 'round their camp fires.

But when the war was over, and our Great Commander said, "*Let us have peace!* "we took him at his word, and believed that the best service we could render to our country was not only to forbear from fighting, but to cultivate a kindly and tender spirit one towards another.

In this the old soldiers themselves set us an example. When General Grant was borne to his grave, he had among the sincerest mourners those who had been his enemies as well as those who fought by his side. In that long procession through the streets of New York, with a million of spectators, I rode with Bishop Potter behind his bier; and in the next carriage were two great leaders of armies, General Sherman and General Johnston, who had fought desperately against each other in that great campaign to Atlanta; and in the next carriage Phil Sheridan was seated beside General Buckner, who surrendered at Fort Donelson. Was there any compromise of principle in these brave men riding with their old antagonists? Was it all a piece of falsehood and hypocrisy? Or was there not something infinitely touching in the presence of these old warriors, all whose strifes and conflicts were buried in the grave?

But perhaps the preacher thought that the part of General Lee in the civil war was one that should never be forgiven because he was the leader of the Southern hosts, and did more than any other man to sustain the Southern cause. Be it so! But shall we forget what we owe to him *after the war?* When at last it came to an end, the South was left exhausted, but with the fires still smouldering that might at any moment blaze out into a new conflagration. Under the show of peace there might have been a settled, sullen hatred between the North and the South that would have been handed down from sire to son, from generation to generation, like war between the Spaniard and the Moor. That we did not have such a legacy of hatred and of blood we owe to two men—General Grant and General Lee. The former, as the victorious leader, was the only man who had the power to enforce the conditions of peace, even against the administration itself. There were men in the Cabinet of Andrew Johnson who had a ferocious eagerness to arrest General Lee in spite of all the conditions on which he had surrendered, and to try him by court-martial—a purpose that might have been carried out but for General Grant, who declared that he would resign instantly from the army if the Government did not abandon this policy of revenge!

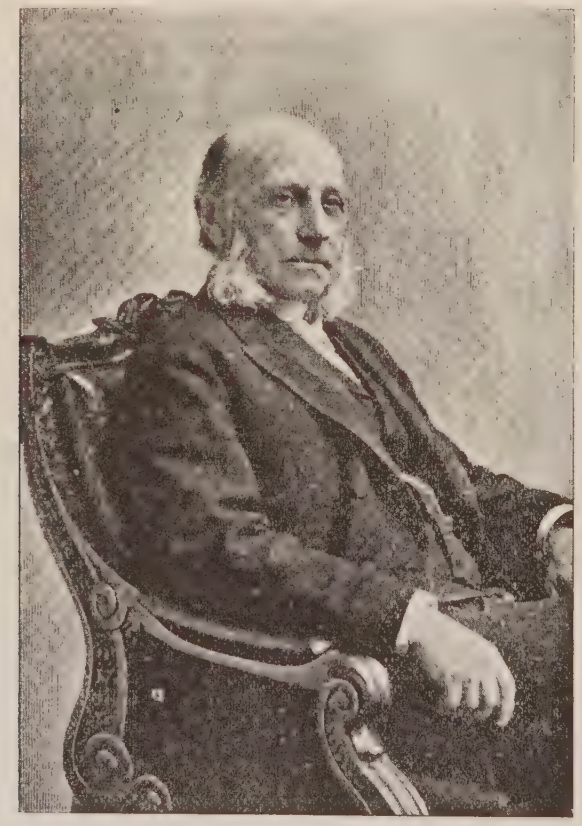
And what did General Lee do? He did what no other man could have done, because he had the unbounded confidence of the Southern people; he checked and calmed the feeling of bitterness that, if not thus restrained, might have finally exploded in another war! All who came to him for counsel, he advised to submit to the Government; and that, not merely as men accept the inevitable only that they may wait and watch for another opportunity for rebellion and revolution, but to become good and loyal citizens of the United States! This was

worth to the country more than any standing army as an assurance of perpetual peace.

Others may forget all this, but I cannot. And when I go, as I have been more than once, to the spot where General Lee sleeps among the hills of his own beloved Virginia, my thoughts are of anything but vengeance. I think of his extraordinary career; of his greatness as a soldier, but still more, as I have conversed with those who knew him most intimately, of his greatness as a man. Nor can I think that it would have been any desecration of college grounds—devoted, not to war, but to peace, to science, learning, and religion—if the ivy from his grave had been planted under the elms of New Haven.

"TREASON AND TRAITORS."

Again Doctor Field has been criticised, and he responds nobly to his critic, "Henry M. Boies, Scranton, Pa.," writing of Confederate leaders, states:



REV. HENRY M. FIELD, D.D.

* * * "that as the South itself has professed to accept the issue of the war as a final settlement of the questions on which it was waged, and as that decision was that they were in the wrong, they certainly must logically recognize the fact that the men who fomented and plotted and organized this terrible affliction of our country while wearing its uniform ought not to be held up to the admiration of the coming generations as equally worthy of honor and imitation with the great defenders of our common country. Whatever their affection and enthusiasm for the distinguished leaders whom they followed in their error, they certainly cannot wish their sons to learn that treason is as honorable as loyalty to the Republic; but that is the only lesson which grand monuments to Davis and Lee can teach. How absurd the suggestion of flying an American flag over them! They would never think of proposing to do it. But ought public structures to be ereted in this country over which our flag cannot fly?

It seems to me that our forgiving disposition has lapsed almost into an unconsciousness of the guilt of treason, which is the gravest of political crimes.

* * * * * * *

It is high time, my dear Sir, that you and Dr. Twichell, and every patriot and lover of his country, began to lift up his voice and dip his pen in fire to arouse the public sense of horror at treason and rebellion, "lest the Republic come to harm." It would be far better if the South would put up a monument here and there to Lincoln and Grant, who, they are willing to acknowledge, saved them all they have left, than to obtrusively multiply affront to the nation by this superfluous aggrandizement of the arch-traitors Davis and Lee. However much they may love and revere them, they certainly cannot wish their descendants to imitate them.

DR. FIELD'S ANSWER.

The question is not between union and disunion. There is no dispute about that. The only question is as to the way we are to look upon those at the South who fought against us: whether they are to be branded as "traitors," to whom it is not permitted to pay a tribute of respect, even when they are in their graves! Here we differ *in toto* from our correspondent, for the reason that Burke gave in regard to the people of the American colonies when they were fighting against the mother country: "You cannot make an indictment against a whole nation!" When Cromwell and his Roundheads fought against the cavaliers of Charles the First, even though he was at that moment the lawful King of England, they were not "traitors." If General Lee was a traitor because, following the Southern theory of State rights, he went with Virginia against the general government, why would not the same reasoning make Kossuth a traitor because he went with Hungary against Austria? So indeed the Austrian government proposed to regard him; and if it could have laid its hands on him in the first hour of its anger, it would have sent him to the scaffold, to its eternal shame and disgrace. All that saved him was his escape into Turkey, where he was under the protection of the Sultan against the bloody revenge of a Christian power!

As to the propriety of erecting a monument to one of the leaders of the South, that depends on what it stands for. If it be a signal of strife, a notice that the contest is not ended, but that the South is only waiting to recover its strength to renew the war, then indeed it would be a constant irritant that could only do mischief. But the case is very different if it be erected simply as a memorial of the past. In that case it is a natural and proper record of men and of events that ought not to be forgotten. A few months since there was a great rallying of old soldiers on the battlefield of Chickamauga. Were they all of one side? On the contrary, the greatest pains were taken that both sides should be

fully represented, and monuments were erected to Southern as well as to Northern commanders, which will stand on that mighty battlefield for ages, not as monuments of hatred and a threat of perpetual war, but as the most fitting and the most enduring monuments of peace.

Our correspondent thinks it enough to condemn a monument to General Lee, that nobody would think of raising our flag over it! Well! it would be rather an awkward place for a flag—to have it floating over a man's head! We did not see any flag over the bronze figure of Napoleon that stands erect on the top of the column in the Place Vendome in Paris, nor an American flag on the top of the Washington monument in our own national capital. But if anything be wanted as a sign of loyalty, nothing could be more striking and effective than the figure of General Lee himself, who, if he once led armies to battle, spent the last years of his life in teaching the people of the South and, most of all, his old soldiers, by precept and example, to be true and loyal citizens of the United States.

The moral of all which is that the less we at the North have to say about "treason" and "traitors," the more likely are we to have an united and happy country.

CAPTURE OF FLORENCE, ALA., UNDER HOOD

Col. R. H. Lindsay, Shreveport, La., writes of it:

On the Sabbath after Hood's Army arrived at Tuscumbia bottom, opposite Florence, Ala., en route to Nashville, Tenn., Gen. R. L. Gibson, the beloved commander of the Louisiana Brigade, sent for me and told me that I was to take part of my regiment (Sixteenth Louisiana Volunteers), cross the Tennessee River and take the town of Florence, so that Gen. Hood could put down his pontoon bridge, "and do so this evening." It was then past 2 P. M., and, after making some inquiry about where Florence was, and the strength of the enemy, I asked: "General, how am I to cross the river?" He replied: "Some pontoon boats will be here shortly. Take them and cross the river." Four boats did arrive, and these seated seventeen men each, making a total of sixty-eight, including officers. While my men were making paddles to work our way across the river, I went down to its bank and, looking across, saw the enemy moving about in their shirt sleeves, perfectly indifferent, or ignorant of the close proximity of Hood's Army.

The signal for me to move with the boats and launch them into the river was the opening of our artillery, which played on the enemy with terrific effect; and under that artillery fire we safely launched our boats and sped across the river in gallant style. As Gen. S. D. Lee said in a report: "A more gallant crossing of any river was not made during the war."

The enemy being in strong force on the Florence side of the river, and being in possession of some brick warehouses, which they could easily have loopholed, we supposed they would make a desperate resistance, especially against our "handful" of men. The river was 865 feet wide. I had but little hope of ever reaching the north bank of the river with my little squad, but I suppose the artillery had the anticipated effect in demoralizing them and caused them to "skeedaddle" away from the river into the town. On landing, I deployed my squad as skirmishers and sent Lieut. Tom Pegues with a squad of five men to see if there were any of the enemy lurking about a wooden warehouse on our right flank With united force we went as rapidly as we could toward the town. As I was afoot and badly in need of a horse, I called to a belated Federal cavalryman to stop and give me his horse, but he declined my modest request; and not until he felt the effect of a piece of lead did he stop and deliver. I was grateful to him and used this horse to advantage on several occasions while at Florence, my own horse being on the other side of the river. Up Todd's hill we went at a double-quick, and despite the firing, the fleeing enemy caused great joy among the inhabitants.

Before we entered the town, the ladies were out in such force that we had to cease firing on the enemy for fear of wounding them. We received from these good people a most royal welcome, although we were strangers. I had the pleasure of meeting a Confederate Senator, who gave me all the information desired about the enemy. Having pickets on the then main roads, I sent word to Gen. Gibson, by 5:30 p. m., that we had taken the town.

That night about 10 o'clock our pickets on the Huntsville road were surprised by a challenge from Gen. Bushrod Johnson. He had crossed the river above to take Florence in rear, and was surprised to find us there. Later, about midnight, at the request of the good ladies of Florence, my pickets were called in, and the regiment was given leave of absence for twenty-four hours in honor of being "the heroes of Florence." Need I say that the officers and soldiers had a good time? We received many beautiful and useful presents from the good people, in the way of shirts, shoes, boots, socks, etc., besides several good square meals, something we had not had for many, many months. On Monday night a party was given by Mrs. McLeod, and on the next the Misses Dyas gave another, all of which were royally enjoyed. In this beautiful town we rested for two weeks and continued to enjoy the hospitalities of the good citizens until we began our march toward Nashville.

J. W. Mays, Martinsville, Va., writes these encouraging words: God bless you and your noble paper, the VETERAN! I have never seen anything to compare to it as a soldier's friend, and a friend to our whole country.

I am an old, wounded Confederate soldier who was living in Texas when the war began; came to Virginia in Hood's Brigade and was here when "our Lee" surrendered.

R. H. Bellamy, Captain Bellamy's Battery, Stevenson's Division, Ft. Mitchell, Ala.: If Augustus Layton, of First Missouri Infantry, Bowen's Division, C. S. A., is living, I would be glad to hear from him. He was wounded at Baker's Creek on May 16, 1863, came to my father's house (Wm. Bellamy) in Russell County, Ala., and remained until well. I was in that battle and also in the siege of Vicksburg.

CLEMENT C. CLAY, OF ALABAMA.

Clement Claiborne Clay was born December 13, 1816, in Madison County, Ala., and died at his home, "Wildwood," near Gurley, Ala., January 3, 1882. Like Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Mr. Clay was an invalid from youth, all his life struggling against physical ailments. Nevertheless, by his indomitable will, energy, and industry, he graduated from the University of Alabama in 1831. He was the private secretary to his father, Clement Comer Clay, while Governor of Alabama. He entered the University of Virginia as a law student in 1837, and in 1839 received the degree of Bachelor of Law. He was licensed to practice law in Huntsville in 1840, was elected a representative to the Alabama Legislature in 1842 for two years, and reëlected in 1844. In 1846 he was elected County Judge for Madison County, resigned in 1848, and resumed the practice of law. In November, 1852, he was elected United States Senator and served for six years, and reëlected for the term beginning March 4, 1859.

CLEMENT C. CLAY.

In January, 1861, on the secession of Alabama from the Union, Mr. Clay resigned his seat in the United States Senate, and was at once chosen Confederate States Senator. He was serving as such when he was selected a joint commissioner with Hon. Jacob Thompson and Hon. James P. Holcombe to Canada, and returned from his mission shortly before Lee's surrender. When President Johnson issued his proclamation and offered $100,000 each for the arrest of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay for alleged conspiracy in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, in spite of appeals to escape, Mr. Clay said he did not intend to wander as a vagabond under criminal accusation, but, "conscious of innocence," would surrender himself, face and defy his accusers; and he did surrender to the military officer in command at Macon, Ga. He was sent, with Jefferson Davis, to Fortress Monroe. Here he remained, suffering greatly in body and mind, in solitary confinement for one year, when, through the heroic efforts of his wife, he was released on parole.

Mr. Clay was always a consistent advocate of the principles of State rights; and in the performance of private and public duties he was guided by strict moral principles, always acting with the courage of conscientious conviction. Mr. Clay was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church from early manhood.

CONCERNING MR. CLAY'S IMPRISONMENT AND RELEASE.

In writing of those eventful times, Mrs. Clay, his widow subsequently, and now the widow of Judge Clopton, of Alabama, declares that "Mr. Clay was never arrested, though Northern newspapers persist in asserting it; and even Miss Willard, who should know better, records in her text-book of history for schools that he was arrested and $25,000 paid for same; $100,000 in gold was offered for his arrest, immense placards proclaiming it, while $25,000 was offered for the capture of Hon. Jacob Thompson, Hon. Beverly Tucker, and Professor Holcombe, of Virginia, who had been associated with Mr. Clay in Canada, whither he had been sent as "peace commissioner" to meet Horace Greely and negotiate terms to stop the effusion of blood, Mr. Davis and Cabinet fully empowering them to act.

"Although self-surrendered, under most peculiar circumstances, Mr. Clay was, nevertheless, imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, first being placed in the casement between Mr. Davis and John Mitchell, the celebrated Irish patriot. He was afterwards transferred to Carroll Hall, he being on the lower and Mr. Davis on the upper floor of the building.

"Failing to obtain the trial to which my husband was entitled by law, I went to work to get his release, knowing that his frail health could not long survive solitary confinement. I soon obtained letters from prominent Republicans, among them Thad Stephens and General Grant; but the most remarkable proffer of kindly aid came unsought and unexpected. Hon. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, the Vice President of the United States, had called and said: 'You are surprised to see me.' I replied, 'Unutterably so; oh, quickly tell me why you have come and end my suspense!' I broke into a flood of tears. So possessed was I with the belief that he had come to tell of my husband's execution, which we so much feared, that I was almost bereft of reason. 'Do not weep, dear madam. Mr. Clay is well, and I have come to tell you that I deeply sympathize with you, and desire to help you obtain his release.' My God! what a reprieve! I could scarcely trust my senses; but there he stood, his own face little less agonized than mine, breathing into my troubled soul words of comfort and peace. I had never met Mr. Wilson socially, politics and war having severed our circles, and I only knew him in his seat on the Senate floor, or as the self-made shoemaker of Nantucket.

MRS. C. C. CLOPTON.

"Mr. Wilson continued: 'Mr. Clay's surrender was what I expected of him. He is a brave, good, and honorable man. Though diametrically opposed in politics, I have always respected him; and even his enemies on my side of the chamber in the Senate always knew where to find him.'"

GETTYSBURG AND SHARPSBURG.

Heretofore, Charming Nellie, it has been my privilege and delight to boast of victory—acknowledged and glorious victory. I know the Northern people claim that Lee's Army met defeat at Sharpsburg—Antietam, they call it—but the calm, unbiased judgment of the future will never sanction the claim. Considering that the Federal Army outnumbered ours fully two to one, that Lee held his ground against all assaults, that he stood ready to receive an attack for one whole day and then retired slowly, deliberately, without molestation and without additional loss, certainly, only the partisan swayed and blinded by prejudice, passion and pride, can refuse to him the laurels of the victor. An army knows when it is whipped, and when after a hard-fought battle brave men still wear confident smiles and cheer their general as he passes by—as Lee's Army did him the day after its return to Virginia soil—it is because they know they have won the fight. But alas! Sharpsburg furnishes but little of compensation for Gettysburg, for here defeat—bloody, terrible and disastrous defeat—stared us in the face at the beginning of the conflict and swept down on us, an overwhelming pall of gloom, at its ending. At Sharpsburg, McClellan attacked, and Lee held his ground; at Gettysburg, Lee made the assault, and Meade, the successor of McClellan, held his ground. At the one place the Federals met withering, deadly repulse—at the other, the Confederates.

While at Gettysburg the Confederates fought heroically; while Pickett's charge on Cemetery Heights has never been equaled in vigor, dash and reckless daring; while every division, brigade and regiment of the Southern Army did its duty nobly and well, the odds, both in numbers and position, were against us, the God of War hostile, an inevitable, crushing defeat fell to our lot. Nor did it come at Gettysburg only, for on the same day Pemberton surrendered, Vicksburg fell, the news of that companion disaster reaching us almost simultaneously with the knowledge of our own misfortune.

That a mistake was made at Gettysburg is admitted by all; who made it, it is now too late to inquire. The cavalry out of place and reach, Gen. Lee probably lacked the exact information requisite to successful generalship. Fighting where we did—assaulting heights defended by superior numbers and difficult to scale even by unarmed and unopposed men—it seems now impossible to have won. Had we moved to the right across the Emmitsburg road and, selecting our position, awaited the attack Meade would have been compelled to make, the result might have been different, the Confederates now singing the songs of victory instead of doing their best to keep out of the slough of despond.

Why we did not move to the right, Gen. Lee only knows, and defeat, novel and humiliating as it is, has not shaken our confidence in him and his subordinate commanders. The rank and file of the army did its whole duty and absolutely refuses to admit that, either through carelessness or intention, its generals did less. We are not such hero-worshipers as to believe even Lee infallible, especially when we remember his noble and magnanimous words: "It is all my fault, men, it is all my fault." Self-respect would have prohibited that admission had it been wholly untrue.

Butler says in Hudibras:

> "In all the trade of war, no feat
> Is nobler than a brave retreat."

That is biting, subtle irony in the connection in which it appears, but might be written seriously and truly of the retreat from Gettysburg, of the endurance of the Confederate Army, the brave front ever turned upon the pursuing enemy and the generalship of Lee. Beaten and crushed, decimated by death and wounds, gaunted by hunger and footsore with marching, as was that army, Meade, although elated by victory, dared neither to follow it closely nor attack it when, like a lion in his path, it stood at bay; and at Hagerstown it lay in defiant but restful security long enough to build pontoon bridges, send across them its immense train of wagons and follow at its leisure. Let the Yankees boast as much as they please over this their first success. We have met repulse, but, God willing, will yet win freedom, independence and separate nationality. Given a fair field, our disasters will be retrieved, and the Yankee nation taught that "one swallow does not make a summer."

I can tell you little of the battle of Gettysburg, for, luckily or unluckily—just as one chooses to regard it—I was not a participant. In the attack on July 2nd on Little Round Top, the brigade was exposed to a terrific fire of shot, shell and canister, and lost many of its best men. Among the many daring acts of which the boys speak in warm admiration is that of George Branard, Color Bearer of the First Texas, who bore his flag so far and gallantly to the front that the Yankees, in recognition of his bravery, shouted to each other: "Don't shoot that color bearer—he is too brave." It appears that in the unavoidable confusion incident to an attack by several brigades upon a common point, the colors of several Georgia regiments and those of the First Texas came so near together behind a natural breastwork of rocks that they not only drew the concentrated fire of the enemy, but made it difficult to determine which flag was furthest in advance. To settle the question beyond dispute, Branard called upon his color guard to follow him and, mounting the rocks, dashed forward toward the Yankee lines. It was here that the Federal infantry sought to spare him. Their artillery, however, could not be so magnanimous and the bursting of a shell carried away all but the lower part of the flagstaff and laid Branard unconscious upon the ground. At first, it was thought he was killed, but that was a mistake. He revived in a few minutes, and, if

his friends had let him, would have attempted to whip the whole Yankee nation by himself—he was so mad. * * * It is only of the lights and lesser shadows of this cruel war that I care to write; its horrors I avoid as well because, soldier-like, I try to forget them, as because it is unkind to shock your womanly sensibilities with things so revolting and gruesome. But, unfortunately, there are few amusing incidents to record of the battle, and to delay saying, "Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," and closing this already lengthy epistle before the boys from camp have had time to make their daily raid on the corn patch, I must perforce descend to egotism; so "revenons a nos moutons"—which means, translated under stress of the present emergency, let us return to our wagons.

After night descended on the 4th day of July and concealed our movements from the enemy, they were loaded with those of the wounded who could stand rough transportation and ordered across the Potomac. It rained heavily all night long, and right gladly would I have crawled beneath the sheets of a wagon and found protection from the storm. But my steed refused to lead and I was forced to take the rain and be content with such cat-naps as occasional halts permitted. Just before daylight, I called at a house by the roadside and, although the sour and forbidding countenance of the proprietor indicated no anxiety to cultivate amicable relations, persuaded him to fortify my inner man with two cups of coffee and a proportional share of bread and butter. Daylight brought with it the dread fear of pursuit and the teams were pushed rapidly on. But on arriving at Williamsport, what was our surprise and consternation to find the Potomac conspiring with the enemy, and so swollen as to be impassable in the absence of pontoons. To add to the Ilaid of our woes, the Yankee cavalry came swooping down on us at noon, and the dire and deplorable misfortunes of capture and captivity stared us broadly and unwinkingly in the face. Still, just as a mouse will fight when cornered, so will commissaries, quartermasters and their immediate subordinates, and the small cavalry force escorting the train was at once reinforced by a body of men who, however non-combatant ordinarily, on this occasion faced danger gallantly and, although sadly out of practice, used the few weapons to be had with a deadly skill that soon put the foe to flight. Fortunately, too, just when the Yankees were fairly on the run, Gen. Imboden came creeping up with a brigade of Confederate cavalry and, without a blow to win them, cooly appropriated all the honors of the engagement. I am glad he was so generous and considerate; the last thing the gentlemen officiating in various capacities in the quartermaster and commissary departments desire is a reputation for courage; that fastened upon them, they might have more fighting to do.

While endeavoring to keep out of the reach of death-dealing missiles at Gettysburg and at the same time watch the progress of the battle, I took advantage of a lull in the firing to ride down the main street of the little town. Discovering a lot of shoes—cloth gaiters such as ladies wear—scattered in confusion over the muddy floor of a cellar and without apparent ownership, I selected a pair of number threes and brought them away with me. Really, I had as little idea what I wanted them for as the soldier had who stole the grindstone, but I soon learned that there was a demand for such articles. Going up to Staunton with the wounded, I espied three persons—a mother, father and daughter—standing in the doorway of a residence whose elegance and surroundings indicated wealth and refinement. A great desire to smoke immediately assailed me and, dismounting at the gate, I filled my pipe and, approaching the party, requested a light and that furnished by a little darkey who ran for a coal of fire, began a conversation. While thus pleasantly engaged, an ambulance, to the roof of which were tied a half dozen sets of hoops such as you ladies use, came within view. Catching sight of them, the two ladies left me in the lurch and, accosting the driver of the vehicle, insisted that he should sell them at least one set. But, although they offered an extravagant price, and to pay in gold, silver, Confederate money or greenbacks, the driver remained faithful to his trust, the articles belonging, he said, to Dr. ———, who was sending them to lady relatives near Staunton. Tears, prayers and entreaties were alike wasted upon his obdurate heart, and the-would-be purchasers returned empty-handed, angry, and the younger actually in tears. "The mean old thing"—began the old lady, and was proceeding to give vent to her wrath and "Hail Columbia" to the driver, when her daughter reminded her by a glance that a stranger was present. Then she explained that hoops had been absolutely unobtainable since the war began, and would have furnished me a long list of facts concerning the deprivation her sex was subjected to, had I not fortunately remembered and mentioned the pair of shoes then in my knapsack and on the way up the valley. Thus far, I had been merely a private soldier—entitled as such to kindness, but not to any special consideration—but the possession of a pair of shoes, number threes, lifted me at once out of the vale of obscurity and made me a personage of high and mighty consequence; the young lady just must have them—they were her exact number, and a man like me had no use in the world for them. What could I do, Charming Nellie? My right to the shoes questionable, conscience forbade their sale, while economy prohibited an absolute giving away. The gentle zephyrs which floated through the wide hall wafted to my keen-scented olfactory nerves the delightfully appetizing and tempting odors of a frying chicken; the red lips of the fair pleader seemed not less inviting and tantalizing; a piano, visible through the open windows of an elegantly furnished parlor, promised music. All things considered, the quickly formed wish to strengthen my corporeal system by a square meal, gratify my taste for sweets by a kiss, and please my ears with dulcet strains of melody, was not, I hope, a boldness and impudence for which a poor soldier all the way from Texas should be censured. But whatever it was, I got a good dinner, enjoyed the most deliciously entrancing music, but, too diffident to suggest osculatory exercise in the presence of the old folks, compromised on permission to lace

the gaiters on the lady's feet. "Why, that's nothing, Mollie," said the sensible mother when her daughter, startled by the proposal, would have refused. "You never object to clerks tying your shoes, do you?" Under such willing maternal sanction, a fair and positive bargain was made; and I reckon, would have been consummated and the lovely maiden now be wearing the gaiters, had the old lady been at home when I returned from Staunton instead of three angular and squeamish aunts—all old maids. As it was and is, I have the shoes yet, and for all I know the young lady is going barefooted.

COMRADE POLLEY ANSWERS MISS MONROE'S COMMENT.

With all deference to Miss Sue Monroe, I venture to doubt whether her information concerning the battery and its captain captured by the Fourth Texas at Second Manassas, is as accurate as mine. Obviously, she speaks of one occurrence, I of another, for the officer whom I called Capt. Curran, of the Fifth New York Battery, was mortally wounded in the second day's engagement just as he was in the act of firing his gun. After the battle ceased, some of our men offered to remove him to the field hospital, but, saying that he knew he had but a few hours to live and wanted to die by his guns, he declined their aid. I was within fifty feet of him when he fell, and I know he made no effort to escape, either before or after he was wounded. Some of his men did attempt to carry off a caisson, but the horses were shot down. My version of the story—except as to the name of my hero and that of the battery—is corroborated by Messrs. Southerland and Hughes of my company; as to the names, I got them from my journal written almost contemporaneously with the occurrence.

By the way, who has read "The Recollections of a Virginian," a most readable book, written by Gen. Dabney H. Maury? After complimenting Hood's Brigade in the very highest terms, he adds with a burst of State pride that is both naive and refreshing, that there were four hundred native Virginians in the Fourth Texas.

* * * All honor to the Virginians of the Confederacy, I say with a full heart; they were hospitable and kind to us Texans; they fought bravely and they died with their faces to the foe; but still, the survivors ought not to claim "the earth and the fullness thereof." And when one of them praises Texans, he should be content to appropriate a scant one-tenth, instead of a full four-tenths, of the credit to Virginia. General Maury's tact is admirable, but it was equaled by that of a Virginia colonel whose war horse was a mare his better half had been accustomed to drive. On the night preceding a grand parade through the streets of Richmond, some graceless reprobate shaved the animal's tail. The curtailment was discovered too late to secure another mount, and the colonel was forced to ride the bob-tailed mare at the head of his regiment. While disdaining to notice the comments of the street gamins, his wife compelled him to explain. The estimable lady stood in a crowd on the sidewalk close to the line of march, and no sooner saw the disfigurement of her favorite than she cried to the colonel in her shrillest tone: "Why, Robert, my dear, who in the world shaved Fanny's tail that way?" The officer cast a sternly reproachful look at the partner of his joys and sorrows and, answering curtly, "It was done by my orders madam, it was done by my orders," rode dignifiedly on.

UNJUST HISTORY REFUTED.

CAPTAIN S. D. BUCK, BALTIMORE, MD.

In justice to the Confederate soldiers under Early in 1864, no one else having done so, I call attention to a report of the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, as set forth in a "Dictionary of United States History" by J. Franklin Jamison. This "able writer and scholarly gentleman" has done the Confederates great injustice. On page 718—Winchester, Va.—he states: "In 1864, Sheridan, commanding forty thousand Federals, and Early, with nearly as large an army of Confederates, were maneuvering around Winchester, and an engagement occurred near that town in which the Confederates were defeated and Sheridan captured nearly twenty-five thousand prisoners."

Now, it is a shame that such absolute falsehood should become prominent as a handbook for future generations. At no time in 1864 did Early have twenty-five thousand troops. Sheridan had from three to five men to our one all the time, and Early's force in the aforesaid battle was not fifteen thousand, while Sheridan had over forty thousand. I was in that army all the time and know of what I write. Mr. Jamison must have meant to say twenty-five hundred, not twenty-five thousand.

However, I also notice equally as biased a report concerning the battle of Kernstown. Jamison says Jackson had ten thousand troops Shields, seven thousand.

Col. J. S. Mosby, in a letter to Richmond Times, claims Sheridan had 56,618 troops; Early, 17,618, and this included Kershaw's Division. This estimate was in August just before the battle. Mosby claims later report justifies these figures.

Pond's history of "Valley Campaign" gave Early 17,185; Sheridan, over 40,000.

Gen. Jackson's report says he had 3,087 infantry and twenty-seven pieces of artillery—troops were broken down, having marched forty miles in thirty-six hours—Shields, 1,100. Chas. A. Palch, U. S. A., gave Shields 7,000, Jackson 4,200 at Kernstown.

It grieves me to see the Confederate Army so unjustly treated by historians. Coming generations will believe these reports. The day never was when any army could have gained such a victory over the men who followed Stonewall Jackson as this report ascribed to Sheridan on September 19, 1864.

MILITARY CAREER OF GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

General Samuel G. French was born in New Jersey, November 22nd, 1818, and educated mainly at the academy in Burlington, N. J. He was appointed cadet to the U. S. Military Academy, June, 1839, and graduated June, 1843.

He was appointed a Brevet Second Lieutenant of Artillery July, 1843, and ordered to Fort Macon, N. C.

He was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Third Regiment Artillery, June 18, 1846.

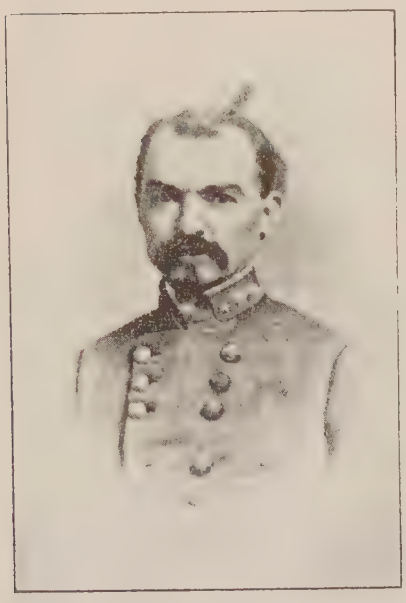
He was appointed Brevet First Lieutenant in the United States Army, September 23, 1846, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico.

He was appointed Brevet Captain in the United States Army, February 22-23, 1847, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, Mexico. He was severely wounded there.

He was appointed First Lieutenant, Third Artillery, March 3, 1847.

He was appointed Captain in the staff—Assistant Quartermaster, U. S. A., January 12, 1848.

It may be seen that Gen. French received five commissions in the army in a little over two years, and as captain outranked officers who had been from fifteen to eighteen years in service.



GEN. S. G. FRENCH.

From 1843 to 1854 he was kept on duty in the War Department at Washington (with the exception of a few months at Fort McHenry, Md., and during the war with Mexico), to be ready for any service that the exigency of its administration required, and was sent to West Point, Old Point Comfort, Troy, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Vicksburg, Mobile, Pascagoula, Houston, Austin, San Antonio; was twice in charge of expeditions to El Paso, Carlisle, Pa., etc.

In 1854 he applied to be relieved from duty in Washington and put on duty at Fort Smith, Ark. In April, 1856, he resigned his commission in the army and retired to his plantation near Greenville, Miss. The year 1857 was passed in Europe. * * *

When the State of Mississippi seceded, the Governor sent for Captain French and informed him he had been appointed Chief of Ordinance in the Army of Mississippi.

The State was destitute of arms and all the munitions of war, and the onerous task of obtaining them devolved on him. With untiring labor they were by degrees obtained. In April, 1861, the appointment of Major of Artillery in the regular Confederate Army was tendered him, and in October, 1861, the President sent him a dispatch asking, "Will you accept position of Brigadier General?" which ten days after was accepted; and in August, 1862, he was handed an appointment as Major General. In the United States Army only did he apply for one appointment, and in the Confederate Army never—direct or indirect—did he make application for place or position—all were tendered him; and in no engagement did he ever call for assistance, or did his command lose a line given them to defend. Franklin was the only battle in which they were repulsed.

While in the Mexican and Confederate wars he participated in twenty-seven battles and many smaller conflicts.

WHEN RANK WAS IGNORED.

Robert L. Rodgers, of Atlanta, Ga., writes:

The following story was told me by W. A. Johnson, who at the beginning of the war was a cadet officer in "the Citadel," at Charleston, S. C. Like the young men generally, he was anxious to go to the war, and soon entered the Confederate Army. The command to which he was assigned was sent to Virginia. The story is of an occurrence the night before the battle of Sharpsburg. The army had wearied under a hard march with Stonewall Jackson, and many of the men became so worn that it was impossible for them to keep up on the march, and they became "stragglers" and lodged in a woodland. About midnight these men were aroused by other troops moving to the front. Among the men who had struck camp there was a devilish Carolinian, a rolicksome, devil-may-care sort of a fellow, but good-natured, brave, and had a voice like a regular foghorn. The moving troops were under the leadership of General Roger A. Pryor. In the confusion each thought the other was the enemy. Soon the mistake was ascertained, but then it was not known what commands of Confederates they were. The Carolinian mentioned in some way became offended and, in a loud voice, ordered the Pryor brigade to get out and move away from there, and his order was more emphatic than elegant. Gen. Pryor, who was a short distance away in the woods, in a tone of authority asked the soldier for his name, when the Carolinian yelled back at him that it was none of his —— business. The General inquired, "Do you know whom you are talking to, sir?" and the reply was, "I don't care a—— who you are." By that time hundreds were intently listening. The General became more indignant, and supposing, of course, that the "straggler" would feel ashamed, said, "I am General Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia," when the soldier "bellowed out," "Go to ——, General Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia; get out of these woods." At this order a tremendous yell broke out amongst the soldiers, and of course General P. could not then do anything with the man. As the yelling ceased he moved his brigade towards ill-fated Sharpsburg.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

GEO. F. ROZELL, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

Ardent admiration for that great military genius and Southern leader, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, prompts this letter, and to ask if any steps have been taken to raise a monument to his name and fame. Such would be the pride of his soldiers yet living, and a reminder to coming generations of the distinguished service of this truly great man in the cause of Southern independence.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston was regarded by many of our ablest military critics as pre-eminently the greatest military genius and strategist the war produced on either side. In stating this, I do not wish to clip one sprig from the chaplet of fame of the immortal Lee and his great Lieutenants, Longstreet, Jackson, Gordon and others.

Gen. Jos. E. Johnston was prominent in several wars, and the ranking officer in the United States Army at the breaking out of the great war with the exception of Gen. Scott, and was regarded as a very genius in the art of war.

It was he who, at the early beginning of the struggle, when so much stress and importance was placed upon the holding of Harper's Ferry, told the Confederate officials that "Harper's Ferry was untenable when an opposing force commanded Maryland Heights." Stonewall Jackson's marvelous tactics afterwards, resulting in the capture of that stronghold with its garrison of 11,000 men, arms, munitions of war, etc., proved the correctness of his great foresight into military strategy.

It was Gen. Jos. E. Johnston who performed that first great military move on the chess board of war, in eluding Patterson in the valley and, by a masterly retreat, joining Gen. Beauregard in time to win the first great battle of the war—Manassas—defeating Gen. McDowell's plan of invasion, which is conceded by all military men to have been a great and most brilliantly conceived plan on the part of the Federal commander. Many of our military men thought, had not Gen. Johnston been wounded at Seven Pines, the battle of Malvern Hill would never have been fought and that useless slaughter would have been avoided; not that Gen. Lee failed in driving them back, but he was not acquainted with the topography of the country as well as Gen. Johnston, and did not know Gen. Johnston's plan of attack. Besides, at that time, the army did not have that unbounded confidence in Gen Lee that he afterwards gained, and never lost. He had been unsuccessful in his early campaign in Western Virginia, and it has always been a question, would McClellan ever have retreated as safely as he did if Gen. Johnston had remained in command.

It was Gen. Johnston who advised against the fortifying and holding an army inactive, cooped up at Vicksburg, and foretold it would meet with the fate of the Austrian Army and Gen. Mack at Ulm in that memorable campaign of the great Napoleon in 1805. And even after Gen. Grant's crossing of the Mississippi River below Vicksburg at Bruinsburg, the army might have been saved if Gen. Pemberton had not positively disobeyed Gen. Johnston's orders in not withdrawing the army from the trap and, uniting with his little nucleus of an army at Jackson, meeting Grant in open field.

Again, after this great disaster, the fall of Vicksburg and loss of the army, as predicted, Gen. Johnston was put at the head of the army in that memorable Atlanta campaign, which was so ably conducted, from the time of his falling back from Buzzard Roost" to his supersedure by Hood at Atlanta, as to rank equal to, or surpass, Moreau's celebrated retreat through the Black Forest. With less than 40,000 fighting men, Gen. Johnston confronted and baffled Gen. Sherman with over 100,000, and, although his enemies said he was too slow, too much of a Fabian policy, and he would not fight, had he been let alone he would eventually have whipped Sherman, as many think. With his small army it was certainly the part of a good general and military wisdom to make Sherman attack him in fortified positions (where he did not flank) and lose three or four to one.

Again, after that rash attack of Gen. Hood's and that most disastrous of any campaigns into Tennessee and the dreadful slaughter at Franklin, Gen. Johnston was again called to take the remains (a mere remnant) of that once grand army, now fleeing panic stricken, and confront Gen. Sherman, defeating him in his last battle at Averysboro, N. C., and, to crown his last acts, out-generaled Sherman in diplomacy by securing terms in the final surrender that the United States Government would not ratify, and Gen. Grant was sent to close the negotiations.

Gen. McClellan on one occasion was asked his opinion of Gen. Johnston, and he said: "Gen. Johnston could plan a campaign and fight a battle equal to the great Napoleon," and the writer heard a distinguished General of Sherman's Army say: "As soon as Gen. Sherman knew Hood was in command he said, 'I will whip that army. Atlanta is mine,' and changed his whole plan of tactics." It was a sad fact that Gen. Johnston was not in accord with our great chief, and Mr. Davis seemed prejudiced and kept him handicapped.

All I have herein stated is history and, while lengthy, it was necessary, and if it will be any incentive to active steps in raising a monument not only over Gen. Johnston's grave, but one grand and imposing structure, commensurate with the man and his eminent abilities, in the city of Richmond, in his beloved native Virginia that he so ably defended, I will feel my effort is not lost.

MODESTY THAT DESERVES REWARD.—Captain John Cussons writes from Glen Allen, Va., in reply to a friend who wanted a sketch of him for us.

My place in the Confederate service was always a subordinate one, and my too partial comrades have already given me far more credit than I was ever justly entitled to, while numbers of other soldiers at least equally deserving have been given over to dumb forgetfulness. So please let this article go by.

Comrade Cussons is now Commander of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans.

REBEL OR LOYALIST.

Addressed by an ex-Confederate soldier to the Grand Army of the Republic.

I was a rebel, if you please,
A reckless fighter to the last,
Nor do I fall upon my knees
And beg forgiveness for the past.

A traitor! I a traitor? No!
I was a patriot to the core;
The South was mine; I loved her so,
I gave her all—I could do no more.

You scowl at me. And was it wrong
To wear the gray my father wore?
Could I slink back, though young and strong,
From foes before my mother's door?

My mother's kiss was hot with fight;
My father's frenzy filled his son;
Through reeking days and sodden nights,
My sister's courage urged me on.

And I, a missile steeped in hate,
Hurled forward like a cannon ball
By the resistless hand of fate,
Rushed wildly, madly through it all.

I stemmed the level flames of hell;
O'er bayonet bars of death I broke;
I was so near when Cleburne fell,
I heard the muffled bullet stroke!

But all in vain. With dull despair
I saw the storm of conflict die;
Low lay the Southern banner fair,
And yonder flag was waving high.

God! What a triumph had the foe!
Laurel, and arch, and trumpet-blare;
All round the earth their songs did go;
Thundering through heaven their shouts did tear.

My mother, gray and bent with years,
Hoarding love's withered aftermath,
Her sweet eyes burnt too dry for tears,
Sat in the dust of Sherman's path.

My father, broken, helpless, poor,
A gloomy, nerveless giant stood;
Too strong to cower and endure,
Too weak to fight for masterhood.

My boyhood's home—a blackened heap
Where lizards crawled and briars grew—
Had felt the fire of vengeance creep,
The crashing round shot hurtle through.

I had no country; all was lost;
I closed my eyes and longed to die,
While past me stalked the awful ghost
Of mangled, murdered Liberty.

The scars upon my body burned;
I felt a heel upon my throat;
A heel that ground, and, grinding, turned
With each triumphant trumpet-note.

"Grind on," I cried; "nor doubt that I—
If all your necks were one and low
As mine is now—delightedly,
Would cut it by a single blow."

* * * * * *

That was dark night; but day is here,
The crowning victory is won;
Hark! how the sixty millions cheer,
With freedom's flag across the sun.

Am I a traitor? Who are *you*
That dare to breathe that word to me?
You never wore the Union blue;
No wounds affirm your loyalty!

I do detest the sutler's clerk,
Who skulked and dodged till peace had come,
Then found it more congenial work
To beat the politician's drum.

I clasp the hand that made my scars,
I cheer the flag my foeman bore;
I shout for joy to see the stars
All on our common shield once more.

I do not cringe before you now,
Or lay my face upon the ground;
I am a man, of men a peer,
And not a cowering, cudgeled hound.

* * * * * *

I greet you with uncovered head,
Remembering many a thunderous fight
Where whistling death between us sped.

Remembering those dead boys in gray,
With thoughts too deep and fine for words,
I lift this cup of love to-day
And drink what only love affords.

Soldiers in blue, a health to you!
Long life and vigor oft renewed!
While on your hearts, like honey-dew,
Falls our great country's gratitude.

—*Maurice Thompson, in the American Magazine.*

STATUS OF OFFICIAL BADGE, U. C. V.

Quartermaster General J. F. Shipp, U. C. V., Chattanooga, Tenn.: I was directed at the New Orleans meeting to have the old button protected legally for our exclusive use, as it was being sold without authority and worn by those not entitled to do so. I tried at once to secure a copyright, but was informed by the Congressional Librarian that society badges could not be copyrighted. I then took the matter to the Patent Office Department, and, after considerable correspondence, was informed that the old design was not patentable.

Reluctant to surrender the old battle flag design, I then sought to make it patentable by harmonious additions, surrounding the Cross of Saint Andrew with the Confederate colors, a white and red margin or border, and placing the letters U. C. V. in the outer red margin. I submitted that to the Houston meeting, and was directed to secure patent for that design, if patentable. I filed application and drawings for the new design on the 18th day of October, 1895, and was notified by the Patent Office Department, late in June, that the patent would be granted. This I stated in my report to the Richmond meeting, July 1, 1896 and motion by John P. Hickman, of Tennessee, was carried that the constitution be so amended as to make this new design the Society Badge of the United Confederate Veterans. The patent was granted on July 14,'96. The by-laws require that ninety days' notice must be given prior to the annual meeting of any change to be made in the constitution, therefore the new badge will come up for adoption at the Nashville meeting, and will, no doubt, be then adopted, as the Committee on New Constitution directed at the Houston meeting that it be patented, if possible.

Camps belonging to the Association of United Confederate Veterans will be furnished with new badge upon the order of the Commander, Adjutant or Camp Quartermaster, at the following prices: Gold, $1; plated, 50 cents each. (See cover page.)

APPEAL FOR TRUE HISTORY.

At the regular monthly meeting for October of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla., George Troup Maxwell, E. F. Gilbert, F. P. Fleming, A. O. Wright, Edwin G. Weed, Charles J. Colcock and S. C. Boylston, the committee on erroneous school histories, submitted the following report:

"It is a matter of transcendent importance that Southern children shall be taught the truth as it relates to Southern history from the earliest settlement of this country to the present time:

There has been, and is, culpable neglect of this vital subject by Southern parents and teachers.

"In consequence of this neglect, Southern children have not only been kept in ignorance of the achievements of Southern men and women in literature, science, art, statesmanship and generalship, and, indeed, in every branch of human activity that has advanced civilization, but much of the literature and history taught in our public schools does the South injustice by omission of important facts, or wrong by the perversion of history.

"Think of the South—that section which, for the first sixty-four years of our national life, furnished the Presidents for fifty-two years, most of the Cabinet Officers, and the Chief Justices from 1801 to 1861—classed, as has been done by the Encyclopædia Britannica, as as emi-barbarous people saved only by Northern civilization! And we make so few protests against these misrepresentations that the outside world has come to believe and repeat them, to our injury. The boys and girls of the South should be taught the true history of the South.

"The South has too long been indifferent to the character of the education that her children receive in the public schools.

"Your committee earnestly recommends, therefore, that R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, United Confederate Veterans, of Jacksonville, Fla., shall make every proper effort to eliminate from the curriculum of our public schools every book that, by omission of essential facts, or by perversion and distortion of the truths of history, does injustice and wrong to the ancestors of Southern youths.

"And we cordially invite the co-operation of every camp of Confederate Veterans in this State, those of other States, and of all persons who are interested, that justice shall be done to the people of every section of this great country."

The report was unanimously adopted, it being:

Resolved, That this report be published in the Jacksonville papers, and that the papers throughout the State be requested to copy it; that copies be sent to each United Confederate Veterans Camp in this State and to each member of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, and to R. E. Lee Camp at Richmond, Va., and to the official organ of the United Confederate Veterans, published at Nashville, Tenn.

"*Resolved*, also, That this Committee be continued and instructed to bring this matter before the next Legislature of this State."

ABOUT "COMMANDER" J. C. BRAIN.

Mrs. F. A. Pitcher writes from Portland, Maine:

Editor CONFEDERATE VETERAN; Imagine my surprise when I saw the question in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN for October, "Who is Commander Brain?" It carried me back thirty three years to the time when I was living in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, P. Q.

During 1863 or 1864, we heard reports of the capture by Confederates of the steamer "Chesapeake," a boat plying between New York and Portland, Maine. A man calling himself Capt. J. C. Brain, with several men purporting to be of his company, and also a First-Lieutenant Parr, took passage on the "Chesapeake" at New York. After being out from port a few hours, Brain and his men seized the steamer; put the crew in irons; intimidated the passengers, and murdered some of the officers who resisted them. The passengers were landed near Portland, and the valiant (?) Brain steamed away for Halifax. The coal gave out, however, before he reached there, so he put the steamer into a harbor near Port La Tour, a small town on the east coast of Nova Scotia.

My husband, Mr. F. A. Pitcher, was driving through Port La Tour on his way to Halifax that day, and riding along the shore, he discovered a steamer lying in the "Little Basin," as it is called. This was such an unusual thing that he left his carriage and, going to the brow of the hill, saw the "Chesapeake" taking in coal. He then drove hurriedly back to the town, went to the Inn and there found Capt. Brain waiting to hear from Halifax.

Mr. Pitcher walked up to him, placed him under arrest and had him confined until he could dispatch to the United States Consul at Halifax. Later on he received word from the Consul that they could not hold the prisoner, so the Captain went on his way rejoicing, but was met in his mad career by an United States gunboat and his plans frustrated.

Whatever became of the battle-scarred (?) Captain, I never knew. He seems to be on the war path still, and, no doubt, is as bombastic as ever.

Lieutenant Parr, I knew more about, as he was a citizen in the town where I lived for a number of years. The Lieutenant is now a prominent dentist in New York City, and in all probability could give the VETERAN considerable information relative to the Captain and his glorious career during the war.

Concerning "Commander John C. Brain" and his representation of authority to represent the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, President J. Taylor Ellyson wrote a letter to Capt. G. A. Barr, of Goldthwaite, Texas, stating that Brain had never had any authority whatever to solicit for the monument and had never remitted one dollar to them.

F. J. O'Neill, St. Louis, Mo., wishes to procure all the information possible of his father, John G. O'Neill, who was Colonel of the Tenth Tennessee. Also wishes to know what engagements he was in, how long he was in the service, and name of his General. Any comrade who can give this information will please do so.

INTERESTING WAR STATISTICS.

Compilation of Men in Service, the Fatalities of Various Commands During the War.

Mr. Ben LaBree, of Louisville, gives the following interesting statistics, which must have incurred upon him a great deal of painstaking service, and for it the VETERAN cordially thanks him:

ENLISTMENTS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

The terms of enlistment in the Union Army varied in length, and, although the bulk of the army was enlisted for a three years' term of service, many of the regiments were mustered in to serve for three months, six months, nine months, one year, or two years. In some of the calls for troops made by the President, these different terms were, at one time or another, specified in the proclamation. There were 2,778,304 separate enlistments, tabulated as follows:

TERM.	ENLISTM'NTS	
Three years	2,036,700	Includes veteran re-enlistments.
One year	391,752	
Two years	44,400	
Four years	1,042	
Nine months	87,588	
Three months	108,416	
Six months	20,439	
One hundred days	85,507	
Sixty days	2,045	
Eight months	373	
Four months	42	

There were also several New York militia regiments which served for thirty days in various emergencies, and bodies of "minute men" from other States, of which no account was made. Reduced to a basis of a three years' term, these various enlistments were equal to 2,326,168 men recruited for three years' service.

It would be impossible to state the exact number of men who served in the war, as so many, after serving a short term, enlisted for a second, and often for a third term. Then again, according to the records, nearly all of the three years' regiments that volunteered in 1861, re-enlisted in January, 1864, for another three years' term of service. There were 236,000 of these veterans who re-enlisted and were counted twice in the number of troops (2,036,700) reported as enlisted for three years. Many of the three years' men, who were discharged for physical disability or for other reasons, enlisted again in other regiments before the war had closed, and thus were counted twice. The records also show that over 300,000 men enlisted just before the close of the war, few of whom, if any, participated in any active service.

The report of the Provost Marshal General shows the combined strength of the Union Armies at different periods before and during the war to have been:

DATE.	PRESENT.	ABSENT.	AGGREGATE
January 1, 1861	14,663	1,704	*16,637
July 1, 1861	183,588	3,163	186,751
January 1, 1862	527,204	48,713	575,917
March 31 1862	533,984	103,142	637,126
January 1, 1863	698,802	219,389	918,191
January 1, 1864	611,250	249,487	860,737
March 31, 1865	657,747	322,339	980,086
May 1, 1865	797,807	202,709	1,000,516

*Regular army.

Most persons will deem it strange that, with over 2,300,000 three-year enlistments, the total strength of the army, present and absent, never reached half that number. This can be explained by the large number discharged for physical disability incurred in the service. Over 250,000 men were discharged for disabilities arising from wounds or diseases which unfitted them for further service.

Another serious cause of depletion was the remarkably large number of desertions. The reported desertions during the war numbered 268,530. The Provost Marshal estimated that twenty-five per cent. of these were wrongly reported; that these men were absent unintentionally or unavoidably, and placed the number of actual desertions at 201,397. Of this number, 76,526 were arrested and sent to their regiments.

NUMBER OF TROOPS FURNISHED BY THE STATES TO THE FEDERAL ARMY AND NAVY.

STATES.	CENSUS 1860, MILITARY POPULATION, AGES 18 TO 45	MEN FURNISH'D.	PER CENT	
Alabama	South	2,576		
Arkansas	South	8,289		
California		15,725		
Colorado		4,903		
Connecticut	94,411	*55,864	60.7	*Includes 1,764 col. troops
Dakota		206		
Delaware	18,273	*12,284	74.8	*Includes 954 col'd. troops
Dist. of Columbia		*16,534		*Includes 3,269 col. troops
Florida	South	1,290		
Georgia	South	no record		
Illinois	375,026	*259,092	69.1	*Includes 1,811 col. troops
Indiana	265,295	*196,363	74.3	*Includes 1,537 col. troops
Iowa	139,316	*76,242	54.7	*Includes 440 col'd. troops
Kansas	27,976	*20,149	72.0	*Includes 2,080 col. troops
Kentucky	180,589	*75,760	43.7	*Includes 23,703 col. troops
Louisiana	South	5,224		
Maine	122,238	*70,107	58.9	*Includes 104 col'd. troops
Maryland	102,715	*46,638	48.9	*Includes 8,718 col. troops
Massachusetts	258,419	*146,730	58.8	*Includes 3,966 col. troops
Michigan	164,007	*87,364	54.4	*Includes 1,387 col. troops
Minnesota	41,226	*24,020	60.7	*Includes 104 col'd. troops
Mississippi	South	545		
Missouri	232,781	*109,111	46.8	*Includes 8,344 col. troops
Nebraska		3,157		
Nevada		1,080		
New Hampshire	63,610	*33,937	54.4	*Includes 125 col'd. troops
New Jersey	132,219	*76,814	61.2	*Includes 1,185 col. troops
New Mexico		6,561		
New York	796,881	*448,850	58.6	*Includes 4,125 col. troops
North Carolina	South	3,156		
Ohio	459,534	*313,180	69.5	*Includes 5,092 col. troops
Oregon		1,810		
Pennsylvania	555,172	*337,936	65.9	*Includes 8,612 col. troops
Rhode Island	35,502	*23,236	66.7	*Includes 1,837 col. troops
Tennessee	Partly South	31,092		
Texas	South	1,965		
Vermont	60,580	*33,288	58.2	*Includes 120 col'd. troops
Virginia	South	no record		
Washington Ter.		964		
West Virginia		*32,068		*Includes 196 col'd. troops
Wisconsin	159,335	*91,327	60.5	*Includes 165 col'd. troops
Indian Nation		†3,530		†All Indian troops
Colored troops in Southern States		99,337		
Total	4,285,105	2,778,304	61.2	

*Total colored troops in U. S. Army 178,975.

The above enumeration includes 101,207 sailors and marines, veteran reserve corps, U. S. veteran volunteers (Hancock's corps), U. S. sharpshooters and engineers, U. S. volunteer infantry, generals and staff (volunteers), miscellaneous brigades, bands, etc., and regular army. Only 61 per cent. of the military population of the loyal States served in the army and navy.

DEATHS IN THE FEDERAL ARMY.

Killed or mortally wounded	110,070.
Died of disease	199,720.
Died of disease in Confederate prisons	24,866.
Deaths from accidents and drowning	9,058.
Deaths from all other causes except battle	15,814.
Total deaths	*359,528.

*Over 16 per cent. of the troops furnished by the States.

THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The military population of the eleven Southern States, according to the census of 1860, was 1,064,193. This was increased during the four years immediately following the census of 1860 over 200,000 by the youths who had attained their eighteenth year; at the same time the military population of the other States and Territories was increased over 800,000 from the same source. The loss from those who passed their forty-fifth year was only half of the number gained from those arriving at eighteen years, while such of the former as were already in the army, were still held to service.

The military population of the Southern States in 1860 by States was as follows:

Alabama	99,967
Arkansas	65,231
Florida	15,739
Georgia	111,005
Louisiana	83,456
Mississippi	70,295
North Carolina	115,369
South Carolina	55,046
Tennessee	159,353
Texas	92,145
Virginia	196,587
Total	1,064,193

Of this number Tennessee furnished 31,092, and the western counties of Virginia, afterward set apart as West Virginia, furnished 31,872 men to the Union Armies.

The "military population," as used in the census of 1860, represented the white males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. The Confederate States were able to send a larger proportion of their military population to the field than the Northern States, on account of a large agricultural population of blacks, who were exempt from military service. The total enrollment of the Confederate Armies during the whole war, according to the best Southern authorities, numbered over 600,000 effective men, of whom not over 400,000 were enrolled at any time.*

A careful compilation made from the official rosters of the Confederate Armies as they stood at various battles and at various dates, covering the entire period of the war, shows that the different States kept the following number of regimental organizations in almost continual service in the field:

STATES.	CAVALRY.				INF'NTRY.	ARTILLERY			TOTAL.			
	Regiments.	Battalions.	Regiments, Partisan Rangers	Battalions, Partisan Rangers	Regiments.	Regiments.	Batteries, Light.	Battalions, Heavy.	Battalions	Regiments, Artillery.	Batteries.	Regiments.
Alabama	5	..	3	.....	55	11	..	16	....	11	....	16	63
Arkansas	6	2	.....	.....	35	12	..	15	....	14	....	15	41
Florida	2	1	.....	.....	10	2	..	6	....	3	....	6	12
Georgia	11	2	1	1	68	17	..	28	2	22	....	28	80
Louisiana	2	1	1	.....	34	10	2	26	....	11	2	26	36
Mississippi	7	4	2	.....	49	6	..	20	....	10	....	20	58
North Carolina	1	5	.....	.....	69	4	..	9	2	11	....	9	70
South Carolina	7	1	.....	.....	33	2	1	28	1	4	1	28	40
Tennessee	21	11	.....	.....	61	2	1	32	1	14	1	32	82
Texas	28	4	.....	.....	22	5	..	16	....	9	....	16	50
Virginia	22	11	1	.....	65	10	1	53	....	21	1	53	89
Border States	9	5	.....	.....	21	4	..	11	....	9	....	11	30
C. S. Regulars	6	..	.....	....	7	..	..	1	....	....	....	1	13
Grand Total	127	47	8	1	529	85	5	261	6	139	5	261	664

*Southern Historical Paper, vol. vii. p. 288. An estimate by Dr. Joseph ones, and approved by Adjutant General Samuel Cooper, in which the vailable force is put at 600,000.

The preceding aggregate 529 regiments and 85 battalions of infantry; 127 regiments and 47 battalions of cavalry; 8 regiments and 1 battalion of partisan rangers; 5 regiments and 6 battalions of heavy artillery, and 261 batteries of light artillery. In all, equivalent to 764 regiments of 10 companies each.

These were all troops of the line, and they served during the war. The number does not include regiments which served a short time only; neither does it include disbanded or consolidated regiments, nor State Militia, Junior Reserves, Senior Reserves, Home Guards, local defense regiments, and separate companies, and yet these miscellaneous organizations rendered effective service at times and took the place of regular troops.

The Petersburg intrenchments, on June 15, 1864, were held successfully by militiamen during the first assault until the arrival of Lee's Army. Partisan bands, like Mosby's and John Morgan's, kept eight or ten times their number of Union cavalry employed in protecting territory in which they operated, or in watching their movements.

There are only partial sets of Confederate rolls and monthly returns in the War Record Office at Washington, and they are defective. Rolls of North Carolina regiments have been printed, with 8 regiments of the Junior and Senior Reserves, not included in the foregoing list, which show a total enrollment of 125,000 men. These rolls, incomplete as they necessarily are, show that 22 of the North Carolina regiments numbered over 1,500 men each, and some of them over 1,800 from first to last.

The Confederacy organized but few new regiments after 1862. The recruits and conscripts were assigned to the old regiments to keep them up to an effective strength.

DEATHS IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

It will never be definitely known how much loss the Confederate Armies sustained in killed and mortally wounded. It can only be stated in round numbers, a summing up of the casualities at each battle and minor engagements, making use of official reports only, and in their absence accepting Confederate estimates. These indicate that 94,000 men were killed or mortally wounded on the Confederate side during the war. There is a tabulation of losses as compiled from the muster rolls on file in the Bureau of Confederate Archives at Washington, D. C., but the returns are very incomplete—nearly all the Alabama rolls are missing. The figures, however, are worth noting. They show that 74,524 were killed or died of wounds, and that 59,297 died of disease.

If the Confederate rolls could have been completed, and then revised, the number of killed as shown on next page (75,524) would be greatly increased; but as it is, the extent of such increase must remain a matter of conjecture.

South Carolina, as it appears from the following figures, lost in killed over 23 per cent. of her military population, and North Carolina over 17 per cent. The Confederate Armies lost, in the aggregate, nearly 10 per cent. in killed or mortally wounded. The aggregate of killed and mortally wounded in the Confederate Armies during the war

was 16,000 less than in the Federal Army; or, adding the usual proportion of wounded, it would make a difference of about 60,000 killed and wounded in favor of the Confederates.

From the tabulations made by General Fry, who devoted much time in carefully examining the muster rolls on file, the following abstract is made:

DEATHS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY BY STATES.

STATES.	KILLED.			DIED OF WOUNDS.			DIED OF DISEASE.		
	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.
*Alabama	14	538	552	9	181	190	8	716	724
Arkansas	104	2,061	2,165	27	888	915	74	3,708	3,782
Florida	47	746	793	16	490	506	17	1,030	1,047
Georgia	172	5,381	5,553	140	1,579	1,719	107	3,595	3,702
Louisiana	70	2,548	2,618	42	826	868	32	3,027	3,059
Mississippi	122	5,685	5,807	75	2,576	2,651	103	6,704	6,807
North Carolina	677	13,845	14,522	330	4,821	5,151	541	20,061	20,602
South Carolina	360	8,827	9,187	257	3,478	3,735	79	4,681	4,760
Tennessee	99	2,016	2,115	49	825	874	72	3,353	3,425
Texas	28	1,320	1,348	13	1,228	1,241	10	1,250	1,260
Virginia	266	5,062	5,328	200	2,319	2,519	168	6,779	6,947
Border States	92	1,867	1,959	61	672	733	58	2,084	2,142
C. S. Regulars	35	972	1,007	27	441	468	25	1,015	1,040
Total	2,086	50,868	52,954	1,246	20,324	21,570	1,294	58,003	59,297

*Alabama rolls missing.

SUMMARY.

Total killed	52,954
Total died of wounds	21,570
Total died of disease	59,297
Grand total	133,821

The heroic persistency with which the Confederates would stand up before the enemy's musketry, and the severity of the losses thereby, becomes apparent in studying the official returns of various regiments.

At the battle of Gettysburg the Twentieth North Carolina, of Pettigrew's Brigade, Heth's Division, went into action with an effective strength, stated in regimental official report as "over 800 men." They sustained a loss of 86 killed and 502 wounded; total 588. In addition, there were 120 missing, nearly all of whom were killed or wounded. This loss occurred mostly in the first day's fight, where the regiment encountered the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania Regiment (which lost 335 in killed and wounded) and Cooper's Battery of Rowley's Brigade, Doubleday's Division. The Quartermaster of the Twentieth North Carolina, who made the official report on July 4, states that there were only 216 left for duty after the fight of the 1st. The regiment then participated in Pickett's charge on the third day of the battle, in which it attacked the position held by Smith's Brigade, Hays' Division, Second Corps. On the following day it mustered only 80 men for duty, the missing ones having fallen in the final unsuccessful charge. In the battle of the first day, Captain Tuttle's company (of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina) went into action with 3 officers and 84 men; all of the officers and 83 of the men were killed or wounded. On the same day, and in the same brigade, Company C. of the Eleventh North Carolina, ost 2 officers killed and 34 out of 38 men killed or wounded. Captain Bird of this Company, with the four remaining men, participated in the charge on the 3rd of July, and of these the flagbearer was shot, and the Captain brought out the flag himself. The loss of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina at Gettysburg was the severest regimental loss during the whole war.

At the battle of Fair Oaks the Sixth Alabama, Col. John B. Gordon, then in Rodes' Brigade of D. H. Hill's Division, was in a fight with Naglee's Brigade of Casey's Division, and the regiment lost 91 killed, 277 wounded, and 5 missing; total, 373 out of 652 engaged. In the same battle, and in D. H. Hill's Division also, the Fourth North Carolina, of G. B. Anderson's Brigade, sustained a loss of 77 killed, 286 wounded, and 6 missing; total, 369 out of 678 engaged.

At Gaines' Mill the First North Carolina Rifles, Gregg's Brigade, A. P. Hill's Division, charged a battery which was supported by the Durgee Zouaves. The Rifles lost 81 killed, 234 wounded, and 4 missing; total, 319 out of 537 engaged.

The Eighth Tennessee, of Donelson's Brigade, Cheatham's Division, at Stone's River, lost 41 killed and 265 wounded; total, 306 out of 444 engaged. To understand the extent of a regimental loss in a particular battle, one must know the number of men taken into action by the regiment. Many of the Confederate colonels were intelligent and thoughtful enough in making their battle reports to mention, in connection with the casualities, the number of men engaged, without which all such statements convey no definite idea. By so doing, they have, in many instances, secured for their regiments an honored place in history, which otherwise would have been lost. The severest losses are not always the largest numerically.

At a future date I hope to be able to contribute a table of remarkable percentage of loss in Confederate brigades and regiments in particular engagements; also a list of battles, showing Confederate regiments which sustained the greatest loss, compiled from official reports of brigade and regimental commanders.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS CONFINED IN FEDERAL PRISONS DURING THE WAR.

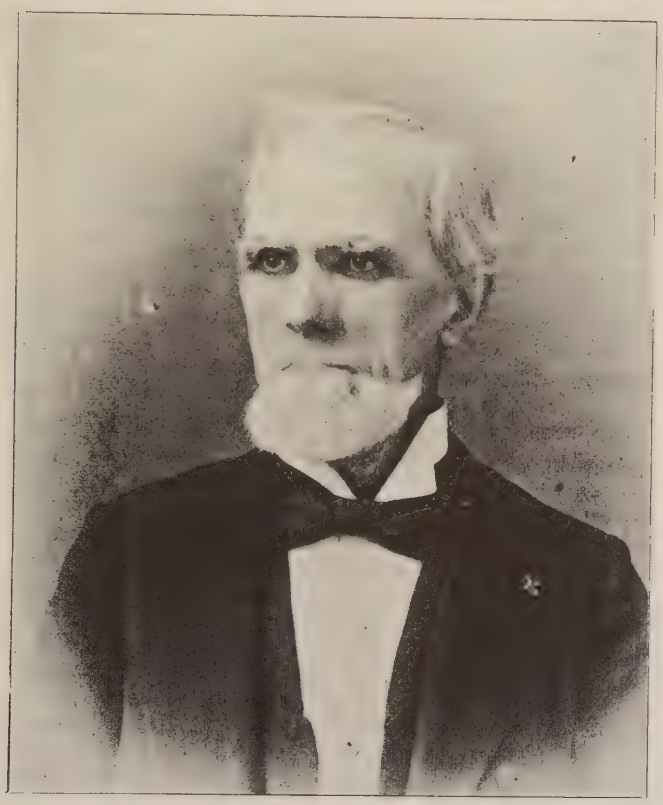
Below will be found a list of Federal prisons, showing the number of Confederate prisoners confined, with the number of deaths in each, and date of the establishment of each prison, as compiled from official records.

NAME OF PRISON.	NO. CONFINED.	DEATHS.	ESTABLISHMENT OF PRISONS.
Point Lookout, Md	38,073	3,446	July, 1863
Fort Delaware, Del	22,773	2,502	Feb., 1861
Camp Douglas, Ill	22,301	3,759	1862
" Chase, Ohio	14,227	2,108	June, 1862
" Morton, Ind	10,319	1,763	1863
Elmira, N. Y	9,167	2,980	Oct. 1864
Louisville, Ky	8,438	139	.....
Alton, Ill	7,717	1,613	Feb., 1862
Johnson's Island	7,357	270	Jan., 1862
Old Cap, Wash	5,761	457	Oct., 1862
Newport News, Va	5,459	89	April, 1865
Fort McHenry, Md	5,325	33	Feb., 1861
Ship Island, Miss	4,879	162	July, 1862
St. Louis, Mo	4,585	589	" "
Camp Butler, Ill	4,154	816	Feb., "
Hart's Island, N. Y	3,117	230	April, 1865
Rock Island, Ill	2,484	1,922	Dec., 1863
Fort Warren, Mass	2,307	13	Oct., 1861
New Orleans, La	646	329	Nov., 1863
Fort Lafayette, N. Y	407	2	(Not stated.)
Total	175,496	23,213	

MISSISSIPPI IN THE CONFEDERACY.

Col. J. L. Power and His Work.

The comrade above mentioned is one of the most widely and favorably known veterans in the Southwest. He was connected with the press of Mississippi for more than forty years, and is still a frequent contributor. He is now serving his twenty-seventh year as Secretary of all the Masonic Grand Bodies of Mississippi; is the senior (in years of service) Grand Recorder of Knights Templar in the world, and is the present Secretary of State of Mississippi. He was nominated for that office on the first ballot by the convention of August, 1895. He was extremely ill at the time, and had been prostrated for several weeks previous. On account of his health he had to abandon the canvass, when his talented daughter, Miss Kate, conducted it to a successful conclusion.



Comrade Power enlisted as a private in Company A, First Regiment Mississippi Light Artillery. On the organization of that battery of eight guns, numbering 225 men, he was appointed First Sergeant. This battery, and several others of the same regiment, were among the first sent to Vicksburg. He was commissioned Adjutant of the regiment in the summer of 1862. After the fall of Vicksburg, the batteries of the regiment, when reorganized, were attached to other commands, and Lieut. Power was assigned to various duties. In the summer of 1864 the Confederate Congress passed an Act creating the office of Superintendent of Army Records for each State with the rank of Colonel, and Comrade Power, on the recommendation of Governor Clark, was appointed for Mississippi. He was engaged in this work, among the three Mississippi brigades in Virginia, when Richmond fell. He had completed the records of the forty companies in Humphries' Brigade, and succeeded in getting these and other valuable records out of the city, and they are still in his possession. The Mississippi Legislature, immediately after the war, provided for completing the records, but military rule interfered. The Senate, at last session of the Legislature, passed a bill giving the Secretary of State an additional clerk for two years for the purpose of getting up the records, but the bill failed in the House. Mississippi made a brilliant record in the war, and the achievements of her gallant sons should be chronicled in authentic and enduring form.

Colonel Power will devote such time as he can spare to this good work, and will soon issue an appeal to the Confederate Camps and all survivors of the "lost cause" to co-operate. A few years hence it will be too late to get the materials together.

RAWHIDE "RETALIATION" AT FORT DELAWARE.—Col. John W. Gates, of Jackson, Tenn., gives some interesting reminiscences of prison life, called forth by I. T. Miller's article (Milledgeville, Ga.) in November VETERAN, and replies to his inquiry about some comrades at Fort Delaware, especially Ed Bringhurst, Weldon Boylan, Billy May, Bob Eyrich, and Jim Averitt.

Bringhurst is traveling in the interest of a large carriage factory. Boylan died soon after the war at his home in Fayette County, Tenn. Billy May is also dead. After the surrender Bob Eyrich returned to his home in Memphis, Tenn., but did not remain there long. The unfortunate difficulty between him and his friend, Frank King, while in prison, in which the latter was stabbed to death, made him restless and a wanderer in foreign lands. My information is that Averitt is living near Hartsville, Tenn.

I recall many incidents connected with prison life on that miserable island, but will only mention one or two.

One bitter cold day in December, 1864, while running from the dining hall with a cup of "fly soup" in one hand and a pickled pork ration in the other, Ed Bringhurst collided with "Parson" Bob Ayres in the doorway of the Eighteenth Division. The shock was terrific, both men falling backward several feet. Although Ed had two front teeth knocked out, he held on to the soup and ration.

In January, 1865, a Federal sergeant entered the barracks with a rawhide whip in his hand. He was followed by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. Going through the Virginia Division, he struck out right and left with his whip; but, fortunately for him, hit no one, the men, with bitter curses, getting out of the way. From there he entered the Texas Division, and the first man he struck at promptly knocked him down. The sergeant said he was carrying out the orders of Captain Ahl, commander of the prison, and that the order was issued in retaliation for a like indignity that had been practiced on Federal prisoners in

Richmond. A number of Fort Delaware boys investigated the matter on reaching Richmond, and learned that there was no truth whatever to sustain the charge. A few years after the war, Captain Ahl visited Clarksville, Tenn., on business, when a young man called at his room in the hotel, introducing himself as ———, formerly of Fort Delaware. Right there and then the rawhide episode was settled to the entire satisfaction of at least one of the parties; but why recall the bitter memories of that dreadful place, where, almost every day, produced some harrowing scene? There was the old tank with its salt water, pumped in purposely while the tide was up; there was the old Sergeant, "Hike Out," whose presence in the barracks meant a trip for all of us to "Hell's Half Acre;" there were the long, cold quarters, with one stove for 500 men, and the mercury below zero. And yet, in the midst of this carnival of woe and misery, there were seasons of fun and real pleasure. Two characteristics of the Confederate soldier, neither hunger, cold, nor prison bars could change—his love of country and of fun.

LIEUT.-COL. BULLARD—TENTH MISSISSIPPI.

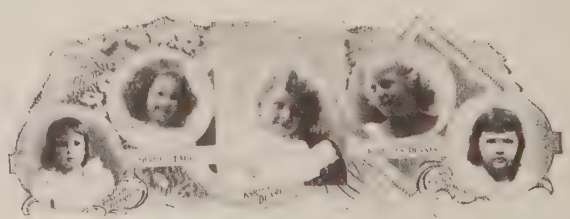
Rev. J. C. Blanton, Nettleton, Miss., furnishes valuable data in regard to the Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth Mississippi Infantry, but had not forwarded it previous to the sketch of the late John C. Rietti, concerning Col. Robt. A. Smith, and notes the fact "to warn comrades of the necessity of great care in writing on so sacred a theme as our dead," —He was about writing some serious errors—and he adds, "we want facts to go in the pages of our VETERAN." He acknowledges indebtedness for data to the late Gen. James Finley, who was Major of that regiment, Col. Clayton, of Tupelo, Miss., and the family.

James G. Bullard, it is understood, was born in north Alabama in 1819. He was taken by his parents to northeast Mississippi when a child, and grew to manhood in that section. His knowledge of books was very meager, but he learned something better—self-dependence and love of country. He, of course, heard the missionaries preach the gospel, received it in his heart, and became a Christian. An old church record states that he was elected and ordained ruling elder in the C. P. Church before he was of age. Col. Bullard married when quite young, and was a farmer. Early in 1861, like all good, brave men, he hesitated not to walk in the rugged and dangerous paths of war. His fitness for his new profession was manifested by his activity and success in raising a very large company of the best young men of his county, and it was named the Ben Bullard Rifles in honor of his brother, Hon. A. B. Bullard, who was then member of the Secession Convention at Jackson. His company was ordered in March, 1861, to the coast defenses around Pensacola. There the Tenth Mississippi Infantry was formed soon afterward, and Bullard's company became a part of it. The regiment did duty on the coast until some time in the winter of 1862, when it was ordered to Gen. Johnston's army at Corinth, about which time Capt. Bullard was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, and it was attached to Chalmers' Brigade. We who participated in that great battle remember that Chalmers and his brave men won everlasting fame at Shiloh. After that battle and the retreats to Corinth and Tupelo, Chalmers' Brigade led the advance of Bragg's Infantry into Kentucky. At Munfordsville, a place well fortified and protected with abattis work and defended by about five thousand men, Chalmers ordered an assault. The old Tenth Mississippi was in the thickest of the fight, led by Cols. Smith and Bullard. A comrade says the smoke was so dense they could not see Smith or Bullard, but heard their voices, above the din of battle, urging the men on to victory or to death. Smith's voice was hushed first, but the brave Bullard's rang out still, cheering the men onward. Only for a short time, however; then he gave his last order. Smith and Bullard, the leading spirits, and a number of the company officers and men lay dead and dying on the field. No wonder the old Tenth recoiled and failed to do what was impossible for them to do.

A comrade wrote in the Natchez Democrat soon after Col. Bullard's death: While leading a charge Lieut. Col. Bullard fell, riddled with bullets. He lived about fifteen minutes, and his last words, in a message to his wife, were: "I die in a glorious cause. I die for the Southern Confederacy. Tell her my last thoughts were of her and the little ones." Thus passed from earth one of its most affable and kind-hearted spirits.

A BOY SOLDIER'S LOYALTY TO THE SOUTHERN CAUSE—P. A. Greene, Adjutant, Camp No. 268 U. C. V., Seale, Ala., writes an account of devotion to the Southern cause and to honor, which was suggested by reading the account in the April number of the VETERAN of a boy soldier's fidelity to a comrade:

On the ever memorable retreat from Richmond together with 8,600 others I was captured and we were being marched back under heavy guard, when on passing a farmhouse, in front of which stood an old man, his wife and daughter, who looked for some familiar face among the ragged and half-starved throng. When they saw their son who had long before left their home and had followed the fortunes of the South. The scene that followed may be imagined. The Federal officer proposed to release the boy and let him stop at home if he would take the oath of allegiance to the United States, but like a *true patriot* he spurned the offer of freedom on such conditions, and marched with his comrades to Point Lookout, and there remained a prisoner until the war was over, when he was honorably discharged. The officers were separated from the privates, and I saw no more of this brave young boy, although I have often wanted to know his name.



JOHNSON'S ISLAND IN 1864-5. FROM A PRISONER'S DRAWING BELONGING TO THE LATE JAMES ANDREWS.

Two most interesting autograph albums, the property of A. O. P. Nicholson, Jr., Columbia, Tenn., are open for perusal in the VETERAN office. On title page of one, beautifully designed, are these words: "Autographs of Confederate officers on Johnson's Island, 1864." The other is similar except that the year is 1865. A reproduction of these autographs would be interesting. They are written with care in black ink.

The first name in the '64 volume is that of D. Howard Smith, Colonel, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry. The following are copied: W. H. Harris, Columbus, Miss., General Wheeler's Staff; Thos. H. Malone, Captain Seventh Alabama Cavalry, Nashville, Tenn.; H. Clay King, Colonel First Confederate Cavalry, Memphis, Tenn.; H. C. Bate, Major First Confederate Cavalry, Gallatin, Tenn.; Frank Cowan, M.D., Terry's Texas Rangers, Danville, Ky.; Wyndom B. Mays, Master C. S. Navy, Richmond, Va.; M. Jeff Thompson, Brigadier General Missouri State Guard, St Joseph, Mo.; John R. Fellows, Captain and Inspector General Beall's Brigade, Camden, Ark., captured at Port Hudson, La., July 9, 1863; S. E. Kierolf, Captain Twenty-seventh Tennessee, Cogwell, Tenn.; John C. Humphreys, Lieutenant Colonel, captured near his home Port Gibson, Miss.; Baxter Smith, Colonel Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Gallatin, Tenn.; Chas. F. Force, Captain Company E., Fifty-first Alabama Regiment, Washington, D. C., captured near Shelbyville, Tenn., June 27, 1863; J. R. Trimble, of Maryland, Major General P. A. C. S., Johnson's Island, January 9, 1864; Wm. N. Clarkson, Mooresburg, East Tenn., Citizen; Alex W. Campbell, Colonel Thirty-third Tennessee Regiment, Jackson, Tenn.; Sam K. McSpadden, Colonel Nineteenth Alabama Volunteers, Centre, Alabama. "I am truly yours, George McKnight, Major and Assistant Adjutant-General, Staff of Major General Loring, St. Joseph, Tensas Parish, La." Across this signature is "Asa Hartz." Asa Hartz's famous poems embellish several pages in the book. Then there is:

"Your friend, H. B. Shaw, Captain of General Bragg's Scouts," captured in Giles County, Tenn., November 22, 1863. Address, Nashville, Tenn.

W. B. Neal, Lieutenant of General Bragg's Scouts. Address, Nashville, Tenn.

G. Troup Maxwell, Colonel First Florida Cavalry; S. E. Hunter, Colonel Fourth Louisiana Volunteer Infantry; Herman Carlton, Major and Assistant Inspector General, Staff of Brigadier General Cabell, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Edward B. Sayers, Captain and Chief Engineer Polk's Corps, St. Louis, Mo., captured at Chickamauga, Ga.; C. W. Frazer, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General C. S. A., Memphis, Tenn.; Thos. O'Conner, Lieutenant Kain's Artillery, Knoxville, Tenn.; Rush VanLeer, Captain Engineering Corps, Nashville, Tenn.

A print of the above picture was sent to Col. C. W. Frazer, Memphis, Tenn., and he wrote:

I have examined the print, find it perfect, and enclose a sketch as requested:

Johnson's Island is a small body of land in Lake Erie, just off Sandusky, Ohio. The United States military prison on this island was established for the confinement of captured officers of the Confederate Armies, and was in an unfinished condition as late as May, 1862—a month, perhaps, earlier, the first batch of officers was transferred to it from Camp Chase, being some of those captured at Fort Donelson. I now speak of it as in 1864–5.

There were eleven dormitories, called "blocks," one of which was used as a hospital. Besides these, there were a sutler's store, kitchens, guard-

house and cell for condemned and refactory prisoners, all built in the "Shanghai" style. These were enclosed, with about two and a half acres of land, by a parapet or stockade of heavy timbers, some fifteen feet high, with a wide walk on the outer side, on which numerous sentinels, overlooking the grounds, walked their posts. Near the large gate there was an enclosure opening on the grounds in which was the artillery, and at the other end was a block house, with loop holes for the infantry, also commanding the grounds. The quarters for officers and men composing the garrison were outside and near the enclosure.

A gunboat lay at anchor in the lake some two hundred yards from the "Pen," and a steam ferryboat furnished communication with the mainland.

Six to eight prisoners usually composed a "mess," who cooked and ravenously ate the meager rations issued. A wagon containing the rations was driven in, and they were issued for the whole "Pen;" one man of each mess served his turn in drawing and cooking them. The kitchens were large and furnished with cooking stoves. The meals were served by the acting cooks in the dormitories or kitchens, at the election of the messes; tin cups, plates and coffee pots, and iron knives, forks and spoons formed the outfit.

The rations consisted of poor pickled beef and salted white fish, alternating three and four days of the week, and four and three days; with half enough salt rising flour bread, chicory, and, at rare intervals, potatoes. The sutler's stock was pipes and stationery, and when the Commissary General of Prisoners was in a good humor (which was rarely the case), he was allowed to sell cakes and some other small matters. We had heard of scurvy, but with this fare, we saw it.

Those who landed with any money (I mean "sound money") left it, by *request*, on the outside, where, being placed to their credit, it was drawn on through the sulter. "Secesh" money was beneath their notice, and thousands changed hands around the tables, where many a man was initiated who, I hope in after years repented of his knowledge, and regretted that he had ever heard of "ante," "blind" and "jack pot."

Among the prisoners were preachers, doctors, lawyers, poets, scholars, farmers, tailors, orators, politicians, and all of the arts and sciences had one or more representatives, many of whom were experts, and altogether averaged two thousand, three hundred.

The day began with roll call at sunrise, and whether the thermometer was one hundred in the shade, or twenty-five below zero, every man with two legs had to answer it, each block being in line.

This was a hard job in winter, for while at the drum-beat, there were in one room in the large blocks from forty-five to fifty men in their three-storied bunks which were built around the walls, with a scant sack of straw for a bed and *perhaps* two blankets and old clothes for covering; yet this was paradise compared to the snow and winds that whistled over Lake Erie as they stood shivering until the last man was called. Breakfast being over, nearly all found occupation in miscellaneous reading, the study of law or medicine, making jewelry from gutta percha or clam shells, playing cards, or promiscuous "cussing." Some played ball, but were careful that the throw did not cross the imaginary dead line, for if they followed it, a whistling "minie" would call a *dead* halt. We had theatricals and plays in a small way; orators of the day; a postmaster. Those of us who were Masons organized for the more especial care of our sick.

We had an oath-bound association called the Southern Cross, its purpose being for mutual protection, to formulate plans for escape, to hold communication and act in concert with our friends outside and in Canada, and to lead when occasion might require. Notwithstanding this, it was almost impossible to guard against informers.

Any one who was base enough to take the oath (allegiance to the U. S.) could have his liberty, and whether it might be some such who had taken it, and remained on pay for that purpose, or that spies were sent in as prisoners, we could not tell; as it was, it was rarely the case that our plans were not known and forestalled.

But in this connection I must say that, as the prisoners were a sprinkling of all kinds of men and nationalities, gradually being starved, with the world against them, the success of their cause, to say the least, doubtful, and with liberty so easy to be obtained, it is most wonderful that so few availed themselves of it. Something more than *sentiment* must have actuated the men who followed the Southern Cross.

We had a few feast and many fast days there; one I will mention: the birthday of Washington. Col. J. R. Fellows (now of New York) was the orator. He had been drawing a parallel between the Revolutionary war and our own; had torn the Stars and Stripes into small ribbons, had elevated the Southern Cross into heaven, and was in a most fervid peroration over it, when a lieutenant and file *took him down*.

All letters to and from prisoners were carefully inspected by an officer detailed for that purpose. Various stratagems by invisible ink, lemon juice, etc., were resorted to, which were finally discovered, and the performer and his correspondence cut off.

It would lengthen this sketch too much to tell in detail of our failure to meet General Lee in Washington, in September, 1864, on account of treachery somewhere; or of our futile attempts to escape by tunnelling or going over the parapet, or how strong men wasted and died far from home, embittered by the thought that they were dying in vain; or how good men writhed under an imprisonment which kept them from their comrades, who were so bravely fighting against such fearful odds, and from their country which needed every man; or of the loved ones at home whose tears and prayers had followed our every footstep; or a thousand other things that now lie like flowers on a mossgrown grave.

As I sit to-night writing this, with my mind thirty-one years in the gloomy past, I wonder how many of the brave men who left that Island then will recall with me those scenes, and how many have answered their last roll call.

MRS. ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

John Shirley Ward, Los Angeles, Cal., sends notice about the funeral of Mrs. A. S. Johnston, the widow of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston.

The funeral services took place from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George J. Denis, with whom she made her home. Friends of the family from different parts of southern California, almost the entire "Southern colony" of this place and many members of the "Confederate Veterans Association" came to pay the last tribute of respect to this gifted, accomplished, and noble old lady. Supreme Judges, United States Senators and Confederate Veterans carried the remains to their last resting place.

After the last sad rites were performed, a number of Daughters of the Confederacy, whose father's fought and died for the South, went forward and placed the many floral emblems on the grave, giving the most prominent place to the piece sent by the "Confederate Veterans Association." This was the Confederate battle flag designed in flowers; red carnations forming the field of the flag, blue violets the cross, and white daises the thirteen stars.

The life of this noble woman was one of sacrifice. Gen. Johnston left his wife and family of little children in California to go back to the South, whence he came, to fight for his country. We all know how he gave his life for the cause.

FIRST CONFEDERATE MONUMENT—TEXAS.

Mrs. M. M. Jouvenat, Secretary of Dixie Chapter No. 3, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Sherman, Texas, at request of the President, sends the following :

Correct an error in the VETERAN concerning the first monument ever erected to the Confederate dead on Texas soil. The statement was to the effect that Dallas was to have that honor; whereas, Sherman is proud to be the city so distinguished, our cornerstone having been laid on April 3, 1896, and the beautiful shaft, forty feet high, surmounted by the life-size figure of a Confederate soldier in bronze, is now in place in our court plaza, complete in majestic symmetry, and awaiting the ceremonial of unveiling, which will occur on some date in November. This patriotic undertaking has succeeded under the auspices of Mildred Lee Camp, United Confederate Veterans, directed by Capt. T. J. Wilson. The camp has been unflagging in zeal in our aid. The auxilliary chapter of Daughters of Confederacy was organized two years ago, and shares, in small degree, the honor of assisting this noble work.

S. R. Etter, Greenville, Texas: I was a member of the Eleventh Texas Regiment and served all over Tennessee, and helped to tear up the railroad one night within five miles of Nashville, and we whipped Jim Brownlow's outfit next morning before breakfast. Was in the battle of Murfreesboro in Gen. McCowan's Division, on left wing. We made the attack at daylight with a charge. We tackled the Cedar Brake, too. There I got wounded in the haversack by, as I supposed, a piece of a bombshell tearing off the bottom of my sack, and I lost my bread which I had baked the night before while in the big white house that stood in the old field where we made the attack in the morning; did not have time to eat it. I had charge of some of the guard that night and, after posting them, I went into the house which the owner had left that day, it being between the lines of battle. I found some flour and lard and one old-fashioned oven that I could bake a cake in big as a saddle blanket. I rolled up my sleeves and went to work. I learn that the gentleman who owned that white house at the time is now somewhere in Texas. I would be glad to know his name and address.

I carried the dispatch sent by Gen. Beauregard via Montgomery, Ala., through Commander of Post, at Columbus, Miss., to Gen. Hood, ordering him from Tennessee to North Carolina. I still have my orders. To insure its safe transmission the General ordered that the dispatch be duplicated and sent by different routes. A man named Gooch, of Tennessee, was the other courier selected. The Yankees chased us several times and fired on us, but we got there all the same.

I am commander of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 267, Greenville.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY, RICHMOND, IN WHICH 16,000 CONFEDERATE DEAD LIE BURIED.

The engraving is from the J. L. Hill Souvenir of sixth re-union—furnished by the VETERAN. Mr. Louis F. Bossieux thoughtfully sent to this office a register of those patriots, and, in the spirit of his generosity, the names of any among those thousands, with state, regiment, company and date of death, will be furnished from this office whenever requested. Let this matter be given attention.

SOUTHERN MOTHERS.

What a flood of memories come surging at the name "Southern Mothers!" And who were the Southern Mothers? Bands of devoted women who gave themselves wholly for love of their own cherished Southern country. Young and old—the gray haired matron, the young mother, and others to whom the sweet name of mother had never been lisped by baby lips—all alike enlisted under this sacred banner.

Their first work was making the uniforms in which to clothe their brave defenders. Day after day, week after week, these little bands of women met at different houses, and with nimble fingers, but saddened hearts, they fashioned the garments to make comfortable their soldier boys. Next came the nursing of the sick, for many of our men, unaccustomed to hardships of any kind, could not stand the severities of camp life, and were sent to the Southern Mothers to be nursed back to health or laid to rest in Elmwood. Then came the wounded to be cared for. After the battles of Belmont and Shiloh the wounded, both friend and foe, claimed and received the kind ministries of the Southern Mothers. When the tide of war had swept past our doors, and left so many of these Southern Mothers within the enemy's lines, they could only suffer and pray; for no one who did not pass through those fearful years can imagine the sorrow of friends left behind, longing as they did, for news from the front, with only uncertain rumors to relieve their fearful anxiety.

Ah, those days are numbered with the past, and where are the Southern Mothers? Nearly all have entered into rest, the few who remain—grandmothers now—with gray hair and faltering step, will soon join their sisters in a land of peace. To their daughters, they have a legacy to bequeath—The Confederate Memorial, a legacy of duty—to them we commit the sacred trust of keeping green the memory of the brave men and women who lived and suffered through those trying years. The South has a history to preserve, a history which they are proud to give to the world, and the names of Davis, Lee, Jackson, the Johnstons, Polk and hosts of others, should never pass into oblivion, but be handed down from mother to daughter for the generations to come.

"We may scourge from the spirit all thought of ill
In the midnight of grief held fast;
And yet, oh sisters, be loyal still
To the sacred and stainless past."

The foregoing paper was read to the Confederate Memorial Association, of Memphis, by Mrs. Wormeley, of that city:

MRS. RALPH WORMELEY

Mary Eloise Pickett was reared in her mountain home in Fauquier County, Va., and when old enough was sent to school at Warrenton, Va., where she received her education. In September, 1852, she married Ralph Wormeley and moved to Memphis, Tenn. In the early sixties, when the call came for the noble women of the South to act their part, she unhesitatingly went forward with the band of Southern Mothers and gave her time and means to the cause so dear to all hearts. She is still living an active life, devoting her time to all good works, and beloved by all.

Southern Mothers and Daughters have important work in hand now, and their active co-operation will be a blessing beyond what is generally imagined.

Major of the Third Alabama Regiment.—An old comrade writes of him: I have seen no tribute to the worth of one who was among the first to buckle on his armor and among the last to sheathe his sword in the lost cause—Malachi Ford Bonham. He entered the Confederate service on April 15, 1861, as Captain in the Third Regiment of Alabama Infantry, and served in that capacity until the 19th day of October, when he was promoted to the rank of Major in the same regiment, the vacancy caused by the killing of Gen. Robt. E. Rodes at Winchester, Va. Capt. Bonham frequently led this regiment into action, and no man fought more gallantly. His name was sent forward to the Commanding General for promotion after the battle of Chancellorsville, "for conspicuous gallantry in battle," and he was faithful to his convictions to the end.

After the war he devoted himself to farming, and was successful, but later abandoning that, he moved to Montgomery, where fortune withdrew her smiles, still he persisted in his efforts to overcome all obstacles, filling various positions in the city. He died poor but honored.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT AND CITY HALL, RICHMOND, VA.

SOUTHERN SOCIAL RELATIONS.

Ex-Governor Hubbard, of Texas, delivered an address at the Texas Fruit Palace, held at close of the last season, which contained valuable appeal in behalf of our most sacred history as a people in the South. His theme was the duty of the South to preserve her records and be diligent in behalf of a true history of the South. He commended, incidentally, the objects of an Order, the Knights of Dixie, of which he is President, to Confederate Camps, and such organizations in bringing Southern men and Southern women into a closer brotherhood and sisterhood of social union, and which shall be perpetuated from sire to sons, and from mother to daughters, in all coming generations of our Southland. It is intended to be a storehouse wherein shall be gathered and kept bright and burnished the memory of the patriotic deeds and the immortal valor of the brave men who died for a cause that was lost, as well as of their survivors—maimed and disabled as many of them are—who yet linger among us in the far-spent evening of unselfish lives. Its objects are thus to correct Southern history, to write new pages in its volumes, and after thirty years of weary waiting to demand and assert the true status, and struggles, and triumphs, as well as defeats, of that great and unequal struggle.

Concerning the injustice of printed records, Gov. Hubbard spoke as follows:

For thirty years our children have been using in our public and private schools and colleges histories written by prejudiced men and women and issued by the great publishing houses of the North and East. Every professor and teacher in the Southern States knows that until the last half decade, or less, the actors in that mighty conflict on the side of the Confederacy were flippantly spoken of as "Catalines" and "conspirators" and "traitors" and "rebels." Only now and then was a Southern victory ever acknowledged or recorded! Most often silence signalized the triumphs won from Manassas to Appomattox, by sea or land.

The organization of the "Knight's of Dixie," and all similar organizations, as a first object, therefore, is to gather up and forge together the broken links in the chain of a yet unwritten Southern history of the war, of the yet living Confederate soldiers and their wives, who stood a third of a century ago by desolated homes, and wove and spun and prayed for the "boys" as they struggled and died for us on distant fields.

The "Grand Army of the Republic" was organized on the Union side from similar motives, and we honor them. But to enable the brave men who wore the blue to organize their order—in a style of magnificence—an annual pension of one hundred and sixty millions of dollars is paid to them for the misfortune of being maimed and crippled by Confederate bullets!

Those who fell in battle are resting in splendidly adorned cemeteries, with monuments of marble and granite and of brass marking the spots where they sleep. The Confederate soldiers mostly rest in unknown graves, and often without a friendly hand to point even to the bloody fields where they fell.

A majority of the Southern States have tardily acted and offered inadequate homes for the decrepit and disabled Confederate soldiers. All honor for the long delayed tribute; yet this righteous legislation does not meet the wants which this noble Order is intended to supply. Thousands, thank God, of the Confederate soldiers by their thrift and industry are independent of the States; yet they want to counsel together—to mingle in peace as they did in war around the camp fires of heroic memories, and to bring their children with them to learn from life, that they must soon answer to the roll-call across the river, of the sufferings they endured and the triumphs won.

These are the primary objects of this Order and constitute the social and fraternal features, alike elevating, of keeping green the memory and the splendid deeds of the heroes of the "lost cause." Those heroes whose cavalier ancestry placed Bruce on the throne at Bannockburn, the first and last king of Scotland. The blood of the Huguenots still runs in the veins of their posterity, and from the ashes of defeat at Appomattox, they have arisen full of life and energy and pluck.

In material wealth, in manufactories, in mining, in agriculture—in fine—in all the elements of power the South is outstripping the elder States of the Union. In two decades the South and West will have more than half the population of the Republic, and with open channels to the seas and across the Isthmus, the Lowells and Providences and Manchesters and Pittsburgs will come to the South and near the great iron and cotton and wool supply of this continent. These hopes of the future we teach our children and children's children to love and cherish forever.

Gleaning from memorable fields of valor and sacrifice this institution will contribute priceless treasures to the Memorial Institute of the South. In that glorious Westminster that is to be, as jewels in the casket shall be preserved the deeds of the private soldiers, as well as the field marshals of that great struggle.

The "uncrowned heroes" who died on the outpost, in the trenches, in the hospitals, on the battlefields, or in the deadly onset, shall be canonized—by the side of the Johnstons, and Hills, and Stonewall Jacksons, and the peerless Lee, whom they followed to the death! In that receptacle of Southern prowess and fortitude the "Daughters of the Confederacy" shall justly occupy the loftiest niche. "But for their devotion, their undying courage," Gen. Lee has said "the war might not have lasted two years!" We read of Spartan mothers in the story and songs of old, and of their message to soldier sons—to return dead on their shields if need be for the glory of their country.

History was ten thousand times repeated in the deathless devotion of Confederate mothers and wives and daughters to their native land in the perilous

times of war. "The last at the cross and the first at the sepulchre" of the world's Redeemer, so in the days of our Southern crucifixion and the burial of the "lost cause," she was a ministering angel of hope, pointing with one hand to the past and with the other to the coming resurrection of the land they loved.

VALUABLE BOOK BY DR. R. L. DABNEY.

The venerable R. L. Dabney, D.D., LL.D., though old and totally blind, is still diligent for his Master and his Confederate comrades. He has in preparation a volume of "Miscellaneous Secular Writings," and has arranged with Rev. S. B. Ervin, who studied theology under him in 1880–82, to attend to the business features.

Mr. Ervin is working on the basis of advance pledges as a guarantee against loss. No money is to be sent before the book is ready for delivery. It will be a large octavo volume of 600 pages, and be sold for $3.50, but those who give notice in advance are to receive the book for $2.75. Its subject matter bears especially on the history, social, educational and civic problems in their relation to the South; includes also poems.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, of Virginia, after glancing through the table of contents, recognizes some of the most able and valuable articles that have been contributed to the current literature of the past thirty years. Especially will the volume be rich in material for a true history of our Southland and a defence of the motives and conduct of our Confederate leaders and people. A gallant soldier on Stonewall Jackson's staff, an able theologian and a great thinker, Dr. Dabney's facile pen has made contributions to the truth of history which we cannot afford to lose.

Rev. W. G. Hanna, Uxbridge, Ontario, Canada, writes that Dr. Dabney is known on two continents as one of the foremost theologians and profoundest philosophical thinkers of this generation. This volume makes clear what is not generally known, viz: How it was that the Southern cause enlisted the service of the noblest men, and why a theological professor should leave his chair to take his place as adviser in the army, on the, field at his country's call. It is to men actuated by such true, eternal principles that the revival of the desolated South is largely due.

B. M. Palmer, of New Orleans, in ordering five copies, writes of Dr. Dabney: "He is one of the few men possessing the fairy gift of dropping only pearls from his lips. As a representative man of our Southern cause, everything he has written concerning our late struggle should be collected and cherished by our people."

Mr. Ervin's address is Mexico, Mo., he appeals to former students of Dr. Dabney to interest themselves in this matter and thinks that perhaps one hundred of them might secure orders for ten copies each.

It is exceedingly desirable that all who would appreciate this valuable book give notice, so that the edition will be assured. See VETERAN club rate.

MEMOIRS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The admirable book of Mrs. M. A. Jackson, the first addition of which was exhausted through advertising in the VETERAN, has been republished in different style, with an introduction by Gen. John B. Gordon, and sketches by Gens. Fitz. Lee, S. G. French, Laf. McLaws, M. C. Butler, Bradley T. Johnson, James H. Lane, Dabney H. Maury, Harry Heth, Bas. W. Duke, E. P. Alexander, Governor Holliday, of Virginia, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, and others, including one from General Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of Great Britain. These follow Mrs. Jackson's history. The book comprises 650 pages, and is elegantly illustrated. The prices of the book are: cloth, $3.50; sheep, $4.50; and half morocco, $6.00. It will be sent as premium for six, seven, and eight subscribers respectively. The book is sold by subscription, but the VETERAN is enabled to supply it in this way. Mrs. Jackson receives a royalty on her book, which is of much benefit to her.

Rev. Pegram Dargan, of Darlington, S. C., writes that the author of poem on page 342 October VETERAN is Thos. Buchanan Read, an American poet and painter, born in Chester County, Pa. The poem is aptly styled "The Brave at Home," and is a selection from the poem entitled "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies." Others have also responded.

CLOSING THE RETREAT FROM ANTIETAM.

Gen. James H. Lane writes from Auburn, Ala.:

In the November number of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, page 389, Mr. F. H. Venn, of Memphis, Tenn., after stating that he "was a member of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment," and in Gen. D. H. Hill's command, in speaking of Gen. Lee's withdrawal from "Antietam," states as follows:

"Unimpeded by artillery or army wagons, we knew that we were the last to leave the field—except the dead. The army had already crossed."

I call your attention to the following:

On page 1001, Vol. XXI, Part I, "War of the Rebellion," Brig.-Gen. James J. Archer says: "My brigade remained all that day in the same position where I had left it, and on the morning of September 19, together with Gregg's and Branch's Brigades, formed the rear guard of the army on its return to the Virginia shore."

On page 988 of the same volume, Brig.-Gen. S. McGowan, then a Colonel in Gregg's Brigade, and who afterwards commanded the brigade and made its report of that battle, has the following:

"In the critical operation of crossing the river in the face of so large a force, the Light Division (Gen. A. P. Hill) was the rear guard, and Gregg's Brigade was in rear of the division."

On page 986 of the the same volume, Brig.-Gen. James H. Lane, then Colonel commanding Branch's Brigade, Gen. L. O'B. Branch having been killed, makes the following official statement:

"General Gregg's, General Archer's, and this brigade (Branch's) formed the rear guard of the army, and were kept in line facing the enemy until infantry, artillery, cavalry, wagons and ambulances had all safely crossed."

On page 981 of the same volume, Maj.-Gen. A. P. Hill, commanding the famous Light Division, reports the following:

"The Confederacy has to mourn the loss of a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, who fell in this battle at the head of his brigade—Brig.-Gen. L. O'B. Branch, of North Carolina. He was my senior Brigadier, to whom I could have intrusted the command of the division with all confidence.

"General Gregg, of South Carolina, was wounded, and the brave Colonel Barnes mortally so. My gallant Captain Pegram, of the artillery, was also wounded for the first time. We lay upon the field of battle that night, and until the next night at one o'clock, when my division was silently withdrawn and, as directed by General Lee, covered the retirement of our army.

"My division crossed the Potomac into Virginia about 10 a.m., the next morning, every wagon and piece of artillery having been safely put on the Virginia shore. I bivouacked that night (19th) about five miles from Shepherdstown."

Jas. P. Coffin, Batesville, Ark., suggests that some of the surviving members of Ashby's Brigade, Hume's Division, Wheeler's Corps, Army of Tennessee, residing in Tennessee, take steps at an early day to bring about a re-union of the survivors of that Brigade at Nashville during the meeting of the Veterans next May.

The Cavalry Brigade was composed of Col. James T. Wheeler's First Tennessee, Col. Henry M. Ashby's Second Tennessee, Col. Geo. W. McKenzie's Fifth Tennessee Regiments, and Maj. Eaken's Ninth Tennessee Battalion.

He belonged to Company I, Second Tennessee. Comrade Coffin would gladly co-operate with effort suggested on his side of the Mississippi River, and try to secure as full an attendance by those living in the West as possible.

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Sent as premiums for clubs of twelve and sixteen subscribers.

The Souvenir of the Richmond Reunion is not so elaborate, but is gotten up in booklet form so that pages of the many fine engravings may be detached for framing without detriment to the other portions of the volume. There are reproduced in this number of the VETERAN plates from its collection. That on title page of President Davis and group of generals, that of Washington Monument and the new city hall, and also of the main entrance to Hollywood Cemetery, where 1,600 Confederates lie buried, comprise the specimens.

The price of this beautiful souvenir is 60 cents, postage paid. It will be furnished from this office at the price; with the VETERAN, one year, $1.30; or given for three subscriptions to the VETERAN.

THE OLD GUARD IN GRAY.

Capt. J. Harvey Mathes writes from Memphis that he has about finished the manuscript of a book which he expects to have published very soon. It will be devoted first to a history of the Memphis Confederate Historical Association, which originated in 1866, and afterward became Camp No. 28 U. C. V. and Bivouac No. 18 Tennessee Division. It will contain sketches of members and other Confederates who have unquestionable records. He reports names in their rolls from every Southern, and from some Northern States. The book will contain about 200 pages, with some forty pictures of ex-Confederates. It will be printed on fine paper, and well bound in cloth, and sold by subscription at $1.50 per copy. Although largely local, it directly or indirectly makes mention of nearly every leading battle and command in the civil war. It is expected to appear from the bindery about Christmas.

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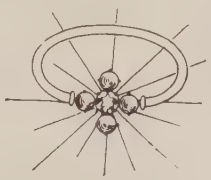

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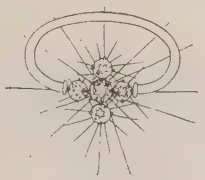

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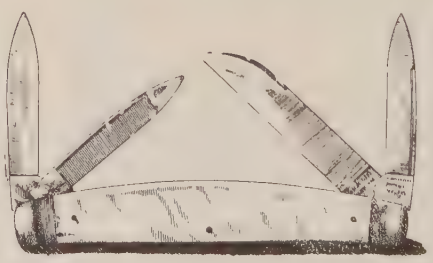

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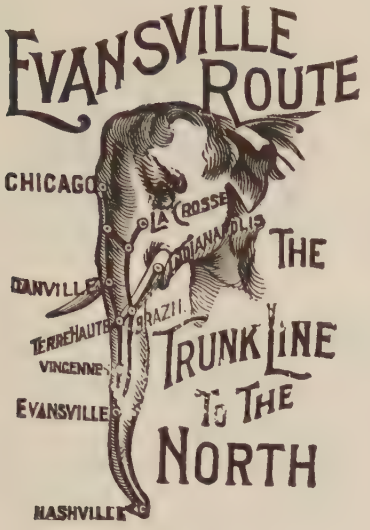

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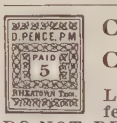

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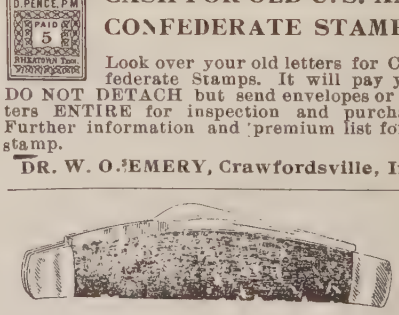

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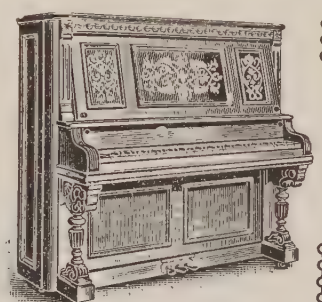

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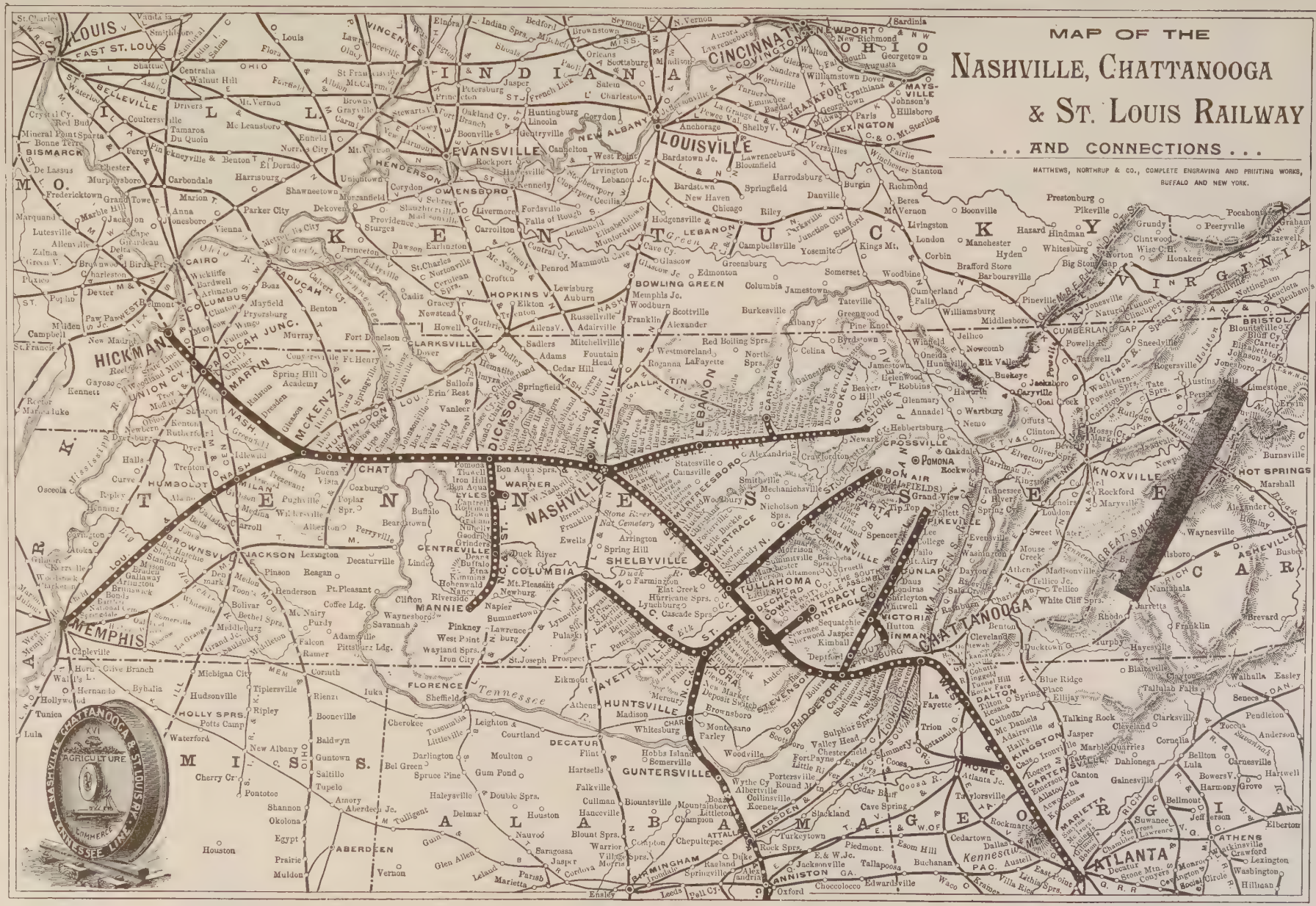
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